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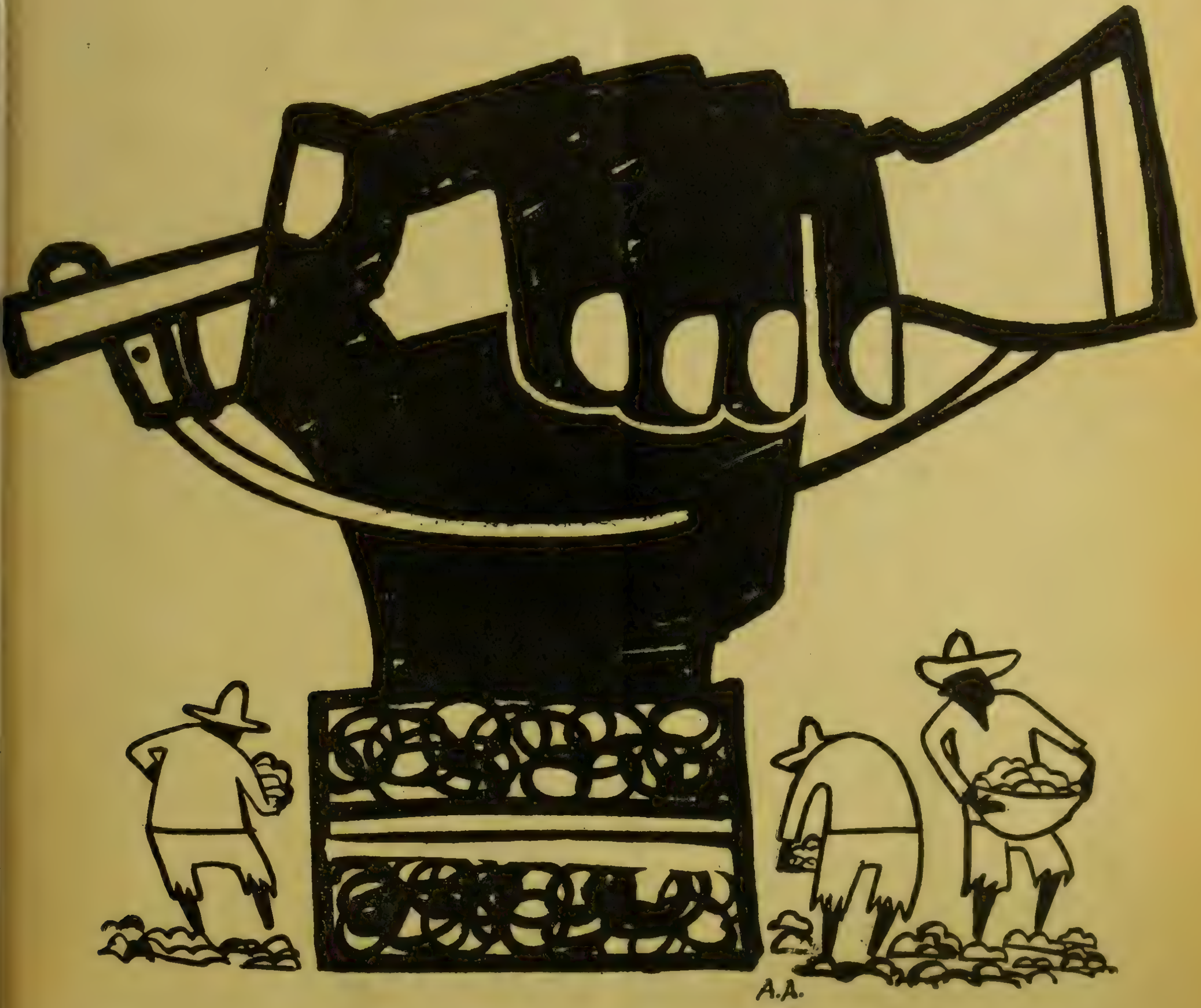

HAITI UNDER the GUN

On-the-Spot Report by CARLETON BEALS

LETTERS

State of the Gospel

Dear Sirs: I have just read Canon Lloyd's The Dilemma of Total Revolt (*The Nation,* June 22), in which the author discusses the state of the "social gospel" (as it used to be called). It is a good article, although I found it to be by no means the whole story. Indeed, I must say it sounded awfully British and perhaps not quite up-to-date insofar as it touches on the American scene. For example, the author discusses what he calls the last book of Paul Tillich, which he happens to have read. The material in that book was first prepared years ago, before the war, I believe, and is not the perfect source for bringing Canon Lloyd up-to-date about America. The other comment I would make is that perhaps his article expresses a certain nostalgia for those days when Christian action was, to say the least, theologically naive. It must have given a former generation a great sense of righteousness to go blithely off carrying the white man's burden and doing the Lord's will with hardly a qualm about their own motives. It is true that we are all much more sophisticated and wary about ourselves, our motives and our Christian service. It may be that this very fact has brought us to a seeming inertia or stand-still, but I for one believe that this is only momentary, if it is true at all, and that new insights and undertakings are emerging in some very surprising places.

A key sentence in the article is this: "No one in politics, in trade unionism or in the religious world can claim to have found the way to win the loyalty of the anonymous industrial worker and his family." After a sentence like that I should have expected from Canon Lloyd some discussion of the great work being done by Canon Ted Wickham in Sheffield, England. Here may lie the answer to Canon Lloyd's next sentence, "Whoever finds the way first will in the end rule the western world."

Francis B. Sayre, Jr.
Dean, Washington Cathedral
Washington, D.C.

Clues to History

[Last week Paul M. Sweezy commented in these columns on Joan Robinson's review of Paul Baran's *The Political Economy of Growth (The Nation,* June 1). Herewith Mrs. Robinson replies to Mr. Sweezy.]

Dear Sirs: There is no particular point in Paul Baran's book being read by those who agree with it in advance. I hoped that my review might gain for it the attention of some whose prejudices are the other way. So far as his main thesis is concerned, Professor Baran hits the nail squarely on the head. I think it is Paul Sweezy who will "deter readers" by insisting that no one can profit from the book who does not "swallow it whole."

Sweezy asks for my reaction on a number of points. On "inflation," please excuse me. I have written enough about that already. On birth control, I think Sweezy is behind the times, since the Chinese have taken up family planning. I have won a number of small bets with my Marxist friends on this, for I always believed that the Chinese had too much sense to avoid doing a good thing because people have advocated it for bad reasons.

The questions about the philosophy of history are better worth discussing. I do not myself see much point in the history of "if only. . . ." It seems to me that if, for example, the world had been such that a European power had not dominated India things would have been so radically different from all that we know that there is only idle amusement to be got from speculating about how matters would have turned out in any particular respect.

Even for the purpose of amusing speculators, to compare India and Japan is not much good. Where there are comparable cases—say, Siam, Burma and Indo-China—Baran's case, that political independence makes for economic development, would not be easy to support.

The question of what would have happened if socialism had been set up first in an advanced capitalist country goes much deeper. On this I do have a different theory from Baran and I will try to state it briefly. I regard the question itself as a source of confusion.

I believe that the clue to economic history is to be found in the interaction of the "forces of production" and the "relations of production." The Communist "relations" seem to be highly suitable for doing the job of developing the countries which missed development under capitalism, while those which have already been through the painful part of the process can now jog along with a slowly rising standard of life and a working-class saturated with capitalist ideology. The moral I want to draw is that these countries are in no way menaced by the spread of communism (or of various "socialistic patterns"), so that peaceful co-existence is natural and logical, quite apart from the main reason for desiring to see it accepted. This is why I found the remarks in Baran's preface ill-judged. But I still maintain that his book is very well worth reading.

Joan Robinson
Cambridge, England

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EDITORIALS

The Monster of Conformity

The commencement oration puts the seal of high academic approval on the theme-of-the-year; for a subject to echo in commencement orations it must be ripe for mass acceptance. If this be true, then this year's commencement orations indicate that a watershed has been crossed, that splendid new vistas stretch before us. For this year's favorite subject, by a wide margin, was the blight of conformity. "Arise, Ye Silent Class of '57," reads the caption of *Life's* editorial of June 17, "You've Nothing to Lose But Your Conformity." Quoted are damning indictments of conforming tendencies in the collegiate generation by Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold, by Brandeis University's Abraham Sachar, by Colorado's Quigg Newton, by Dr. Paul Tillich at the New School for Social Research, and by I.B.M.'s President Tom Watson, Jr. speaking at DePauw. And there were others, not mentioned, including Dr. Robert M. Hutchins' address at Hunter College and—the ablest of the lot—President Wallace Sterling's eloquent plea for "the non-conformity of reasoned judgment" at Stanford's commencement. So much was conformity under direct attack that one orator felt called upon to say a kind word for it; it was as though he felt that some one had to speak up for the old folk-value. At the same time, the *Wall Street Journal* published two caustic pieces on the Class of '57, which was characterized as "silent, satisfied, fired by few political or economic challenges" (June 11 and 14). In fact, most of the commencement editorials as well as the orations echoed the theme of *The Nation's* Careful Young Men feature of March 9.

Of the commencement orations, *Life* sagely commented: "All this is serious and challenging talk, and we hope it strikes some serious and thoughtful answers from the Silent Generation," whose "very quietness" is due, one is told, to the manner in which this generation was catapulted directly from childhood to adulthood. It may be so. But there is a delightful quaintness in the spectacle of *Life's* half-mocking discovery that conformity just might be the new "peril" or "menace," the new theme-of-the-year. For high among the influences that have produced rigidly conforming attitudes—a fact noted in Dr. Paul Tillich's commencement oration which *Life* did not quote—must be listed the emphasis placed by the mass magazines on the citizen-as-consumer, the citizen whose prime function is to buy brand-name products and new-model cars and appliances. Eleven months of the year the mass magazines boast of their power to induce conformity; only in the aberrant month of June is editorial note taken of its blighting effect. A recent full-page ad of the Hearst magazines contains a passage which accurately states the non-editorial position of the mass magazines on conformity:

> *Magazines tell us what to buy*. What to eat. Where to go. How to go there. How to get our children and how to raise them. How to handle the old mumbling-bumbling birds-and-bees job—and handle it right. . . . More than any other medium they [mass magazines] reflect the mores and ever-changing patterns of what is known in any one year as "our times."

Slight wonder that *Life's* editorial has a mirthless quality about it. To be forced to realize, of a sudden, that you've helped create a monster that may well become the peril-of-the-year must be an edgy experience.

Lifting the Caribbean Curtain

Remembering the display of vast energies by Mr. Dulles at the time of the Guatemalan crisis, world opinion is watching with interest to see how Washington reacts to the recent events in Cuba and Haiti. American opinion, too, might be induced to focus on the immensely significant developments in these sister states—developments vividly reported by *The Nation's* Carleton Beals (see page 3) in stories which have been widely reprinted in the press of Central and South America—if our own press were disposed to lift the curtain on what is happening in the Caribbean. But with the exception of *The New York Times*, and the York *Gazette and Daily* and Madison *Capital Times* (which cooperated with *The Nation* to send Mr. Beals to the Caribbean), the press and wire services are more interested at the moment in Hungary and China than in Cuba and Haiti. Enough news has come through, however, to make the issue clear, notably in Haiti. In a letter to *The New York Times* (June 27), Daniel Fignole, a candidate for the Haitian presidency, now in exile, states the minimum conditions for the restoration of order:

> There must be an end to the persecutions of citizens who fight for the application of democratic principles. There must be an end to the methods of intimidation employed against the people. . . . There must be guarantees of institutional order; a law governing the free functioning of political parties, a democratic electoral code.

With the consent of whatever regime succeeds in restoring order, democratic elections should be held under the supervision, if necessary, of the United Nations. Until these conditions are met, Washington should refuse to extend any aid, much less recognition, to the military *junta* that has illegally seized power in Haiti. No one knows what role Trujillo has played in the tragic events in Haiti, but the Dominican dictator is an expert assassin of democratic regimes. If Washington refuses to safeguard the interests of the Haitian people, the stage may well be set for another Caribbean dictatorship.

Civil Rights Can Win

Despite the gloomy forebodings of Senator Ives, the prospects for Senate approval of the civil-rights program are good. In voting 45 to 39 to by-pass the Judiciary Committee, the Senate made it possible to place the legislation on the calendar for July 8 and, at the same time, managed to reduce the legislative opportunities for filibusters. Nowadays most of the Dixiecrats are elderly gentlemen, short of breath, who, in the muggy atmosphere of Washington in midsummer, are likely to wilt fairly soon; not more than two weeks should be required to "wear them down." The admission by their maladroit spokesman, Senator Eastland, that adoption of the proposed jury-trial amendment would not placate them, neatly exposes the fraudulence of that particular maneuver. Moreover, the continued attacks by the Dixiecrats on the Supreme Court are consolidating support for the civil-rights program; it is becoming clear, for example, that one way to bolster the Court's decision in the desegregation cases is to guarantee the Negro's right to vote.

The political factors, also, have shifted in favor of the civil-rights program. For the first time, the Republicans have espoused civil-rights as a matter of highest party policy. The by-passing maneuver was initiated by Senator William Knowland, nominal Republican leader in the Senate and spokesman for the right-wing of the party, with an assist from Vice President Nixon who, shortly before the ruling and vote and on the eve of the NAACP convention in Detroit, staged a carefully-publicized meeting with the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Reverend Ralph Abernethy, leader of the Montgomery bus-boycott movement. Both in the Senate and the House, more Republicans than Democrats have voted favorably on civil-rights roll-calls. Under the circumstances the liberal and moderate Democrats must bestir themselves, for they cannot permit the Republicans to charge that the civil-rights program was defeated by a filibuster in which only Democrats participated. Should this happen, the Democrats can forget about regaining control of the White House in 1960.

India and the World Bank

Washington

One would never have dreamt that in the race for economic primacy in Asia, the ultra-conservative International Bank for Reconstruction and Development would, in effect, support China against India. It's generally recognized that the outcome of peaceful competition between these two awakening giants will weigh crucially in all other undeveloped countries' choice of roads.

Yet under Mr. Eugene Black, its president, the World Bank—as it is commonly known—made absolutely clear its refusal to lend capital to the public sector of Indian industry. It has been pressing India to entrust its future to private capital.

We do not believe state ownership of industry to be a panacea. The British Labor party, during its 1945-50 period as the government of Britain, learned the advantages of a mixed economy. The more recent experience of Communist Yugoslavia and Poland has led them to revert from partially collectivized agriculture to private land tenure.

Last September, Indian Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari stated his government's opinion in a letter to Mr. Black: "We are, of course, not convinced that the motive of private profit is the only one which can ensure efficient operation of an industry; nor do we believe that private enterprise is inherently superior to State enterprise. Indeed, the short experience we have had with State enterprise leads us to believe that they can often be more efficient than private units." These remarks were provoked by a letter from Mr. Black, intensifying pressure on India to adhere to orthodox capitalism: "I have the distinct impression," the schoolmasterly bank president had written, "that the potentialities of private enterprise are commonly underestimated in India and that its operations are subjected to unnecessary restrictions there."

To an outsider, Mr. Black's strictures would convey the impression that India has been plunging headlong into socialism. The truth is that more than 90 per cent of that predominantly agrarian country's economy belongs to the private sector. Under India's second Five Year Plan, which runs until March 31, 1961, the ratio will be reduced to about 80 per cent. This is almost exactly the proportion between the private and public segments of the British economy, which even Mr. Black hardly views as a wild venture in Red revolution and which the Conservative governments of Churchill, Eden and Macmillan found it wise to retain.

India has been able to borrow from the World Bank for public utilities like power, roads, harbors and railways. It is when it comes to industry that the Bank slams the door in India's face. This is an issue of overwhelming importance. European loans, largely responsible for the growth of India's government-owned industry, are now harder to get. The German money market is tight. Britain is financially exhausted after the prodigal Suez adventure. Countries where money is relatively loose—Switzerland, France and Belgium—have shown little initiative in India.

While the U.S. Government is engaged in ambitious, confidential research on the comparative economic outlooks for India and Red China, Mr. Eugene Black thinks he has found the answer. It is to transplant bodily the methods of the New York money market to India. It's as simple as that. But, among other weaknesses, Mr. Black's solution happens to ignore the contrast between the superabundance of private capital in America and its absence in India.

In practice, the World Bank is conceding the race to Communist China by default.

HAITI UNDER the GUN . .

by Carleton Beals

The fever of rebellion which pervades much of the Caribbean is at its highest now in Cuba and in Haiti. Last week Carleton Beals, veteran journalist and author of many books on Latin America, reported on the "unfocused" revolt against the Batista regime. Today he reports on his personal experiences in Haiti, and on the complex factors which have put that unhappy country in a state of chaos—and very nearly in a state of bankruptcy—in the last six months.

Among Mr. Beals's books are Banana Gold, America South, The Crime of Cuba *and* Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

1. The Peace of Death

Port-au-Prince

UNDER martial law and an eight-o'clock curfew imposed by the new Haitian military *junta,* the capital of Haiti, Port-au-Prince, has for the past week been peaceful, without violence. But it is expected to get back to normal very soon.

It is the peace of death. The brief effort of the Haitian people to obtain a freely-elected government has been crushed in blood. General Antonio Kebreau, head of the *junta*, rules from the main barracks with an all-military cabinet of unknown colonels and captains; the dazzling white National Palace that lords it over this city of squalor stands vacant and sealed, the streets blocked off to traffic, soldiers in the three nearby barracks on the alert day and night.

I arrived several days after Kebreau and his soldiers had burst into a cabinet meeting, put a gun at President Daniel Fignole's head and shipped him out in the dead of night. Kebreau's only excuse was that Fignole, trying to restore civilian control, was undermining army discipline. He also mentioned the need to protect life and property. But for months life and property have been endangered chiefly by the army and its armed claques let loose in the streets to kill and shout *Viva l'Armée!* Life and property have never been more menaced than by the actions of the military *junta* itself.

THE NEW Caesar turned his soldiers loose on the slum districts—which comprise most of this city except for the tourist hotels and palaces of generals and ex-cabinet ministers on the cool hills of Petionville. Particularly they struck at the shacks along the harbor front and the boulevard to the airport, one of the filthiest, most sickening conglomerations of misery, disease and horror I have ever seen, and at the tangle of workers' homes known as Bel Aire. Unarmed people, demonstrating in favor of their fallen idol, Fignole, were mowed down by machine guns.

The hospitals are jammed with wounded, and the latest estimate of dead reaches 476. The actual number cannot be known because all but the few bodies taken to the morgue were loaded into lorries and buried in the plain. There have been no funeral processions. Relatives have been afraid to claim bodies in the morgue. The others cannot be recovered.

Many demonstrators and people dragged at random from their homes were dumped without food or shelter on La Gonave, an uninhabited island forty miles off shore. Every day trains of people are led down the streets by the soldiery, and every day soldiers have been terrorizing, by illegal search or arrest, the followers of Fignole, of candidate ex-Senator Louis Dejoie, and officers of the Popular Social Christian Party (Catholic). The vice president of that party, Alain Laraque, who is also head of the Chamber of Commerce, was badly beaten at the police station and his nose was broken; he is now held incommunicado, as are others.

François Duvalier and Clemente Jumelle, the two other main candidates, have not been molested. Almost part of the army machine, they showed by their proclamations of June 13 a prior knowledge of Kebreau's assault on the Palace and acquiesced in it.

Jumelle, already badly discredited as Minister of Finance and Public Health in the dictatorial regime of General Paul Magloire (dumped last December 13), was in large part responsible for the worst orgy of systematic thievery in the history of Haiti. Jumelle left the country bankrupt, its industries in ruins, and with a piled-up debt. He did no blessed thing for public health. Kebreau's coup, some believe, was to shut off disclosures by a special investigating commission, due to report June 19, concerning the corruption of the Magloire-Jumelle regime and the army.

I HAD VIVID proof of Kebreau's terrorism within less than twenty-four hours after my arrival. An officer and two soldiers forced the Plaza Hotel manager to unlock my door. They lunged in with leveled rifles (I was in undress). Having stormed the barricades so valiantly, they proceeded to look over my room.

I went to the barracks and demanded to see Kebreau (who might at least put some of his idle soldiers to work cleaning up the sidewalk filth around the outer walls). My conversation with the officer, I presume a major, called by the officer-of-the-guard, began politely but ended rather acrimoniously, with a note of menace. I said I had not come to get an interview but to make a protest and to demand proper professional guarantees; I added that I expected the general to send me an apology.

Instead, when a small news item about the incident in my room appeared in the local *Independance*, the police dragged the owner of the Plaza Hotel, Rossini Pierre-Louis, to the police station, and there accused him of international conspiracy with the foreign press against the government. I'm still waiting for the apology.

Though the irritating incident was trivial, it indicated the lawlessness of the regime and its contempt for life and property. The Vice-Consul at the United States Embassy told me, "in behalf of Ambassador Gerald A. Drew," who did not find it convenient to see me, that no protests in behalf of maltreated Americans or violations of press rights could be made because Washington has not yet recognized the *junta*; furthermore, martial law gave the soldiery of this illegal gang the right to break into anybody's home or hotel room. He did not quite subscribe to Dulles' thesis that Haiti, like China, is a place where no American newsman should be allowed to go, that the State Department is the sole arbiter of what news the American press may gather and what news the American public will be allowed to read.

But even the limited doctrine set forth at the embassy in Port-au-Prince, that the American newsman has no rights the military gang is required to respect, represented an abdication of basic rights long established under international law and in particular by the American Declaration of the Rights of Man, to which Haiti is also a signatory.

I applaud the effort of the embassy not to meddle in Haitian affairs, especially as the United States has entered into agreements outlawing intervention with all the American states. But proper concern for human rights under recognized international precedents and law would win us friends in Haiti, in all America and around the world and would not be intervention.

Actually, the United States constantly intervenes in Haiti. We poured more money behind the corrupt Magloire dictatorship than behind any previous government. That dictatorship had no respect for democracy or human rights, and the American taxpayer's money was stolen by politicians and the army with few benefits for the Haitian people and little benefit for the reputation of the United States. In a sense the present murderous conduct of the Kebreau government is a result of American policy in Haiti. Last February, to stave off acute suffering due to the previous Magloire abuses, the United States shipped in rice, beans and other provisions—for Haitian army speculators to handle at prices so high some of the shipment spoiled and had to be dumped into the harbor. We have trained and equipped this oversized, over-generaled army now abusing the citizenry in a frantic effort to hang on to its unholy privileges. "U.S. Air Force" cars buzz around the streets. A recent consignment of trucks, destined for public works, I was told, has been appropriated by Kebreau's soldiers. For what? To dump the bodies of murdered Haitians into unmarked graves? And it is startling to see prisoners herded along the broken, rubbish-filled streets by soldiers wearing knapsacks labeled "U.S. Army." The Haitian people are not blind, and the grapevine now has it that Kebreau, if he will false-front his bayonets with a civilian *junta* ("two honest men and one son-of-a-bitch to please Washington"), will be granted a preliminary American credit of six million dollars. He needs this to pay his army. At the moment, there's not a dime in the treasury; and starvation is again around the corner.

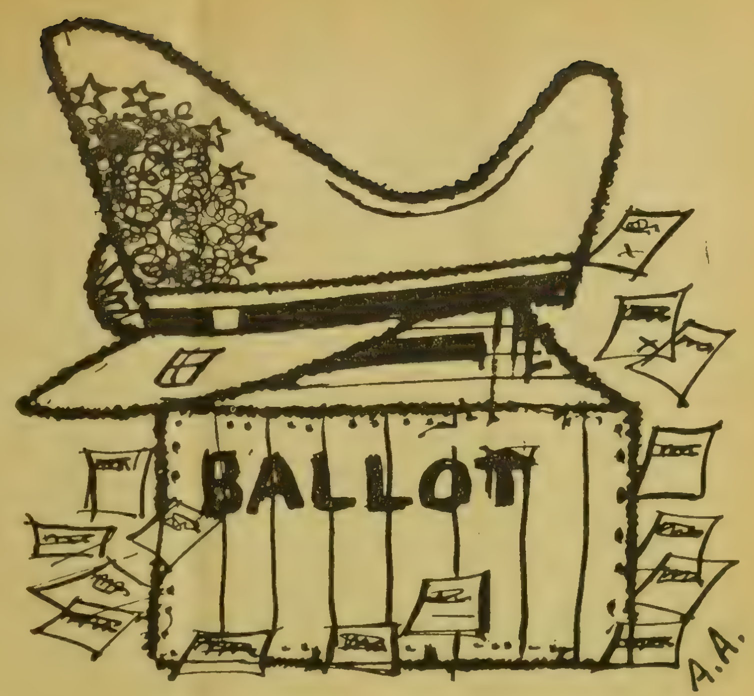
Prominent people, and less prominent people, continue to be dragged to the police station or the barracks—not once but repeatedly—to be questioned and threatened and in some cases physically maltreated. One of the first decrees of the *junta*, based on a forgotten law of 1826, makes it a crime for any business to close its doors without official consent. The *junta* fears another general strike such as that which tumbled Magloire's dictatorship. Before the week was out, the police took the heads of the Chamber of Commerce and scores of business men to the barracks or the police station, and charged them, without evidence, of planning such a strike. Few people doubt that resistance will soon boil up.

Among those arrested was the owner of a grocery store which I patronize near the American Embassy. The police chief (who only this May, when he was a commander in the interior, plotted to assassinate the members of one of the civilian governments) accused him of preparing to shut up his shop on Monday (this was Saturday). He demanded to face the army colonel who, the chief said, had reported that the shop owner had told his employees not to show up on Monday. The owner was held all day. Finally the police brought in his employees. Fortunately they had the courage to say that he had never told them not to come to work on Monday, and all were released.

Another employer was not so lucky. One of his employees nursed a grudge. So he is in jail, and the police accomplished what they sought to prevent, the shutting down of his business.

THE CHIEF reasons for Haitian disorder are clear. The Haitians are probably the worst exploited people on earth and never worse than now when most of the world is moving ahead to better standards. The average income of the Haitian worker is $65 a year. Anyone who has tried to provide for a family of five on 18c a day—even if there are a few bananas and mangoes hanging from the trees—will know that a piece of calico to cover nakedness can be obtained only by doing without the daily handful of rice, that children cannot be sent to school even when there is a public school, that there is no money for doctors or medicine, let alone for any of the amenities of life.

Yet these good-humored, kindly people, with their great dignity and grace even in poverty, have great potentialities. If they were given the slightest opportunity, they would accomplish much for themselves and their country. Few people can match them in artistic taste, and out of the worst poverty have come remarkable painters, sculptors, poets, writers and musicians. But Haiti's best talent is ruthlessly destroyed.



The more exaggerated military evils that have ruined Haiti developed under the Magloire dictatorship. He took over the country in 1946, imposed puppet President Dumarsais Estimé, then kicked him out by another coup in 1950. Magloire's 1953 budget totalled 175 million *gourdes*, but his hand-picked congress voted him 200 millions extra to use without strings. By 1956 the total of both budget and slush fund reached 456 million *gourdes*, and Jumelle had piled up a 325 million-*gourde* debt and had borrowed ninety million *gourdes* from the government's National Bank. [The gourde is worth 20 cents.]

THESE ENORMOUS sums disappeared, leaving no public works of importance or any other benefits. Almost the only tangible accomplishment was building the Artibonet Valley dam (estimated cost $9 million, actual cost $30 million), and it is so badly constructed that presently it will fill up with silt.

Magloire ruined even the telephone system. For a time only those friendly to the regime could get their phones repaired. Now the whole system has gone to pot; only a few phones in government offices and the barracks give service. Probably no other city of its size in the world is without phone service. The pavements have not been repaired for years. Even the main business streets and sidewalks are full of deep holes and rubbish. The only fairly good roads are those climbing the hills to the rich villas. Stinking drains from houses cross the sidewalks every few feet, and the sewers, which have to be cleaned periodically because of the run-off of gravel and silt, now bubble up at every manhole, creating a stench in this hot town that is beyond description. This shabby but gracious and beautiful city, with its wide gardens and brilliant flowers, is the worst pest hole in the Americas, perhaps in the entire world.

Besides looting of the public treasury, Magloire and the army set up an iron-clad monopoly that still exists for soap-making, tobacco, flour mills and cement. One-third of the profits went to Magloire, now in exile in Paris, one-third to his chief of police, Marc Prosper, who built a half-million-dollar mansion in Petionville.

The army, not content with its one-third, was given in addition the income from banana exports, at the time about ten million stems a year. "They took the profits, then ate the bananas," remarked Georges E. Rigaud, an agronomist. The banana industry is now all but ruined. Forty-eight per cent of the coffee export price is taken by the government, mostly for the army. Half of this is supposed to be used to promote better production and to help the growers, who are mostly small peasants. Not one cent has ever been so used. The coffee harvest this year will be the smallest in Haiti's history.

Magloire, Jumelle and the army left the country ruined, bankrupt, its trade all but paralyzed, close to the very nadir of its history. The mulattoes, who took over Haiti after the ousting of the French more than a century ago, represented the better educated, well-to-do class; they ruled with the aid of the army, and not always with much regard for the mass of the people. Now the army has devoured the mulattoes along with everybody else. Haiti is the prize example of the end that awaits a people which permits the bulk of its revenues to be used by the army, which allows its generals to become its spokesmen in public policies and international affairs.

THUS, in spite of the confusing swirl of names and the involved political intrigues, the Haitian problem is simplicity itself, though the solution promises to be incredibly difficult. It is the army versus the people of Haiti, an army above law and government, dealing out death at will, robbing freedom and property at will, shameless in its plundering. On the other hand, a people, made up of suffering peasants who get no profits from what they sell, workers who never get enough to eat and no medical care, a middle-class whose members are quickly crushed unless they kow-tow to the army system, professionals who can scarcely work, business men hemmed in by army monopolies, subject to unreasonable taxes, hampered by endless red tape from an earlier feudal era and restrictions both lawful and unlawful.

The issue was clear enough last December 13 when Magloire was booted out by a general strike involving everybody in society from top to bottom, joining hands across all economic, class or color lines. The poorer peasants brought no food to market; the stevedores moved no cargo, the chauffeurs drove no cars, the commercial classes closed up their businesses drum-tight and not all the arrests or the breaking-in of soldiers could open them up again. There was little use in soldiers sitting behind the counters when not a soul would buy a penny's worth. There were similar demonstrations during the six months whenever the army tried to move back into control or the Magloire elements tried to regain the upper hand. For six months the people have striven, against constant army conspiracy and repeated betrayals by their leaders, to establish an honest government, freely elected. Now, under Kebreau, the vicious Magloire gang and the army are back in the saddle, ruling by terror.

2. A Country Made for Dictators

IN AN ILLITERATE country like Haiti, whoever can read or write has a tremendous economic advantage. Even the peasants of the interior know this, and all who have the slightest margin are making every sacrifice to educate their children, though the government provides few schools.

The result is an inflated middle-class, which finds only limited opportunities (for the productive basis is lacking), and an increase of discontent among people with more knowledge and understanding than those of the peasant and working class. This new educated group has found few outlets for using its knowledge and talents. Most are not anxious to become politicians, for politics is corrupt and uncertain, though its rewards for some, particularly the dishonest ones, are considerable.

Many become government employees, but the average wage in the bureaucracy is $80 monthly, and today the simple little house, maybe a bedroom, *sala* and kitchen that rented for $20 a month, now rents for $50—an inflation due not to Haitian economy but to the *American* inflation, since the *gourde* is pegged to the dollar. For a man to raise a family on $30 a month and keep up the appearances necessary to such a post is almost impossible. During the past ten years, these people have been forced out of their homes into living in miserable one-room shacks.

There is little Mary who opened my taxi door at the post office, then declined to accept the tip I offered her. She followed me inside, and when I paid no attention to her, said in a sweet, chiding voice in perfect English, "Perhaps you don't like to talk to Haitians."

Mary was sixteen, neatly but simply dressed, and she spoke not only English but also German, Spanish and Italian. She was just out of an orphan school, but had been unable to find work. She survived by sleeping in a corner of a room and getting some food by helping a poor Haitian family. Her reason for speaking to me, she said, was to find out if she could write to me in the States so as to practice her English. I told her if she would, I would find a girl of her own age who would correspond regularly with her. Her fate is similar to that of many young people who have managed to acquire a bit of education in a land which has little use for it.

Interested in an orphan school that could equip a child so well, I looked up the directress. She was a tired-looking woman, who has rarely received from the government the money she is supposed to get and has worked most of her life without a salary. She has kept the place alive by going out with a basket through Port-au-Prince and getting food and donations. She told me: "Little Mary is a very good girl and one of my brightest, and she still comes to see me nearly every day. No, we don't teach the children all those languages, but Mary was ambitious and she advertised to exchange lessons."

THIS LACK of opportunity is part of the lack of articulation in Haitian life and accounts also for the dilemma of the politicians. However well-intentioned they may be, they have no adequate communication with their people, for there is no adequate communication or organization among the people. It explains the confusing temporary alliances and broken alliances and betrayals of this confused moment. The lack of organized popular support has made it difficult for leaders wishing to preserve the popular gains won from the army. Without true support, politics become a sort of shadow-boxing.

It is true the people of all classes rallied many times during the past six months to try to preserve what little had been won, but after each Herculean effort the protests dissolved back into a formless mass, whereas the army is a unit, well-knit, well-organized and tireless in attempting to rule, and has succeeded in setting up and pulling down civilian governments to discredit each leader in turn.

Society has been torn to shreds by the previous dictatorship. Democracy cannot be pulled out of a hat. There are practically no public schools. There is no peasant movement and only a few Port-au-Prince labor unions: the stevedores', the chauffeurs'. All political parties, except for a skeleton Catholic Party, were wiped out by the Magloire dictatorship, so that politics is now intensely personal, run on the "leader" principle. There is one valiant non-political group, the Haitian Democratic Alliance, roughly corresponding to the American Civil Liberties Union, led by a fine man, Edgar Nérè Numa, a former presidential candidate, and by Dr. Rigaud, briefly Minister of Agriculture under the Estimé government. But it has no resources with which to defend people trampled upon. There is, of course, the Chamber of Commerce, to which at the moment it is dangerous to belong.

The printed word is beyond the reach of most Haitians even could they read. There are no magazines and no books published. The small four-page newspapers cost ten cents; only a handful of Haitians can afford them. The press is not free anyway, and more news about Haiti—and usually more accurate—is published in *The New York Times* than in the local journals. The leading sheets are subsidized by the government, which is why two of them were wrecked by the people at the time Fignole took over the government. There are two Catholic newspapers, one the organ of the Popular Socialist Christian Party, the other the *Phalange* (a misleading name, for both papers are courageous liberal organs). The only free paper that has miraculously survived is the *Independance*, run by Georges Petite, who, in and out of jail, has fought for the rights of the people for twenty-five years. He is a keen, courageous good-natured man, utterly fearless. When I mentioned his name to the boy in my hotel, he said simply, "He is the only true Haitian I know." The editors of Fignole's paper, *Foi Social*, were dragged to the police station early this week, but after they promised not to print Fignole's picture, were released and have brought out another issue.

THIS GENERAL lack of mass communications is in contrast to the militant group of about seventy wealthy high army officers, who are ready to perpetrate any crime to hang on to their power and privileges. They constitute a ruthless *maffia*, or something worse, for they have the weapons and the murder machine. They are *above* the government.

It is this lack of popular support, imposed by conditions, which accounts for the gyrations of the presidential candidates, who are obliged to survive by agile wits rather than strength. Among the ten candidates, some of whom are merely fronts for others, three stand out besides Jumelle.

Dr. François Duvalier headed up the Rockefeller Foundation's campaign years ago to eradicate hookworm. He is also a full-fledged voodoo doctor (a real caste in the back country), and during his prolonged tour in the interior made many friends among the peasants. An Episcopalian (rumor has it that the Episcopalian bishop has put considerable funds at his disposal), he is handicapped thereby in any honest election in this Catholic country. He was a member of the cabinet of President Estimé, Magloire's puppet government, but broke with Magloire and spent the last two years before the dictator's fall in hiding.

Daniel Fignole, a mathematics professor, now exiled in the United States, has won the loyalty of the *Lumpenproletariat* in Port-au-Prince, if not elsewhere. He manipulates the few labor unions of the port. He, too, was a short-lived member of Estimé's cabinet, and was jailed several times by Magloire—and once manhandled so badly he came out almost insane.

Louis Dejoie is one of the wealthiest business men in Haiti, owner of plantations and small industries. He is a graduate agronomist educated in Belgium and has been head of the Chamber of Commerce three times. His hobby is bringing in new farm plants to Haiti, and he has built up a large business in processing essential oils. Twice senator, he consistently opposed Magloire and has made no deals with the army, refusing to recognize it as a governing force. Of all the leaders, he has emerged from the messy situation of the past few years with the cleanest hands, and his followers are now being hounded by the *junta*. His own son-in-law is in solitary confinement.

He is the only candidate who has put forth a definite program: work for four million Haitians through agriculture, full respect for the taxpayer's money, subordination of the army to the state, new enterprise. His plan to turn Haiti into a great sugar factory—he told me he had eighty million dollars of private capital already lined up—does not strike my fancy. That sweatshop industry has brought little happiness to any country. He is cool to the idea of starting manufacturing, remarking that it would not fit in with the present plans of the United States for Haiti. In any case, he impressed me more favorably than any leader I met. Even his enemies admit he would give Haiti progressive, honest government. He is preparing, if not arrested by the *junta,* to launch the new National Agricultural-Industrial Party, the initials of which—PAIN —if not a happy combination in English, in French spell BREAD. But it is doubtful if he can become president without making some deal with the army.

THE POLITICAL scene is complicated by two other factors: rivalry between the South and the North, and between mulattoes and blacks. The North has mostly ruled over the more advanced and prosperous South, which has not had a president since 1912, and which pays less attention to political life. Dejoie is from the South, which is solidly behind him, but he has harder sledding in other parts of the country.

The issue between blacks and mulattoes is raised chiefly at election times. It stems from former white French rule and the long rule by the mulattoes, who probably number no more than 30,000, but who have been in an economically superior position. But in late years it has become largely a false issue: many blacks, such as Jumelle, are wealthy, many mulattoes are poor. Dejoie, however, is a mulatto, while all the other candidates espouse the blacks; in some quarters, this is a potent rallying cry.

All these complicated factors were reflected in the shifting alliances of the past six months. After Magloire's downfall, two governments succeeded each other with a semblance of legality. The third government, the so-called Collegiate Government, was made up of the representatives of four leading candidates and pledged to stage impartial elections. It had the confidence of the people, but was unwieldy and was beset by intrigue within and the efforts of General Leon Cantave, head of the army, to destroy it. One candidate broke with his representative, leaving only three candidates represented in the government. Then Duvalier quit over petty patronage involving his son and went over to the army and Magloire group bag and baggage. This left only Dejoie and Fignole, who made common cause against the old crowd but eyed each other distrustfully.

They had to stick together, for Cantave had raised up armed pro-army claques in the street, and two army plots were uncovered to assassinate the heads of the Collegiate Government en masse. Cantave was ordered removed for rebellion, and his post was given to General Pierre Armand, Chief of Police, one of the more honest army officers. As Armand, on orders of the Collegiate Government, prepared to drive Cantave out of the barracks by force, Fignole betrayed both him and Dejoie by making a secret deal with Cantave, Jumelle, Duvalier and Emile Saint-Lot, the behind-scenes Rasputin of the fallen Magloire regime. It was agreed that Cantave would get out and go to the United States, his condition being that Kebreau, rather than Armand, be named head of the army.

In a night of dreadful confusion, Armand shelled the Cantave barracks, while henchmen in civilian clothes, partisans either of Cantave or Fignole, shot Armand's men in the back and roamed the streets burning newspapers and the homes of hated members of the Magloire regime. Fignole then took over the presidency, thus betraying Dejoie, Armand and the Collegiate Government. Armand had to take refuge in the Spanish Embassy, where he still is.

During his brief tenure of office —nineteen days—Fignole made some gestures by decreeing two weeks' vacation with pay for workers, abolishing the hated irrigation tax on the peasants, and promised land reform. He also sought to gain control of the army, by-passing Kebreau in the matter of dismissals and promotions, even appointing civilians as officers. Kebreau struck June 14, and the short-lived regime "of the people" was over. The army terror began in earnest.

AT PRESENT Duvalier is said to have behind him seven-eighths of the army, the rest being pro-Jumelle. The pro-Dejoie elements have all been dismissed, and Kebreau is now in the process of searching their homes for arms. Fignole had little support in the army, none at all until his back-stage deal, though he is favored by some under-officers.

The ascendancy of Kebreau leaves only Duvalier and Jumelle in an immediate position to make a grab for the presidency. The one who will promise the army the most graft and patronage is likely to succeed. Jumelle has been trying to talk Kebreau into dismissing the other two military members of the *junta* and installing pro-Jumelle civilians, with the argument that this could get the blessing of the United States and take some of the curse off an all-military government. But both Duvalier and Jumelle are also uneasy, fearing they are being duped, that the army has its own dark horse up its sleeve. This is Luc Fouché, from the North, a thoroughly discreditable personality known as "the stooge of Trujillo." For the dictator of the neighboring Dominican Republic has close friends in the Haitian army and always has a finger in the pie of Haitian politics. Trujillo can always send clandestine arms shipments across the mountainous frontier.

Obviously no elections except bayonet elections can be celebrated by Kebreau and the Magloire *maffia*. Meanwhile, Port-au-Prince lives in breathless terror, not knowing who will be murdered next or what turn a bitter and blind revolt against Kebreau may take. Kebreau sits there isolated, hated, alone in the barracks with his soldiers, still afraid to occupy the National Palace and carry on normal government. Meanwhile all the public services go to wrack and ruin. He has managed to get enough money from the National Bank, may get even as much as a million dollars, to meet the more urgent payrolls of the army and public employees; other than that, no money is in sight.

For the Haitian people he is no better than an alien conqueror and quite as ruthless. Yes, it will be a sad day for the Americas and the so-called free world if this man, or the government he may set up, is in any way aided in holding on to power. But whichever way the wind blows, the Haitian people, caught in this moral and material bankruptcy and collapse, will pay a bitter price for a long time to come.

CORRECTION: In Mr. Beals's article on Cuba last week, he inadvertently referred to the distinguished scholar, Dr. Fernando Ortiz, as Dr. Fernando Castro.

SPORTS IN AMERICA

MONEY, MUSCLES—and MYTHS . . *by Roger Kahn*

Sports in America

At a moment when sports are very much Page 1 news (*vid.*, baseball hearings in Washington, boxing probes in New York, and the Dodgers and the Giants somewhere between the East and the West), one of the country's best sportswriters lets his amusing and informative observations roam over the sports landscape for the benefit of *Nation* readers. Roger Kahn, who once followed the ball clubs for the New York *Herald Tribune*, is now sports editor of *Newsweek*. He is one of those rare sports experts who realiizes that a steal of home or a four-minute mile, while admirable accomplishments, do not necessarily represent the ultimate purpose of life on earth.

The article on this page is the first of three by Mr. Kahn. In subsequent issues, he will deal with the Sporting Press and the Athlete as Hero.

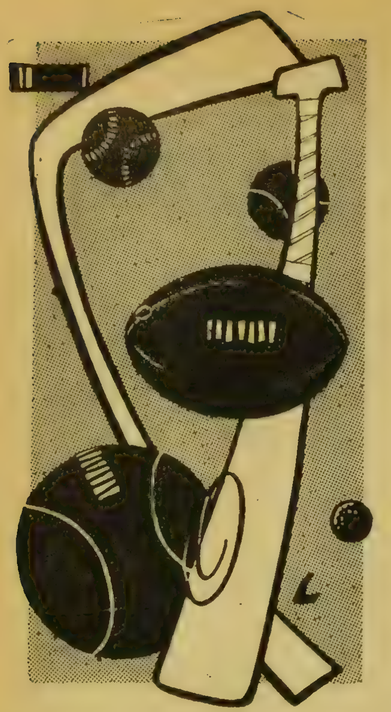
THE BONDS that connect half-a-hundred recreations in America are a credo, which is competition, and a name, which is sports. No other single thread runs through them. Nothing else joins the skier crouching against a winter sky with the catcher squatting in the heat of August. No other tie binds the golden honeymooner pitching horseshoes in the spring at St. Petersburg with the halfback plunging through cold autumn mud at Notre Dame. There is no further link between the Puerto Rican who spars daily in a cramped Manhattan gymnasium and the Ford vice-president who sails weekly on Lake St. Clair off Grosse Pointe.

Without risk of oversimplification, the enveloping rise of sports in the United States during the past thirty years can, I think, be explained rather briefly. A society wholly involved in competition had an increasing quantity of spare time thrust upon it. Was there a more logical mass outlet for the new afternoons and days of American leisure? Occasionally an orchestra trounces Beethoven and a novelist routs the English language, but compared to Joe Louis trouncing Max Schmeling and the Brooklyn Dodgers routing the New York Giants, these are small, subtle skirmishes. Real competition, the kind that makes a salesman spring for a fourth round of martinis, is duplicated best upon the playing fields. You either make the sale or you lose it. You either hit safely or you make out.

The commercial area of sports, with which I am most concerned, goes considerably deeper than that in reflecting society. Big-time sports have underscored the relentless trend toward the big devouring the small. Major league baseball expands while minor league baseball shrinks. More than fifteen million people watch Oklahoma win a televised football game while City College of New York drops football as hopeless and altogether too costly.

I don't intend to offer a history of the growth of sports in America, but it is essential to a knowledge of present conditions to realize that as recently as twenty-five years ago, there was a place for the individual promoter. If he was, say, a boxing man, he had only to provide for the local sports editor each Christmas, issue free tickets to selected political hacks and control his sense of outrage when a fight was fixed before his eyes. Then, if he had a hall, he was in business and eventually he could send his son to Harvard. Today there is no place for the small promoter in boxing or in any other major sport.

With the exception of New York and Chicago, there is room for only one team in each major league city. As a result, a franchise is a natural monopoly. All sixteen franchises are controlled by the American League and by the National League, which work in consort. Only one racetrack can operate profitably in an area at any time. Various state commissions, which cooperate with one another, write the rules that govern racing. As for prize-fights, the federal government is now trying to prove that the International Boxing Club controls all championships and



stands in restraint of trade. Every important track meet comes more or less directly under the supervision of the Amateur Athletic Union. The National Collegiate Athletic Association oversees all college athletic policy and dictates a TV football code to networks. In an era of bigness and centralization, sports are both big and centrally run.

The listing of these commercial sports, plus basketball, hockey, tournament golf and tennis, as a string of monopolies is not in itself an indictment. Through legalisms which I have been unable to grasp, the Supreme Court ruled that boxing is subject to restraint-of-trade laws, which baseball is not. Legalistics aside, what is repugnant about the monopoly pattern is the unvarying adoption of paternalism. In big-time sports, the player has no significant rights.

Baseball is organized as rigidly as a totalitarian state, even to having a commissioner at its head who rules, presumably, by divine right and from whom there is no appeal. Leagues are grouped in one of seven classifications and each division, except the majors, must accept specified salary limits. Directing and preserving this complex structure has become so involved that it requires a body of by-laws ten times longer and considerably more pompous than the U. S. Constitution.

From a solely practical standpoint, it is a waste of emotion to pity a professional baseball player. Major league salaries run from the $6,000 paid most rookies to the flat $100,000 Ted Williams earns. The average on a sucessful team such as the Dodgers runs to slightly better than $18,000 a man for six months' work. Minor league salaries drop off toward the $125 monthly bottom, but in these prosperous times even the poorest minor league club-owner finds that he must bid in one way or another against aircraft factories and every other industry that advertises "Strong boy wanted for job with good future."

As league and team sports, professional basketball, football and hockey repeat the general outline of baseball and in no case are the athletes kept in serfdom. Even in the National Hockey League, where the family of a multi-millionaire named James Norris has a dominant interest in three of the six teams, the average player earns $7,500.

MOST athletes seem satisfied with the owners' largesse, but it is noteworthy that generosity increased all around after major league baseball players banded together and hired a lawyer. The attorney has won some fringe benefits, but the owners retain the trump card. An athlete must accept the team's final salary offer or not play. A skillful bargainer may win a battle but never a war.

Several years ago Carl Furillo, Brooklyn's monolithic right fielder, so harried Branch Rickey, a suave man who was then directing the club, that Rickey agreed to give him $16,500 of the team's cash and a prize Angus bull of his own. It is an anti-climactic point and one which still drives Furillo to rage that the bull was never delivered.

Bigness and paternalism in sports are with us permanently, I suppose, and should be accepted in the same spirit with which we accept A.T. & T. Yet there is a profound difference between industry at large and the sports industry in particular. Sports feed directly upon legend. To preserve legend, they must operate behind a curious moral facade.

"Well, the company grossed a couple million last year," is enough of a justification to keep many successful business men from troubling themselves with questions about their presence on earth. With the big sports promoter there must be more. Victory, sportsmanship and tradition all cloud the profit and loss ledger. Baseball is "The Game" and football is "the natural outgrowth of competitiveness at a time when young men are at their physical prime" and boxing is "the basic, primal conflict." These catch-phrases guard the legend but in themselves are not enough.

The most fascinating and least reported aspect of American sports is the silent and enduring search for a rationale. Stacked against the atomic bomb or even against a patrol action in Algeria, the most exciting rally in history may not seem very important, and for the serious and semi-serious people who make their living through sports, triviality is a nagging, damnable thing. Their drive for self-justification has contributed much to the development of sports.

There is an appalling shortage of genuine myth in this country's background. There are semi-myth figures such as Washington, minor-myth figures such as Paul Bunyan, nonsense-myth figures such as Superman, but there is no Roland, no Arthur, no Siegfried. Obligingly and profitably, sports promoters have thrown their hirelings into the breach. Hollywood offers Ava Gardner as Aphrodite; sports gives us Babe Ruth for Zeus.

The number of adolescent boys who would like to be Mickey Mantle is beyond calculation. Compare it with the number who would like to be Robert Frost. (I also imagine that the number of teen-age girls who would rather be Ava than Marianne Moore is considerable.) Fortunately for the promoters, sports have been even more successful than Hollywood in providing enduring myth images. Bust lines sag, chins grow flabby and last spring's Aphrodite becomes this winter's Helen Hokinson girl. Sports heroes are less susceptible to time.

Steve Ketchel was a fine boxer thirty years ago, but as a myth image he has taken on more depth and beauty in death than he ever possessed in life. It was Ketchel's posthumous luck to become the motivator of a Hemingway short story in which one character says: "I never saw a man as clean and as white and as beautiful as Steve Ketchel. There never was a man like that. He moved just like a tiger and he was the finest free-est spender that ever lived, Steve Ketchel, and his own father shot him down like a dog."

Other athletes have become myths through briefer images. An Illinois halfback named Red Grange is safe for history as The Galloping Ghost. Grantland Rice, who created a profusion of images, gave birth to four at once when he took a Notre Dame backfield named Layden, Miller, Crowley and Stuhldreher and began a story, "Outlined against a blue-gray sky, the Four Horsemen rode again."

With this sort of thing constantly bobbing up, and with a public eager for godheads suitable for self-identification, sports people long ago learned to believe that, cash aside, their field was a thing apart.

"I CAN remember a brutally hot afternoon last summer," Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, starts one story, "when I was walking near a post office in Manhattan. I noticed three letter carriers struggling under heavy loads, but all the while smiling and chatting. As I neared them, I realized that they were discussing Willie Mays and the New York Giants. Baseball had done that. With all their troubles and on this brutally hot day, they were happy because they were talking about The Game." Smaller baseball officials frequently tell smaller, but parallel, stories.

Somehow, over the years, it has worked. Somehow there does seem to be something different about baseball, or football, or horse racing; something cleaner, something closer to youth, something vaguely better than what we are doing at the moment. The sweep of legend and the impact of competitiveness have been such that virtually every American over the age of two, thinks, talks, watches, plays or competitively resists sports.

But the feeling of essential shallowness can never be erased, a fact dramatically illustrated several years ago in Cincinnati. Heywood Hale Broun, son of the late newspaper columnist, was then a sportswriter assigned to cover the Brooklyn Dodgers. It was a June day, fresh with spring and burdened with a long double-header. "What am I doing in Cincinnati," Broun said aloud in the press box, "watching a ball game on a day like this when I ought to be home walking with my wife and kids." Broun silently closed his typewriter, caught the next train for New York and has since become an actor.

Big-time sports, on television or off, are unimportant as Woody Broun knew but, in mid-century America, they are an inevitable natural product and a symptom of the times.

THE MORAL DETERRENT . .

by James Avery Joyce

THE PRESENT search for a "clean" H-bomb marks the depths of fatuity to which the military mind can descend in its total disregard of ethical values. That one set of military men should be proving—as they did at Christmas Island—that *their* bomb could beat the sun nearly 2,000 times by registering 16,666,666 degrees of heat, whilst another set of military men should be trying to prove that, by cleaning up its edges, *their* bomb would only eliminate 30,000,000 instead of 83,000,000 people, represents the *reductio ad absurdum* of that infamous doctrine called "massive retaliation." Likewise, the proposal put forward in authoritative quarters that governments should stockpile male sperm so as to fertilize future females of the human species, and thus avert the appalling consequences to the unborn of atomic warfare, reveals not the glorious triumph of modern science, but its obscene degradation.

But the revolt of reason against all this has begun along a wide front —and not a moment too soon. There are signs that it is even making its impact felt on national leaders. It may be true that professional generals, during the last few weeks, have developed a flanking campaign of their own, insisting that the U.N. Disarmament Subcommittee, currently meeting in London, must not be allowed to succeed. We might have expected that reaction, anyway. When peace is about to break out, vested interests in that hoary institution, war, rally together to save what they believe to be their own right of survival. Such is human nature.

Yet something more powerful than reason is moving among ordinary men and women today, something which is bound to grow more vocal in the "breathing spell" (if we still have it) ahead—something which begins to look like a world conscience. For the real crisis which confronts humanity, in spite of appearances, is not the military one, but the moral one. It is no longer a scientific dilemma which faces us, but a spiritual one.

Machiavelli would have died of shame to have given his Prince some of the advice which modern governments are now receiving from his successors in the art of defense. Samuel Johnson, had he been alive today, would have declared not

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JAMES AVERY JOYCE, British lawyer and author of Revolution on East River, *has worked on the I.L.O. and as adviser at the U.N. Economic and Social Council.*

merely that patriotism was the last refuge of the scoundrel, but that it had become the tool of moral imbeciles. The distinguished scientist, Dr. S. Douglas Cornell, executive officer of the National Academy of Sciences, who stepped deliberately out of his immediate field the other day and pleaded for a "new level" of world statesmanship based on absolute moral standards, was voicing the common man's intuitive conviction that the "ultimate weapon" could never defend freedom, democracy or any worthwhile social order because it was itself the ultimate evil. No nation which resorted to it could preserve any human values whatsoever.

In short, it is no longer a question of "controlled fallout," or "ironclad inspection" or of any of the other futilities which pass for statesmanship; it is simply a question of whether man deserves to go on living any longer on this planet with a sin like this on his soul.

In case the reader loses patience at this point with a sense of the sheer impracticability of ever putting over such an attitude to the politicians who make the decisions —though there may be, indeed, something in meeting absolute weapons with absolute standards— he might be reminded that the "new level" approach is not quite so remote from current political acceptance as appears at first sight. For— make no mistake about it—the main debate has only just begun.

Take first the mounting campaign on the H-bomb by both main Opposition parties in Britain. This sense of building a political platform on the basis of clear-cut moral principles has always been very real in the history of the Labor Party, which has never been Marxist in its overall political philosophy. The absence of a genuine two-party system in the United States—i.e. where basic principles of social justice and economic organization are at issue—makes it somewhat difficult to translate the normal British experience into American ideology. As a case in point, there were between twenty and thirty —possibly more—officially-sponsored Labor candidates (including the present writer) at the last British Parliamentary election who unequivocally stated in their printed election manifestoes, mailed to the whole electorate, or declared on the public platforms their intention in Parliament to oppose the manufacture and use of the nuclear bomb. The whole party was pledged then, as now, to the stopping of the *tests;* but these particular candidates went beyond the party mandate and, on broadly *moral* grounds, committed themselves to the absolute position: "Here I stand: I can do no other."

At least a dozen of the abolitionists were returned to the House of Commons last time. Within two years, what seemed a risky step, politically, to take in May, 1955, has become a tidal wave of public revulsion and demand. Expressing themselves so volubly today from all sides of the Labor benches— speeches that never get into the U.S. newspapers!—the abolitionists have so grown in number and support that it is by no means unlikely that Labor will, *as a party,* go to the voters of Britain at the next General Election with the complete banning of nuclear weapons as a major plank in its foreign-affairs platform. One thing is certain, the twenty or thirty abolitionists of 1955 will by then have become two or three hundred: for more and more constituency parties are selecting and backing candidates to represent them who are ready to go all down the line. Although none of these candidates has any truck with British Communists —a negligible factor, anyway—most of them feel that the chief obstacle to the success of their campaign in Britain is the pro-bomb force in the United States.

NOR ARE the abolitionists in the Labor Party by any means alone. The undoubted majority of religious, social, cultural and educational groups—including most of the universities—are behind the Labor rank-and-file demand for a more radical and courageous approach to discard nuclear weapons. The Liberal Party, for example, has carried its campaign against the Government's test policy into the streets and public squares, flanked by cohorts of doctors and scientists, who have never or rarely before spoken on political platforms.

Whatever political prophets may infer from these recent trends in Britain—now the third partner in the nuclear racket—it is clear that any practical distinction in the public mind between *testing* and *making* nuclear bombs has broken down. More and more responsible and influential men and women are following the lead of the Pope, of Schweitzer, of Nehru, and of the other recognized world leaders and coming out against the bomb itself because it is so definitely *wrong.* All the other alleged claims made for it—"defense," "deterrence," "bargaining weapon," *ad lib*—no longer count with these people.

THE LEAST that can be said about this approach is that it is a good deal more honest and realistic than the current search for "ironclad inspection" or "foolproof guarantees" as an essential first step towards abolition. The public of the United States is indeed being fooled if it imagines that all that stands between it and salvation from atomic annihilation is an international scheme of U.N. inspectors or aerial photographs of enemy installations—and that the one thing holding up such an agreement is Russian intransigence.

On the contrary, neither the United States nor Britain has ever committed itself specifically to abolish nuclear weapons if and when a system of adequate control and inspection is discovered, agreed upon and applied. The frank and brutal situation is that, even if the Russians were to abolish all their nuclear weapons tomorrow—with or without "guarantees"—the Western powers at present still claim that they would "need" their nuclear weapons to stop the Russians from over-running Europe, Asia, Africa, etc. with their ground forces or beating the "free world" with conventional weapons. This starkly cynical policy has been repeated so many times by so many military spokesmen for the West that the assumed search for "ironclad guarantees" and what-not can be seen for what it really is: just another face-saving move on the Cold War checker-board.

We are therefore driven back on the absolute or "moral" approach as being far less abstract or sentimental than at first appears. In fact, since the real horrors of radioactive fallout—on which public attention has been fixed over the last few weeks—can no longer be hidden, a vital new element, hitherto neglected, has suddenly come into the forefront. Physicist Ralph E. Lapp told the Congressional subcommittee on radiation earlier this month that a 2,500-megaton bomb attack would eventually cause 16,000,000 defective children, 120,000,000 stillbirths and 140,000,000 embryonic deaths. We now know for certain that whatever this is, it is no longer "defense," "deterrence" or even "war." What we are dealing with is genocide.

AT Nuremberg, in 1945, genocide was put right outside the laws of war or peace as a "crime against humanity." The judgments passed on the war criminals who, deliberately and of aforethought, incinerated millions of their fellows in their hideous ovens, rejected the accuseds' reiterated pleas of "military necessity" and "superior orders" and condemned the mass-murderers for what they were. On December 11, 1946, the U.N. General Assembly, after carefully reviewing the "Nuremberg principles," as they were called, declared that "Genocide is a crime under international law, contrary to the spirit and aims of the United Nations and condemned by the civilized world," and resolved unanimously to embody the "Nuremberg principles" in a universal convention. On January 12, 1951, the Genocide Convention came into effect as world law. Neither the United States nor the United Kingdom has yet ratified the convention; but that omission does not prevent it from becoming a part of operative international law today.

Four aspects of the convention are relevant to the bomb issue. First, under Article II, genocide is defined in terms of "acts committed with intent to destroy, *in whole or part,* a national, ethical, racial, or religious group as such." The phrase here italicized was meant to cover the destruction of a large community—e.g. a complete town or city—without regard to the accepted Laws of War, discriminating between the innocent and guilty, or between civilians and combatants. "With intent" simply means doing a thing with foreknowledge of its natural or probable consequences. The exact meaning of "national," "racial" and other similar expressions can no doubt be argued at length—as was shown during the Assembly debates—but it doesn't require much imagination to replace "Poles" by "Russians" or "Jews" by "Communists," or vice versa, and so on down the line of prevailing ideological conflicts. Nor need energy be spent on searching how far down the line of mass slaughter we have to go before genocide merges with common types of killing, amenable to the Laws of War, and therefore outside the scope of the convention. The plain fact is that the closer one studies the text of the convention, alongside the day-to-day reports of the nuclear scientists, the closer the cap seems to fit.

SECOND, again under Article II, the crime of "imposing measures intended to prevent births within the group" strikes home so hard that one wonders how it could possibly have happened that governments which were unanimously voting for the convention at Lake Success but a few years ago, could also have been preparing the "measures" which they now seem willing to "impose" on other "national groups." For genocide is an "absolute" crime and cannot—following the Nuremberg principles—be excused as an Act of War, or as a reprisal because *somebody else* is committing it.

Third, Under Articles III and IV, the net is, as it were, made watertight by provisions to punish not only genocide but "conspiracy to commit genocide" and "direct and public incitement to commit genocide"; and also by provisions which fix legal responsibility for the acts committed on the persons actually doing them "whether they are constitutionally responsible rulers, public officials, or private individuals."

Fourth, under Article XI, fifty-three nations have ratified the convention to date (including all the Communist nations), some with minor reservations. But not the U.S. and the U.K. Does this mean that the convention is null and void or ineffective? Although the international penal tribunal (on which the U.N. International Law Commission has been working for some time) is not yet established, Article VI provides, meantime, that "persons charged with genocide . . . shall be tried by a competent tribunal of the State in the territory of which the act was committed." But more important, both the *unanimous resolution* of the 1946 Assembly and the preamble of the convention, to which the U.S. and U.K. are *both signatories,* state categorically that genocide already *is* a crime under international law.

"Neither animals nor uneducated savages," said the Australian representative to the General Assembly in 1948, which called for speedy ratification, "would deliberately plan with the fiendish and cold-blooded cruelty which accompanies modern examples of genocide." The question which remains is: if "neither animals nor uneducated savages" would plan deliberately the destruction of the human race "in whole or part," *who would?* Which of the signatories will be the first to put the matter to the test by acting under Article VIII of the convention, which reads: "Any Contracting Party may call upon the competent organs of the United Nations to take such action under the Charter of the United Nations as they consider appropriate for the prevention and suppression of acts of Genocide"?

BOOKS and the ARTS

The "Logic" of Imperialism

THE COMING CAESARS. By Amaury de Riencourt. Coward-McCann. 384 pp. $6.

William Appleman Williams

AMAURY de RIENCOURT first tells us that "expanding democracy leads unintentionally to imperialism and that imperialism inevitably ends in destroying the republican institutions of earlier days." Then he entreats us to go consciously forward with the noble work of establishing a World Civilization shorn of the Caesarism he has just said is inevitable. No wonder people are confused.

Entrepreneurs of the American Century, provoked by the assertion that they are tools in the hand of historical logic, and understandably at pains to deny the charge of Caesarism, fail to notice his final blessing on their labors. Hence many of his friends become his opponents, while his true critics, who could gain much from the exercise of refuting him, react with silence or scorn. It is more fruitful to approach the book seriously, so that its self-contradictory thesis can be set aside, if not lightheartedly, at least with some reward.

Some of M. de Riencourt's difficulties arise because he is so busy paying court to that grand dame Profundity (he offers her antique analogies) that he neglects to exploit his own insights. Others are the result of insufficient research. More facts do not guarantee a definitive interpretation, but they do set narrower limits for error. As it is, M. de Riencourt dashes between the convenience of determinism and the responsibility of free will. History has a "hidden logic" which takes us where it will by an organic process; yet knowing this we can "understand our predicament and overcome our difficulties." The solution he proposes, a World Civilization established by America's more efficient and benevolent expansion, does not appear to have much to recommend it (even if it were possible). For one of the very few things worse than a bipolar world would be a flat one rotating around Washington.

FOR ALL of this, and it is quite sufficient to spoil the book, M. de Riencourt performs an important service. He speaks candidly about the distance we have gone down the road away from responsible democracy. We may not have become the Garrison State, but we would appear to qualify as the Organized and Ready Reserve on maneuvers. Our Loyal Opposition has become so loyal, and dallies so persistently with the Existing Establishment, that opposition seems often to have no companion but heresy. And that is subversive of democracy, for it closes out debate by confusing disagreement over means with revolution over ends. We would do well to halt this process for our own sake, as well as to distract M. de Riencourt from his infatuation with "hidden logic."

Perhaps the best way to do this is to take his cue and think directly and critically about our expansionist philosophy of history, which holds that democracy is a function of expansion. He is quite wrong in maintaining that this thesis developed unconsciously, though his confusion on the point is understandable. For in our time the proposition that democracy, prosperity and security all depend on expansion has become an ideology in the root meaning of the term—a definition and explanation of reality that is firmly *believed.* It has become, indeed, the American Means to the American Dream.

But, contrary to his assertion, the Founding Fathers did not think in terms of a "static America." Benjamin Franklin linked colonial prosperity to expansion across the Appalachians. George Washington advised his fellow planters to move westward and become "merchants on the land." Alexander Hamilton, applying the same proposition to commerce, came out in favor of a mercantile empire. Thomas Jefferson gave the thesis a striking formulation when he sought and defended the Louisiana Purchase with the argument that more land meant more democracy and prosperity. The Monroe Doctrine married Hamilton's mercantile and Jefferson's territorial expansion in an option on the development of the Western Hemisphere. And Jacksonian Democracy was based on exploiting the resulting empire.

Presidents Tyler, Polk and Pierce, along with Secretaries of State Webster and Seward, and Senators Benton and Douglas, applied the thesis to the problems of their era; approaching, explaining and justifying their territorial and commercial expansion as necessary for prosperity and democracy, and trying to prevent the Civil War by providing enough expansion to satisfy all classes and sections. That very little of this was unconscious is illustrated by Seward's proposal to avoid the Civil War by taking on most of the rest of the world instead.

A bit later, when democracy and prosperity stumbled in the Panic of 1893, and when the further expansion of the American Empire was challenged by Japan and Russia, Brooks Adams and Frederick Jackson Turner came forward to restate and argue the expansionist philosophy of history in brilliant and persuasive essays. Turner's frontier thesis explained America's unique democracy as the product of expansion, thus implying (especially in a time of crisis) that further expansion was the only way to sustain it. Adams agreed, and explicitly called for continued expansion to build a new World Civilization.

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Taken up by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and then added to the American educational curriculum along with John Dewey's emphasis on experience and growth (which reinforced and extended the frontier thesis itself), the assumed necessary connection between democracy and expansion rapidly became the American Way of Thought. At some point in that process it did become an unconscious assumption, but certainly no earlier than the first World War.

This is a crucial distinction, for it is only by understanding that it was originally conscious that we can sustain any hope of changing the outlook. And it is imperative to develop a new dynamic for democracy. Even if one argues that the expansionist outlook jibed with reality in earlier days (and let that issue be moot for this moment), such a thesis cannot be sustained after the Russians have developed their industrial state. As early as 1900, Brooks Adams sensed that a strong Russia would invalidate the expansionist philosophy of history; and in 1957 a revitalized China further underscores the point.

MOST of our present difficulties stem from continuing to apply the policy of containment-liberation—the classic implementation of the expansionist philosophy of history—to a reality which it no longer fits. The expansionist philosophy of history produces a foreign policy of *status quo* internationalism, but this is irrelevant (and exceedingly dangerous) in a rapidly changing world. Hence the problem is to define and put into practice a policy of radical internationalism designed to encourage economic development while simultaneously accepting and furthering political and cultural independence.

A good first step in this direction would be for the *status quo* internationalists, who dominate our policy-making process, to abandon the expansionist philosophy of history. Having done this, they might then awake to the truth that it is not necessary either to dominate or save the world in order to live in it creatively.

Provocative Entertainment

IN DEEP. By Bernard Wolfe. Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pp. $3.95.
FOWLERS END. By Gerald Kersh. Simon and Schuster. 337 pp. $3.95.

William Bittner

AS I write, it is vacation reading week; the magazines and newspapers have a section listing books for you to read while half-asleep. Very few of them this year fit the old "entertainment" formulas—murder mystery, spy thriller, or comic character novels. Instead Westchester Henry James and Madison Avenue Proust fill the gaps between the historicals. Turnabout is fair play; with so much superficial writing in serious style it is appropriate in every sense that Bernard Wolfe's third serious novel in an entertainment format should come out now, not long after his nearest British equivalent, Gerald Kersh, has produced his most original work since *The Thousand Deaths of Mr. Small.*

Both Wolfe and Kersh write books that might be classified conventionally as city novels, chases, science fiction, etc. But they never use the same fiction formula twice, and they are masters at making each standard type over into something provoking and provocative. Unlike most entertainment novels, which are good for one reading on a train or a lazy summer afternoon, their books show sharp undercurrents that make them even more interesting on the second reading.

Bernard Wolfe has done almost every kind of writing imaginable for more than twenty years, but he first turned up as a novelist five years ago with *Limbo*, an erudite book that can, with a little squeezing, be shoved into the "science-fiction" pigeonhole. More precisely it is an anti-utopia novel that criticizes the trend of the present by pushing it to some kind of logical conclusion. *Limbo* is more a projection of the mental state of the present than of the technological. *The Late Risers,* his next book, uses the materials of Damon Runyan to ends that make it almost a sequel to Melville's *The Confidence Man*. Everyone in the book turns out to be the opposite of what he seems to be; "the surreptitious fusion of opposites," Wolfe calls it. In a society where

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Flight and Return

Father, fist-bruises marked my cheeks and eyes;
My mind was black against you when I ran
Away down Garden Road. I ran through dog-
Loud, lampless villages that steamed in rain,

Where white-eyed children played their minnow kites
Into a pond-dark sky. And a funeral, white
With handkerchiefs, enclosed me, pushed me past
A churchyard's wind-scraped epitaphs

And out into a square where wedding guests
Besieged a laughing bride and groom and sang.
Beyond them spread a violet circus tent
Where bearded ladies laughed in the clang

Of a keeper's keys and lions roared.
Strangely, I seemed to be invisible.
No, no one spoke to me or gave me milk
Or guided me past watchmen with their cruel

And bartered eyes. At last I came to an
Abandoned wharf and seapost verdigris
Beneath a spinning sun, and suddenly
I felt the corrosion of that manic sea,

That knocking vacancy,
And so I wept for drifting weeds and roots.
I missed you, father, and your haloed beard,
Your fist-blows and your index-finger truths.

What dizzying selfhood yawns upon the sea;
How safe the adventure of your cruelty!

STEPHEN STEPANCHEV

civilization runs counter to folk culture rather than growing out of it, the illusions of Melville's story turn to self-delusions, making every man his own confidence man.

In Deep shows Wolfe ready to leap from the standard forms altogether, even though its model is the formularized spy-chase. The melodrama, well told as it is, becomes merely a surface image of the interplay between the hero and the villain, thesis and antithesis of the same psychological pattern, each involved in today's most significant social problem, the relationship of the individual to organization. Psychoanalytic flashbacks interrupt the story, stretching suspense to the breaking point and shifting the reader's attention level to one of greater analysis. Thus a cops and crooks story, a type that at best is usually a puzzle, moves beyond deduction into the greater complexities of unconscious motivation, making it a work not merely of thinking but also of feeling.

WOLFE's work is exciting because, although he has a sure touch with the forms he uses, he does not take them—or himself—too seriously, and what he has to say is immediate and shocking. He joshes the reader and plays serious intellectual games with him, more so than any other writer since Nathanael West. His books do not end, as is common in the forms they follow, with all problems solved; the conventional answers are devastated, then the questions restated with deeper insight.

So far, the most interesting thing about Wolfe's work is the promise that is in it. He is developing an esthetic of great originality from popular forms. For one thing, although *Limbo* has only one really full-dimensioned character, and he obviously Wolfe's alter ego, *The Late Risers* is full of them, and Movement, the Negro marijuana peddler who wears one gold earring and Brooks Brothers suits, and on whom the dual identities pivot, is as fascinating a character as I have come across in current fiction. He is just barely equalled by Michael Brod, the villain of *In Deep*. Moreover, Wolfe is on the track of doing as much for the American idiom as the writers of the Irish Renaissance did for the language of their people, transforming the stage Irish of farce to the poetry of Synge and O'Casey. His power is in wielding humor as lesser men use irony.

GERALD KERSH has written too many books, of too great a variety, for them even to be listed here. Nikita Khrushchev, in his famous television interview, paraphrased two sentences from Kersh's thriller, *The Secret Masters*, and *Night and the City* was both a bestseller and a film. Although his materials come from the same levels of society as those used by George Orwell, he differs from Orwell in much the same way that Wolfe differs from West; he seems more at ease as a writer and more outgoing as a person. He is perhaps even more skillful in reproducing English popular speech than Wolfe is with American. Neither writer is of the "tape recorder" Paddy Chayevsky variety; their use of the colloquial is artfully succinct.

Fowlers End is an anti-Dickensian comedy of adaptation. Placed in a grotesque backwater of London, where the very rain is saturated with fumes from the sulphuric acid plant, the book crawls with a hilariously violent pack of humanity. Daniel Laverock, down on his luck, with the face of a battered pugilist, acts as a catalyst for the conflicts of the peculiar culture of Fowlers End. He is like an unemployed anthropologist marooned with an unknown tribe. Manipulations and counter-manipulations weave into a conspiracy so fantastic it makes Middle Eastern politics seem a children's game. The sounds, smells, sights and unclassifiable horrors are described by Kersh with exactly the right touch.

The characters, Sam Yudenow, entrepreneur of a flea-bag cinema; his enemy and ultimate conqueror, Godbolt; little Tommy, a budding Al Capone; and the odds and sods of Fowlers End are London in essence and Dickens grown wild, complete with a Sam Weller named Copper Baldwin. Indeed Kersh's book is not unlike Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side* save that it is not an angry book and it has no pretensions toward mystic fulfillment. It is pessimistic, but not depressing.

Although *Fowlers End* is considerably more anthropological than *In Deep*, both books are deeply concerned with the effort of a man to throw off the impedimenta of childhood, the trauma and involvement with parents, particularly mothers; and with a man's efforts to remain himself but find a place in organized society. The organizations are political in Wolfe's book, cultural in Kersh's. Both writers are remarkably well-informed and experienced. They have something to say, and if they are comfortable enough in their ideas to toss them off in novels that are profoundly light, I for one will choose them over any of the ponderous voids in the bookshop.

Give a Life to Live

MEMORIES OF A CATHOLIC GIRLHOOD. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 245 pp. $3.95.

Katherine Hoskins

IN THE foreword to this collection of autobiographical episodes, Mary McCarthy complains that many of her readers have insisted that the sketches must be fictional. This insistence is really a tribute to the adroitness and incisiveness for which her stories have been widely praised and which she uses here to good advantage. And her readers are less to be blamed because she has remained very true to the fictive vision of childhood: the kind of vision that can build up out of happiness a recollection of having rolled down three grassed terraces to a lake when, as Miss McCarthy also tells us—correcting by the light of history—there was but one terrace and the lake was far away.

We should all, however, have seen that this collection was something different by the absence of Miss McCarthy's famous wit and by the very happy absence of the revolting physical image whereby in her stories she so often drives home a point. If this makes for a flatter Mary McCarthy, it also makes for a gentler one. And as these episodes deal with her own family and herself as child, gentleness would seem to be in order. It is not only proper but remarkable in her case since, where her environment was not downright brutal, it was singularly lacking in warmth, to say nothing of love. She might, in fact, have headed the book with Yvor Winters' verse:

> O small and fair of face!
> In this appalling place,
> The conscious soul must give
> Its life to live.

But I don't suppose anyone would be live enough to write his memoirs if his "conscious soul" had not got values comparable at any rate to those it relinquished. An account of this profit and loss to the soul is, I take it, the subject matter of autobiography. And,

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KATHERINE HOSKINS has recently received a grant from Brandeis University for her volume of poetry, Villa Narcisse.

according to the form one chooses, one may come up with — to invoke the giants — a *David Copperfield* or an *Education of Henry Adams*.

REALIZING that the art form of history is radically different from that of fiction, Miss McCarthy has larded her set pieces, her episodes, with informal essays. These are vantage points from which she purports to review the myth in the light of actuality, to explore the meaning of a given event, to assess the importance to her of the various people in her life. Her instinct was good and these essays promised to be the most interesting part of the book. They promised, in addition to added bulk and contrasting texture, a certain enriching or composting of the rather bleak narratives they deal with. But it takes a ruminative, speculative mind to wander fruitfully in the areas of myth, memory, the child's and the grown-up's worlds. And, for all her gifts, this is just the sort of mind that Miss McCarthy has not.

In her foreword, for instance, after an engaging if superficial account of the two different kinds of Catholicism from which her childhood suffered on the one hand and profited on the other, she ends with a brash statement of why she can get along without God that was last used successfully by Huck Finn. She hardly touches on the nature of myth, memory and truth as exemplified by the one terrace expanded into three and similar discrepancies. We read an account of the dreadful knowledges she acquired at boarding school—for example, "... the first law of social dynamics: be suspicious of tenders of assistance." We read about the enviable education she received at the convent. But we are left to make out for ourselves any connection between these matters and the bright cruelty of her later stories, of the sensitivity of her later literary perceptions. Concerning perhaps the most outrageous chapter on corruption, the supposed explicatory essay states merely that it occurred as related.

Retired colonels and deacons used to write memoirs wherein we learned that all of one grandmother's sons married pretty wives, wherein we were presented with a portfolio of family snapshots, wherein we were expected to react gravely to the fact that a certain family name was now *extinct* (surely a word more suited to royalty or dinosaurs than to a modest bourgeois Jones or Preston). And we would try to drown the spontaneous "So what?" in charity for simple men enamoured of their lives and ignorant of means to celebrate them. But when one of the most sophisticated, not to say hep, writers of her generation produces these naïvetés, it should be a lesson to us all—not to avoid interest in ourselves, but to study very thoroughly the art form we elect to make that interest viable.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

MOST of the recommended plays in London are foreign. Before I arrived, there was a four-week engagement at the Royal Court Theatre—seat of the "new drama"—of John Osborne's second play *The Entertainer*, with Laurence Olivier playing the part of a run-down vaudevillian.

Opinions of the play vary, but everyone agrees that Olivier's performance was brilliant. An elderly American playwright here on a visit assured me that it was interesting because it is by a young man who is sore about everything. This is often a creative state of mind in a young man, and certainly John Osborne is the young man everyone concerned with the English theatre is watching with confused admiration or irritated skepticism, but surely with interest.

I certainly wish to revisit Osborne's first play, *Look Back in Anger*, to find out exactly what it was the boy in that play was so angry about. Specifically I'd like to discover why most of the alert young people here respond sympathetically to Osborne's anger. It is a common sentiment and the same question is being asked about the younger novelists as well.

Exasperation is the spark that sets off most of the *avant garde* French plays, of which two samples are now to be seen in London: Jean Genet's *The Balcony* at the Arts Theatre and Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs* at the Royal Court. *The Chairs*, much better produced than *The Balcony*, is a play which would have failed last year in Paris had not Anouilh reversed the reviewers' judgment by writing an enthusiastic letter to *Figaro*. It is not for the "general public." That is largely true of all such plays, but it is through them that one often learns what is really going on in the dark places of men's souls where so much history is made.

The Chairs shows us a very aged couple in utter isolation in some remote place and time. They are expecting eminent visitors to come to hear a lecture in which the old man's message to the world will be delivered. Chairs are set out for the visitors as they arrive, but though the chairs are real the visitors are imaginary. The old man plans to speak through a professional lecturer because he himself is too inarticulate. When the lecturer is about to appear, the old man disappears —his wife along with him—ready to give up the ghost now that someone will speak for him. The lecturer addresses the empty chairs—no sound issues from his mouth.

The point of all this is supposed to be that none of us can communicate with another, but I am not convinced that that is the point. There is a

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strange humor in the play; it presents an arresting theatrical image. Though weird, it is not depressing. There is about it a light, poignant poesy.

I have emphasized the man's role. The performance of the evening however is given by a young woman, Joan Plowright, as the nonagenarian wife—quaint, sprightly, tender, always secretly smiling—a wrinkled avatar of the eternal feminine.

One thing certain about the French school of theatrical *fauves* is that they can write. Their dialogue sparkles with a mischievous nervousness in speech that is mellifluous and natural. Despite the obscenity of his vocabulary, Jean Genet is the most traditionally rhetorical of them all; he's almost classically French.

In *The Balcony*, Genet sees the most respected institutions of our civilization reaching their high point of popular sanctification in the sordid glamor of a brothel. Only one figure has not yet achieved this sort of universal adulation: the chief of police. When the revolution which has broken out in the symbolic land of the play is finally smashed, after almost everyone important including the Queen has been either killed or driven into hiding, the outstanding clients and operators of the brothel take over the country and the chief of police is at last given his exalted place as one of the bordello's chief idols.

Samuel Beckett's world is that of a man who was reared in an ascetic Catholicism, but who, having lost his faith, sees life as nothing but a monotonous mess of meaningless gestures endlessly repeating themselves in the vacuum. Genet's work is rich with the colorful debris of a full-bodied culture which has lost its moral anchor and in which the only "logic" consists of enacting its true state of shameful disequilibrium through passionate perversion.

BOTH frames of mind may be said to have their justification in that they are violent protests against the disarray and hypocrisy of our world today. (In Beckett, Ionesco and Genet there are frequent references to the better times of old, but one is never quite sure whether these references are regretful or mocking.) Albert Camus has said that a purely nihilistic literature is a contradiction in terms. To write seriously is in itself to affirm. It is correct therefore to say that the drama which I have been discussing and which I have previously designated as the theatre of negation may be viewed as a poetic-paradoxical mode of moral declaration—a lyric cry of outrage. These dramatists, however, stand at the fringe of artistic expression, not at the center. That is why their work seems only partially significant. They are not like most of us; their rebellion is a little like that of a revolt in an orphanage.

How young, innocent, primitively romantic Tennessee Williams' *Camino Real* is by comparison. Like ours the London production of this play was put on in the hope of attracting large audiences. I believe this was a mistake. It has had its champions, but has not been a popular success. Its direction by Peter Hall has been praised for its color, intriguing stage effects, the movements of its scenes, its heavy application of theatrical detail. All of this is handled with professional skill, but it is an error to confuse these fireworks with creative stage direction.

The material and theme of *Camino Real* have to do with the violence and spiritual depletion of the modern scene: the clamor of heartless entertainment is the most striking ingredient of its atmosphere. But the play—like much of Williams' work—demands a certain delicacy of tone, a kind of tender hush in which the crudities of action are seen as violations of the overall benevolence inherent in the dramatist's feeling. A jazz fierceness is not the way to convey Williams' statement. The direction of *Camino Real* "stands out," but the melody is lost.

THERE is not much melody in Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*. The Parisians —like those who saw Peter Brook's production of it at Stratford-on-Avon two years ago—raved over it. They did so because there is no French actor at present as impressive in serious roles as Laurence Olivier, nor any director in Paris who handles crowds, costumes, settings, lights and stage movement as ably as Peter Brook. The production of *Titus Andronicus* was therefore a lesson to the French in meticulous stagecraft and, as far as acting is concerned, in real command.

The sum of all this, artistically speaking, was superb melodrama on a grandiose scale. This, I would hardly need to add if I weren't talking about the contemporary theatre, is not the same as tragedy or fine art. The horrors of the play did not move or frighten me; strictly speaking, there is no reason why they should. And while Olivier does everything—groans, shouts, shrieks of pain, cries of despair, not to mention long speeches—with tremendous aplomb, one must be careful to note that it is not great acting but splendid showmanship. I say this not to denigrate but to clarify.

The production—Anthony Quale too is very much in the vein—is altogether a success in what it aims at, even though many of the young men's voices are not up to the demands of Shakespearean drama. The ladies tend to the polite side of the bloody affair.

There is something deceptive about the best in English stage direction today. Too often there is less there than meets the eye. The reason for this is that the directors are usually more concerned with the stage and its pretty or dazzling effects than with people. One has a good time, but one is rarely convinced—except when the play is just "for fun"—that the director is concerned with anything but *show*. Grease paint is a glorious thing and staginess can be captivating. But the theatre is greater than these. For the theatre, like all art, engages us most when it springs from the most—in passion and commitment to the substance of life. Theatre is philosophy in a fleshed design of action.

Having said this, I must hasten to

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say that in Douglas Seale of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre the Old Vic has its most consistently able director of Shakespeare. His productions are traditional but vigorously so. He tells Shakespeare's tales so they hold our interest and make sense even if we see them as if we hadn't heard them before. This is rare.

In Seale's production of *Richard III*, the last of the Old Vic's present season, not only does every word sound clear and fresh (the voices are all excellent) but the play instead of smacking of the archaic, has the impact of a structure suitable to our stage. The kids in the gallery chuckled and howled over the play's atrocities as if it were a Humphrey Bogart movie. Delightful! As for a stage Shakespeare which approaches the creative level of the text—that, it seems, is a miracle that can be expected only once in a long, long while.

THE most interesting play now on view in London was written by an Australian who plays one of its leading roles: Ray Lawler's *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*. The play's chief assets are that it deals with human beings—most new London plays offer familiar puppets only—and that it presents a hitherto unexplored milieu.

To begin with there is something fascinating when we see the December holidays celebrated in warm weather! The men who cut sugar-cane in Australia work in the equatorial north for seven months a year. Their off-season begins around Christmas at which time (in the summer) they migrate to the more temperate southern zone. In the play two of those men, who have come down during the past sixteen years for their time of rest and "to live a little," resume contact with their steady girls in a sort of perennial honeymoon. The girls are faithful to the men whose arrival they await every year with an anticipation which is feverishly sentimental. None of these people quite realizes that this arrangement is a very special one indeed, and one that cannot endure indefinitely.

Their seasonal cohabitation is one long party—the inception of which one of the men celebrates each year by bringing his girl a little doll; she hangs them about her house like so many trophies. The dramatic crisis of the play comes with the seventeenth summer when one man has become too old to keep up the pace as leader of his gang on the plantation and the other begins to falter in his virility. They now have to face the reality of average living—a prospect which appals them. When the more robust and sensible of the two men suggests giving up his work in the faraway cane fields to settle down to a normal job and marriage with his girl, she—surprisingly and perhaps implausibly enough—refuses because she cannot contemplate the drudgery of ordinary domestic life. It is too late for any of these people to grow up.

The play is well acted in the tradition of intimate naturalism and its writing has the merit of homely realism with gratifying touches of folk humor and pathos. The local circumstances which make its central situation possible serve to create a kind of oblique theme which raises the play above the commonplace. Out of a realism which is not very much better than reporting, something emerges which almost achieves a symbolic significance. The combination of factors accounts for the play's success—a success which the Londoners themselves seem at some pains to understand.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Metropolitan Museum is showing for the summer, in its somewhat forbidding gallery above the main entrance hall, a selection of French 19th and 20th century sculpture—some seventy works of Degas, large bronze figures and small pieces by Rodin, female nudes by Maillol, a few Despiau portraits, a head by Brancusi entitled *Sleep*, and Bourdelle's well-known *Herakles*. Forty-five bronzes by Bourdelle were also on display at World House during June. A visit to the two exhibitions threw considerable light on the history of the sculpture of our time.

Rodin, the greatest of the nineteenth century sculptors, derived from the Baroque tradition. In fact, some of the smaller bronzes and terra cottas might be mistaken for 17th century Italian work. The distinguishing characteristic of this tradition is its preoccupation with form in movement. Its theory of modeling treated the human figure, its principal subject, as an articulated, moving skeleton over which rippled superimposed and interlocking waves of muscle and tendon. The surface of the statue was not to be arrived at by excavation into a block, by cutting away. It must be built up to, layer upon layer. The surface arrived at was in no way a static or final form. What was aimed at was the appearance of a temporary configuration of flesh and bone in movement from one position to another. These caught positions were not extremes of tension or relaxation; not the end points of a swing, but transition points along the flow of a continuous spiral. The spiral was held to be of such importance that it was sought for in all nature and in all movement. And even the movements of the stage and dance were planned as continuous progress along a spiral curve.

Thus Rodin's figures are neither in strain nor in repose. As far as I can remember, with one famous exception, they are all in motion: the *Man Walking*, caught in the motion of a step; *The Age of Bronze*, caught as if awakening from a dream. In his sculpture Degas has the same preoccupations. These bathing women and shying horses are painter's sketches not intended for display, studies of motion made as aids for painting.

Painters who work to any extent from memory have always used such sketches. The mind can remember a solid form

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better than one of its silhouettes. The particular outline a painter draws depends on the accident of where he stands in relation to his object, and the particular chiaroscuro he sees depends on how that object is lighted. But the solid form of the figure is relatively invariable, and it is much easier to remember the figure in the round and so to model it in clay, than it is to draw from memory one of its transitory appearances. When there are complicated problems of motion and chiaroscuro to deal with, painters have often made use of such three-dimensional models.

Because these figures are working sketches (and even more because of the extraordinary detachment of Degas' mind) they are more acceptable to us today than many of the Rodins, whose sentimental and emphatic sex appeal seems somehow dated. (Compare the woman in her circular bathtub washing her toes, or the thin little dancer with her foot advanced, her stockings wrinkled, waiting her cue, both in the Degas group, with the Rodin marbles, *Love and Psyche* or *The Hand of God,* whose soft, milky bodies, emerging from their beds of unworked marble, have irresistibly the air of candy figurines.) Nevertheless, both artists were following in a most serious and professional way the living tradition of sculpture of their time—the depiction of continuous, spiral motion.

WITH the advent of the twentieth century all this changed. Movement in sculpture became less interesting and turned into an academic mannerism. The static sculpture of Egypt and archaic Greece was adopted as the stimulating model. Cezanne's dictum that all form can be analyzed into the simplicities of sphere, cylinder, cube and cone became an undisputed working method. Sculptors were taught to obtain their modeling by cutting down to the form desired rather than by building up to it. The surface became smoother and more stylized. Streamlining—based on the motion of an unyielding body through a resisting medium—replaced the idea of a body moving by the interworking of its parts.

With Cubism even painting became static. And in the ballet the system of continuous movement was discarded—under, I believe, the leadership of Fokine—for the system still used today of instantaneous transitions from one static pose to another. One notices that photographs of contemporary ballet, taken as they are at the static end positions, are frequently more expressive than the dance itself.

Bourdelle's statue of Herakles drawing his bow, at the Metropolitan, is in one such static position, tense to move but not yet moving. His angry *Harlequin,* at the World House, is caught immobile, his staff back at the extreme end of its swing and at the point of beginning his blow.

UNLIKE the sculpture of Bourdelle, the Maillol girls have no movement at all. In a way they are the finest things the static school produced. By some wonderful, and perhaps French, sense of measure, they do nothing wrong. There are excesses neither of sex appeal nor of streamlining. The surfaces are still human. The results are nevertheless a little dull. Brancusi perfected a streamlining so elaborate and delicate that the variation of its surface can be detected only by the finger tips and his work becomes a sort of sculpture for the blind. With people of less talent, the static aesthetic—elimination of movement and "cutting down" to the surface—and Maillol's influence toward sculptured figures with calves and ankles too heavy to move, led to the decorative styles and tubular statuary of our century's international expositions.

This vulgarization of the static style we now find, at the mid-century, extremely tiresome, so it is not at all surprising that today the Lippold *Sun* in shimmering golden wire, and the Calder mobiles, where elegance is in lightness and where motion is an integral part of the machine itself, enjoy enormous popularity. Even automobile design, which is acutely aware of current trends, has abandoned the streamlined teardrop for the much more entertaining image of the motor boat breasting the waves. Motion in sculpture must be coming back.

Footnote

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Nearly everyone lived
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Where the birds went.

Our wars were chiefly
Waged against children,
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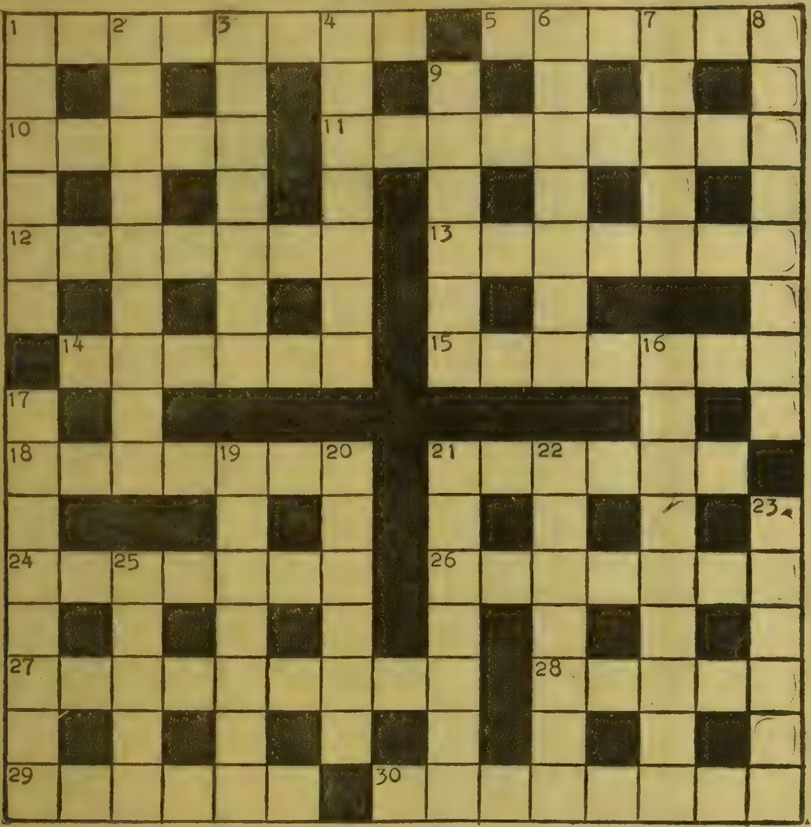
CHARLES NORMAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 731

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Need just this in an undisciplined manner? (8)
5 Act like Theda Bara again, or just use the same old material? (6)
10 and 17 Even dropping inevitably, as one calls the play. (5, 4, 4)
11 One wouldn't expect him to be 2, as his watch is paid for. (9)
12 Puts one on the right track of what might be in store. (7)
13 Teller who passes phony bills? (7)
14 Sounds like a count, as one realizes. (6)
15 The way to cause the end of the oldest royalty. (7)
18 Such things haven't been tackled by essayists, obviously. (7)
21 An agreement to endeavor to dine inside? (6)
24 In short, it's gone from SMWTFS. (7)
26 Bully? Quite the opposite in exchange. (7)
27 Where you can see the choir take a "Jerusalem" variation. (9)
28 See 9 down
29 Acting like a decoy. (6)
30 Pearl is so refined! (8)

DOWN:

1 Gain an immediate victory, and still get beat! (6)
2 Not responsible for the L.T.G. engine output. (9)
3 No tug is used to get to such picnics. (7)
4 The place where a little holy man climbs trees. (7)
6 The clergy was the first of these in France. (7)
7 He might sit opposite the bidder. (5)
8 Depicts what might come from the left beam? (8)
9 and 28 across Abraded smooth where the entrance might be? (6, 5)
16 Always follows a sort of tree I associate with a dog. (9)
17 See 10 across
19 Glucoside. (Rather brave to surround such a large number!) (7)
20 The deterioration of a medical man with conservative upbringing. (3,3)
21 Ale, but a bad show! (7)
22 Is Paul about to tee up? Quite the contrary, but his standing might be shown by it. (7)
23 What Ahab did, when beaten. (6)
25 Come in like a joiner, not to cavil. (5)

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLE NO. 730

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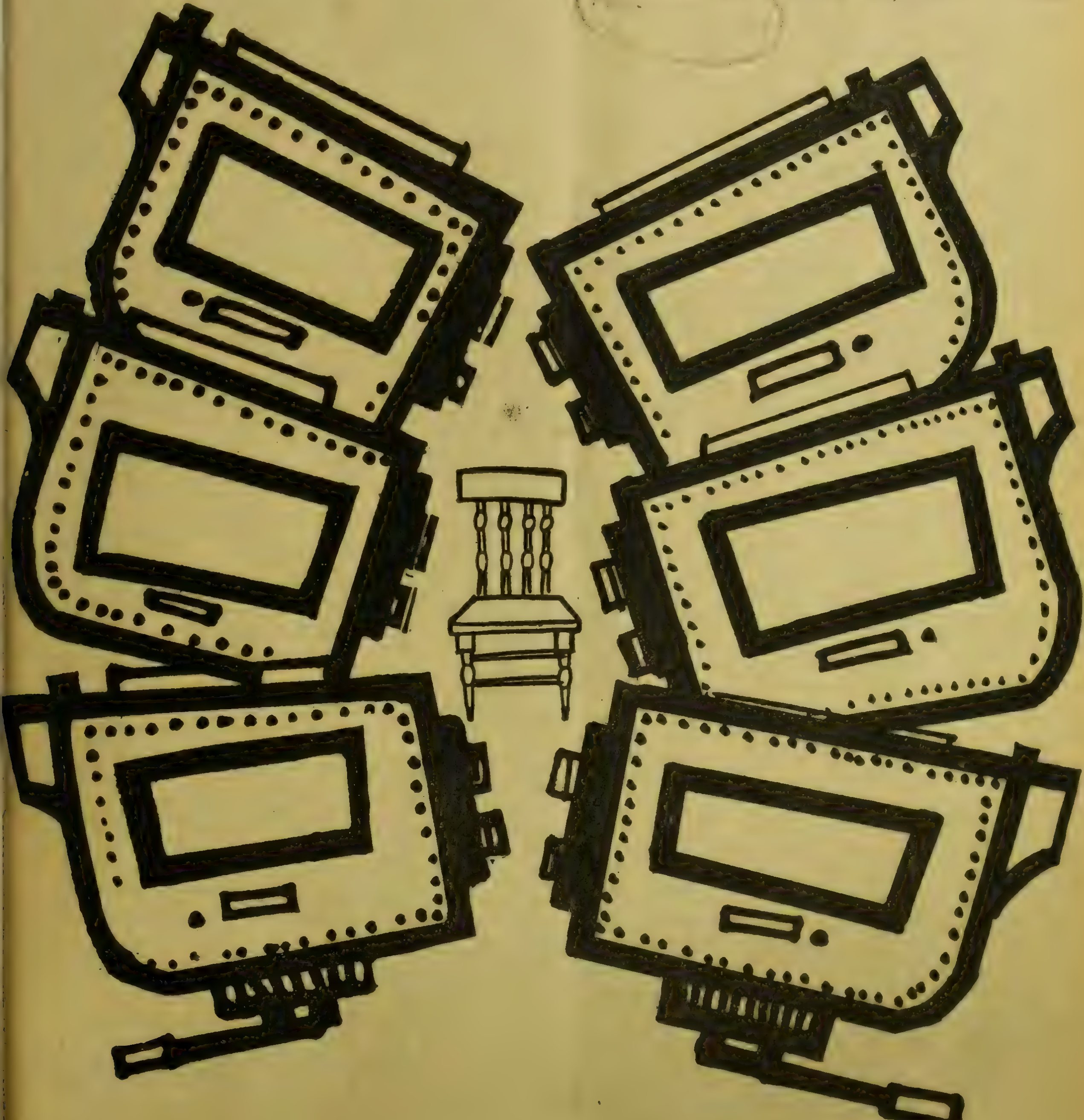

THE BANKRUPT INQUISITION . . *by Laurent B. Frantz*

LETTER FROM TUNISIA

Eleanor G. Knight

Tunis

CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT on June 1, the President of France was routed out to deliver an unprecedented radio appeal "to the civilized world"—so headlined in *Le Monde* —on behalf of the victims of the massacre of Melouza in Algeria. The civilized world responded at once. From London to San Francisco, newspapers dutifully picked up the official French story of 302 male inhabitants of Melouza slaughtered by Arab rebels on the night of May 28—"the worst butchery of its kind," etc.

It is now well into July and the "civilized world" has practically forgotten Melouza. Nobody thought to ask at the time why President Coty waited four days—from May 28 to June 1—to take to the airwaves, or why even the daily press of Algiers delayed printing the story for the same four days. Nevertheless, it is an interesting question.

A month earlier, a Paris weekly had published a letter from a French soldier describing another Algerian village after a French patrol had completed a mop-up. "The village no longer exists," he wrote. "It is nothing but a brazier, and the valley is a cemetery. One cannot take a hundred steps without running into a body hanging or a corpse on the ground. The huts are burning. No prisoners—they were all killed." There was no national hook-up to grieve over this village. Instead, the French Government confiscated the paper that printed the story and the "civilized world" wrote no headlines and no editorials.

Melouza is an illustration of how the war is fought in the press. The event in question took place at a hamlet called La Kasba, not far from Melouza. Nobody from the "civilized world" has yet been there. All that we know of it is what the official communiques say. After nine days, European, American and Tunisian correspondents were conducted by helicopter only as far as Ain-Hamian, three miles from La Kasba (one mile as the crow flies). There they were wined, dined and then briefed by French officers. A French lieutenant outlined the official story: men from the surrounding villages had been collected in La Kasba on the morning of May 28 by a band of about a hundred "rebels." They were kept there all day and slaughtered between 8 and 10 o'clock that night. The rebels then departed.

According to the lieutenant, excited villagers had reported impending tragedy to a French captain some hours before the massacre actually took place. At the time the captain was about fifteen miles away; he at once alerted his headquarters at Bordj Bou Arreridj, sixty miles north. A reconnaissance plane also had reported seeing unusual activity at La Kasba. As night fell, the lieutenant saw a village burning—but it was raining, he couldn't find a road that his jeep could negotiate, and he didn't want "to risk his men" to investigate.

THE NEXT morning, May 29, women and children began coming in from La Kasba with the story that everyone had been killed. The lieutenant still did not send a patrol, again because he did not want to risk his men. He did allow a group of Arabs to go, and they returned at two in the afternoon with wounded. There was nobody left alive at La Kasba, according to the official report. Not until Thursday morning, May 30—thirty-six hours after the presumed massacre—did French soldiers go to "discover" it. By that time, the lieutenant told newsmen, the dead had been buried. One report said there had been about a hundred bodies, but the official communique picked on the number 302.

Three French officers each gave the correspondents their explanations of the event. The lieutenant's version: a fight between two rebel factions, the F.L.N. *(Force de Libération Nationale)* and the M.N.A. *(Mouvement National Algérien)*. The captain's version: the tribes in the area were beginning to come over to the French side, and the rebels resented this. The colonel's

(*Continued on page 29*)

ELEANOR G. KNIGHT, long a resident of North Africa, is the translator of Pierre Parent's The Truth About Morocco *and the author of many magazine articles about the region.*

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and dancing with Australia's Lew Hoad. It is said of the lanky Negro girl that on the tennis court her major weakness is a tendency to foot-fault; in a larger sense, her footwork has been irreproachable, and her sense of timing perfect.

Aside from being the world's best woman tennis player, Miss Gibson is a Bachelor of Science and an instructor in physical education at Lincoln U Jefferson, Missouri. Now that she has hobnob royalty and with the "best people" all over t in what is generally considered to be the most of sports, is it too much to hope that one day have the right to return to her home state of Carolina—and vote?

BEHIND the MOSCOW PURGE . . *by Mark Gayn*

THERE IS an odd fascination to the game of Kremlin politics. Which leader will stab which one in the back? How will this be done, and with whose aid? What horrifying charges will the victor bring forth? And who will confess to what crimes?

The latest of Moscow's purges is kin to all the others which preceded it. It required careful preparation, but when the blow fell, it was delivered with Stalin's own finesse and suddenness. On June 3, *Pravda* carried a front-page photograph of Soviet leaders staring benignly at a lathe. Among the seven in the group were Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovich. On June 5, *Pravda* again front-paged the news that M., M. and K.—as well as B. and K.—visited a new department store for children and attended a Tartar recital. This was the last mention of the deposed men I recall seeing in *Pravda* until July 4, when—five days late—it reported the downfall of the "anti-party group." Within the next seventy-two hours, the Soviet press carried little else but the resolutions of "warm approval" from party organizations in Moscow, Kiev, Donbass and Leningrad.

Foreign Communists hurried to present their compliments, the Chinese being the most laconic, the French the wordiest. And, at the same time, Malenkov was in effect accused of murder and Molotov of war-mongering.

All this stuff is as bizarre as it is readable. Unfortunately, however, it also serves to obscure the real significance of the Kremlin crisis. For what matters in this upheaval is not personalities, but the forces and problems which provoked it.

The material available at this point includes the two *Pravda* editorials of July 3, which gave the Russian reader his first hint of trouble; the purge resolution made public the next morning; the Leningrad speeches delivered on July 6; and the interview Khrushchev granted a Japanese editor on June 18 (unaccountably published only on June 30, or the day after Khrushchev's triumph). This material supports three main deductions.

FIRST, the purge was merely a phase of a vast and violent process—a revolution—that has been convulsing the Communist world for the past four years. One cannot isolate it from Khrushchev's memorable attack on Stalin sixteen months ago, from the upheaval in Poland and Hungary, or even from Mao Tse-tung's claim to theoretical primacy. Some of the turmoil can be traced back to the industrialization the Communists themselves have been pushing through, without realizing that neither their dogma, nor their party struggle, nor agriculture was keeping pace. They built huge industrial empires, but they did not foresee that the managers would want to manage, that the new skilled workers would demand TV sets and two-room apartments with private kitchens, and that no well-developed industry was possible without bread, fats and cotton from a well-developed agriculture. What share of the total investment should be put into consumer-goods and housing? Should the farmer be prodded to take his food to the cities with a knout or the ruble? Should the party bosses or the technicians make economic policy? Khrushchev and Malenkov may have detested each other, but their clash at the Kremlin last month revolved less around personal dislike than around the cruel problems besetting the Soviet Union.

Second, it is clear that the Kremlin debate ranged over the entire field of Soviet life—domestic issues, and relations with both the satellites and China (with the hint that Molotov favored a tougher attitude towards Mao), as well as with the West. The Central Committee session of June 22-29 must be regarded as one of the most fateful in Soviet history—on a par, perhaps, with the Stalin-Trotsky debate thirty-odd years ago. The USSR had reached the point where its leaders had to decide just where their former policies were taking them. Would the continued "tightening of the screw," allegedly favored by Molotov, produce disaster? Who would benefit by the continued friction with Yugoslavia? Could Russia continue to ignore Japan? Would not satellite Europe explode again unless a more liberal policy were formulated? What is to be the Kremlin's attitude to Mao's new doctrines, and the tendency of some satellites to play him off against Moscow? All of these questions were touched upon in the purge statements. In nearly every case, it appears, the test of a policy was whether it enhanced the threat of war.

Third, the purge statements betray an extraordinary preoccupation with pressure from below. It is as if

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MARK GAYN spent many years in Eastern Europe as a foreign correspondent.

nal bosses coming to the to depose M., M. and K. Khrushchev with a staggerlog of popular fears and s. "Fear not," the purge reassures the Russians. "Molo- e screw-tightener is out, and anger of war has receded." In , Malenkov was denounced for s advocacy of a "gingham in- ustrialization." Now, almost two years later, Khrushchev promises the people of Leningrad "more and prettier textile fabrics." The people are promised more housing, "a plentitude of goods." The peasants are allowed to sell in the free market the yield of their private gardens. The minorities are offered "broader rights" and "a flowering of national cultures." And so it goes. Has the industrialized society in the Soviet Union reached the point where its demands can no longer be ignored? Has it found a way to make these demands articulate? Has the party finally realized that its methods and machinery, which were serviceable in the twenties, are obsolete in the late fifties? Whatever the answer, the fact is that Khrushchev's society is a third of a fabulous century ahead of Stalin's. It is far more complex, stratified and literate; its moods are unpredictable and its desires well defined. The Russian man in the street may have been excluded from the Kremlin debate, but his shadow lies heavy on every purge pronouncement.

THE TURMOIL in the Red world is anything but ended. The forced industrialization of China and Eastern Europe alone presages continued strains. So does the incapacity of present Communist dogma to explain the stresses (Mao's "contradictions," which Khrushchev found so distasteful), or the puzzling durability of the capitalist system. So do the half measures, such as the attempt to meet the problem of industrial hugeness by breaking up a whole into 105 components, each dominated by a local party boss.

But the continued turmoil, I believe, can only strengthen Moscow's eagerness to relieve the strains at home and abroad. China is likely to be elevated to equal partnership. Peace will be reestablished with Tito. The satellites will probably see a relaxation of the rigid Soviet controls. Japan will receive overtures for expanded trade, a direct Moscow-Tokyo air line, and a peace treaty. Some dramatic move is likely on disarmament. And Moscow must ask for another meeting at the summit.

All this does not mean that the West will find Khrushchev tolerant or submissive; in his talk with the Japanese editor he still referred to the United States in savage tones. But the pressures on him are vast and relentless; they demand bold action soon. Thus, at long last, the West has an opportunity—if not to contain the Soviet Union, then at least to come to terms with it. It is not an opportunity that should be cast aside lightly.

NEWSSTAND STRIP-TEASE . . *by Milton Moskowitz*

NEW MAGAZINES are being launched today at a feverish pace. Publishing houses in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles are disgorging them at the rate of one every two weeks, burying newsstands under a sea of pictures and literature whose common denominator is sex—generally in full-color slick-paper. Not that the dealers are complaining; far from being puritans, they let their cash registers be their guides. These new magazines sell on exposure. Many carry a 50-cent price-tag (which means 10 cents to the dealer). There are no cut-rate home subscriptions to compete with the street sale. *Ergo*, these new contributions to our cultural life are getting prime positions at the point of sale.

Taking a census of the new magazines is not easy. Some are published at rather infrequent intervals. Others publish one or two issues and then fall by the wayside —and some of these are later revived, perhaps under a new title. Issue dates mean little. A magazine coming out this week is likely to be designated the "October" issue. This helps to give it a long life on the newsstand.

Here are some of the magazines which have been introduced in this country since 1954: *Revealed, Duke, Night World, High, Ho, After Hours, 21, Fling, Monsieur, Hollywood Confidential, TV Scandals, Behind the Scenes, Suppressed, Personal Psychology, Mr., Celebrities, Answer, Plowboy, Trump, Scamp, Rave, Sensational Exposes, Duel, Impact, Challenge for Men, True Men's Stories, Uncensored Confessions, Hunting Adventures, Casanova, Inside, Frauds, Inside Story, Cabaret, The Lowdown, Escapade, Exposed, Gay Blade, Good Humor, On the QT, Bachelor, Expose Detective, Adam, Rogue, Nugget, Tip-Off, Caper, Dude, Gent, Jem, Uncensored, Top Secret, Rage, Man's Illustrated, Men's Digest, Satan, Tiger, Relax, Ogle, Sh-H-H-H, Pleasure, Rugged, Hush-Hush, Battle Attack, Real Action, She, Hue, Bare, Pose, Pin-Up, Spick, Swagger, Span, Male Point, Tomcat, Dazzle, TNT, Humbug.*

And this imposing list is by no means all-inclusive. Has there ever been another three-year period in which seventy-five consumer magazines were born? The new publications can be divided broadly into three main groupings:

1. The Playkids. These are offshoots of *Playboy*, one of the most successful new magazines of the postwar period (circulation, 900,000; 1956 gross, $3,500,000) and the first mass-circulation magazine to come out of Chicago since *Esquire* (now removed to New York). In this

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MILTON MOSKOWITZ is senior editor of Advertising Age.

group are *Cabaret, Caper, Gent, Nugget, Dude, Satan* and *Jem,* among others—all glossy 50-cent vehicles for what is euphemistically called "urban male entertainment." Their staple ingredient is pictures of models in states of undress. Cheek-by-jowl with the pictures is racy fiction, often culled from gay old dogs such as Boccaccio and Flaubert or from magazine pieces done twenty years ago by name writers such as Irwin Shaw and Jean-Paul Sartre. However, this type of material tends to decline as the magazine becomes more successful. *Playboy,* for one, uses very few reprints today and, as a matter of fact, has published some notable original fiction in recent numbers (see Henry Slesar's Victory Parade in the April issue). In their more pompous moments (when they are being interviewed by the *Wall Street Journal,* for example), the publishers lay claim to a sophistication that they allege is lacking in the older, well-established magazines. This may be nothing more than a pose, but it would not be untruthful to say that the Playkids have in common an attitude best described as *off-beat irreverence,* a quality not easy to come by in the age of the packaged soul. John H. Holmes, who puts out *Gent* and *Dude,* told the *Wall Street Journal*: "These aren't family magazines. But everyone knows life doesn't go on as portrayed in the *Saturday Evening Post.*"

2. The Peeping-Toms. These are offshoots of *Confidential,* another success story of the post-war era (circulation, above 3,000,000). In this group are *Suppressed, Hush-Hush, Behind the Scenes, The Lowdown* and *On the QT,* among others —all smirking, 25-cent journals devoted to the reporting of the bedroom escapades of your favorite movie star. Some sample story titles: The Night George Sanders Struck Out, When Lana Turner Shared A Lover with Ava Gardner, Why Ethel Barrymore Goes for Winston Churchill, Eartha Kitt and All Her White Boy Friends. Actually, with the exception of *Confidential,* these *exposé*-sheets rarely deal with original material. Their stories are rehashes of old newspaper accounts of divorce actions and police cases. The publishing formula is simple: A movie star is stopped for speeding; you line up some suggestive photographs of the star (these are readily available from studio publicity offices); you get a sharp rewrite man at the *Daily News* to go through the morgue file on the star and relate all of the Page 4 stories involving him (or her) over the past ten years; you write a jazzy, orgy-promising headline; and *presto,* you have an *exposé.*

3. The He-Man Adventures. These are offshoots of Jack London by way of *True-Argosy* and the old pulps. In this group—the weakest of the three—are *Rugged, Real Action, Duel, True Men's Stories* and *Man's Illustrated,* among others—25-cent packages of blood-and-thunder. Some sample story titles: China's Cutthroat Queen, Jungle on Fifth Avenue, The Man-Killing Monster of Honduras. Sex is usually sublimated here, although occasionally there is a juicy piece about a jungle goddess.

What's behind this spate of new magazines? Is the American male, after all these years, beginning to discover sex? Is the office girl weary of puffs for movie stars and hungry for the view from the bedroom? Are readers becoming more sophisticated? Do they want debunking instead of uplifting?

These are questions to raise if you take these magazines seriously. Many people don't. One publisher who will have no truck with any of these magazines told me: "Sex has always sold and always will. These magazines won't last. As soon as they become halfway successful, they start dropping some of the blatant sex, trying to tone up the book to attract advertisers. And what happens? As the sex disappears, so does the circulation. It's only the sex that is selling."

An editor of one of the Peeping-Toms offered me another theory. "We're the muckrakers of our times," he said. "People are tired of the pap and phoniness they are

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PLAY
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PERT
SPRING
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fed in many magazines, papers and television. They want to see public figures exposed. Sure, I know we're not doing anything socially constructive as the old muckrakers did. But times are good. This is the form of protest literature in prosperity." (Shades of Lincoln Steffens!)

In the publishing industry, these magazines are being watched (even as they are scorned). It is interesting to note that this torrent of new magazines occurs at a time when the major publishing houses have seemingly run out of ideas for new periodicals. In the past ten years the multi-magazine publishers have been more engaged in folding properties than starting new ones. It should not be forgotten, however, that our leading consumer magazines have not stood still. Look at some 1939 issues of the *Saturday Evening Post, Look, Life* or *McCall's* and compare them with current issues. You will see quite a difference, the change being in the direction of greater sophistication.

Magazines, they say, mirror the times. If so, what portion of our times is illuminated or reflected by the Playkids, Peeping-Toms and He-Man Adventures? They will, no doubt, provide future historians with interesting food for thought.

THE BANKRUPT INQUISITION . .

by Laurent B. Frantz

A CUMULATIVE series of disasters has pursued the Congressional inquisitorial committees. Their troubles may be said to have started when two Senate committees, Jenner's (now Eastland's), and McCarthy's, began horning in on the elder House Committee on Un-American Activities. Then the junior Senator from Wisconsin gave the whole procedure a bad name by making its motivation and methodology a little too visible. His consequent downfall also hurt both his competitors, since it relaxed in some degree the tensions they had to exploit and, at the same time, called attention to the fact that the political inquisitor is not necessarily omnipotent or invulnerable.

All this was but the prelude to a much deeper catastrophe, far more difficult to retrieve: the collapse of the Communist Party, U.S.A., following the Khrushchev report and the massacre at Budapest. The committees were confronted with the specter of technological unemployment. For maximum chances of survival in a changing world, they should have dug up a new menace. Instead, they tried to brazen it out with communiques insisting that the Communists are stronger and more threatening than ever. But the job of keeping people afraid of a movement as small and as completely isolated as the Communist Party has now become in this country, is not an enviable one. The supply of unused Communists is so depleted that the committees have had to dig deeply into the '30s and '40s to find enough material to keep the show on the road.

Now, in its weakened condition, the political inquisition has received a blow from which it may never fully recover. The Supreme Court, in the Watkins and Sweezy cases, declared that the procedures the inquisitors have been pursuing for years have been illegal all along. And it made unmistakably clear—although it did not strictly hold—that the very concept, purpose and *raison d'être* of the political inquiry committees are in violation of the constitutional rights of citizens.

THE new decisions establish propositions which strike to the heart of the political inquisition as an institution. One of these is that the First Amendment is a restriction on the investigative authority of both federal and state legislatures. "The First Amendment may be invoked against infringement of the protected freedoms by law or by law-making," says the Court's opinion in the Watkins case. Justices Frankfurter and Harlan placed their concurrence squarely on First Amendment grounds, while Chief Justice Warren's opinion (for four members of the Court) states that "there unquestionably was an invasion of [Sweezy's] liberties in the areas of academic freedom and political expression—areas in which government should be extremely reticent to tread."

The decisions recognize without equivocation that investigations of this type abridge freedom of opinion and discussion. The Court's opinion in the Watkins case states that "The mere summoning of a witness and compelling him to testify, against his will, about his beliefs, expressions or associations is a measure of governmental interference." And it further points out "the more subtle and immeasurable effect [of the procedure] upon those who tend to adhere to the most orthodox and uncontroversial views and associations in order to avoid a similar fate at some future time."

These cases thus bring to a successful climax the long, persistent and courageous struggle to establish First Amendment limits to the investigating power which was also waged in such earlier cases as those of Harvey O'Connor, Leo Huberman and Corliss Lamont—and many others whose cases are still pending. And it should not be forgotten that an important contribution was made by a gentleman of the ultra-Right, one Edward A. Rumely.

The new decisions further establish that there is a right of political privacy, essential to democracy, which must be protected from any unwarranted intrusion. Justice Warren states in the Sweezy case that the exercise of basic freedoms protected by the First Amendment "has traditionally been through the media

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of political associations. Any interference with the freedom of a party is simultaneously an interference with the freedom of its adherents." In the same case, the Frankfurter-Harlan opinion warns of the seriousness of compelling a citizen "to forego even a part of so basic a liberty as his political autonomy" and states: "In the political realm, as in the academic, thought and action are presumptively immune from inquisition by political authority."

THERE IS nothing new in principle in all of this. It is merely the reassertion of traditional principles against a type of attack to which they have only recently been subjected. Consequently, it would be unrealistic to put too much stress on the fact that many of these statements are not technically part of the Court's "holding" (meaning its legally-binding decision). True, the situation is still perilous from the standpoint of the witness, who cannot tell with any certainty whether he might risk jail by standing on the First Amendment in circumstances different from those presented in the Watkins case. His lawyer is quite likely to continue to advise him that the Fifth Amendment is still the only legally safe course. Yet the Court itself seems to have implied a warning against taking its general language too lightly by stating, at the very opening of the majority opinion in Watkins: "The controversy rests upon fundamental principles of the power of the Congress and the limitations upon that power. We approach the questions presented with conscious awareness of the far-reaching ramifications that can follow from a decision of this nature." Here are deliberate pronouncements, carefully weighed. They constitute at the least a solemn warning that, in this area, the Court has had enough. In this writer's opinion, they constitute also a deliberate appeal to government and to the public for a return to constitutional fundamentals which have been lost sight of in recent years.

The mere reform of committee procedures would be by no means sufficient to accomplish such a return to fundamentals. Not the methods alone, but also the aims of the inquisitorial committees are unconstitutional. "There is no Congressional power to expose for the sake of exposure," says the majority opinion in Watkins. "Investigations conducted solely for the personal aggrandizement of the investigators or to 'punish' those investigated are indefensible."

And, even if the Constitution permitted it, for what purpose should this type of investigation be preserved? It is not knowledge of who are the culprits (which it is the business of courts and juries to determine) which guides legislation, but knowledge of the problem. From this standpoint, the paucity of information which the inquisitorial committees have gathered is as appalling as their cost in money, time, human suffering and erosion of the democratic fabric. During the span of a whole generation, the House committee has learned that communism is a bad thing and that, accordingly, Communists must be bad people; that Communists support liberal and labor causes and try to exploit them, that they infiltrate other organizations and that they seek to convert other people to their point of view. The uncovering of such data would scarcely justify more than three or four weeks of investigation, even if the data were new. In fact, however, all these were the premises on which Martin Dies launched the investigation twenty years ago, and which have underlain everything the committee has done since. The Fund for the Republic is producing more information about the Communist movement in the United States by subsidizing a few experts to write books on the subject than the House committee has produced by running through thousands of subpoenas and millions of taxpayers' dollars.

The dollars, however, are a very small part of the expense. The suffering caused to thousands of persons who have lost their jobs, often their vocations or professions as well, must be reckoned as part of the cost, together with the agony of humiliation and insecurity heaped upon victims and their families. Most of this part of the cost is known only to the people involved, but occasionally dramatic incidents like the recent suicides of two Congressional witnesses make a part of it visible.

A still more pervasive element of the cost has been the deterioration of the democratic process. The inquisitorial committees have supplied much of the motive power behind other forms of repression. The most widespread abuses of recent years —faceless informers, secret evidence, guilt by association, identification of dissent with disloyalty—have usually developed first in the committees and then spread to other areas. Fear and mutual suspicion have paralyzed the corrective processes on which a democracy must depend to keep it on course. They have exposed us to the danger of making costly blunders in domestic or foreign policy which free public discussion might have prevented. Moreover, the spectacle of the world's strongest and richest country, with one of the world's weakest Communist parties, behaving like the proverbial old maid looking under beds, has damaged our prestige abroad and cast doubt upon our readiness to live by the principles we publicly profess.

OF COURSE, from their standpoint, the committees have not come up empty-handed. They have produced lots of names. The House committee alone is said to have more than a million of them—in a country which had only about 20,000 Communists before the recent mass exodus from the party. Included in the committee lists are dedicated revolutionists, utopian idealists, youthful rebels and experimenters, Socialists, liberals, laborites, conservative civil libertarians—and their friends, neighbors and relatives; and persons who once fit some of these categories but no longer do, as well as persons who never did, but who have been drawn in by mistake or false report. All these names are mixed together in one gigantic stew. No one will ever be able to determine, from the committee's data, which was which. But that seems to be approximately the way the committee has wanted it.

That the committee is not particularly interested in any other kind of information is shown by its handling of the hostile witness. Prior to the Watkins and Sweezy cases, at least, a witness who was unwilling to become a political informer, and thereby a tool of the committee, and who was likewise unwilling to risk jail for contempt, had no choice but to stand on the Fifth Amendment. Yet if at the same time he did try to give the committee some information, he would immediately be treated as having waived his Fifth Amendment rights. The result is that nine-tenths of the witnesses have been forbidden, in practical effect, to give any information whatever.

THE committees could very easily have broken through this situation. They could have agreed in advance not to compel answers to informer-type questions. (They have occasionally been offered that opportunity, as when Lillian Hellman offered to testify fully about herself if she could do so without naming others, but have always refused.) Or they could simply have agreed not to treat any disclosure by the witness as involving a forfeiture of his constitutional rights. That they have persisted in procedures which compel the witness to silence shows that they are more interested in roasting him publicly than in obtaining information from him.

Procedures are such, moreover, as to insure that what little information is elicited can come only from persons who, in addition to knowing some Communists (or, more commonly, ex-Communists), are willing to be political informers. Persons who possess both these qualifications are not at all common; most of them are either political spies or embittered ex-Communists. Neither group is particularly noted for objectivity or maturity of judgment, and their testimony is likely to be so biased as to be virtually useless.

The truth is that procedures have long since developed to the point where the committees' "legislative investigations" are not only not legislative; they are no longer investigations. They partake of trials, yet are not even that. Investigation and trial are involved, of course, but only in the work of the committee staff and the executive session. The public hearing is devoted merely to the pillorying of those found guilty by the committee's secret processes. Again, procedures reflect this fact. The committee does not come seeking information, but with its case against the witness fully prepared and documented in advance. It does not so much question the witness as fling accusations at him. It is not interested in answers, but in maneuvering him into a position where he must choose between a damaging public admission and a claim of the Fifth Amendment which the committee—and, unfortunately, many misguided citizens—will treat as equivalent to one.

The essence of the public hearing is thus neither investigation nor trial, but punishment. It is punishment applied to persons who have not been accused by grand jury, who have not been accorded the presumption of innocence, who have not been informed in advance of the accusation, who have not been accorded the right to call defense witnesses or to cross-examine their accusers, who have not been allowed the effective assistance of counsel, and who have not been tried by an impartial jury. Thus is undermined not one right, or a few rights, but the whole procedural scheme erected by the Constitution for the protection of accused persons.

Even worse, if possible, is that in almost all cases the punishment is applied for political conduct or attitudes which are not against the law, and which are therefore an exercise of the freedoms protected by the First Amendment. It follows that the attempt to punish is a deliberate and systematic evasion of the amendment. The committee itself has openly stated that it is "empowered to explore and expose activities by un-American individuals and organizations which, while sometimes being legal, are nonetheless inimical to our American concepts and our American future." The committee's first chairman, Martin Dies, said that "I am not in a position to say whether we can legislate effectively in relation to this matter, but I do know that exposure in a democracy of subversive activities is the most effective weapon we have in our possession."

BUT EVEN if the committee had not admitted that its chief function was exposure, or if, after reading the Watkins decision, it admits it no longer, the record does not leave the matter in doubt.

The committee's recent hearings in San Francisco, most observers agree, were designed to embarrass the California State Bar (an official body to which all lawyers in the state are required to belong) in retaliation for the latter's having publicly criticized the committee's treatment of lawyers who had appeared before it as counsel for witnesses. On the eve of the hearing came the Watkins decision. The committee promptly announced that the Supreme Court was trying to make its investigations impossible, but that nevertheless the investigations would continue unchanged. In other words, the committee stated it would disobey the Constitution as interpreted by the Court. Informed that the Speaker of the House had ruled that the televising of the hearings was a violation of House rules, the committee continued to televise. Informed next day that the Speaker had ordered the television stopped, it still continued to televise. Confronted with the suicide of one of its prospective witnesses, a scientist engaged in important cancer research, the committee, in its public statement, found nothing to regret except the fact that it would be deprived of his testimony.

IF THERE is one principle fundamental to our Constitution, it is that power must never be left unchecked and uncontrolled. How, then, is this bit of public power, run amuck, to be checked? Not solely through the legislative process, evidently, since that would be to rely for a remedy on the very process which is being corrupted. Not solely through the courts, either, which have never been strong enough by themselves to uphold liberty for any extended period. This is especially true here, for except when a witness risks a year in jail for contempt, there is nothing for the courts to act on and committees can therefore abuse power with impunity. Other abuses, such as the usurpation of executive functions, are even more difficult for the courts to get at. Some—such as the public listing as "Communist fronts" of organizations which have never been tried on any such charge—are abuses for which no judicial remedy has yet been found.

But there is another and more fundamental reason why reliance on the courts is not enough. The courts can enforce only the amount of freedom which the Constitution guarantees. That standard is not the amount we ought to have; it is only the absolute, irreducible minimum below which government is not permitted to experiment. The amount we ought to have is much higher. And it can be had only when we demand for ourselves, and for others with whom we disagree, more freedom than the courts are authorized to enforce. In this context, it can be had only when we reestablish the fundamental relationship between people and representatives which the inquisitorial committees have inverted: in matters of political policy, Congressmen are answerable to the citizens, not vice versa. This implies, of course, that the power of political inquiry be denied, once and for all, to Congressional committees.

Our Constitution and Bill of Rights were framed on the theory that the only genuine and reliable security is that which is achieved by means of freedom and tolerance. That is the heritage which the Supreme Court has summoned us to reassert after a decade of futile and costly efforts to find safety in ideological uniformity. The preservation of this heritage will leave plenty of room for the legitimate and genuine legislative investigation. It leaves no room at all for the political inquisition.

LETTER from TUNISIA

(*Continued from inside cover*)

version: an inter-village, inter-tribal feud going back for 200 years.

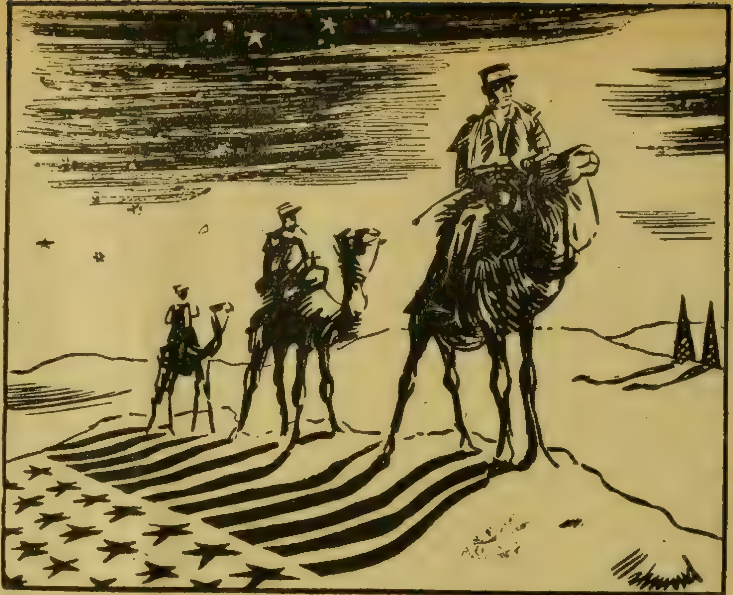
The few Arab witnesses whom the newsmen were permitted to see told confused versions of the official story. Among them was an old woman whose four children had been reputedly killed. When she finished her story, she turned to the French interpreter and said in Arabic, "Now I've told them what I was supposed to. When do I get the shoes for my children?"

Aside from this dubious testimony, there are other questions not easily cleared up. Why, with helicopters available to transport correspondents, their food and iced wine, were there none for reinforcements earlier, although the captain had been warned in time of impending tragedy? Why was the lieutenant so suddenly fearful of risking his men on a night patrol when night patrols are commonplace in this war? Why did he hear no sounds of shooting, since he was only a mile away? Could the "rebels" have been so reckless as to fool around La Kasba all day on the 28th considering that they must have known of the presence of an armored group of French soldiers only three miles distance by road? Why did not the three French officers agree on one explanation? Which of their versions is most plausible?

THE Melouza incident is only one in what Mr. Mollet in 1955 called the "imbecile and endless war." Eighteen months later he told the French parliament that he had not changed his mind. In the very next breath he said there was no war in Algeria. At about the same time his Minister for Algeria, Robert Lacoste, described what was happening as a "revolutionary war," but was pleased to report that Algeria was "calm, busy and magnificently prosperous."

Contradictions like this abound. Mr. Mollet always insisted that he wanted the truth, yet he confiscated French papers which printed unpleasant truth. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, editor of *L'Express* and author of *Lieutenant in Algeria*, has been indicted for "undermining army morale." General de Bollardière, who supported the *Lieutenant in Algeria* story and asked to be relieved of his command in Algeria, was punished with a two-month confinement in a fortress. But other Frenchmen have remained singularly immune. Pierre-Henri Simon, whose book deploring the repression in Algeria and giving chapter-and-verse documentation, is untouched, as is François Mauriac, whose weekly column in *L'Express* is an anti-government blast, searing and personal. General Faure, who headed an anti-government plot predicated on the theory that Mr. Mollet's government was not pursuing the war relentlessly enough, received only a one-month sentence to General de Bollardière's two. Professor Capitant, who stopped teaching his law courses at the University of Paris because he felt the law was being flouted, merely had his salary cut off; nothing happened to the dozens of scholars all over France who publicly approved his protest. On the other hand, Professor Peyréga, a dean at the University of Algiers, wrote a letter to Premier Bourgès-Maunoury, then Minister of Defense, describing the murder of an Algerian by a parachutist which he had personally witnessed. Mr. Peyréga was relieved of his deanship.

Mr. Mollet used to complain that his critics produced no specific evidence. An example of what happens to evidence is the case of a photographer for an American news agency. He told me of taking pictures of French soldiers breaking open and looting a Moslem shop. Then, when the French mob roughed him up, the police came to his rescue—and destroyed his films. *L'Express* published scores of letters and received hundreds more from French soldiers in the course of the Servan-Schreiber story—which ran for seven weeks—giving explicit accounts of atrocities similar to those described in *Lieutenant in Algeria* and offering themselves as witnesses. Nevertheless, Mr. Mollet's famous Committee to Safeguard Individual Rights and Liberties, appointed in May to hear such testimony, has so far not let out a peep.



French Power in the Sahara

L'Action (Paris)

HERE IN Tunisia, next door to the war, one gets uncensored first-hand accounts of what is happening from thousands of Algerian refugees. I have heard dozens of stories of the strafing and burning of villages, the systematic destruction of fields and forests, wanton killing and rape. Every Algerian you talk to has lost at least one member of his family in this war. Elderly women have told me how their doors were smashed open by parachutists looking for people or incriminating papers. These women say if they open the door at once they are suspect; if they delay, they are equally suspect. During the moment of indecision, the troops break in, tear the place apart and make off with anything of value they can carry.

Doubtless the war is barbarous on both sides. French soldiers demobilized in Tunisia say that neither side takes prisoners. Both sides have resorted to assassination. The "rebels" admit that they execute traitors. One was recently shot in Paris as he was walking out of a stadium beside the director of the municipal police. He was given a state funeral with eulogies by the mighty; nobody was unkind enough to mention that in Algeria he was known as "Mr. Kiss-me" for his bootlicking habits.

Mr. Lacoste has steadfastly refused to wage a war on two fronts. Many Algerians have been executed after conviction by French military tribunals of being terrorist-murderers. No Frenchman has ever been executed, though some known French terrorists have been arrested, only to be released later. The French Government has issued strict printed rules against random killing and reprisals, and has given assurance that violators will be punished. Sometimes they are. Thus when a battalion of parachutists went berserk recently after two of their number had been killed, slaying some thirty Moslems so unfortunate as to have been in the neighborhood at the time, the paratroop lieutenant was given a sixty-day jail sentence. In spite of all the talk about a beautiful Franco-Moslem friendship, there are different procedures, as there always have been, for Moslems and French. The difference shows up even in the wreath-laying business. Recently Mr. Lacoste placed flowers on the spot where a few French were killed in cold blood in August, 1955, but he ignored the Philippeville stadium, where a thousand Algerians were killed about the same time.

The Algerian war is a David-Goliath struggle, but it seems impossible for either side to win. Any victory for either would be fraught with danger for the other. The French have the superior force, trained and fully equipped, with aviation, transport, napalm and medical supplies (including exclusive access to Red Cross facilities). It seems they even have the press on their side. The Algerians are waging a war with limited means, and are called terrorists. Even the minority French press, hitherto critical of French policy in Algeria, went for the official story of Melouza. In New York and Washington, editors write sermons about rebel atrocities while suggesting ever so softly that France has made a few "mistakes."

A Tunisian correspondent, returning from Algeria, asked: "Why not send an international commission to investigate Melouza before it is too late?" Why not an international commission to investigate the whole war, before it is too late? To Algerians, Mr. Coty's assurance that he will never abandon them sounds as grim as the warden's assurance that he will never abandon his prisoners in death row. And the civilized world's insistence on sitting tight and not lifting a finger to intervene is like refusing a stay of execution in the face of new evidence.

JAZZMAKERS' SHOWCASE . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Newport, R. I.

THE LARGEST army of occupation in the long, besieged history of aristocratic Newport encamped here for the Fourth Annual American Jazz Festival from July 4-7, no doubt making many a member of the Preservation Society of Newport County look back with longing to the days when their eighteenth-century ancestors bore the more modest intrusion of the British and French. The army of the King was only 4,000 strong, and the liberating forces of Rochambeau had but 6,000. The natives of colonial Newport complained about both, and never dreamed that a strange and modern cult called Jazz would someday occupy the city with 42,000 pilgrims and all their reigning saints—a feat whose proportions were appalling not only to many of the Old Guard townsfolk, but to many of the star musicians who reigned (for approximately twenty-five minutes apiece) at the festival.

Louis Lorillard, an acknowledged lion of the Newport "younger set," whose credentials include the fact that the obituary of his great-great-grandfather occasioned the first use of the word "millionaire," originated the festival with the help of jazz promoter George Wein, in the face of an original opposition from the city's Old Guard socialites that has slowly turned to stoic acceptance. They can find solace at least in the historical continuity of these destructions of the peace, since we have it on the word of the Preservation Society that when General Washington rode to Newport in 1781 to meet with the French reinforcements, the event set off a week of festivities, including torchlight parades, that were "accompanied by the thin, high notes of the French trumpeters. . . ." If it's not Red Allen, it's Rochambeau.

The Lorillards have forgotten neither their heritage nor their elderly neighbors, and homage was respectfully paid in the festival publicity to the glory that was Newport. The opening night release announced that "Freebody Park, where the concerts will be held, is just a short distance from the fabled estates of society's 'last resort.' Time has not dimmed the luster of Belcourt, the former estate of Percy Belmont; 'The Breakers,' the Vanderbilts' cottage now open to the public . . ." etc. But, like many estates of the English gentry, these resorts that are fast becoming relics are often operated by the entrance fees of the curious tourists.

While the old fables of Newport flake away (encroached upon not only by decay but also by the impending threat of an oil refinery in this formerly industry-virgin port), the immense new legend of the Newport Jazz Festival broadens into worldwide proportions. The Voice of America carried it this year from Stockholm to Tanganyika, and when Edward "Kid" Ory of New Orleans blew the horn Thursday night, the size of his listening audience must have tempted Billy Graham to take up the slide trombone. When Graham opened his New York crusade, he proudly announced that a tribe of African head-hunters was praying along with him; Kid Ory had that and Paris too.

The Paris *Match* had four men covering the festival, two who flew over to arrive just in time for opening night, which was perhaps a remote, posthumous triumph for Commodore Vanderbilt, who had had his Newport villa made in France, modeled on Genoa, and shipped across. The first time Newport was free to straighten its cultural back from the adoration of Europe, the liberators were Louis Armstrong, graduate of the New Orleans Waifs' Home, Henry "Red" Allen from just across the Mississippi at Algiers, and Edward Ory from twenty miles away at LaPlace.

Armstrong, long the toast of the European capitals, had been in conference the day before with Dick Nixon on the possibilities of touring Russia. Dizzy Gillespie, whose appearance in Greece had stopped a political street riot, was talking of going to Istanbul. These creators and dispensers of our only original contribution to culture have seen far more of the world than the globe-touring socialites of old and current Newport put together, and, unlike them, are the first Americans to be welcome everywhere for reasons other than the dollar.

BUT THE triumphant fete at Newport, whose opening marked the fifty-seventh birthday of Louis Armstrong, suffered from the inevitable dangers of all "planned festivity." Armstrong boycotted the lavish birthday dinner in his honor held by the Lorillards, snubbed old friends, and gave the audience nothing more than his minimum, standard fare and stale jokes. As the evening wore on, the audience that had come so far to hear the master was deserting the bleachers, and somewhere on the dark banks of the Zambezi there must have been tribesmen who were fast losing faith in the mystic town at the delta of the Mississippi. Ella Fitzgerald came onstage to sing a song she had written especially for "Pops," and Jack Teagarden and Kid Ory were waiting in the wings to join him in sound when Louis looked out into the dark, announced that it was going to rain, and played the Star Spangled Banner to end the sad evening. There was no rain.

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

Louis' debacle hung over the rest of the proceedings long after he had left for New York—it was aired the next morning on the first of two lively panel discussions, led by jazz critic Nat Hentoff, which in many ways were the most successful ventures of the festival. The first panel, on "The Working Conditions of Jazz Musicians," frankly tore into the question of the working conditions at the Newport Jazz Festival, and that soon led to the work of its major attraction, Mr. Armstrong, who has been observed working much harder and more effectively at Fruitport, Michigan.

George Avakian of Columbia Records remarked that Louis has opened every one of his stands at Newport with his standard rendition of *Back Home Again in Indiana,* and indeed, except for the exclusion of *Gypsy,* played the identical program this year as in previous years.

Norman Granz, the promoter who originated the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" series and is an advocate of pragmatism as well as good jazz, blamed it not on Louis but on the promoters. "It's old hat," he said, "that Louis plays the same program over and over. If you want something different, you have to fix it yourself." The most different and successful of Louis' latest records was arranged by Mr. Granz, who explained that he did it by putting Louis with Ella and the Oscar Peterson trio: "He couldn't do *Indiana* again—Peterson doesn't play it."

BUT THERE are problems beyond apathy that plague the big festivals and touring jazz shows that are growing in size and number all the time. Gerry Mulligan, whose sax is among the most successful in the business, said on the panel that most of the "packaged" jazz shows, whether tours or festivals, were "expensive, many-named affairs" that played to huge audiences and "are not conducive to jazz. . . . You exhaust your audience—people go away dissatisfied and the band is dissatisfied. Our music is not pre-arranged, so it's not a matter of doing 'old stuff.' But there is something about playing in front of 5,000 people that freezes us a little bit."

George Shearing pointed out that the groups are only allotted twenty-five minutes at the festival and "it's not difficult to kill double that time. Our group just can't get its best out in the small time that's allowed." He explained that the mass audience also creates the problem of whether or not to play the "best" or rehash the old familiar "standards" that are often yelled for.

Mulligan, who is easily as ambitious about his artistry as James Joyce was about his, said that it was "up to the musicians to preserve their music—to adapt the festivals to their needs." Mulligan carried his verbal ideals of the panel to the bandstand Saturday night, and after two numbers that were coolly received by the audience, a fan in the crowd shouted, in request, *"Foggy Day!"* Mulligan leaned aggressively into the mike and said, "It looks pretty clear out to me." The next number was *Open Country,* a far-out original by Mulligan's trombonist Bob Brookmeyer.

THE ENTIRE cast faced the same problems, and will face them again, for the big drawing card is a big list of performers, and the bigger the list the less time the stars have to play, and therefore, to play well. Newport had fifty groups with more than 200 individual performers. When Shearing appeared on Friday night, he mentioned to the audience that there seemed to be no limit to the number of star attractions on the show.

"I hope all of you will be able to come tomorrow night," he said. "We'll have the adorable Adolf Hitler."

There were few spontaneous moments at the musical marathon, but after the sessions on Friday, which were largely barren except for Ruby Braff, individuality briefly triumphed. Norman Granz got some of the boys together in the back room of the Hotel Viking after the evening stint, and Mulligan, Errol Garner and Coleman Hawkins, before a small and hip crowd, performed what Nat Hentoff later described as the "most festive music of the festival" up to that point. It was also a triumph for the historical spirit of Western culture, repeating in a way the feat of Rochambeau at the Festival of 1781, who, "disappointed with the performance of the locally-hired orchestra, took over the baton himself and he and his junior officers provided the music for a part of the evening."

The unexpected bright note on the official program was provided Saturday afternoon by the Farmingdale (L.I.) High School jazz band, directed by Marshall Brown. Playing a program that ranged from the scores of Cab Calloway to Shorty Rogers, the kids, aged twelve to fourteen, put a real—and surprisingly professional—punch in the day's activities. The unusual experiment being conducted at Farmingdale by Brown has had, no doubt, to apologize for itself to many a questioning parent. Brown undertook to explain at the festival that the jazz was only a means to the goal of "better citizenship." After rendering an Ellington and a Count Basie in a style that needed no further comment, Brown stepped to the mike and explained that "We try to cover all the fields of jazz in training the children at Farmingdale High School."

THE SECOND panel, on narcotics, held Saturday morning, also had its moments of apology; it swung from the usual extreme of blaming jazz for the maladies of teenagers, to the other extreme of making jazz sound like a Boy Scout program. But the old pros were around to dispel any illusions of the Farmingdale kids as to the rosy path of the jazz career. Saturday night, Roy Eldridge, one of the trumpet's greats, stood outside the performers' tent in conversation with the fourteen-year-old girl piano player of the Farmingdale group, and in tones no less tender than those of a worried father, explained that "It's a cold, hard business—you be careful. Some of these cats, they'll take you to night clubs in Cadillacs and then before you know it they'll set you out to wander."

There is room for neither Boy Scouts nor gangsters at the heart of jazz. It is already occupied by what little genuine love our culture can claim.

BOOKS and the ARTS

In Praise of a Wretch

BAUDELAIRE, A SELF PORTRAIT. Selected Letters. Translated and edited with commentary by Lois Boe Hyslop and Francis E. Hyslop, Jr. Oxford University Press. 259 pp. $6.

Kenneth Rexroth

BAUDELAIRE was the greatest poet of the capitalist epoch. Does anybody doubt this? And yet—my God! what a wretched fellow he was. Anybody unfamiliar with the subject would be sure the Hyslops had rigged an invidious selection of his letters. They haven't done so, yet these hundred, chosen from about a thousand that survive, not only show him in a bad light, they never, never at all, show him in a good one. It was unlucky for Baudelaire that his mother saved all his letters to her. He never wrote her a decent letter and he wrote plenty. They are all dishonest. If he is not begging her for money, he is trying to trick her out of it by the most transparent devices and lies. He lies about his business affairs; he lies about his love affairs. Always he picks at the scabs of his ulcerating Oedipus complex. It is disgusting.

His letters to his friends are mostly concerned with literary logrolling and wirepulling. Again and again he wheedles Sainte Beuve; again and again he is snubbed. Precisely because he was the kind of man his letters reveal him to be, he was not the sort that Sainte Beuve, that slightly seedy *bon vivant*, could take seriously. He tells his guardian that he will beat him up. He stages a fake suicide. He never has a genuinely good word, never an honest one, to say for his mistress, Jeanne. At the end she vanishes, blind, sick and crippled. She may have been pretty bad—perverted and totally masochistic himself, Baudelaire doubtless picked a freak—but she put up with him for twenty years, a job which might have revolted his guardian angel. She certainly did not hang on for his money, because she got very little, and in her young days at least had plenty of opportunity to do better elsewhere. His love letters to other women are absurd; the scorned and beseeching lover of a tenth-rate provincial melodrama. Altogether, he manages to put up an even worse front than did his master, Poe.

WHAT was great about this man? He wasn't even bad, but "delinquent," like an incorrigible, shifty, not very bright child of ten. However powerful and original his published criticism of painting and letters, when he writes in his correspondence of ideas, of literature, of art, he seldom rises above the level of a scrap book of demoralized adolescence. Poe's *Eureka* may read like the philosophizing of Amory Blaine, but Baudelaire does not reach even those heights. It has been said that he admired Poe so much because he couldn't understand English. To judge by the letters, it was because he couldn't understand Poe. French or English, it all seemed very deep stuff to Baudelaire. Then too, it was profitable. He seems to have made more money off his Poe translations than from anything else he did. Why was this man one of the world's greatest writers? That is the hardest of all critical questions to answer.

In a sense it is the fundamental critical question. It must be answered just right. The slightest confusion leads to aesthetic and moral nonsense. Catullus is a great writer. Celine is a great writer. Genet is not a "writer" at all—he is a social document. Pornography is not enough. Evil living is not enough. Demoralization is not enough. Everybody knows that Baudelaire was great because of the magnificence of his style, but what does that mean? Here of all places the style is the man. There is something that doesn't meet the naked eye. For the poetry to possess such grandeur, the man must have had it too. The qualities of his poetry are obvious enough to everyone but T. S. Eliot. Most of them are included in his own aesthetic of "dandyism." They are designed to achieve maximum tension by all sorts of means, but especially by dynamic contrasts of both style and material—the well-known use of classical rhythmic inflections in a fiercely ironic sense is a good example. Mr. Eliot took this at face value, but the point is that Baudelaire uses the heroic hysterics of Racine to mock his own predicament. The *Action Française* nonsense about his Catholicism is a similar error. Religion for Baudelaire is a kind of sultry farce. The Mass is a travesty of the Black Mass, rather than the other way around.

Another characteristic of Baudelaire is his overpowering gravity. Poe is always frivolous. Baudelaire is always in deadly, terrifying earnest. The *motte* of his mistress, the hallucinatory streets of Paris in the autumn evening, "lit with prostitutes," the snaky hiss of taffeta petticoats, the stale sweat of poverty or lust, everything is given the life and death significance of an induced paranoia. The verse echoes this mortal concern, and through it all beats the measuring out of ultimate crisis, the tones of his *cloche felée*. Compare them with the bell strokes of *In Memoriam* and you sense instantly the difference between the pathos of sentiment and the pathos of total tragedy.

Even so hasty a characterization makes apparent what it is that makes Baudelaire great. Homer was as professionalized as an acrobat. Butler thought Nausicaa wrote the *Odyssey*. No one has ever suggested that it was the autobiography of Odysseus. Certainly Homer never stood on the walls of Troy beside his infant son and resolved within his own heart the ruin of all bright things. He let

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KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent book is In Defense of Earth, *a collection of his poetry.*

other men do it for him. His job was to record the acts of heroes. So too with Aeschylus and Sophocles. With the arrest of industrial and commerical civilization at the level of the French Restoration, French official culture disintegrates into a congeries of lies, like a heap of evil jackstraws. The only heroes that society has to offer are confidence men. It can provide the cast for no more than bitter comedy—Jonson's *Volpone*, Machiavelli's *Mandragola*—and what is the nineteenth century novel, from Balzac or even Choderlos de Laclos, but the representation of this malignant mockery? Where the poet preserves an awareness of his prophetic responsibility, where he insists that poetry still is a symbolic criticism of values, he is forced to become his own tragic hero.

IT SOUNDS glib to say that Baudelaire embodies within himself the "contradictions of capitalism," as though he were a sort of ambulatory Falling Rate of Profit. Perhaps it can all be traced back to economics, but the tragedy of the modern world, the metaphysical horror, the social lie, the world ill, these are catch phrases masking total moral breakdown, the alienation of man from his work, from his fellows and from himself. Organized society in our epoch is deadly fraud from start to finish. We are so used to it that we forget, or never face, what men like Veblen, or Riesman, or C. Wright Mills mean in actual human terms.

Baudelaire or Rimbaud or Celine face the monster all the time. The horrors of a world where man is wolf to man struggle all through every moment in their very bloodstream, like leukemia.

Does this mean that, as the Marxists used to say, all great writers of the past two centuries have been revolutionaries, conscious or unconscious? Certainly not. Leon Blum had a career and a program; Celine had a life and a work of art. Leon Trotsky said that long ago, in the best thing he ever wrote. In the final showdown, all our revolutions have turned out to be careers for some and programs for others. The stuff of life, of art, is not only vaster far than all programs and careers, it is the material of a different qualitative world altogether.

The *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus could ennoble and purify the Greek community in ways that we can hardly realize—however well we may understand them. The hero, Baudelaire, enables us to endure a predicament we understand only too well with at least some kind of dignity. It is, in fact, a very considerable dignity, greater than can be comprehended in the term "dandy" unless we want to give it the very special connotation he gave it—the meaning of tragic hero of the modern metropolis. But there is none of this dignity in the letters: just the terrible fires of shame out of which that dignity was forged. We can pity; but as Yeats said, the poetry is not the pity.

Incompatibilities

Desire's a vicious separator in spite
  Of its twisting women round men:
Cold-chisels two selves single as it welds hot
  Iron of their separates to one.

Old Eden commonplace: something magnets
  And furnaces and with fierce
Hammer-blows the one body on the other knits
  Till the division disappears;

But desire, outstripping the hands that mere touch fills,
  Has dived into the opposite eyes,
Plummeting through blackouts of impassables
  For the star that lights the face,

Each body still straining to follow down
  The maelstrom dark of the other, their limbs flail
Flesh and beat upon
  The inane everywhere of its obstacle,

Each, each second, lonelier and further
  Falling alone through the endless
Without-world of the other, though both here
  Twist so close they choke their cries.

TED HUGHES

Reflections of an Angry Patriot

THE TAXIS OF THE MARNE. By Jean Dutourd. Simon & Schuster. 244 pp. $3.50.

Harvey Goldberg

JEAN DUTOURD is the acrobat of French letters. At thirty-seven he has cartwheeled before the French public in an impressive succession of roles: as a young man of the Resistance, once sentenced to death by the Gestapo; as a novelist of stimulating variety, writing now in the tradition of Kafka, now in the style of Balzac; as movie critic, radio commentator, book editor, newspaper columnist; even as fencing champion of Paris. But his *cursus honorum*, however rewarding for Dutourd and his public, has missed essential greatness, the kind that belongs to the supremely dedicated artist or the impassioned prophet. In *Taxis of the Marne* he attempts a leap toward high seriousness in a book which seeks to delineate the decay of France and to propose the path of salvation.

The point of departure in *Taxis of the Marne* is the author's recollection and evaluation of his own military role in the war of 1940. A young man just over twenty, he spent two inglorious weeks in the army before he and five comrades were taken prisoner. None of them resisted imprisonment, so pleased were they to conclude their brief encounter with war. Expanding this personal recollection into a broader reflection on the defeat of 1940, Dutourd decries the conspicuous failure of nerve among French troops. "The gunners settled down in the Maginot Line like apartment-house janitors, trailing about the corridors in slippers, playing innumerable games of cards under the

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HARVEY GOLDBERG, a member of the History Department of Ohio State University, is completing a biography of Jaurès.

silent guns, yawning from morning to midnight."

But behind the failure of the men lay the treason of their leaders. "Men are neither lions nor sheep but a mixture of the two. It is the man who leads them who turns them into either lions or sheep." The generals, alas, lacked both intelligence and patriotism. Men who "secretly longed to be civil servants," they were more concerned with personal advancement than republican defense. What inspiration could men derive from a Pétain turning his back on modern weapons or a Gamelin ignoring expert advice on German invasion plans?

Pushing aside the generals, Dutourd exposes the politicians, impotent, cynical, empty. "There was nobody on top to ruthlessly throw out these useless Radical-Socialists or Fascist generals who had prospered like cockroaches between the disjointed floor boards of the Staff College." To symbolize the degeneracy of the republican dogma, he passes over such crypto-Fascists as Laval and Flandin or politicians as irresolute as Herriot; he centers instead on the almost ludicrous figure of President Lebrun, whose "surrender of power on July 10, 1940, provided the debasing spectacle of a republic abdicating into the hands of an aged tyrant." However random his volley, Dutourd's target is clear enough: it is the rot that was obvious in 1940 and is still obvious today, the rot that spreads disastrously through a nation whose citizens have preferred selfishness to patriotism and whose leaders have lacked any sense of national dignity.

DUTOURD'S frame of mind suggests both Stendhal and Montaigne. Like Stendhal, he is suffocating in an unheroic age, one which contrasts sharply with the great days of France. Like Montaigne (whose talents he noted in a recent essay on Montherlant), Dutourd has been skeptical about man and society. Living similarly in an age of disruption and chaos, Montaigne concluded that "those who are influential enough to do so contribute injustice, cruelty, avarice, and tyranny." And except in his first novel, *Le Dejeuner de lundi* (an immediate postwar hymn to life), Dutourd has been progressively unillusioned about the human condition. Doucin, spokesman in the extended monologue, *Five A.M.*, questions not only good intentions in life but life itself. "In the darkness of the early morning I see clearly that I don't care a rap for the struggle of the proletariat and that the brotherhood of man is bunk, meaningless words, mere stupidity. They leave me cold. They are mere diversions. One lives, one dies, one is unhappy."

Yet resemblances can be deceptive. Stendhal, though comprehending the limits of his age and its dominant class relationships, spurned both escapism and hysteria, and made his books, as Irving Howe has noted, "devil's manuals for men in revolt at a time when there is no possibility of revolt." And Montaigne, whose great insight into human folly did not deter him from "the general and just cause," rooted participation in reason and careful analysis. Dutourd approaches his age with neither clear definition nor sophisticated strategy. *Taxis of the Marne* is less a coherent position for a troubled France than the dramatic pose of an angry intellectual.

When Dutourd preaches the moral of defeat, he is mystic, vitalist and above all patriot. What France lacked in 1940 was a miracle powerful enough to release a flood of heroism, a repetition of Gallieni's bold decision in 1914 to send recruits in taxis to the battlefield of the Marne. In 1940 no taxis were sent to the Seine. Even the liberation of France in 1944, which might have been the miraculous source of national renewal, went only to the skin, not the heart of the nation. "France was handed back to us but not the taste for living in it."

Dutourd's continuing search for a miracle diverts him from a position rooted in the realities of the Fourth Republic. He casts about for a hero, pure and powerful, to transform the condition of France. Like Warwick in Anouilh's play, he agrees that "every once in a while a lark does appear . . . and then everything stupid and evil is wiped out by the shadow of the lark." The hero who appeared in the days of great catastrophe was de Gaulle ("this great soul, this noble and unique soul whom people have laughed at so much . . ."), but he was rejected in both war and peace by his countrymen.

The roots of Dutourd's search for a hero are planted in deeper soil, however, than his sincere admiration for de Gaulle. His hero is the summation of a republican *mystique,* the symbol of the vigorous and virtuous state, the source of inspiration for the citizens. His France descends from Pericles' Athens and Bruni's Florence. Once cynical about faith, Dutourd now makes an unabashed appeal to it. "Now that I am grown up and see a few things that did not strike me fifteen years ago, it is people without faith who weary me."

Dutourd is less concerned with Left, Right, or Center than with Strength and Weakness. His indignation is superb against those nonentities who have boxed France into the dead end of *immobilisme* ("Real political wisdom is called Edgar Faure"). But French political life needs reorientation and direction; it is confusing, almost valueless to stand equally for Gambetta, who gave republicanism fervor but little program; Ferry, who gave it dubious colonial adventures along with secular education; Clemenceau, whose long ministry perfected strikebreaking; Blum, whose Popular Front combined social justice with international paralysis; and de Gaulle, whose genius diminishes when moral grandeur is translated into party politics. What unites Dutourd's heroes is not democratic program or progressive direction, but strength, energy and virility.

A BERGSONIAN appeal to instinct and emotion flows through Dutourd's polemic. For when a writer declares that "one man of genius and ten of honor could restore France in six months," he has abandoned reason. He would be done with intellectualism, so long the French disease. The approach is not new but always seductive. The attack against debilitating reason calls up Péguy and Sorel. For Sorel, the central problem was likewise the rejuvenation of a sterile society; and his search for an energizing myth made him fellow-traveler to the early Christians, the ancient Athenians, the striking workers, the Italian Fascists and the Russian Bolsheviks. Such are the vagaries of the vitalists, for whom *mystique* transcends all else. In the battle of words and the petty play of politics in France, there is no small stimulus for Dutourd's exasperation. "I shall never be able to believe in the superiority of ideas to men. . . . Will power, honesty, morality, a liking for good—these are permanent values without which, in the long run, nothing good is achieved anywhere." It is the perception of Silone's Don Benedetto, who saw the social solution in "a different way of living."

But pure emotions and virtuous dedication are only the gateway to a better society; beyond them must lie well-conceived, reasonable policies. Of these, Dutourd says little that is helpful. From the dedication of his book to General Rossel (who, as Lefrançais has written, understood nothing of the Commune's republican and revolutionary force) to the several laments about "being kicked out of Africa and Asia," Dutourd displays a distressing irresponsibility. For it is precisely *not* empire that will mark the greatness of France, but her willingness to dissolve it; not individual strong men, but progressive party coalitions; not the end of reason, but its more powerful application. It is unfortunate, to say it mildly, that one so prolific and eloquent as Dutourd should have preferred the pose of a latter-day Julian the Apostate to the more arduous task of piercing the web of history. Had he turned to his own Jaurès, he might have found this valuable key—that history can best be fathomed with an approach drawn from Plutarch, Michelet and Marx. Then can one perceive that history belongs to the men who lead it, the ideals that dominate it and the social forces that underlie it.

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The Rites of Fiction

THE INNOCENT. By Madison Jones. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 370 pp. $4.75.

MIRI. By Peter Sourian. Pantheon Books. 219 pp. $3.50.

David L. Stevenson

TO THE American literary intellectual of post-World War II, the writing of his first novel has become a kind of initiation rite into the world of serious letters—as much a prestige publication as is a scholar's monograph. Madison Jones's *The Innocent*, like James Merrill's *The Seraglio* [*The Nation*, April 13], is this sort of first novel: a work unabashedly minor in aim. It is the portrait of the disintegrating inner world of a man who has fled a broken marriage and the pace of city life in order to make himself invulnerable, on his family's ancestral farm in Tennessee, to "whatever the world might think or do." And *The Innocent*, I take it, deliberately seeks a limited audience among its author's literary peers. In its conscious allegorizing of its hero as the human animal, trapped by incommunicable feelings, retreating to a child-like state where emotions are resolved in violence, it is an *"objet d'art,"* rather than a new synthesis of human experience. Jones's narrative technique is also a carefully contrived impediment to the general reader, the hero's mixture of love and hate for his aging father, for his sister and her husband, for his second wife, for a forest recluse, and for a neighboring farmer whom he murders, being presented with a consciously ballad-like lack of motivation or explanation. In his psychotic withdrawal from humanity, the hero-everyman identifies with a colt which he has bred; and like an animal, he dies at the novel's end, shot down by a sheriff's posse.

Peter Sourian, by contrast, is more a professional than an intellectual. Both in subject matter and in technique, his *Miri* is obviously aimed at the general reader of the older American tradition of serious letters, schooled by Cather, Lewis, Hemingway. *Miri* is a conscientious, unexperimental, presentation of the initiation of three college freshmen into the emotions and the rituals of sexual love. It achieves a pleasant structural complexity by being told, successively, from the point of view of Miri, a young Greek girl, a war orphan, unsure of herself as a woman; of Josh, the over-protected child of a middle-class family; and of Lexy, Miri's cousin, brilliant but erratic son of a wealthy Greek ship owner. The novel comes to an end with Lexy's account of his first possessing his cousin, and his erotic elation at his triumph.

It is easy to name the qualities by which to praise each of these first novels. The force of *The Innocent* is contained in the beauty of Jones's prose, especially when he is describing the erosions of time or invoking a sense of place. The virtues of *Miri* are in its honest and sensitive portrayal of the reactions of young men in their first ventures in love-making. And one is curious, of course, as to the staying powers of these two writers, wondering whether one novel will satisfy their creative urge as a single child establishes the maternalism of some women.

BUT AFTER committing yourself to praise and to curiosity, you must acknowledge that these first novels are no better and little worse than any other intelligent first novels of any other year. Peter Sourian's *Miri* is about as perceptive and successful as Maureen Daly's first novel, *Seventeenth Summer* (1942). Madison Jones's *The Innocent* does not make the grade as a truly brilliant minor novel for the literary intellectuals, and is about at the level of John Kerouac's first novel of 1950, *The Town and the City*.

We can accept as cold fact, I suppose, that since World War II only Truman Capote, Mary McCarthy, Paul Bowles, Tennessee Williams and Randall Jarrell have written first novels which were successful *because* they excluded the general reader. Only Mailer, Algren, Styron, Salinger and Herbert Gold have written first novels that were immediately recognizable *by* the general reader as entities, with a built-in permanence of form and substance. By comparison, each of the two first novels of this review, in separate ways, seems to be rather a performance in the art of novel writing than an achieved, novel-in-itself. Each performance, though it demonstrates the skill of its author, fails to break through into any new perception of human relations or to do more than ruffle our dulled awareness of the world of action and emotion in which we personally pad about. One reads these novels only to be haunted by a sense of the purposelessness of the trial runs in fiction of so many of the intelligent young.

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

BELA BARTOK'S SONATA for Two Pianos and Percussion is one of those rare pieces that is more effective on a record than it is in the concert hall. The reasons for this are both visual and aural. On the visual side, the listener is spared the sight of percussionists, usually full-grown men and the fathers of children, tinkling away at little metal triangles, whacking cymbals and pumping up and down on the foot-pedals of the tympani. In a more serious, aural sense the Sonata is given a quality of homogeneous resonance in the recording which could not exist in the concert hall, but which, despite its artificiality, enhances rather than detracts from the beauty of the work.

Percussion instruments are dry and separatist in sound. If they are sensitively handled by composer and performer, their tones can give an illusion of blending or fusing with those of other instruments. But they do not really fuse; they superimpose. With the least miscalculation of dynamics, they will separate from the texture and proclaim their independent existences as bits of struck wood or metal.

Bartok certainly wrote the Sonata with these facts in mind, for he exploited both the qualities of independence inherent in the percussion instruments and their limited potential for blending. What Westminster (XWN-18425) contributes is an extra illusion of blending with, paradoxically, no loss of timbre independence. As a convincing example of this contribution, one can point out the fusion of low tympani resonances, even the glissando ones, with those of the two pianos. A round, openness of sound is achieved thereby which makes the incisive clattering of the xylophone and the bright, hard upper registers of the pianos stand out in relief against the darker background. Strangely, the extra degree of cohesiveness achieved by the recording takes away from the Sonata some of its aura of "the thirties" and places it in a universality of time. I doubt that Bartok would have objected to this, even if he might have preferred a drier, concert hall sound.

Wilfrid Parry and Iris Loveridge, two British pianists, are directed in this performance by another Britisher, Richard Austin. Their joint conception of the work is full-bodied and secure. The air of nervousness and brinkmanship which so often afflicts recordings of contemporary music is nowhere in evidence here. And the percussionists, Gilbert Webster and Jack Lees, both play like gentlemen.

The reverse side of the disc carries Bartok's *Contrasts* for Piano, Violin, and Clarinet, which is dedicated to Benny Goodman and Joseph Szigeti. Wilfrid Parry; Frederick Grinke, violinist; and Jack Brymer, clarinetist, play it with fine rhythmic style although there is a slightly edgy tone in the violin and clarinet.

I AM reminded here of the Bartokian *String Quartet No. 1* by Jerome Rosen, which is coupled on Epic LC-3333 with Ilhan Usmanbas' *String Quartet (1947)*. Rosen is a talented young American who, like his disc-colleague, was given a Fromm Foundation Award and included in that organization's recorded *Twentieth Century Composers Series*. His Quartet displays a facile hand with contemporary techniques, but in substance it strikes me as disingenuous and lacking real expressive impulse. It is the kind of score that looks good on a judgment table because of its obvious modernity and technical aplomb. Unfortunately, to the ear it speaks not one convincing word. The heavy Bartokian influence is not so important. But the habit of unself-critical chattering is one that no composer, young or old, should cultivate. Usmanbas' *String Quartet* is hardly more convincing. There is, however, an atmosphere of honesty about the writing even when materials and projective force are weak. Both works are played with vitality and refinement by the New Music String Quartet; the recording is excellent.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS, because of his seventieth birthday anniversary, is enjoying a special burst of popularity this year. M.G.M., which has previously recorded a number of his works, is now issuing the *Chôros* Nos. 5 and 7, *Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras, Suite Floral, Poema Singelo,* and *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 9 as part of its "Pan-American Music Series" (E-3516). It is one of the firm's most appealing issues, both in sound and substance. The *Bachianas Brasileiras,* for String Orchestra, and the *Chôros* No. 7, for Chamber Orchestra, are among Villa-Lobos' most lusciously colorful works, and conductors Izler Solomon and Carlos Surinach are patently enamored of them. The other

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pieces recorded, for piano, are less distinguished. And Leonore Engdahl's playing is not as pointed as it might be.

Another disc from the Pan-American series (E-3515) links the Suite for String Orchestra by the Chilean, Domingo Santa-Cruz, with *Estampas y Estampillas* for an orchestra of 'cellos by the Bolivian, Jaime Mendoza-Nava. The Suite is a warm, non-parochial and neatly-crafted work, conservative in idiom. The Mendoza-Nava is empty and folksy. Carlos Surinach does not accord either of them the red-carpet treatment evident in the Villa-Lobos recording. But the performances are more than adequate, and the music provides a glancing comparison of South-American personalities.

MOZART'S 39th and 40th Symphonies, in a new recording by Karl Bohm and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam (Epic LC-3357), are a considerable disappointment. Bohm was apparently trying to make a "definitive" statement, for the orchestra is polished with great deliberation and every grace note is treasured like a diamond. But the tempi are incredibly sluggish, peculiar emphases are forced upon the woodwinds, and the total effect is pedantic and dull. Only the *Finale* of the 39th Symphony and the *Menuetto* of the 40th have any real vitality, and even these are heavy-footed. With roughly thirteen versions of the 39th and eighteen of the 40th already in the catalogues, you need hardly dash out for this one.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE HISTORY and legend of Joan of Arc are in the public domain, and it is a waste of money to pay George Bernard Shaw's estate for permission to make a film about her unless you plan to use his script. The Otto Preminger production is by Graham Greene, "based" on Shaw's *St. Joan*, but there isn't enough Shaw in it to warrant the royalty. However, the old man's name is magic and that probably is what Preminger was buying.

Shaw's play is about the mortal struggle between the divinity of kings and the God-given right of the individual to follow his own conscience. It was not the church but the state that was threatened by Joan's voices, and Shaw's heroine died, less because she was a heretic than because she was a revolutionist. She was a mystic, but she was also very much a sturdy, rough-tongued feminist in the English style; I wonder sometimes how much of their saint the French recognize in Shaw's Joan.

Preminger's movie is about a nice peasant girl who has a knack (never demonstrated) for making soldiers, generals and troops alike, follow her suggestions. Her precocious grasp of logistics goes a little to her head, and she is burned at the stake for being stubborn in the face of her ecclesiastical advisers. Warwick is skulking about, it is true, but you would never guess why if you didn't know; and the various state and church dignitaries who keep assuring one another that the execution will have grave consequences sound merely portentous out of Shaw's context.

Not knowing any actresses who could play Joan, Mr. Preminger hired Jean Seberg, a high school girl who has never acted before. She could not possibly have played Shaw's Joan, but Graham Greene has thoughtfully omitted from his text everything that might exceed her grasp. What is left is a rather dim and dolorous girl who makes foolish boasts and is a general nuisance around the French apartments of state. She deserves, and gets, a harsh dressing down from the Archbishop of Rheims (Finlay Currie), but the stake is drastic discipline for uppity school girls.

There is, in other words, no point to the role as Miss Seberg has been taught to play it; and there is no more point to Richard Widmark's portrayal of the Dauphin as a halfwit boy from the Middle West. John Gielgud, deprived of any cogent reason for pulling strings at Rouen, makes something mean and fancy of Warwick.

The movies have proved before this that Joan of Arc is a suitable heroine for melodrama. I'm not much interested in that interpretation of her legend, but it is more acceptable than this denatured and dramatically static version of a great play. Shaw was alive, and so alive, for so long that it is hard to believe he is dead. But dead he must be, or they would never have dared this travesty.

STANLEY KRAMER'S *The Pride and the Passion* is subject to De Mille's axiom: dramatic interest varies inversely with the square of the number of extras. There are scenes in this spectacle that seem to employ the entire adult population of Spain, and they are not without their own kind of interest. You can always elicit a gratifying audience reaction by yoking several hundred men and women to some wonderfully heavy object, and it doesn't matter whether the object is a stone for Ramses' pyramid or, as here, a gigantic cannon which the Spanish guerrillas wish to use against Napoleon's legions.

But when you build your story around this primitive sort of engineering, you pay the price with a correspondingly primitive dramatic story. In this case the proud Cary Grant, the passionate Frank Sinatra and the pneumatic Sophia Loren arrange themselves in a triangle of stunning predictability. Aphorisms fly like dust and the insistent boom-boom music of George Antheil carries the lovers along a path blazed long ago by Ramon Navarro and the Gish sisters.

NOTHING would improve *Sweet Smell of Success* as much as a measure of plausibility. If you could believe it, it would be a real shocker; but if you could believe it, you would not be going around without an attendant.

Burt Lancaster is quoted as saying that here he is not playing a gossip columnist who is a heel, but a heel who is a gossip columnist. By this interesting distinction he means to explain that he is intent on making the character's heelishness convincing and doesn't much care that his gossip column business is not conducted according to the normal rules of the profession.

But the character Mr. Lancaster is really playing is the mad scientist of the side-street horror movies; he even wears thick-lensed spectacles which produce baleful reflections and he keeps a young girl in thrall. The fact that the girl is his sister does give this old porridge a sophisticated dash of incest.

To round out the notice, I should say a little something about the dialogue (full-strength Odets), the plot (the sister's splendid young suitor is almost destroyed by the wicked rumor that he takes dope *and* is a Communist), and the photography (some good work with Broadway and the night club East Side by James Wong Howe); but the weather is hot, the space is limited and nothing is to be gained by describing exactly how this picture is ridiculous. It is not about people—that is ridiculous enough.

Susan Harrison, new to the screen, is made up to look like a wet mouse, and she snivels a good deal. Tony Curtis is again working in Lancaster's shadow. I wish he would get out from there because I suspect he is capable of more responsible work than his bad little boy routine.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

NOBODY gives much thought to the business side of television. Intellectuals wring their hands over the mediocrity of the home screen diet, but even the most capable of them would rather sneak off to catch the Ed Sullivan show than try to figure out why things are the way they are. The easy dismissal—"Just good for selling soap"—is an evasion rather than a conclusion. It takes some searching inquiry to realize that what goes on in the business world of TV has a direct influence on what you see on your screen. I would be willing to bet $64,000 that there is hardly an upper middle-brow, much less a common viewer, who is aware of the business scandal at the heart of the most powerful medium of communications in the world. But there lies the answer to its ever-descending mediocrity.

Television is a business in which the networks have established a monopoly that is absolute beyond the dreams of steel magnate or motion picture czar. About a year ago this column reported that Congress—through its Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee (chaired by Warren Magnuson) and its House Judiciary Committee (chaired by Emanuel Celler)—was investigating a charge of monopoly brought by Los Angeles station operator Richard Moore and others. The Federal Communications Commission had also started an investigation, and the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice was cocking an eye at the fast-growing electronic empires. In the months since, there have been some significant developments. The most widely publicized was the least important—the BMI-ASCAP war uncovered by the Celler committee. The networks magnanimously agreed that their virtual control of music on the air might have to be surrendered. An informed guess is that this would be a cheap price to pay for forgetting the more basic and painful recommendations in the committee's report of March, 1957.

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DIANE D'ANDRADE

came out a few weeks ago. It too finds the networks in a position of "overwhelming dominance," often not in the public interest. Cutting sharply through the intricacies of the industry, it shows that the networks dictate to station and advertiser alike. The station is dependent on the networks for national advertising money and for program service, the advertiser for national coverage. The Magnuson report concludes that the Federal Communications Commission and the Department of Justice should look into the matter "on a continuing basis" to eliminate the distortion in favor of the networks and to "open the entire industry up to freer, more equal competition."

Judging by past history, it is doubtful that the FCC will accept the job. Ever since its inception some twenty years ago, the Commission has been a resting place for small-time politicos. Regulating the air waves in the public interest, which is their official charge, seems to be the last thing that they have been able to do. The Network Study which they undertook last year with a target date of June 30, 1957, has not yet been released. Perhaps in anticipation, FCC Chairman George C. McConnaughey resigned "due to personal considerations," writing the President that his term had been "a most delightful experience." By permitting network aggrandizement, the FCC has made it almost impossible for the Department of Justice to take any anti-trust action. But last fall the chance came when the FCC approved, without investigation, a lop-sided swap of stations made by RCA-NBC with the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company. In the first suit ever filed against a network under the anti-trust laws, the Department of Justice accused RCA-NBC of a conspiracy to restrain trade. The suit is now under way, and because the FCC did not investigate before approving the deal, there is a chance that the charge can be made to stick.

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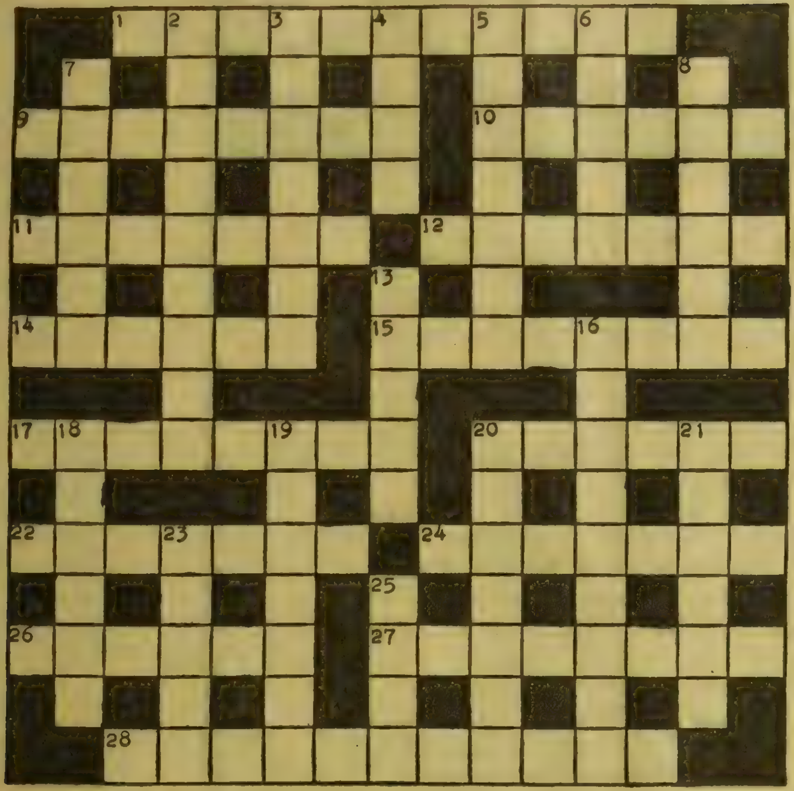
The deplorable state of television is not due to a lack of courage, as reported by Goodman Ace, or shortage of imaginative creativity as Carl Sandburg would have it. There's plenty of both around. It is due to the concentrated control of the networks, whose business interests dictate program policy. Here and there you see a spark of excitement—an occasional drama, an illuminating documentary study, thoroughly entertaining conversation. Such shows happen in spite of the situation, not because of it. But it is fortunate that they do happen, because these moments make us see the possible value of this new method of communication.

If mediocrity takes over the airwaves, it will be by default. Default of a befuddled FCC, a ponderous Department of Justice, a hesitant Congress and the millions of viewers who accept a wasteful use of the air they own.

Crossword Puzzle No. 732

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Pounds are to dollars, but it might be hard on top. (11)
9 Girl who seems to stipulate a 50-50 chance at faro, approximately. (8)
10 Proverbially, the wiser one might be. (6)
11 See 15
12 Sticks out of this, when sheared. (7)
14 Badger. (6)
15 and 11 You and I, for example. (8, 7)
17 Not thrown up with any display of spirit! (Feathers moulted, perhaps? (8)
20 What falls flat with a Nazi? The Earl of Leicester, of course! (6)
22, 4 down and 27 across Browning didn't mean to imply the cavalry rearguard should be bunched, (3, 4, 4, 8)
24 Bête noire. (7)
26 My tie's all crooked and the check is wrong. (6)
27 See 22 across
28 With a badly fitting suit, it never suggests office wear. (11)

DOWN:

2 Leek, relatively? (Possibly not for the original type!) (9)
3 In writing and/or printing, this gives you the right slant. (7)
4 See 22 across
5 One who might sell dope gets in before the radical is up to it. (7)
6 The home of the brave? (5)
7 Bore, perhaps, like an early president. (6)
8 More than one kind is not quite applicable to all. (6)
13 Obviously, to annoy a pet is wrong! (5)
16 Chips, perhaps, of painting? (3, 6)
18 With hope shattered, it is inside marble. (6)
19 Is the tea sure to be upset? You'll have to get strict! (7)
20 Medicine to secure in making coarse cloth. (7)
21 Not quite so deep as poetry. (6)
23 You might find the end of the problem on a tree. (5)
25 The sort of test used by those who don't want changes made. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 731

ACROSS: 1 WANTONLY; 5 REVAMP; 10. and 17 NIGHT MUST FALL; 11 CARETAKER; 12 ORIENTS; 13 UTTERER; 14 SENSES; 15 DESTROY; 18 UNTRIED; 21 TREATY; 24 TUESDAY; 26 BEARISH; 27 ARTICHOKE; 29 LURING; 30 CULTURED. DOWN: 1 WINNOW; 2 NEGLIGENT; 3 OUTINGS; 4 LOCUSTS; 6 ESTATES; 7 ASKER; 8 PORTRAYS; 9 and 28 GROUND LEVEL; 16 RETRIEVER; 19 INDICAN; 20 DRY ROT; 21 TABLEAU; 22 EPAULET; 23 WHALED; 25 ENTER.

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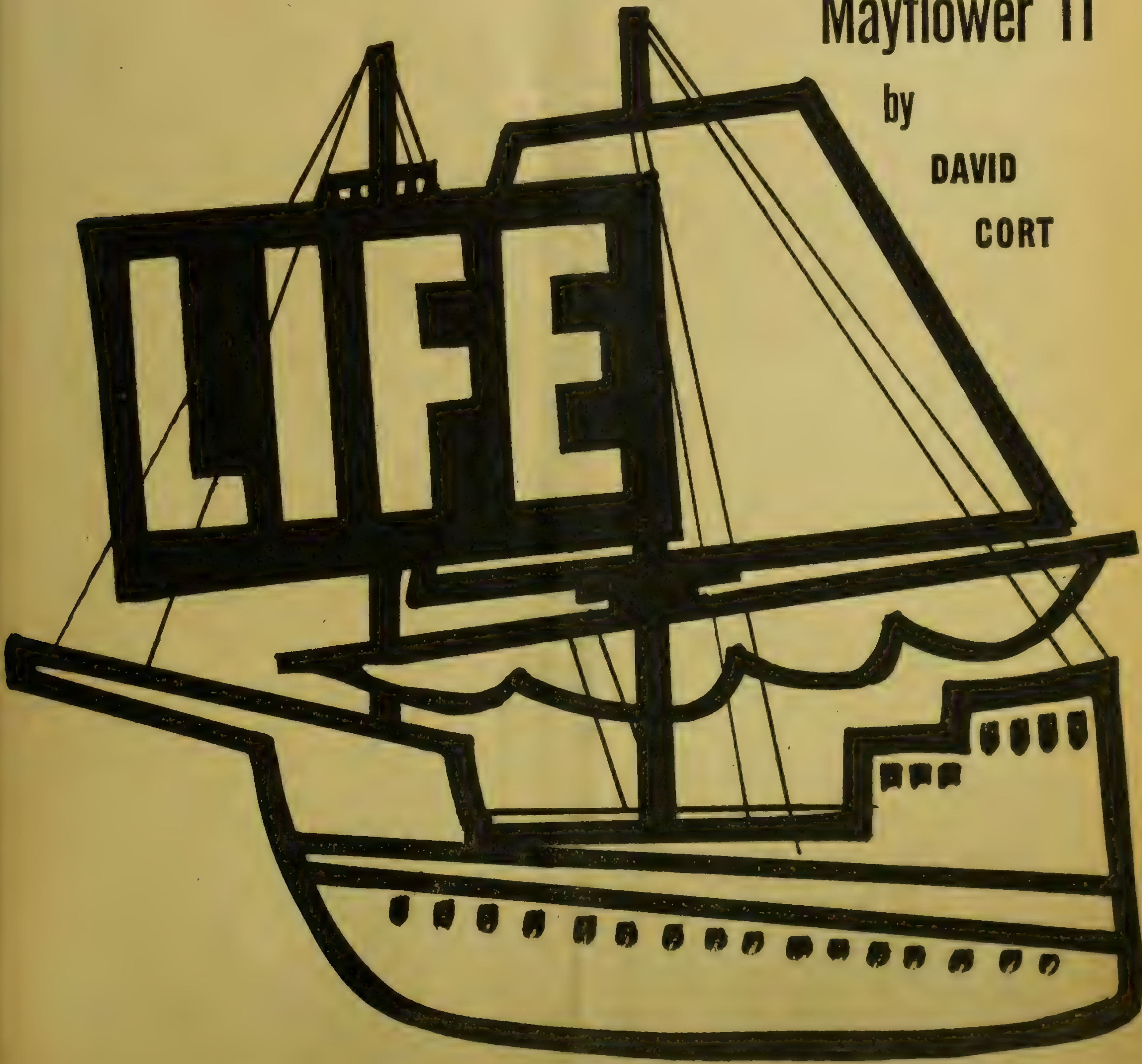

The Galindez Case . . by Fred J. Cook

LETTERS

Feuchtwanger on Brecht

Dear Sirs: I was very happy to find one of Bertolt Brecht's short stories in your magazine. [*See The Heretic's Coat, issue of June 8.*] It seems to me that America, unlike the rest of the world, is rather slow to recognize Brecht's significance. Therefore I feel that your venture to print one of his stories is the more deserving of praise.

The translation was excellent. Brecht's style, despite its apparent simplicity, is full of depth and rather tricky to transpose into another language; in this case, the translator measured up to the author.

LION FEUCHTWANGER

Pacific Palisades, California

[*The translator was Helmut W. Bonheim, a resident of Vienna, who has done articles of his own for* The Nation. *— Ed.*]

Gubernatorial Comment

Dear Sirs: Thank you for the copy of the June 15 issue of *The Nation* containing the article by Mary Freeman about Sarasota. While there is a great deal of truth to her criticisms, which are applicable to other areas of the nation where communities are experiencing rapid growth and development, I feel sure Miss Freeman would agree that this is not the entire story of what is going on in Sarasota or the rest of Florida. We here are not blindly pursuing a "bigger and better" spree. I have been very much concerned lest Florida, now the fastest-growing major state in America, permit its growth and development to destroy the natural resources and other advantages which are so instrumental in attracting people here in the first place.

It is my ambition to help Florida to become the very finest place in the nation in which to live, work, play and raise a family. I believe this goal can be illustrated best by the recommendations I made to the 1957 legislature, most of which were enacted. One of the finest achievements of the legislature was the enactment of a statewide procedure for regulating the development of the 16,000,000 acres of state-owned submerged land in the public interest. Two of the biggest disappointments were the legislature's failure to provide a constitutional amendment which would enable Florida communities to take advantage of the federal urban renewal program and legislation for uniform county planning and zoning. However, I am calling a special constitutional revision session later in the year in which we will have a fresh opportunity to obtain such an amendment.

LEROY COLLINS
Governor

Tallahassee, Florida

Farben on the Potomac

Dear Sirs: I refer to the excellent article by Mr. Toffler, Farben on the Potomac, in your June 22 issue. Mr. Toffler's reference to the "slick lobby" on Capitol Hill representing the West German interests, and his description of the German propaganda organization called the "Society for Promotion of the Protection of Foreign Investments" headed by Hermann Abs, touches on a point which ought to be of interest to all, but goes completely unnoticed by most legislators and most of the press.

The recent recombining and emergence of the two powerful German banks, the *Suddeutsche Bank,* headed by Mr. Abs, and the *Dresdner Bank,* headed by Carl Goetz, poses a real threat to the world. These two banking cartels, controlling much of Germany's heavy industry, were broken up by the Allies after the war to lessen the German military potential. Recently they have recombined, more powerful than ever, with the approval of our government. In 1947, the Military Governor of the U.S. Zone in Germany prepared a special report on the activities of the two banks and the power which they held and used so destructively during the National Socialist years. On page 8 of the report appears this interesting statement: "The political connections of the *Deutsche* and *Dresdner* banks were further strengthened by means of close personal contacts maintained by leading banking figures with outstanding political leaders in the Third Reich. Carl Goetz, the most important personality of the *Dresdner Bank* during the Nazi regime, stood on terms of intimate friendship with Fritz Sauckel, Director of the German slave-labor program, who was executed in 1946 as a war criminal." On page 3 it is stated: "The *Dresdner Bank* distinguished itself especially by utilizing its close ties with the SS and by exercising political duress in effecting aryanization."

An inquiry to the Pentagon concerning a copy of this report will get you nowhere; somewhere, somehow, it simply has dropped out of sight, perhaps because it paints too accurate a picture of the two reconstituted banks and their leaders, Mr. Abs and Mr. Goetz. Both men are founders and directors of the "Society for Promotion of the Protection of Foreign Investments," which is avowedly dedicated to protect "the sanctity of private property."

It is interesting to note the great

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Big Sneeze

In a remarkable speech on the Galindez case and its impact on American policy in Latin America (see Fred J. Cook's article, page 43), Representative Charles O. Porter has raised some pertinent questions:

> What emboldened the tyrant of a tiny Caribbean nation to believe he could commit crimes on the soil of the United States and upon U.S. citizens with impunity?
>
> What made Trujillo think he could, literally, get away with murder?
>
> What encouraged him to spread a net of terror within the United States, terror which Edward R. Murrow so remarkably depicted recently in a nation-wide broadcast using only the voices of those persons involved?
>
> Why did our Department of State deal politely and lightly with a vicious Western Hemisphere tyrant caught red-handed in a bloody crime against an American citizen?

His answer, in brief, is that "hemispheric defense against international communism demands close cooperation among all the American governments, regardless of the internal nature of these governments." He was so assured—by high State Department officials as well as by his colleagues in Congress. He was told, too, that Latin America insisted on a policy of non-intervention. But a recent visit to several Latin American capitals convinced him that these assurances were bogus. Again and again he was told, by responsible Latin American spokesmen, that our policy of dealing with despots constitutes a form of *de facto* interference. "It is a common saying in Latin America," he reports, "that when the United States sneezes, Latin America catches cold." Dictators have seized upon this weakness in our policy to enhance their prestige; with them "anti-communism" is a racket. For the danger in Latin America is subversion, not invasion, and the defense must be political, economic and social, not military.

As "the big sneeze" in the Western Hemisphere, we should take both the Murphy and Galindez cases to the Organization of the American States and request a full investigation by that body. One does not need to prejudge the Ernst-Munson investigation; the investigators have prejudged it themselves. Mr. Ernst concedes that his association with the Dominican Republic falls within the privileged relation of lawyer and client and he has fulfilled Department of Justice regulations by registering as a foreign agent.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

As already announced, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. The next issue will be that of August 17.

The Peace of Death

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Speaking of the apparent calm here after the massacre of June 15, Carleton Beals (*The Nation,* July 20) compared it to the peace of death. It was not a forced image, for weeks have passed since the "restoration of order" in the streets, and the funereal aspect of the city has barely changed. Meanwhile, at the airport (not far from the paupers' graves where the victims of the army of Haiti are rotting) there seem to be signs of a new lease on life, thanks to the clumsy niceties of the Bureau of Tourism, which is serving rum and coffee to transient travelers while a night club orchestra blithely grinds out dance tunes for them.

But while General Kébreau, head of the ruling *junta,* thus puts up a Potemkin show for the benefit of foreigners, the real nature of his regime is revealed by the following proclamation, issued on July 3 by the Department of Interior and National Defense:

> All the political formulas tested since December having given no positive results, the Army of Haiti has had to take the reins of power on June 14 to save the country from anarchy.
>
> To work in the climate of peace indispensable to the management of the public service and to forestall an imminent repetition of the acts of violence

> recently perpetrated, strong measures have proved necessary. The Army has therefore proclaimed a state of siege over the entire territory of the Republic.
>
> So that all may know, this Institution believes it indispensable to point out that this measure, imposed by circumstances, suspends temporarily the enforcement of ordinary laws, and arms the Military Authority with all the Powers with which the Civil Authority is invested for the maintenance of Order.
>
> Consequently, under the jurisdiction of the Military Courts come crimes and misdemeanors against the Safety of the State, against public peace and order, whatever the status of the authors and accomplices; even crimes and misdemeanors against persons and property are subject to Military Jurisdiction if the Authority judges necessary.
>
> The Military Authority is invested with the right to search BY DAY OR NIGHT the homes of citizens, to remove any individual who does not have his residence in the territory under the state of siege, to forbid publications and meetings which it judges disturbing to the Public Peace. In a word, it can take all measures necessary to restore ORDER and PEACE as a prerequisite to the promulgation of the Decree for the holding of elections.

If "all the political formulas tested since December [have] given no positive results," it is because—as Mr. Beals pointed out—the army, by its endless intrigues, maneuvered to make them fail. If "acts of violence [were] perpetrated" by Fignolé's partisans, it is because since 1946 these organized mobs never became active without the tacit or open consent of the army, which found it advantageous to intimidate the Haitian "bourgeois" at given times. And if the repetition of these acts of violence seemed "imminent," it is because, after having duped the followers of Fignolé (by bringing him to power and then brutally deporting him), and repressing in blood the vehement protest that followed, the army had other reasons to fear for the safety of the shameless regime of abuse and graft which it has imposed on the country for ten years, and because it was uneasy about the growing popular support for the presidential candidacy of Louis Déjoie.

Thus the *junta* smooths out the road leading to the presidency, and General Kébreau will be able to "elect," in peace and order, any one of the puppets whose strings he holds (Duvallier, Jumelle or the stooge of Trujillo, Luc Fouché), unless finally he pushes them all aside in favor of the dark horse he is secretly holding in reserve, the young and most ambitious Major André Faraud.

In the meantime, respectable citizens are daily summoned to Police Headquarters, and the torture chambers are working full time.

L. B.

The author is a Haitian writer whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld.

Pacificist "Murderers"

It is the strange belief of a handful of pacifists in New York City that the atom bomb and its continued testing and development are insane and immoral. Since this handful contains a few of the souls left among us who connect their beliefs with the action of their daily lives, they have for the past three years refused to participate in the annual civil defense mock atom-bomb air raid drill in New York. Our society's courts have sentenced these people to prison terms, last year of five days and this year of thirty days.

The first year this took place, one of the magistrates called the pacifists "murderers." This year Magistrate Walter Bayer called them "a bunch of individuals who breathe contempt of the law." Dorothy Day, one of those individuals, wrote in 1955 at the time of the first action that "We make this demonstration not only to voice our opposition to war, not only to refuse to participate in psychological warfare, which this air raid drill is, but also as an act of public penance for having been the first people in the world to drop the atom bomb, to make the hydrogen bomb." It is a terrifying and inescapable comment on our society that we deal with the author of those lines by placing her in the Women's House of Detention for a prison term. On the outside, we sane and lawful citizens endorse by our silence the making of bigger and better bombs that can destroy a civilization.

Dick Nixon Delivers

Vice President Nixon has again demonstrated his remarkable talent for television soap opera. There were those who said that his famous performance from Los Angeles on September 23, 1952, was merely the brilliant tour de force of a gifted amateur who, under great personal stress, rose to the occasion. But the Vice President's performance at the Billy Graham meeting at Yankee Stadium on July 20 was even more brilliant. This time he lacked the suspense of teetering on a moral tightrope, and he took no time to rehearse. He could not refer to Pat Nixon, "my wife sitting over there," or to Patricia and Julie, or his wife's "respectable Republican cloth coat," or the life insurance policies he did *not* have on "Pat, Patricia and Julie"; nor could he work in a reference to Checkers, the black-and-white cocker spaniel. This time he had to go on without props, make-up, floor-markings or script. All the same it was the performance of a virtuoso, one that should earn him the title of King of the Soap Opera Hams. Once again he was Dick Nixon, the All-American Boy, wholesome, corny, "sincere," telling plain little jokes to make the oldsters smile, with eyes that twinkled when he spoke of golf and gazed far, far aloft when he mentioned God. He was pure folks.

GALINDEZ: The Riddle of the Mystery

by Fred J. Cook

DR. JESUS DE GALINDEZ, the Columbia University instructor whose disappearance created an international cloak-and-dagger mystery, stands today as a challenging double symbol. To the dictatorial Trujillo regime in the misnamed Dominican Republic, he is an avenging ghost taking a toll in drastically-cut tourist revenues. To Americans who still believe in democracy, he is the protagonist of deep-seated and disquieting issues, for the demands of simple justice have revealed the curious fact that many officials and many leaders of our society defend, and many more blandly condone, the ruthless Trujillo dictatorship. And this they do despite a well-exposed web of intrigue and murder.

For instance, the U.S. State Department is making angry noises and asking the Dominican Government to induce one of its diplomatic agents, Arturo R. Espaillat, former consul general in New York, to waive diplomatic immunity and submit himself to questioning because evidence indicates he was linked to the Galindez plot. The State Department's action, taken May 2, sounded vigorous and forthright in the accounts of it given to the American press on May 30.

WHAT wasn't disclosed was that the Department didn't move against Espaillat until weeks after it had become known that he was leaving the country. Nor was it disclosed that the State Department's stiff-sounding note to the Dominicans fell exactly midway between two oddly-contrasting events. On the night of April 30, Arturo Espaillat was a distinguished and honored guest at a high-level Republican Party dinner in New York, sitting cheek-by-jowl with Leonard W. Hall, former chairman of the Republican National Committee. On May 2, came the State Department's demand for the testimony of Hall's dinner partner. And on May 4, obviously before diplomats in Ciudad Trujillo could have been expected to reply, Espaillat left our borders.

This significant timing, this blatant fraternization with a foreign agent whom the State Department publicly labels as suspect, is just one of the more startling manifestations of the Trujillo love-virus that afflicts prominent Americans, Democrats and Republicans alike.

HOW DOES a dictator who rules just one-half of a West Indian island develop such influence in what we like to think of as the greatest democracy on earth? What is the source of this all-pervasive magic that conciliates the influential even as it menaces the helpless?

Answers to these and many other questions are to be found in hitherto untold facts about the kidnaping by air of Dr. Galindez and the subsequent murder in the Dominican Republic of the young American who flew him to his doom, Gerald Lester Murphy. To understand it all, one has to understand the background.

Dr. Galindez, forty-two, was a Basque lawyer and scholar who had fought for Loyalist forces in Spain against Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Later he had sought sanctuary in the Dominican Republic. He had been for a time the tutor of the children of the Dominican dictator, Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo Molina. He had learned that Trujillo's dictatorship was even more ruthless than Franco's and he had fled to the United States.

In New York, Dr. Galindez achieved success and made himself known as one of the most bitter and implacable foes of the Dominican dictator. He lectured on Latin American affairs at Columbia University; he became a consultant for American law firms on complicated issues of international law; he wrote anti-Trujillo articles for the Spanish-language press, and he completed the manuscript of *The Era of Trujillo*, a massive thesis that was to win him his Doctor of Philosophy degree at Columbia. Then, on the night of March 12, 1956, Dr. Galindez waved good-by to one of his students, walked into a Columbus Circle subway kiosk and disappeared.

In the wake of his disappearance, Trujillo spokesmen in New York ridiculed the idea that the Dominican dictator could be involved. They pointed out that the Dominican Government was spending millions of dollars to promote a lavish international fair designed to attract foreign visitors—and that kidnaping and murder would be the very worst publicity. Why would Trujillo do such a thing? they asked.

For months, this remained a good question, but now, from anti-Trujillo refugees in New York, there comes what seems to be a logical answer. These Dominicans, many of whom go in daily fear of their lives on the streets of America's greatest city, dwell in a shadowland of intrigue, of plot and counter-plot. Information they have given New York detectives and FBI agents often has proved startlingly accurate; sometimes it has even anticipated events. When, therefore, they offer a solution to this mystery of motive, they speak against a background of proven credibility.

Dr. Galindez, these Dominicans assert, became a personal obsession of Trujillo, not because of his political attacks on the regime, but because he cast doubt upon the purity of the Trujillo bloodline.

The loves of the dictator and the personal peccadilloes of his family are dealt with in scholarly fashion in *The Era of Trujillo*, but Dr. Galindez, in articles for the Spanish-language magazine *Bohemia* and political pamphlets written for the Dominican Revolutionary Party, really took the wraps off his style. In an English and Spanish bulletin dated July, 1955, and distributed by the Dominican revolutionaries, he wrote:

> If kingship be measured by the rules of succession of the bastard kings of France and Aquitaine, Senor Trujillo and his son could be emperors. For a study of the Trujillo family tree reveals a thick-sprouting underbrush of illegitimacy. This re-

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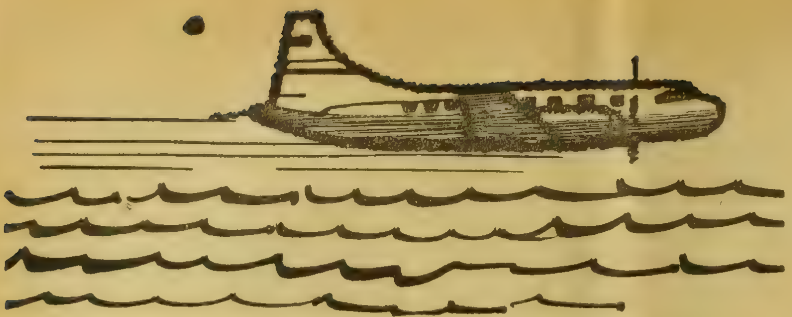
FRED J. COOK, a reporter on a New York daily, specializes in crime stories.



> markable absence of marriage evidence in the genealogy of Trujillo has just been uncovered by an outstanding authority on Latin American politics, while doing research on a forthcoming book.
>
> Perhaps to make up for the lack of marriages in previous generations, Rafael Trujillo has entered into legal wedlock with three women. It is a matter of urgent regret to some that not all of these marriages synchronized accurately with the births of the respective offspring.

Dr. Galindez added that the Generalissimo's son and heir, Rafael, Jr., known as Ramfis, was born in 1929, when both his father and mother were married to others.

The timing is the thing that is said to have made the attack especially infuriating to Trujillo. True, he was trying to lure well-heeled tourists to the Dominican Republic by his huge international fair, but he was also using the fair to glorify the royal family, to create an almost holy image of dynasty to perpetuate his name. Word filtering back from Ciudad Trujillo was that Trujillo crumpled the pamphlet in his fist and shouted, "This bandit will eat the paper I hold in my hand!"

FROM that moment, New York Dominicans assert, Dr. Galindez was doomed. "If Galindez had limited himself to a political criticism of Trujillo," one of them said, "Trujillo could have been satisfied to have him killed in New York as has been done in other cases. But when Galindez attacked Trujillo on his most sensitive point, his family, the affront became a personal one that had to be avenged personally. This is the reason for the complicated plot to fly Galindez into the Dominican Republic instead of simply killing him."

So intricate was the web of conspiracy that it might never have been unraveled except for another murder. On December 3, 1956, a flier, Gerald Lester Murphy, twenty-three, of Eugene, Oregon, was done to death in the Dominican Republic. His car was found parked on a high cliff above the sea. The official Dominican version was that Murphy had made an indecent proposal to a fellow airline pilot, Octavio de la Maza, and that de la Maza, his manhood outraged, had knocked Murphy over the cliff. Remorse then had overcome de la Maza and he had hanged himself in his prison cell after obligingly writing a suicide note describing his deed.

When FBI agents began to check into this suspiciously pat story, they found the skeins of an incredible intrigue unraveling in their hands. They found that Murphy, who had gone to Miami in December, 1955, as a penniless aeronautical draftsman, had suddenly developed such affluence that he could pay cash for an expensive new convertible. They found that he had told friends of a mysterious flight he had made into the Dominican Republic in March, 1956, carrying "an invalid" who had been borne to his plane on a stretcher. They found that Murphy had identified this "invalid" to his fiancée, Celia (Sally) Caire, a Pan American airlines stewardess, as Dr. Galindez.

Checking back on Murphy's trail, FBI agents learned that he had walked into New Jersey's Linden Airport on the morning of March 5, 1956. He was accompanied by an Air Force serviceman, a technician whose advice he wanted in picking out a plane capable of flying a group of sport-loving business men to Miami. Murphy and his adviser selected a twin-engined Beechcraft belonging to Trade Ayer, Inc., and arranged for a month's charter.

The charter price was $800, and Murphy paid cash, identifying a "Joe Frank" as the man who put up the money. From Linden, Murphy flew the Beech into Staten Island where, on March 11, extra gas tanks were installed. The following day Murphy landed his plane at Newark Airport, listed his destination as Miami, and took off again. But instead of flying South, he flew East, bringing his craft down at Zahn's Airport at Amityville, L. I. There he waited all day and far into the night until an ambulance arrived with the supposed "invalid."

THE NEXT development is one of the phases of the mystery that, until now, has never been explained. Murphy was next seen early on the morning of March 13, when he landed at Miami's Tamiami Airport ostensibly seeking to refuel. Airport attendants told him the gas pumps were not open so early, and Murphy flew on to Lantana Airport near West Palm Beach, where he purchased gas. The oddity of the maneuver lay in the fact that it wasn't necessary. Arrangements had been made days in advance, by a mysterious telephone call from New York, for Murphy to refuel at Lantana early on the morning of March 13. Why, then, had he made the extra stop at Tamiami?

The answer apparently is to be found in the machinations of one of Trujillo's master agents who, if he had succeeded completely, would have had a second "invalid" waiting for Murphy at the Miami field.

This master intriguer, whose right name was probably Jesus Martinez Jara, was known widely as El Cojo, the Lame One. He walked with a limp, had a cast in one eye, and wherever he went, murder almost inevitably followed. In the summer and fall of 1955, El Cojo began to wander through the Caribbean toward the American mainland, playing the out-of-character role of a Trujillo agent who at last had found religion and a conscience.

On November 22, 1955, El Cojo called on Dr. Galindez. The Columbia University scholar described the incident in a letter he wrote that night to Dr. Angel Morales, his friend and correspondent in San Juan, Puerto Rico. He concluded his letter by saying: "I have reinforced the locks on my apartment; I am inclined to advise you to do the same for all of yours."

THE ADVICE was sound. Dr. Morales, for nearly thirty years, had been one of the most important of the anti-Trujillo leaders. In the 1920s, he had been one of the Western world's most brilliant diplomats. He had been vice president of the League of Nations. Later, until Trujillo seized power in 1930, he had been Dominican Minister to Washington. In 1935, Trujillo plotters had tried to murder him in New York, but had shot down instead his secretary, Sergio Bencosme.

Now, just at the time the Galindez plot was building to fruition, Dr. Morales suddenly found himself the object of the intense affections of El Cojo. A young Cuban, Orestes Portales Carosco, has given the FBI an affidavit detailing how he met El Cojo in a Miami cafe in early March and how El Cojo told him he had been hired by Trujillo to assassinate Dr. Galindez and "one other."

The "other man" who was to have been assassinated has never been identified publicly, but there can be little doubt that he was Dr. Morales. El Cojo had been trying hard to persuade Dr. Morales to leave San Juan and come to Miami to meet him in March.

"I understand that you might be suspicious of me because of past performances, but I tell you you're wrong," Dr. Morales quotes El Cojo as having said. "I want to do some good. I want to talk this over with you personally. Couldn't you come to Florida to meet me?"

Dr. Morales wisely stayed in Puerto Rico, and so Dr. Galindez was flown alone into the Dominican Republic. Gerald Lester Murphy's role in this fantastic kidnaping by air ended when he landed his plane at Montecristi Airport, on the north coast of the republic. There, according to Dominican sources, a second plane piloted by Octavio de la Maza was waiting. Dr. Galindez was transferred and flown by de la Maza to Ciudad Trujillo.

The last chapter has been told in *Hemispherica,* the bi-monthly bulletin of the Inter-American Association for Freedom and Democracy, one of whose leaders is Norman Thomas. *Hemispherica,* quoting Dominican sources, said: "He (Dr. Galindez) was then carried directly to one of the *fincas* of Trujillo, outside the capital. There, according to this version, Trujillo himself attacked Galindez, beat him, and then turned him over to some of his trusted thugs for a few days of torture, before he was killed."

SUCH IS the history of this international, cloak-and-dagger plot. What concerns many Americans now is the question: What is going to be done about it?

This much has been accomplished: The State Department, refusing to accept the Trujillo fantasy of Murphy's murder and de la Maza's suicide, asked to see the original suicide note. This was examined carefully by FBI experts and pronounced a forgery. A grand jury investigation, which still goes on, was launched in Washington. This, so far, has produced just one indictment: John Joseph Frank, a former FBI and Central Intelligence agent, whose name appears on airport records as the charterer of the Galindez plane, has been accused of acting as an unregistered Trujillo agent.

Trujillo's foes know that his agents still operate with impunity inside our borders; that they pose a very real threat to the lives of Dominicans and native-born Americans alike. Yet President Eisenhower himself, on June 3, welcomed the new Dominican Ambassador to the White House with every appearance of cordiality.

The real issues of the Galindez-Murphy case are drawn in this contrast—the grim reality of the terrorist; the bland acceptance of Trujillo on high levels.

There are many indications of the reality of Trujillo terrorism. For example, after *Life* magazine first revealed the interwoven threads of the Galindez-Murphy mysteries in its issue of February 21, reporters tried to locate Murphy's fiancée. They got no help from District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York because, a Hogan spokesman said, the FBI was so concerned for Miss Caire's safety that it had asked even Hogan not to go near her or attempt to question her for fear of disclosing her identity and whereabouts.

In May, Edward R. Murrow, in an hour-long radio documentary, emphasized the same element of terror still working inside America's borders. He disclosed that fifty persons to whom his reporters had talked had refused to have their voices taped for fear they might be recognized.

Even more graphic was the experience of Representative Charles O. Porter, of Eugene, Oregon. His is virtually the only voice that has been raised against Trujillo in Congress. After he attacked Trujillo, he found it necessary to apply for a gun permit, and as he revealed in the June issue of *Coronet,* he was advised by Washington police that "being a Congressman was no insurance against the peril I faced."

Yet when Representative Porter demanded a Congressional investigation of the Murphy case, he stood practically alone; Congressman after Congressman rose to denounce him. His own majority leader in the House, Representative John McCormack, of Massachusetts, was about to accept a medal from Trujillo, and when Porter protested to him, McCormack wrote this acid reply: "Your criticism of me is more than presumptuous. It is obnoxious."

What is the secret of this great, over-riding Trujillo influence? It obviously has two facets—money and propaganda. The money buys friends and favors; the propaganda paints Trujillo as America's staunch ally in the battle against communism.

Let's look at the way Trujillo uses money. It is no secret that he has spent literally millions on publicity and advertising. Full-page ads inviting Americans to visit the beautiful Dominican Republic do not exactly offend newspaper publishers. Nor do airline junkets for newspaper executives alienate those who are wined and dined in Ciudad Trujillo.

As his legal representatives in America, Trujillo hires only the best names and really lays out the cash. One of these spokesmen—until February 28, when political pressure forced him to sever the tie—was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who evidently considered a retainer of $60,000 a year ample justification for representing Trujillo.

Roosevelt's former law partner in Washington, William Patrick Clark, who also has Franco as a client, continued with the Trujillo account. Porter described, in a New York speech in March, how he had challenged Clark directly on this score and how Clark had insisted that anyone is entitled to counsel, the character of the government makes no difference. "Yet when I questioned him if he would accept a similar arrangement from a Soviet-bloc country, he protested that of course he would not," Porter said.

This blending of Trujillo money and Trujillo professions of anti-communism into a great "love that man" theme song probably was never more graphically illustrated than in the Republican Party dinner in New York on April 30.

Life, in its exposé of February 21, was the first to focus a spotlight on Arturo Espaillat as a possible key figure in the Galindez mystery. The consul general had denied knowing Murphy, but *Life* reproduced a picture the pilot had mailed to his parents in which he had picked Espaillat out of a group photograph and written this identification: "My friend here, General Espaillat, now Consulate Gen. in New York." Subsequent inquiries showed that Murphy had boasted to friends that he knew Espaillat well. He had claimed that it was Espaillat who had got him his position with the Dominican airline after he had delivered Galindez to Trapillo. Belated confirmation of all this came from the State Department in its May 2 note, in which the department pointed out that Espaillat's name had cropped up many times in the investigation.

YET from February 21 to May 2, when Espaillat was already almost out of the country, not only was no move made against him, but he continued to be welcomed in the very best of circles. Proof is to be found in the expensive banquet program printed for the April 30 shindig in the Waldorf-Astoria in honor of New York's new Attorney General, Louis J. Lefkowitz. To this brochure, the Dominican Republic contributed four pages of gold-leaf advertising bearing the legend: "Visit the Fair of Peace and Brotherhood in the Free World." No other contributor to the party war chest felt wealthy enough to buy more than a single page. A Republican publicity agent admitted, off the cuff, that the four pages probably cost the Dominicans some $2,000. No other foreign government took such advertising. No other foreign diplomat was present. But Arturo Espaillat was seated on Dais A. Among his table companions were some of the biggest names in the Republican Party. Besides Leonard Hall, they included: J. Russel Sprague, the Nassau County Republican leader and political godfather of Thomas E. Dewey; Dewey himself; Thomas J. Curran, New York County Republican chairman and a powerful state leader; U.S. Senator Jacob K. Javits; U.S. Attorney Paul W. Williams; Senate Majority Leader Walter J. Mahoney; Assembly Speaker Oswald D. Heck; Assembly Majority Leader Joseph R. Carlino; Republican State Chairman L. Judson Morhouse; and, of course, Attorney General Lefkowitz.

The State Department's request for Espaillat's testimony was received with stony silence in Trujillo-land. Instead of cooperating with the official U.S. investigation, Trujillo on July 20 spent $60,000 to hire the public relations firm of Sydney S. Baron for a publicity campaign designed to achieve "a generally better understanding" with the American people. Baron had been the hired tub-thumper for Carmine De Sapio and Tammany Hall, but his new client so embarrassed Governor Harriman, Mayor Wagner and De Sapio, his "closest and dearest friend," that four days after Trujillo's announcement Baron was forced to give up his Democratic account.

With an additional $50,000, also supplied by Trujillo, Baron retained Morris L. Ernst, the noted liberal lawyer, to conduct an "impartial" investigation into the Galindez mystery. And, finally, Trujillo put up $100,000 to finance the expenses of the Ernst investigation. Baron is to disburse the $100,000 and to provide the investigators with offices cosily situated in his own office building at 515 Madison Avenue. Ernst engaged a former New York Supreme Court Justice, William H. Munson, to help him mastermind the inquiry.

Not many persons with intimate knowledge of the case have much faith in a Trujillo-financed investigation into Trujillo's conduct. When the accused evades official inquiries and sets up his own private investigation in competition with representatives of the law, the results are suspect before the probe is started. This was the view expressed by Representative Porter, who paid respect to the reputations of Morris Ernst and Justice Munson, then added that "they would be the first to say that a fair judgment could not come from a tribunal in the pay of the defendant."

AND could it have been that the Ernst-Munson investigation, so-called, was prompted by the realization that Porter intended to suggest, and did in fact propose on July 18, that the Murphy and Galindez cases be submitted to the Organization of American States for investigation?

Even as Trujillo's Morris Ernst-Sydney Baron publicity play was announced, Porter was struggling manfully in Washington, and making little headway, against the entrenched power of Trujillo's millions. On July 19, he also introduced an amendment to the 1957 Mutual Security Act which would have given priority in the granting of American aid to those Latin American nations having democratic governments. The amendment was crushed by a vote of 176 to 4—just four votes for even this mild profession of faith in democracy!

It is such developments, coupled with the distinguished treatment of Espaillat, that make one wonder on what level we are pressing the Galindez-Murphy investigation, the low or the high. Do we mean it or are we just going through the motions, giving lip service to democracy?

LIFE Aboard the Mayflower . . *by David Cort*

IT WAS A fine dream, crazy as all dreams of reliving the past. The dream was to do the Pilgrim immigration bit all over again, from Plymouth to Plymouth, on a replica of the *Mayflower*, that foundation of Yankee genealogy. Just on the name *Mayflower*, the thing was pre-sold—a natural that couldn't miss.

Perhaps the first false note was that it was two English public-relations men who had the dream, in 1952. The English have a genius for relieving their past, but the *Mayflower* is the American past, wrapped in three centuries of kindly English scorn. Of course a real anniversary for the *Mayflower*, the 350th, would come in 1970, but by then the Americans would have thought of it themselves. Warwick Charlton and John Lowe, didn't dare wait.

And so the research was begun. 1620 was an odd year in England. The golden age of drama had ended and the golden age of religious intolerance was on the wax. But the English, in some memory of Viking blood, had at last outgrown their old fear of the sea. Not only single men, but wives and children as well, now dared the open seas on the narrow floating tenements. The Pilgrim company was 100 (or 102) passengers. The *Mayflower* took the northern route, well away from the Spanish Main, into the teeth of the prevailing winds, from September into December. So much was known. But of specifications for building the ship, there were none, beyond that she was "120 tons burden." The only thing to do was to build a typical barque of the period.

The final cost has been given at $200,000. This is a ridiculously small sum for the difficulties that attended its collection and disbursement. First, the British public put up the original ante for the Mayflower Project. This ran out. Then seventy-six British manufacturers supplied fresh money. This ran out. The American public was asked to contribute, and the names of those who did were sold to the sponsoring manufacturers for sales solicitation. Some American money, notably that of *Life* magazine, came in. Finally a group of New York firms backing New York's Summer Festival and calling itself Mayflower, Ltd., got into the act, to get the *Mayflower* as a summer sideshow. Even this money seemed to have run out about the time the ship was towed out of Brixham, England, where she was built, for the towing firm promptly sued for payment.

IN THE confusion of patriotism, promotion and profit, a non-profit imprimatur was put on the venture by a non-profit civic-promotion society of Plymouth, Mass., called Plimouth (*sic*) Plantations, headed by one Henry Hornblower II. This was to receive the ship after its New York exhibition and make a permanent museum of it at Plymouth.

Captain Alan Villiers and crew of thirty-two sailed April 20 from Plymouth Harbor, under tow, just as if it were the year 1620. The farce note erupted loudly. Somebody aboard pulled a stray cord and a modern, inflatable, rubber life raft exploded, to the astonishment of any Pilgrim ghosts about. Now it turned out there were three more aboard, each capable of taking on the whole crew; the British Government forbade the trip to continue until a fourth had been found and delivered over the side.

The curious Pilgrim ghost could still look about and find some other items with which he was unfamiliar: two-way radio, steering wheel, electricity, generator, modern pumps, modern stove, flares, detergents, yachting caps, steel bunks, rubber boots, aluminum pots, galvanized tin pails, cigarettes, matches and cigarette lighters, as well as a typewriter and cameras and—to use them—a reporter-photographer team from *Life* magazine.

WHETHER DREAM, promotion or farce, this wooden monster now had to be sailed across the Atlantic Ocean. The *Life* writer, a former assistant managing editor whose name has not been on the masthead since he quit to do his own writing, was Maitland Edey, a sometime summer sailor around Martha's Vineyard. Without realizing it, he soon found out why tales of the sea used to have a magic they have lost. Wooden ships, it turned out, make a hell of a lot of disturbing noise: "booming explosions, thunder rolls, hisses, gurgles, chuckles, creaks, groans, complaints, crackling and ticking noises, rising louder and louder until it seemed as if every beam in the ship were splintering. . . ."

Edey conscientiously elected to move from the ship's officer aristocracy to the "tiller flat" proletariat, who had to stand watch and ate in some filth. His story reflects a certain class resentment, as of a Philippe Egalité. The ship drifted in the English Channel for a while, then ran for eleven days before a northwest wind to the Canary Islands, then definitely abandoned any pretense at the Pilgrims' course and idled into the trade winds across the tropics. On the actual crossing leg she made 164 miles a day, down to 70, 43, 29 and 11, as the wind failed and died. Drifting north, she was caught up in a storm, becalmed again, then revived in a good breeze to Cape Cod. Because, since 1620, some other people have settled on the sand dunes of Provincetown where the original *Mayflower* stayed for a month before looking for a greener shore at Plymouth, the modern *May-*

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flower put in there first, again under disillusioning tow. The trip, including tows at both ends, had taken fifty-three days against the Pilgrims' sixty-seven days the hard way.

SO much was *Life's* monopoly, in return for the *Life* contribution to the Mayflower Project's elastic funds. The rest of the press, by hiring a plane, first spotted the *Mayflower* on June 9, south of Nantucket Lightship, in fifteen-foot seas; and the ballyhoo began. A delegation of Cherokee Indians, headed by a former Yankee pitcher, was reported on the way to welcome the new Pilgrims (the original Indians ashore belonged to the Massachusett, Narragansett and Mohegan tribes of the Wampanoag Confederacy).

In Provincetown, which regarded itself as the real end of the line, there was utter civic calm, except for an air-raid siren and church bells. No bunting flew. A relatively small crowd stared glumly at the barque. The irritable crew was given bronze medallions and signed a copy of the original Mayflower Compact—appropriately, inasmuch as the original compact had been demanded by the Pilgrims' rebellious servants and was, in fact, the omen of the British crown's early and continuing troubles with Massachusetts. The press was told that crew members could not talk to it, because they were forbidden by contract to discuss the voyage for one year. Nevertheless, crewmen confided that the ship was "very overloaded" with the "treasure chests" of the British commercial sponsors. Customs men came aboard and were told that the ship and all her equipment entered duty-free under an act covering museum exhibits. However, the treasure of English goods consigned to such firms as Macy's and Brooks Brothers paid duty.

Next day, the *Mayflower* sailed a few miles, then was towed up the channel to Plymouth. The crowd here was variously estimated at from five to twenty-five thousand; the barbecue tents were empty. But millions saw the arrival on TV, and if the Plymouth tradesmen were disgruntled, the *Mayflower* publicity was a national success and ready for the big time. The Governor of Massachusetts, Foster Furcolo, who signed his name "Furcolowe" when he went to Yale but changed back for the Italian vote, was delayed at the Harvard commencement exercises, but finally showed up. Messages from President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan were read. Ellis Brewster, seed of Elder Brewster, was on the shore when by all propriety he should have been arriving. In London, the press was saying that the "blatant" press agentry of the *Mayflower* was bound to embarrass Queen Elizabeth's October visit to Jamestown, where Virginia's authentic 350th anniversary celebration is now under way. Jamestown hastily claimed that it had no commercial aspects whatsoever, at all.

At Plymouth, the press was greatly relieved to learn that all restrictions had been taken off interviews with the crew. The year was up. How come? But of course: that day, *Life* was on the newsstands with its monopolistic fifteen-page story and pictures, first installment, and every newspaper story was a boost for *Life*. Since Edey was only then coming ashore, this was obviously a journalistic miracle.

THESE so-called miracles are always entitled to our close attention. The *Life* story opens with an air-view of the *Mayflower* "230 miles off Bermuda," taken by whom and from what? One can suppose it was a helicopter or seaplane that had picked up Edey's story and the photographer's negatives, and that Edey wrote the detailed captions by two-way radio. Or one can suppose that the *Mayflower* had a darkroom on board—but this is too outrageous —and that Edey captioned developed pictures which were taken off by helicopter. From the internal evidence of the captions, the most likely explanation is that Edey and negatives were lifted off the *Mayflower* and that only the former was returned, after the story went to press, for the entry into Plymouth.

Life is invited to give the true story.

The time element puts a different light on the *Mayflower's* unseemly towing into Provincetown on June 12. Once *Life* had gone to press June 8, it had to have action by Thursday, June 13; and it was evidently not kidding when it demanded and got it.

Perhaps this ignominious end was what so completely deflated the fine dream that *Life* had originally subscribed its money to. For the press, both in England and America, was now in full cry on the track of commercialism. The unloading of the ninety-two commercial treasure chests, valued at $200,000, and 140,000 cancelled envelopes for sale to stamp collectors, was fully reported. In London, the original dreamers were squabbling bitterly, resigning, demanding resignations, refusing to resign, all for "commercialism."

Vice President Nixon and nine Massachusetts Congressmen showed up at Plymouth on June 22 for the "official welcome." Nixon used the line, "How do our sacrifices compare with those of the Pilgrim Fathers?" to justify the Administration's stand on taxes.

IN A mysterious American way, the *Mayflower's* arrival in New York City made it finally and absolutely respectable. Anything that gets a ticker-tape parade, even only to City Hall, takes its honorable place beside Lindbergh and Gertrude Ederle. And at its end were representatives of the Society of Mayflower Descendants, Sons and Daughters of Pilgrims, Daughters of Founders and Patriots, Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century, Daughters of Colonial Wars, Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution and finally, the inevitable Federation of Women's Clubs. The ladies had certified the *Mayflower*. A dissenter in a plane trailing a banner, "Paleface Go Home," was chased off by New York police planes. Yet even this admirable joker implicitly acknowledged the *Mayflower's* status as something that had genuinely arrived. The dream had finally been mass-merchandised.

As the *Mayflower* went on display in New York (admission: adults, 95 cents; children, 42 cents), she really hit the "big time." In full-page newspaper ads for Rheingold beer, a crew of male models—or perhaps they were crew members—and a hilarious Miss Rheingold passed around beer cartons over the Pilgrim diary entry: ". . . our victuals being much spent, especially our beere. . ." In 1957 America, the ad happily pointed out, such a condition is impossible. In a world where there is always plenty of beer, the ad seemed to say, beer "never sweet, never bitter," what better use is there for old dreams than to sell beer, tinned foods, fine woolens and toiletries?

Rheingold had paid for an exhibit on the *Mayflower* of other ships that had brought valuable manpower to these shores in the past. It slyly insinuated that one of the most significant voyages was that of the ship of the 1840s that had brought over a Mr. Liebmann, founder of its breweries.

Beginning in 1846, the potato famines sent waves of Irishmen in the steerage holds to America; in 1848 the German troubles sent other waves of German liberals and Jews. As a service to others who may want to relive a past just as significant as the *Mayflower*, some of these ships are listed at right, each with arrival date, departure port and number of steerage passengers:

Sept. 25, 1846—*Manchester,* Liverpool, 226
Sept. 28, 1846—*Hudson,* Liverpool, 69
Jan. 2, 1847—*Chaos,* Liverpool, 168
Jan. 14, 1847—*Hector,* Liverpool, 219
July 1, 1848—*Magna Carta,* Dublin, 113
July 3, 1848—*Manteo,* Liverpool, 242
July 14, 1848—*Oneida,* Liverpool, 282
July 17, 1848—*Sardinia,* Liverpool, 293
July 19, 1848—*Providence,* Antwerp, 60
July 19, 1848—*Mississippi,* Rotterdam, 194
July 21, 1848—*Sylphide,* Antwerp, 112
Oct. 20, 1848—*E. Z.,* Liverpool, 259
Nov. 16, 1848—*Warren,* Glasgow, 158
Nov. 18, 1848—*Pacific,* Liverpool, 218

SPORTS IN AMERICA

The BOSWELLS of BASEBALL . .

by Roger Kahn

[*This is the second in a series on Sports in America by a veteran sportswriter who is now sports editor of* Newsweek. *A final article will appear in an early issue.*]

IN THE PAGES of American newspapers not even the Republican Party enjoys more extensive coverage and more enthusiastic approval than does the field of sports. Without benefit of serious advertising, sports regularly splash across more columns than music, art, books and theatre combined and when a baseball promoter stoops to purchase his daily five-line ad, he exudes the benign air usually associated with contributions to the American Red Cross.

If Walter O'Malley, the calculating president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, becomes concerned with slumping gate receipts, he does not buy a full page in *The New York Times.* Instead, he calls a press conference. Then, by hinting, say, that the Dodgers are losing money and may have to reduce their players' salaries next year, he wins a headline in every newspaper in New York. By grouping the Dodgers and the city of Los Angeles in the same sentence, he may gain national coverage or even, as he did recently, crack the front page of the *Manchester Guardian.* The rule of thumb for sports promoters is simple. It does not pay to advertise; it pays to call a press conference.

As advocates of soccer, lacrosse and chess lament sporadically, there is no charity in the news judgment of sports editors. The circulation men push baseball, boxing, football and horse-racing results and for most sports editors the rest is merely addenda to fill whatever excess space exists. The lure of the big four sports is so persistent that they dominate the back page of every tabloid in the country and form the core of sports sections in the Sunday *Times,* which on occasion have to run to more than sixty columns of type.

WHETHER a sport lends more to a newspaper's appeal than the paper's coverage does to that of the sport, is a riddle bruited about for decades. It will not be solved here. For every newspaperman who credits the press with building sports, there is a promoter waiting to point out that big-time sports have been the papers' most durable circulation crutch since 1910. Both sides are partially correct, and with the vivid emergence of the athletic hero during America's fifty-year sports boom has arisen the unique breed of newspapermen called sportswriters.

Neither the American Newspaper Guild nor any major newspaper personnel office formally recognizes sportswriting as an occupation. Guild contracts include the blanket classification, "reporter," and if the reporter happens to be covering prize fights, the Guild takes no official notice. The sportswriter who spends his spring covering a baseball team in Florida is paid on the same scale as the rewrite man whose eight-hour trick consists of grinding out 100-word obituaries. Merit raises for sportswriters are infrequent and few earn more than $150 a week, although occasionally a top man is paid $200, and once in a generation someone like Red Smith hits the jackpot through syndication.

On most newspapers, the unofficial specialty of sportswriting is further broken down into unofficial sub-specialties. At the top sits the sports columnist. Within limits, he makes his own assignments, editorializes freely, writes as he pleases, files his copy by Western Union and appears in the office only to accept a paycheck or to deposit an expense account.

Next come the "beat" men, reporters who concentrate on one sport and whose professional knowledge, if not writing style, is almost always acceded to by editors. Most reporters are convinced that baseball is the best of all possible beats. The baseball writer leaves for spring training and warm weather in mid-February, stays with the ball club for an entire season and, as long as he attends the games and does not libel the manager, he is pretty much left alone. Then there are boxing writers, golf writers, horse-racing writers and so on, clear down to the schoolboy-sports editor, who is not an editor at all, but a cub reporter learning to master English in a job where mixed metaphors will harm circulation least.

FROM THE standpoint of informed reporting, this ultra-specialization has worked out well. I know baseball writers who can hold their own in technical discussions with Leo Durocher and basketball writers who could probably succeed as coaches. But it has also left newspapermen open to a pair of deadly traps. The first, a compulsion to tinker with English, comes when a reporter is so sure of his facts that he concentrates on making his story colorful. Purple is the most popular color. The second, a mistaken-identity syndrome, occurs often among baseball writers, and is evident when they begin referring to the team they spend most of their waking hours with, but not the newspapers, as "we."

According to a quotation which I have traced to Cato the Elder, "Some of the best and most of the worst writing anywhere is that which appears in sports sections." I think you could safely apply this statement equally to Boswell, to *Poetry Magazine* and, with a small deletion, to the novels of Frances Parkinson Keyes. A more accurate and more pertinent view is that sportswriters are allowed to write very well or very badly with precious little risk of editing.

Most sports events start at approximately the same time and most of the stories arrive in the newspaper office at approximately the same hour. As a result, there is rarely much chance for a quick rewrite, let alone a complete revision. Down through the years, sports-page readers have been punished with prose like this:

> A lot of cuticle was removed from the Tiger hide this fair and idyllic afternoon when the Tiger football team undertook to do battle with the formidables of Notre Dame. It was a severe beating the Tigers, still in the primer stage of gridiron development, took from the Westerners. They were no match for the fast and crafty lads from South Bend, who beat them by a score of 25 to 2, while 28,000 persons saw the one-sided encounter. The Tigers still have their stadium left, though, as said, they lost cuticle by the square yard.

In the third paragraph, the writer mentioned that the game played was football and explained that the Tigers were Princeton's football team.

The cuticle gem dates from 1923 and although there has been improvement on a broad front since then, a regular reader will still encounter some horrible stuff. Once, not too long ago, when the New York Giants played an exhibition game in Colorado, a *Herald Tribune* baseball writer (who has since been shifted) thought it would be rather droll repeatedly to address his readers as "Podners." He wrote and his paper published an account in which he told how in this rugged country, Podner, the Giants looked like a rugged team, Podner, and the total effect, Podner, was about as droll as a tornado.

For years there seemed to be a belief at the Associated Press that no golfer was identifiable without an alliterative, denominative adjective. It is impossible to recall an A.P. golf story in which Ben Hogan was not "Bantam Ben" and Sam Snead was not "Slammin' Sam." I knew a gallant copyreader who spent years in the sports department of a New York newspaper removing alliterative adjectives and pining for the appearance of a golfer named Xavier. Eventually he surrendered and now works in the business-news department where, except for handling one story beginning "Sly Serge Rubinstein," he reports that he has been considerably happier.

Clearly, a sports reporter writes with a minimum of restrictions. He is expected only to tell the result of the event and employ some insight in explaining how the result came to pass. Nowhere, not even on the *Times*, are sportswriters bound by the classic who-where-what-when-why lead. There are sound reasons for this which are probably best illustrated through baseball.

The bare result of a ball game is not likely to be news to a fan. He has probably seen the game on television, or heard it on radio, or listened to a friend's account in the office. The newspaperman must provide more than the telecaster, the broadcaster or the friend. Quite understandably, the baseball writer who covers 180 games a year, cannot and will not write the same story 180 times. The best baseball writers search relentlessly for the unusual.

A *Daily News* baseball writer named Dick Young has been successful with a technique in which he mentions the result in passing, then proceeds to the serious business of punning or whatever else his special gimmick is that day. Late in the 1950 season, Young concluded that the Dodgers were losing because of cowardice at critical moments, a trait ball players call "choking up," in allusion to the difficulty in swallowing that often accompanies severe tension.

To get his cowardice point across, Young began a story, "The tree that grows in Brooklyn is an apple tree and the apples are in the throats of the Dodgers." From the standpoint of the *Daily News* editors, one sensational lead such as Young's justifies all the latitude given their sportswriters.

The danger is excess, and on the sports pages excess is routine. Several years after the apple story, when the Dodgers again were slumping, Chuck Dressen, their manager, ordered several cases of liquor and thrust drinks upon his players after a game. "To relax 'em," Charlie said. Young's response was a story in alcoholic dialect with such lines as "Wash wusha score?" It might have made a bright monologue but it was virtually impossible to read the next day.

A batter can line a single to center field. He can also loop it, smash it, bash it, belt it, drill it, crack it, smack it, wallop it, larrup it, powder it, poke it, power it, conk it, rocket it, whistle it, paddle it, push it and still have his single to center. All these descriptive verbs are acceptable to sports copy desks and all are used by baseball writers striving for color. The football fullback can hit the line like a Roman phalanx, like a Mack Truck, like a battering ram, like a pile-driver, like a block-buster and still make a first down in the sports section. All these images are valueless. The best of them is hopelessly vague. But all are used and will continue to be used as long as sportswriters insist on offering their readers fifty images a week, a chore that probably would have vanquished Dylan Thomas.

IF THE public conception of a sportswriter grappling with English is somewhat vague, theories about the life he leads are stark and clear. "Gin for breakfast, Scotch for lunch and a Copa girl to help out with the story at a late supper," friends sometimes told me slyly when I wrote sports for a newspaper. The drinking is optional, but a sportswriter today is far more likely to have a publicity man than a Copa girl providing suggestions for his lead. During the 1920s there seems to have been a good deal of outright corruption of sportswriters, notably by boxing promoters. There is almost no corruption through cash now, not because of any upturn in the honesty of mankind, but simply because the risks exceed any possible gains. Public relations have replaced the handouts and again baseball, the most intensively covered sport, has set the pattern.

For years the ball clubs offered to pay all travel expenses for newspapers assigning a writer to their team. Within the last fifteen years, many newspapers recognized the danger of this paternalistic relationship and started paying their own way; in New York City, however, the two Hearst papers and the *Post* still accept the charity of the teams. In addition, papers are allowed to buy huge allotments of World Series tickets, which are largely used by advertising salesmen but also are available to important editors and to promotion men.

ON THE individual level, the teams make a determined effort to please both the sports editor and the writer assigned to cover them. Would the writer like to take his family to spring training? The paper won't pay for it, but the ball club may. Is the managing editor riding the sports department? Perhaps the club can leak a few exclusives. The "difficult" writer, the one who enjoys sarcasm, is singled out for special treatment. Two years ago Walter O'Malley telephoned three writers covering the Dodgers and suggested that they were suffering from negativism. "You and I would both do better if you wrote more positive stuff," he said, helpfully. Once, when covering the Yankees in a year when their competition was particularly weak, I began a story, "The Yankees, who looked bad losing yesterday, managed to look mediocre winning today." The next night the club publicity director invited me to his hotel room, poured a drink and asked if I was trying to ruin baseball.

No sportswriter is trying to ruin baseball. Over the years the writers have tended sports fondly, and though they may criticize among themselves or complain in print, the outsider who dislikes sports is considered unclean, possibly leftist and probably effeminate.

For the most part, the big-city sportswriter is an honest man, a little bored by his job, easily convinced that he should be writing something more important but secretly snug in the field he knows best. Ultimately, he is likely to stop trying to write well, and instead settle comfortably on clichés and say, as one friend said not long ago, "What the hell do the bastards want for a hundred and fifty bucks a week? Shakespeare?"

The editors don't, the circulation men don't and few readers are disturbed at the number of sportswriters who quit papers for jobs that pay more than $150. Those who remain, the veteran sportswriters, are the important ones. They are the best promotion force anywhere in American industry.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

desire of these gentlemen for the return to them of German assets in the United States and their absolute refusal to recognize the "sanctity" of the private property stolen by them during the Nazi regime. An example is that of a former leading non-Aryan German independent banker whose bank was merged with the *Dresdner Bank* in the early 1930s. On the night of Hitler's "election," he was forced to flee Germany, leaving in "safekeeping" with his supposed friends at the *Dresdner Bank* (including Mr. Goetz) securities of German banks and industrial concerns valued at several million marks, as well as his world-famed art collection. In 1941, under the combined auspices of the bank and the Nazi government, the art collection was auctioned in Germany, and the securities appropriated by the bank. After the war, some private purchasers voluntarily returned auctioned items of art to the rightful owner, but not Mr. Goetz and the *Dresdner Bank;* appropriated private property was not *that* sanctified. To this day they refuse to turn over any assets they held for safekeeping, denying responsibility and liability and insisting that their records of the account of their former associate were "lost or damaged" so that no accounting can be rendered.

SELWYN GRANGER

Chicago, Illinois

China's Tunnel to Formosa . . *by Chao Kuo-chun*

THE anti-American riot of last May in Taipei has again focused the eyes of the world on the strategic island of Taiwan (Formosa). There is, however, another development which is potentially much more significant in the future relations between Washington and Taipei. This is the "peace offensive" waged by the Peking government against Taiwan since last fall. Many of the frustrations and bottled-up emotions of the island's populace, which were among the basic causes of the anti-U.S. flare-up, could also be utilized by Peking in its current maneuvers against both Taiwan and the United States.

A dilemma exists between the increasing pressure on the State Department at Washington to recognize that Peking has become a world power in effective control of one-quarter of the world's population, and the strategic value of Taiwan, with a regime that is an ally by treaty with the United States.

In an attempt to resolve this dilemma, three schools of thought have developed here: Those who advocate U.S. recognition of the Peking government; those who favor an independent status for Taiwan either as a nation or as a temporary trustee of the United Nations; and those who support the maintenance of the status quo. The last stand seems unrealistic and, in the long run, untenable. The second "solution" is unfeasible, as it has been rejected by both the Chinese Communists and Nationalists. The first proposal can hardly get by the U.S. Congress, as things stand now. Peking, however, obviously sees a fourth possibility: re-uniting Taiwan with the mainland through internal defections among the Kuomintang leaders either in the immediate future or after the death of Chiang Kai-shek, who is now seventy-one.

The current campaign by Peking to "peacefully annex Taiwan," now going full blast, was launched on June 25, 1956, by a report to the Third Session of the National Committee of the People's Congress by Li Wei-han, chief of the United Front Department of the Chinese Communist Party.[1] In this speech, Li, a member of the party's Central Committee, announced that "the C.C.P. should coexist with democratic parties over a long period of time, and that there should be mutual supervision and, first of all, supervision over the C.C.P." The "liberalizing trend" was re-echoed in speeches at the party's Eighth Congress in September, 1956. In March, 1957, the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang, consisting of former K.M.T. leaders who support the policies of the Chinese Communists, set up in Peking the "Work Committee on the Peaceful Liberation of Taiwan," with General Chang Chih-chung and Dr. Weng Wen-hao as co-chairmen (General Chang was a former member of the Central Committee of the K.M.T. and a hero in the Sino-Japanese War; Dr. Weng was the Premier of the Nanking Government in 1948).

THESE names and their connections with the Nationalists indicate that the C.C.P. is employing once again its effective technique of winning over the opponents through personal approaches. Traditionally in China, personal relations have always played an important part in an individual's decision, and even in major policies. Especially influential are the words of one's teachers, elders and superiors. Many leaders now in Taiwan served under such people as Li Chi-shen, Ch'eng Ch'ien, Ch'en Ming-ch'u and Fu Tso-yi, or were pupils of educators and scholars like Ma Yin-ch'u, Feng, Yu-lan, Lu Chih-wei, Wu Yi-fang and Fei Hsiao-t'ung—all enthusiastic supporters of the Peking Government. These mainland leaders may have, in varying degrees, swaying power over their erstwhile subordinates or pupils.

The number of former Nationalist leaders who have remained on the Chinese mainland is larger than is generally realized. One Chinese writer in Singapore estimated in early 1957 that the number of former K.M.T. Central Committee members (including members of the Control Committee) who are now in Peking is "greater than that at Taipei . . . and there are more generals of the Nanking armies in mainland China than in Taiwan."[2] At the same time, Peking no longer talks about "the punishment of war criminals such as Chiang Kai-shek." Instead, Chou En-lai stated that Peking is willing to cooperate with everyone who favors a peaceful liberation of Taiwan; Kuomintang members were invited to pay a short visit to the mainland to find out things for themselves.

A SIMILAR psychological technique in Peking's peace offensive is to ask the family members of Nationalist leaders who remain on the mainland to broadcast and write letters about the regime's socio-economic achievements. In March, the mother of Chang Ch'un, a top leader of the Kuomintang at Taiwan, expressed over the radio her eagerness to see her son again on her ninetieth birthday. Late in the same month, invitations to visit the mainland were made to George Yeh, Foreign Minister of the Taiwan Government, by an uncle and a brother. The recent return to the mainland of a number of well-known Chinese, such as Professor Ch'ien Hsüeh-sheng, world authority on jet propulsion at the California Institute of Technology; Dr. Chou Ping-wen, former Chinese Chief Delegate to the Food and

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[1] The full text of Li's report appears in *China Semi-Monthly*, August 15, 1957. A similar thesis was reiterated in an editorial of the *People's Daily*, April 26, 1957.

[2] Tsao Chu-jen, "Observations from My Trip to Peking," Singapore, 1957, quoted in the *China Daily News*, New York, March 16 and 18, 1957.

Agriculture Organization, and General Wei Li-huang (from Hongkong) had all been accelerated by entreaties from their close relatives in China.

Of course, non-personal factors are also utilized by Peking—such as the internal weakness of the Kuomintang at Taiwan as contrasted with the mainland Chinese achievements since the establishment of the Central People's Government on October 1, 1949. Without understanding these factors, the import of Peking's strategy cannot be fully evaluated. Among the more serious domestic problems faced by Taiwan are the factionalism in the Kuomintang and the deteriorating economic conditions of the island. There are still numerous cliques in the Kuomintang: the Whampoa military group, which looks up to General Ch'en Ch'eng as its leader; the faction headed by Chiang Ching-kuo, elder son of Chiang Kai-shek and boss of the secret police in Taiwan; the remnants of the notorious CC clique, which was bossed by Ch'en Li-fu (now residing in Lakewood, New Jersey); the so-called "Political Science group"; various organizations formed by indigenous Taiwanese, and others. The leading contenders for power are the groups headed by Ch'en Ch'eng and Chiang Ching-kuo; when Chiang Kai-shek is no longer at the helm of his party, the struggle between them may break into the open. While young Chiang has the backing of his father and the secret police, many of the K.M.T. leaders are critical of him, partly because he has advanced too quickly on the power ladder and partly because he supported Stalin and denounced his father during his student days in Moscow (1925-1935).

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Miles
CHINA
Foochow
FORMOSA STR.
Keelung
TAIPEI
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FORMOSA
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Pintung
Kaohsiung

The most menacing economic problems in Taiwan (population 9,000,000) are persistent inflation and chronic unemployment. Taking the consumer price index of 1949 in the island as 100, the index in 1953 was about 700, and in December, 1956, 1,000 (Statistical Supplement, *International Labor Review*, March, 1957). Had it not been for American aid and the expenditures of U.S. armed forces, which totalled about two billion U.S. dollars in the last eight years, the situation would be even graver. No unemployment figures have been released by the Kuomintang authorities, but it is well known that most college graduates have a very difficult time in finding jobs. A primary reason for Taiwan's economic difficulties is the high proportion of military cost in the budget—80 per cent, as compared to about 50 per cent for the United States and 20 per cent for mainland China (*Economic Survey of Asia and the Far East,* United Nations, February, 1957).

THESE political and economic difficulties are aggravated by the general realization among the populace that the existence of the Nationalist regime depends on the U.S. Seventh Fleet, and that any day a changed international situation (e.g., a Labor Party victory in Great Britain in the next general election, a sudden adjustment of Washington's policy toward Peking, etc.), or internal dissensions could result in the regime's disintegration. It is not hard to see why many Chinese on the island have begun to feel frustrated and were ripe for the outburst two months ago at Taipei.

From private conversations with a number of people who have come here from Taiwan, including a few sent by government organs, one gathers the impression that many see little future for the Kuomintang regime.

In contrast, a limited number of people in Taiwan who have access to uncensored information, learn that Peking's economic, social and political reforms have changed China's stagnant economy and society. Many Chinese outside the mainland may feel indifferent or even hostile to communism *per se,* but their strong nationalist feeling makes them sympathetic toward a government which has united China and made it powerful within a few short years. A series of new political lines enunciated by Peking in recent months have also found favor among many Chinese abroad. These include the policy of "let one hundred schools contend" as well as Mao Tse-tung's doctrinal innovation that "non-antagonistic contradictions exist within the party's own ranks and between the leaders and the masses, and the people must be encouraged to speak out." (See *New York Times,* June 19.) Under the combined influence of nationalism and the new policies of Peking, a number of overseas Chinese groups, including those in Indonesia, Singapore and Thailand, have already come out in support of the peace moves by Peking toward Taiwan.

IN VIEW of these developments, it would be unwise to dismiss Peking's line of "peaceful liberation of Taiwan" as mere propaganda. History sometimes has a habit of repeating itself. Less than a decade ago the Kuomintang collapsed in China because the people saw no future under its rule. Not only did the key social classes of China—the intelligentsia and the peasants—go over to the Communists, but also several millions of Kuomintang soldiers. With these troops and many Nationalist leaders, there went also several billions of American taxpayers' dollars and modern American weapons. The recent anti-American violence in Taipei (particularly the hands-off attitude shown by the police) indicates that, in spite of the indispensable aid given to Taiwan by Washington, many Chinese on the island harbor resentment against the United States. One lesson to be drawn from all this seems to be that money and arms alone are not enough to acquire the faith and goodwill of another people. The war of ideas and ideals must be won by more positive weapons than the Matadors—with or without atomic punch.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Tenacity of the Gallows

REFLECTIONS ON HANGING. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. 254 pp. $4.50.

NOT GUILTY. By Jerome Frank and Barbara Frank. Doubleday. 262 pp. $3.75.

Robert Hatch

LOGIC is so strongly on the side of those who would abolish capital punishment that, ironically, they have the greatest difficulty setting up an argument to publicize their views. Executions continue from inertia and the majesty of precedent, supported by the "reasonable" man's belief that when one life is forfeited for another the equation balances. But I suspect that there is more to the tenacity of the gallows than ignorance, cruelty, indifference or a faulty sense of logic. We are the carriers of all manner of atavisms (have you never kicked the chair that offended your shin; never cursed the heaven that rained on your picnic?) that make us feel better when we do meaningless things. A man who has killed another is unclean; he is outside the tribe; he is an affront to the gods. It is not the killer who is a danger to us, but his crime. The sin is on the community and it must be washed out in blood—preferably the blood of the offender, but shockingly enough the tribesman within me would rather have the blood of sacrifice than no blood at all. It "feels" right when the trap is sprung, or the switch thrown. And it doesn't matter, since the sin is absolute, whether the murder was committed for gain, in passion or from fear.

It is this "feel," I think, which the rational foes of the executioner overlook; it is why they are baffled when society does not follow at once the imperative of their conclusive statistics and faultless logic. If we were entirely motivated by reason, I should confidently expect that, a year after the publication of Arthur Koestler's *Reflections on Hanging*, capital punishment would be wiped clean from the statutes of the civilized community. I do not expect this reform so soon, though I am sure it will come. We no longer employ trial by fire or exhibit maniacs in cages. Generation by generation, the memory of cave and camp site grows fainter and the mind comes closer to its sovereignty. But it is still a monarch beset.

MEANWHILE, men of logic must keep pressing, and none does it better than Koestler. He is patient and thorough with his theme; he is also quick-tempered and witty, so that his book engenders its own momentum and even the convinced will hold on to the end.

He makes mince meat of the argument that the shadow of the hangman is all that protects society from a holocaust of private slaughter. This is not surprising, for the supporting figures have been available for some time. But his explanation of how the Bloody Code arose in 18th century England is both instructive and less well-known. Earlier, few crimes had been punishable by death, but the travail of the Industrial Revolution, which both loosened the traditional reins on behavior and piled up conspicuous wealth for pillage, put the new middle class in great fear. That anxiety was not so great as to break down the Englishman's traditional distaste for an effective police force, but it was sufficient for him to fight fear with terror. The method did not work—crime rose according to social conditions and was not restrained by hanging men for peccadilloes. In the end, the Bloody Code was abolished at the urging of the very merchants it was intended to protect: juries began to revolt against the endless parade to Tyburn and would let obviously guilty men go free.

In this connection it is interesting that from 1900 to 1950 in England juries found less than one per cent of those tried for crimes other than murder "guilty but insane," and in the same period brought in that judgment against forty per cent of capital defendants. Murderers are not all that much crazier than pickpockets, counterfeiters or blackmailers; the difference represents the juries' opinion that the punishment does not fit the crime.

Koestler treats with brilliant scorn the legal definition of insanity; he is savage with famous jurists who, jealous of their prerogative to guard and transmit the common law, have resisted with rhetoric the logic of reform. He goes, I think unwisely, into the marshy debate between free will and determinism. Whatever the philosophical fascination of this enigma, society must act *as if* a man were responsible for what he does, and Koestler labors somewhat inconclusively in an area he could legitimately have detoured.

For the benefit of readers whose imaginations are dim, he gives the horrifying details of executions, citing the atrocities peculiar to hanging, electrocution and gassing. Curiously, he does not mention the one method of execution which, physically speaking, is guaranteed painless. That is the axe, or as the French employ it, the guillotine. The horror in this is innate and again it is probably atavistic—a skeleton with no skull on its shoulders will be nonplussed on the day of resurrection. Only the French, that rational people, continue to favor the short, sharp shock.

ONE of Koestler's most telling arguments is, of course, "how can you be sure?" Only an infallible being has the right to make irrevocable decisions, and the best certainty that juries can attain is the kind called a "moral" certainty to cover the fact that it is not certain at all.

Just how fallible our methods of justice are is made brutally clear in *Not Guilty*, written by the late Judge Jerome Frank with the research and journalistic assistance of his daughter. It is not as eloquent a book as

Koestler's and the case histories which form its core hinge monotonously on the varieties of mistaken identity. But its weight of blunders is impressive and it makes two painful points. One of these is that the judicial process has evolved, not as a search for truth by scrupulous experts, but as a contest of skill between prosecution and defense. Only the rare prosecutor will cheat to win his case; but just as rare is the one who will search for the truth rather than the framework of a case. The theory is that if opposing lawyers fight with equal power, justice will out; but it is notorious that lawyers are not equal and that the resources of the state outweigh those of any but the wealthiest defendant.

Judge Frank's other point is that errors in criminal cases are usually discovered only by the sleuthing of those determined to free a prisoner they believe innocent. Errors are therefore not often found when the sentence has been death. Savages though we may still be, it is chastening to realize that we can be sure of only one thing about the number of innocent people who are executed for murder—it is larger than we know.

Men and Myth in Israel

BRIDGEHEAD, The Drama of Israel. By Waldo Frank. George Braziller Inc. 220 pp. $3.75.

Leonard Woolf

WALDO FRANK was commissioned by a group of Spanish-American newspapers to go to Israel and write a series of articles on how the Jews, after nearly 2,000 years, have returned as Israelis to the twice-promised land. Mr. Frank had seen the Jews in Palestine thirty years before in the early years of the Mandate, when the diaspora was being reversed and thousands of Jews from eastern Europe were flocking to the National Home. He wrote his articles, and then found that his experiences in Israel had left a deposit in his mind which went deeper than journalism. Hence this book, which deals with what he saw *sub specie aeternitatis* or at least from the angle of two thousand years of human history.

Mr. Frank has many qualifications for the task which he has set himself, for, besides being an expert journalist, he is a distinguished novelist and a philosophically-minded historian. It goes without saying, therefore, that he has written an extremely interesting book. It is well worth while reading his meditations on the dramatic spectacle of this new Israel state struggling for existence. What are they doing and what will they make of it, these one and a half million men and women from the ghettos of eastern Europe, from the slums of Tunis, from the modernities of New York, and from the deserts of Yemen, trying to build a new Jerusalem in the midst of forty million "Arabs" sworn to annihilate them? No one who has walked through the bustling streets of Tel Aviv, has seen the new university springing up in Jerusalem, has had a glimpse of the communal life and communal agriculture of the *kibbutz*, has listened to university professors, taxi-drivers, shepherds discussing perpetually—and all with great intelligence and understanding—the tremendous problems, political, economic and spiritual which confront Israel and indeed the world—no one who has had this exhilarating experience can fail to regard the spectacle with admiration and foreboding. And from this background he will turn to Mr. Frank in the hope of finding enlightenment and reassurance.

The reader will get a certain amount of enlightenment, but not very much reassurance. Mr. Frank is such an experienced observer and so skilled a writer that he can bring before the reader's eye and mind very vividly the scenes which he actually saw and the conversations which he had with Jew and Arab up and down the land. He does not offer one much reassurance because fundamentally, and at the back of his own mind, he seems to doubt the future of the Jew turned Israeli and therefore of the Israeli state. But though Mr. Frank is an admirable guide to the immediate and, if one might say so, the journalistic scene from Dan to Beersheba, his wider vision of history, psychology, society is vitiated by a kind of sociological pathetic fallacy which afflicts so many clever—and a good many stupid—people when they contemplate the past, present, or future of the Jews.

This fallacy consists in attributing to the Jews a mystical relation either to good or to evil, to God, religion and history. Mr. Frank's wider historical outlook is shrouded in this mystical obscurity and he therefore again and again makes statements which have no precise meaning and merely obscure the situation or problem which he is trying to illuminate. For instance, he found that the inhabitants of every *kibbutz* were "self-absorbed" and that "self-absorption is the tonal key of all the communes I saw." Surely this is what one might expect in small communities engaged in a difficult and ex-

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LEONARD WOOLF, historian, critic and co-founder (with Virginia Woolf) of The Hogarth Press, has recently returned to England from a visit to Israel.

Country Boredom

Whole days are city minutes if you measure
Time by persons. Less. For no one comes.
Ticktock is not a footstep, nor does wind
Wear clothes. Nor does sunset speak to sunrise;
They are not even strangers to each other,
Here in this waste of purpose, in this faceless
Forum where the atoms never argue:
Equal and indivisible; content
With the vast void between them. If you count
By voices, music fails; and if you listen
Only for wit there is no need of ears.
What then? Why stay? What is the good of stillness,
Had at so huge a cost? I will not tell you.
I do not know. Except, with stillness itself
For standard, I could be satisfied, and am.
Listen. No one comes. That wasn't the wind.
Even the clock is holding its breath; and the stars
Have stopped. Or I think they have. Be quiet. Thinking
Itself is sound. We shouldn't be here. Or if so,
We shouldn't be disagreeing. Even agreeing.

MARK VAN DOREN

acting economic and agricultural project and a remarkable experiment in communal life. Mr. Frank is not content with so matter-of-fact an explanation; he must have his mysticism which turns light to darkness. He explains the "self-absorption" as due to the fact that the *kibbutz* is "a collective individual" and this is his explanation of his explanation:

> I call them a collective individual, because the content of their mind, however intellectual, and of their actions, however necessary, is held to a matrix which is insulate and "selfish" in the way of normal childhood. When these processes find organic place in the world of existence, when the self discovers and develops its share of the Cosmic, the *individual* becomes a *person.* I found in Israel collective individuals in splendid and various profusion. I do not believe that I encountered collective persons.

Mr. Frank did not find his collective persons because they are figments of his fancy in regions where fancifulness is inappropriate. No communities either in Israel, in the United States, or anywhere else find organic place in the world of existence by discovering and developing their share of the Cosmic.

He brings to the terrible problem of the future of the Jew become an Israeli the same kind of meaningless mysticism. The Jew who has come from eastern Europe or Yemen or the United States to help build, as a citizen, a new state in Israel necessarily has to change profoundly his way of life, his mental outlook, his allegiances. As you go up and down the country you see this mental, spiritual, physical change taking place in every class of society. Surely it is—and must be—the same kind of change which took place in the millions of immigrants from Europe to America and has transformed the Irishman and the Russian, the Swede and the Italian into an American. But again Mr. Frank will not have anything to do with a simple, matter-of-fact vision like this. The Jew, according to him, has some special connection with God. (Is this the old story of the Chosen People?) "There has always been the pool, infinitely profound, of God's presence within man, from which the Jew drew sustenance." The "genius of the Jew" requires that he must always "know" God, "although the idiom of the knowledge change. And for this God must be *sought.* Without this axiom, the Jew no longer changes, but ceases."

This seems to me wordy fancifulness. In the mountains of Galilee I met a shepherd whom I had known years ago as a clerk in a shipping office in London. He was and is a Jew, but I do not think he has ever known or sought God. He is changing from an Englishman to an Israeli, just as many an Englishman has changed into a citizen of the United States of America. The process has nothing to do with any pool of God's presence in man.

The Speakable Gentleman

LIFE AT HAPPY KNOLL. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown. 167 pp. $3.75.

Max Cosman

THE MOST pointed criticisms of J. P. Marquand as writer find support in his own admissions. This is ironic, for he does not indulge in self-recrimination nor, for that matter, in self-revelation. He is too well-adjusted for the first and much too restrained for the second. But as a craftsman working within the mores of business, he has on occasion labeled his products, and thus inadvertently supplied critics with useful testimony.

He has not done this to the extent his English counterpart, Somerset Maugham, has in *The Summing Up*; but he made a start in an article called "Apley, Wickford Point, and Pulham." As a result, readers of those novels, who may have wondered why Mr. Marquand lapses into sentimentality when he should be concluding some satire in hand, now have an explanation for his behavior. "Looking back on the writing of this novel"—he is speaking of *The Late George Apley* but what he says applies with modifications to the others—"I think I originally conceived it as a savage attack on the old water side of Beacon Street. Then, as I continued, I discovered that Mr. Apley was a sitting duck and that savage satire directed at him was incapable of long sustention. It finally dawned on me that Mr. Apley, like anyone in any *rentier* class, had many admirable sides to his character."

Unfortunately, such ambivalence of feeling is characteristic neither of time-honored masters of satire like Swift nor of newer practitioners like Angus Wilson. It would seem that achievement in satire goes rather to one who sticks to a choice in an issue than to one who changes his mind. To scorn and to embrace a subject alternately is not a virtue but an indulgence. It blurs distinctions, and, what is a worse crime, it destroys values.

Mr. Marquand's comment on himself as short story writer is also significant. It appears in an introductory note to "The Minutes of the Mulligatawny Club," a section in that book of his oddments, *Thirty Years.* The Minutes—they are really two stories, "Sun, Sea, and Sand" and "King of the Sea"—deal with the affairs of a rich American community in the British West Indies. A Pirate Night dance that almost ends in an unresolvable scandal and the neurotic sensitivity of one of the wealthier families to a supposed fortune-hunter, the respective themes of the stories, are presented with such sureness of characterization and such satirical consistency that it is hard to think of any contemporary man of letters who would be unhappy to have written them.

Yet this is how Mr. Marquand disposes of his feat: "I once thought when I wrote these stories that at last, after thirty and more years of endeavor, I had solved the problem of writing a story that the readers of a popular magazine might enjoy and yet a story that a few critics might take seriously. I was wrong. These last efforts of mine in the field of short fiction were greeted by editors with restrained enthusiasm. If I must continue to buy shoes for the baby and if I want to keep a few friends, I must make an effort to find a happier vein."

THE frankness of this admission deserves praise but not so its balancing of convenience against integrity. Even if we could believe that Mr. Marquand was being pushed to the wall by his shoemaker and his friends, we should still hold it against him that he speaks more in justification than in apology.

To compare the sketches that comprise *Life at Happy Knoll*, the "happier vein," with their predecessors, the Mulligatawny stories, is to be struck by Mr. Marquand's ability to write to imposed, or, in this case, to self-imposed order. It is not only that the structure of the earlier work has been leveled as too elaborate but that its satirical content has been reduced as too pointed.

Take the question of names. Mulligatawny Club was quite esoteric. How desirably common is Happy Knoll Country Club. And locale. Surely the

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British West Indies were alien. How back-to-home is suburban America. And didn't the old group somehow run afoul of prejudices? A cousin Mary holding her husband in unmasculine servitude, or a Jason Meredith scorning an upstanding American as suitor for his daughter's hand, might have just affronted people of lesser incomes. How right then to drop such tangential figures from the roster of Happy Knoll, and incidentally to show that owners of firms and twenty-thousand-a-year executives have money problems as everybody else has.

Even minor characters have been chipped to scale. Old Zaccheus, who presided at Mulligatawny's bar and knew to a finger the alcohol capacity of those before him, has given way to Old Ned, who is prone to put ginger ale in the old-fashioneds. This is no casual change. It implies a motivational researcher's awareness that ineptitude is superior to efficiency for getting across folksiness. A similar subtlety appears in the adding of Old Tim and Benny Muldoon to the ensemble at Happy Knoll. Not to make too fine a point, are they not, over and above such fitness as they have as locker room attendant and golf pro, naturals for exploiting some of the cosy peeves displayed by club gentlemen?

What this all comes to is that Mr. Marquand's earlier and wider-angled vision has narrowed. In terms of creation, he has focused on something smaller, something with the limited actuality of a Mr. Moto opus. This judgment, interestingly enough, is supported by the narrative forms in question. The Mulligatawny fictions were told in the first person. That the person involved was not Mr. Marquand but a character for whom he was narrator did not alter the effect of the narrating: it was freely autobiographic in temper and went to whatever limit it had to—even to that of betrayal, as it might seem to those "few friends" whom Mr. Marquand speaks of keeping. That danger is averted in the present stories. The form is epistolary; it is mannered, discreet. Though it allows a maximum of recognition with a minimum of untoward identification, it still holds back a good deal. In brief, it skirts reality, as all vetted art will, precisely because it is too controlled, too much interested in partial victory.

Animadversions notwithstanding, *Life at Happy Knoll* has some merits. It is readable; it is idiosyncratic. One might even concede that, in a quietly mutinous way, it points the finger at upper-bracket Babbitts in a particularly typical setting. But its derisive exposition of such activities as hunting for members, raising money, putting up with over-privileged delinquents, mollifying antagonistic souls, etc. is unsatisfactory in a deeper sense. The fact is that Mr. Marquand's gentlemanlikeness vitiates his intended censure. He attacks, but never to the limit.

Who is a Radical?

AMERICAN RADICALS: Some Problems and Personalities. Edited by Harvey Goldberg. Monthly Review Press. 308 pp. $5.

Walter B. Rideout

IT IS an occupational vice of reviewers to condemn a book for not being the one they themselves are too lazy or incompetent to write. So I shall only mention my hope that someone somewhere is at work on a comprehensive history of American radicalism, and then point out that Mr. Goldberg has wisely decided to exploit the advantages of the symposium method while trying to guard against its risks. The major advantage is that we get sixteen studies of a wide variety of American radicals or aspects of radicalism by fifteen qualified men, no one of whom would be likely to produce by himself such different but first-rate essays as those by John Lydenberg on Theodore Dreiser, William Appleman Williams on Charles A. Beard, and William Preston on the "Ideology and Techniques of Repression."

The major risk is disorganization, which the editor meets in part by grouping the essays under six heads, including "Attacks on Privilege" (Henry Demarest Lloyd and Robert M. LaFollette) and "For the Brotherhood of Workers" (Debs, Haywood, De Leon). The individual essays are further linked through an introduction by Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Williams entitled "Throughts About American Radicalism." Its greatest contribution is a shrewd analysis of the inhibiting effects on American radicalism of our "expansionist philosophy of history." By re-examining the failures and successes of past American radicals, this book hopes to clarify the possibilities for future radical generations.

Not surprisingly, the quality of the essays is uneven. A few seem to be simply condensations of already-known secondary sources, but most make a real effort to say something new. Bert Cochran, for example, defends Debs's agitation for dual unionism and his opposition to a labor party, while Arthur Davis persuasively asserts the closeness of Veblen to the Marxian tradition.

TWO weaknesses of the book should be pointed out. First, the definition of "radical," as explicitly set forth by Mr. Goldberg, Mr. Williams and Mr. Russell Fraser, produces contradictions in editorial practice. To say that a radical is one dedicated to "a way of life humanitarian in the best sense, because it entails the most entire, the most reckless in point of self-interest, indeed the most fanatic, consecration to the common weal," is well enough, though it is pretty inclusive; but each of the three writers also insists that a radical is "steadfast" toward principle, in contrast to the liberal, who, they aver, is almost always a trimmer who sacrifices principle to expediency. Because of this definition, perhaps, the book includes Altgeld and LaFollette—they were men who manifestly did not sacrifice principle to expediency. But from any other viewpoint, they were liberals, not radicals. In order to build a movement in America, future radicals will need

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WALTER B. RIDEOUT, author of The Radical Novel in the United States, 1900-1954, *teaches English at Northwestern University. He has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for a study of Sherwood Anderson.*

Desert Soliloquy

No grass cushion here for the fogs
To rest on in the sage,

No clouds climb down here
To nest in the sands,

And no hood of the white darkness
From below or from above

Darkens the earth or mind—
—Did you say *mind?*

A guest here for just one season
What do you know

About the treacherous, false
Veil of the outer peace

Lightly, innocently dressing
The desert night

But at times submerging your mind
In more fogs

Than sea may force in the fall
Through the Golden Gate?

JOSEPH MARTINEK

to think through more closely than this their relation to liberals, both in definition and in practice.

This leads to my second objection, the omissions. Considering the consistent strain of philosophic anarchism in American thought, it is at least odd that no such figure as Thoreau or Emma Goldman is included. Much more important, however, is the omission of any representative of the American Communist Party. Historically the Communist Party was at the center of American radicalism from about 1930 to 1950. Further, a major task for a future radical movement is to find ways of avoiding the same ideological impasse, the same isolation from American realities, which has afflicted that organization.

Despite these objections, *American Radicals* is an honest attempt to reassess a significant part of America's history. For all their limitations, both personal and environmental, Debs and Haywood (radicals), Altgeld and LaFollette (liberals) were giants in their day. Where are the giants in ours?

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

CONSIDER the plot and structure of *The Merchant of Venice* (American Shakespeare Festival; Stratford, Conn.). There is the story of Antonio, the merchant, whose assets lie in the cargo of his ships. To Antonio comes his friend Bassanio, a charming ne'er-do-well, to borrow money to finance his courtship of the gilded heiress Portia. Antonio is eager to aid his friend but he has no available cash. He must borrow it from Shylock, who, being outside the rules of the Christian church, is permitted to lend money at interest. Antonio hates Shylock because he is a Jew, which to this Christian is synonymous with usury; Shylock hates Antonio because he is a Christian, synonymous in this instance with a man who despises him for his trade—the only one open to him if he is to be the economic equal of the Christian.

There follows the famous bargain in which Antonio's guaranty for the money borrowed is a pound of his own flesh. Antonio accepts the deal because he is sure he can repay the loan, and Shylock proposes it as a "merry sport" or an act of contempt. We know how Portia manages in the end to crush Shylock.

That is one story. The other is the sentimental comedy of Bassanio's wooing and winning of Portia. This is frivolous and gay, played against the sunny opulence of renaissance Venice.

The problem for the director and the company which present *The Merchant* is to make a meaningful whole of the play's two aspects. It is true that in Shakespeare's time the Antonio-Shylock conflict was something between farce and melodrama because a Jew hadn't been seen in England for several generations and Shylock could be treated as a sort of laughable demon. Still there is the stirring eloquence, the pithy irony of Shylock's speeches: "Hath not a Jew eyes," etc.

So the question remains: aside from the beautiful language, the great quotes, the opportunities for histrionic exercise, what sort of *play* is *The Merchant?* The question applies in varying degrees to most of Shakespeare's works, and I might say that, in view of the manner in which Shakespeare is usually produced in England as well as in America, most of Shakespeare is dramatically bewildering and his glorious work should be left for reading.

This, however, is only my irritated opinion! My poised opinion is that Shakespeare did actually write *plays*—and if they ordinarily seem more like exhibitions of fabulous literary and spectacular wares than the projection of real dramatic ideas, the fault rests in our Anglo-American theatrical Shakespeare tradition which sets all the materials before us, tells tall tales (not always coherently) and leaves them on the stage scattered and unconvincing as living drama.

I WROTE an interpretation of *The Merchant* for *The Nation* when it was given at the City Center with Luther Adler as Shylock. What I suggested was that Shakespeare, living in a world that first made the money economy a central historical and psychological factor, wrote a play in which a society heedlessly enjoying the fruits of wealth begins to show the signs of corruption through money.

The rich Christians who gambol and luxuriate in *The Merchant* live a lush life utterly unaware of the means by which their pleasure is supported. They have wealth but they despise money. The Jew's presence makes money ghoulishly real to them. And the Jew, forced to live by traffic in money, hates the Christians for making his livelihood a mark of shame. Thus Shylock, as I previously wrote, is "the poisoned conscience of Venice." He is corrupt with hate, and thus must remain a "black" figure; as Antonio, Bassanio and his playfellows are corrupt in the thoughtlessness—carefree, smiling and spoilt—of their hedonism. The play's fifth act, which would be superfluous if Shylock alone embodied the whole point of the plot, simply shows the "easy life" of Venice continuing when all concern with Shylock has been erased.

I am not saying that this is the "correct" interpretation, or the only possible one. I am saying that it is an interpretation which can be translated into specific stage terms. To do this, however, as in all truly created plays in the theatre, every element—the characterization, setting, by-play, costuming and music—must in some way stem from and contribute to the central dramatic idea.

If this does not happen at the Festi-

Snake

Goya-grotesque, she changes to a snake
in deeds as sinuous as her cunning is,
coiling to wait, or stumbled on in grass,
hisses her fanged interior and flits,
thin as a black thread, her tongue exuding venom.

You may have touched a strange stick in a brake
that oozed its spots, then seen its slitted eyes—
she hides like that, watching with yellow beads
to sicken victims at a break of leaf,
inclusive nature her huge camouflage.

She slides as easily as oil on glass,
elusive lamia less observed than sensed,
and darkly writhes, the snake of ignorance
twining truth's tree, unlike that shimmering pimp
of abstract apples who inspired Adam.

HAROLD WITT

val Theatre in Connecticut, it is no exception to the general rule of our Shakespearean productions. Motley's costumes are pretty, the scenic arrangement is delicately attractive, and most of the speech is happily audible, though often too deliberate. Katharine Hepburn looks lovely, and in general no one can complain of the cast. Morris Carnovsky makes a traditional but a sound Shylock, clear in the intent of every word, visually arresting and nearly always impressive. (His mad caper of joy when he hears of Antonio's ill luck is striking and right.) He is a thoroughgoing professional. But he stands isolated.

THE prettiness of the production is not thematically related to an articulated intention. It is prettiness for its own sake. The roistering of the young Venetians is a juvenile romping: it is not used to set off the grimness of Shylock's plight. Venice of the sixteenth century—think of its painters and palazzos and what they portended of the extreme material sumptuousness and energy of bourgeois Europe of which Shakespeare was one of the supreme flowers and skeptics—is not even indicated. All has become dainty.

Katharine Hepburn's Portia is a coy debutante in a lesser *Philadelphia Story*. But why shouldn't she be? Has the production any basic form in which her Portia or any of the other roles can play their respective parts?

I dislike being in a position of seeming to discourage any one from seeing a production by the American Shakespeare Festival. Since no one, fortunately perhaps, will heed my advice to call off all theatre Shakespeare for ten years while our theatre folk take time to think it over, I am glad that Shakespeare may be seen in so pleasant an institution as the theatre at Stratford.

I cannot say, for example, that I wasted my time at the *Othello* production. My criticism of it is fundamentally the same as my criticism of *The Merchant*, except that *Othello*, having a more compact story line, is easier to assess in its continuity. The Connecticut *Othello* is clearer in speech than any of the other productions I have seen there and can be fairly described as an intelligent reading of the play—and what magnificence there is in that! But I cannot call this seemly entertainment a theatrical presentment of Shakespeare's wildly sensuous, gigantically febrile and tempestuous tragedy.

I admire the devotion and hospitable intelligence of the company which plays at the Festival Theatre. I would enjoin them and their directors, as I would all who undertake the similarly formidable task, to remember that Shakespeare, for all his exquisite gentleness, was part of his times. As such he was not merely a poet-dramatist of inordinate power, but, from the puny standpoint of our day, was uncouth, savage and bloody to a horrific degree—shocking the liberal-minded Voltaire to the roots of his classical hair—an extravagant giant beside whose imprecations, blasphemies and defiance of the proprieties of state and religion, the outcries of our contemporary American rebels are as the gurglings of babes.

LETTER FROM AMSTERDAM

Frank J. Warnke

AT THE Metropolitan's last performance of *The Rake's Progress* in 1954, a young man in front of me turned to his young lady with the laughing observation that he hadn't heard any tunes. It would be easy to dismiss the young man as tone deaf, since the score of *The Rake* is a blaze of melody from beginning to end. But what of the journalistic critics in all parts of the world who have dismissed it as "intellectual," "cold," and "derivative"? The young man in New York had been unable to hear Stravinsky's melodies because of his naive assumption that "modern" music is cacophonous; perhaps many critics suffer from a similar spiritual deafness, a perverse notion that, since Stravinsky is a master of technique, he must be incapable of writing an operatic score of warmth and universality.

But some of the hostile criticism of the opera can be explained by the fact that it has seldom received a production which does full credit to the beauty of its music, the brilliance of its libretto and the complexity of its total impact. The Metropolitan production of 1952-54 was hampered by stiff action, diffuse direction and a conventional prettiness of staging. The production which opened this year's Holland

---

FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.

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Festival, on the other hand, was an almost complete triumph. The director, the young Englishman Peter Potter, imposed a consistent elegance and unity of style on both stage movement and stage picture, and under his shaping intelligence the work assumed the dimensions implicit in its text. The conductor, Erich Leinsdorff, gave the score a reading in which predominantly fast tempi never obstructed a sensitive exploration of the complex orchestral texture.

Potter feels that the essence of *The Rake's Progress* is an ambiguity of tone rooted both in Auden's wittily tragic libretto and in Stravinsky's Mozartean fusion of *opera buffa* and *opera seria.* His handling of the brothel scene in Act I typifies his understanding of this ambiguity. The whores and roaring boys are figures of bawdy comedy—but, simultaneously, damned souls whose mirthless revelry is underscored by a lighting suggestive of Milton's Hell. In such a context both the wit and the blasphemy of Tom's libertine catechism gain impact. At the same time, the scene has a Hogarthian realism unlike anything in the Met's *Rake.* The ladies of the Metropolitan chorus, nice girls all, had shown the shrill archness of Vassar girls pretending to be naughty; the Amsterdam ladies, equally nice girls, gave their portrayal a disturbing authenticity. The achievement of director and chorus alike is the more remarkable when one remembers that the members of the chorus were singing in a language not their own, under a director who speaks no Dutch.

I SUSPECT that Potter also deserves a share of praise for the astonishing growth in the acting abilities of Eugene Conley as Tom Rakewell. In New York five years ago Conley showed a command of Stravinsky's idiom but made no attempt at dramatic realization. In Amsterdam, surprisingly, he sketched the rake's progress and decline in a sequence of convincing postures—from the amiably weak young man of Act I, through the disillusioned existentialist of Act II, to the abject, crouched figure in the graveyard scene with the devil in Act III. He gained a corresponding increase in musical expressiveness. The great Act I aria, "Love, my sorrow and my shame," had passion and remorse, and his singing of the ballad tune when he first awakes to his madness in Act III was done in a crazy quasi-falsetto which was far more effective than the full-voice with which he took the scene in New York.

As Nick Shadow, Ottokar Kraus blended the diabolic with the witty, and Mimi Aarden, despite occasional overacting in the prima donna tradition, gave Baba the Turk an eccentric vigor. In the New York production Hilde Gueden, as Ann Truelove, had provided the loveliest moments, and it is high praise to say that Graziella Sciutti equaled her in Amsterdam. Sciutti, a young soprano of the Piccola Scala in Milan, has a fine airy voice fully equal to the taxing arias of the role.

Kenneth Green's sets, which, in their slightly off-center realism, matched both Stravinsky's music and Potter's conception of movement, reminded one that intelligence and sensitivity are worth any quantities of bigness and busyness. The madhouse scene in Act III proved eloquently that a small stage need be no detriment to imaginative decor. It is in this scene, though, that I disagree with Potter's interpretation. Throughout Ann's beautiful lullaby to the mad Tom, a grotesque figure in the background makes flapping gestures with his arms. The libretto at this point, however, makes it clear that Ann's voice has brought a temporary sanity to the very heart of Bedlam. A motionless stage would have been better.

But the objection is a small one. The Holland Festival has given *The Rake's Progress* a production worthy of what is perhaps the finest opera of the last twenty years.

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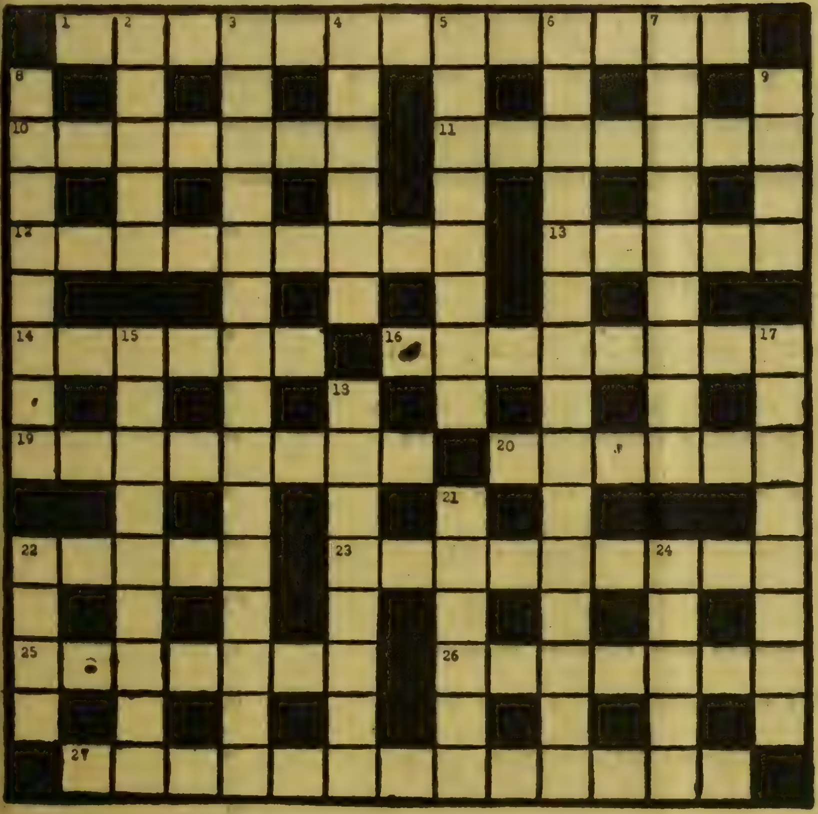
Crossword Puzzle No. 733

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The way a sun-tan's built, it might not be long-lasting. (13)
10 In this manner strings are combined with consoles. (7)
11 Wanting to produce designs in the heavens? (7)
12 This way of speaking is strange. (9)
13 He "walked with God." (5)
14 What men in exile feed on, according to Aeschylus. (6)
16 Deep-headed? (3-5)
19 Regretted being enclosed in grass. (8)
20 Does this writer provide an alternative to good? (6)
22 Obviously this town has far to go! (5)
23 Malign. (9)
25 The way Caesar came with the boy and a saddle, perhaps. (7)
26 The tie is broken, with a certain amount to do it again. (7)
27 Iris-colored? (13)

DOWN:

2 Evidently there are a lot of rivers in Ohio. (5)
3 Our uncle is money crazy, to put it rather abruptly. (15)
4 Commonly little relative, and relative to a bird. (6)
5 Apportioned in the manner subscribed. (8)
6 Gay songs, at least originally! (3, 7, 5)
7 He probably doesn't like accompaniment to come from the antechoir. (9)
8 He might be used to deep red nails. (8)
9 Indian maid. (4)
15 Tears open the tongue, but it's not exactly natural. (9)
17 Do they protect a gal's hose, more or less? (8)
18 Ditch things again? You're not expanding if you do. (8)
21 Dye plant. (6)
22 Fie! If absent, the same number might be present. (4)
24 Took a picture of an animal hiding there? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 732

ACROSS: 1 CONVERTIBLE; 9 WINIFRED; 10 SADDER; 12 ADHERES; 14 HECKLE; 15 and 11 PERSONAL PRONOUN; 17 DOWNCAST; 20 DUDLEY; 22, 4 and 27 THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER; 24 BUGABOO; 26 STYMIE; 28 INVESTITURE. DOWN: 2 ONIONSKIN; 3 VIRGULE; 5 INSIDER; 6 LODGE; 7 PIERCE; 8 GENERA; 13 SPITE; 16 OLD MASTER; 18 OPHITE; 19 AUSTERE; 20 DRUGGET; 21 EPODES; 23 LEMON; 25 STET.

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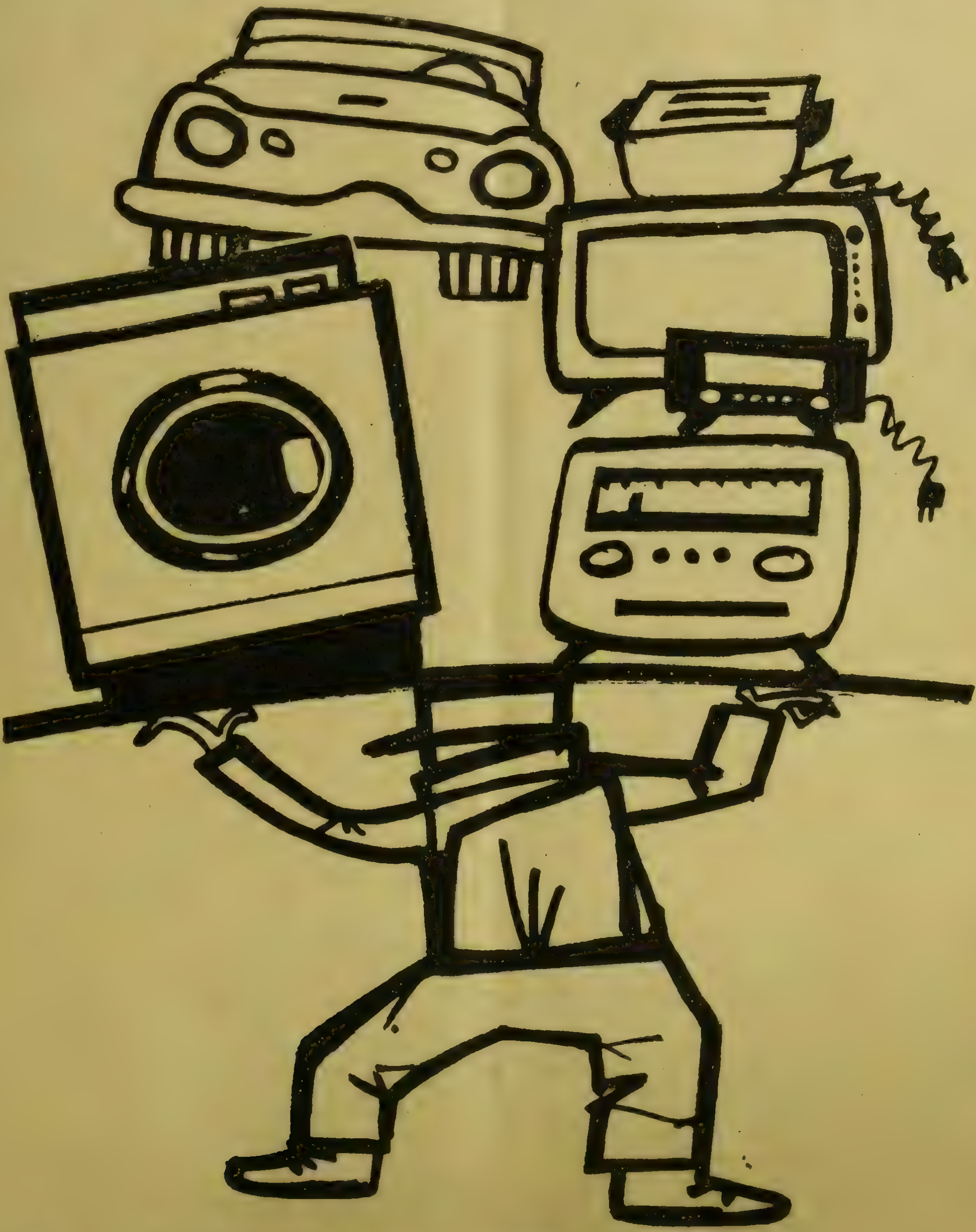

Myth of the Happy Worker. . *Harvey Swados*

LETTERS

Reality of Evil

Dear Sirs: Canon Lloyd's provocative article, The Dilemma of Total Revolt, [*The Nation*, June 22] has great merit and the editors of *The Nation* are to be congratulated for bringing critical problems of contemporary religion to the fore in this and other recent issues of their publication.

But the explanation of the "Christian Social Movement's dead end" is not so neatly dismissed as Canon Lloyd suggests. It is due to more than semantics, more than hard-to-understand scientific sociology in the churches. . . .

As one modest reader of *The Nation* I wish to protest the author's statement that "there is no longer any obvious subject of denunciation" by the Christian conscience as in the early days of Maurice, Kingsley, Gore and Temple. There are none so blind as those who will not see. The pages of *The Nation* itself are a constant witness to the reality of evils, and doers of evil, which the Christian conscience could, if it would, denounce.

If Kingsley and company were here today I have no doubt they would name very specifically the men and groups of men who prevent "the will of God" or "the Christian conscience" from achieving victories: the U. S. State Department, the Atomic Energy Commission, the American-controlled international oil cartel, the American Medical Association's high command, the Southern Democratic Senators, the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, to name but a few.

Stephen H. Fritchman
Minister, First Unitarian Church
Los Angeles, Calif.

Less Lucky than Trumbo

Dear Sirs: In his otherwise effective and impish piece on the blacklist and black market in Hollywood [*The Nation*, May 4], Dalton Trumbo allows his sense of personal gloating to run away with the realities. Although he makes serious reference to the bitter havoc that institutionalized blacklisting has caused in the lives of scores of actors, directors and technicians . . . he blithely exempts the writers from the pervasive suffering. "In jail or out," he proclaims, "writing under their own names or some one else's or a pseudonym or anonymously, writers will write; and having written, they will find an audience." From this staunch statement Trumbo explains the black market, implying that not only is it flourishing like a green bay tree but that its fruits are a basketful of Oscars. (Which the waggish author's note by *The Nation's* editors also implies.)

This is most misleading, whatever fine commerce Trumbo himself and a few others may have conducted under the table. The situation exposed by the painstaking research of the Fund for the Republic, in both films and television, is by no means as cheerful and cute. Blacklisted writers, the report concludes, are experiencing great hardship, and even with the "cunning" and "secret channels" Trumbo celebrates, have at best haphazard success and endure savage cuts in the value of their wares.

John Bright
Mexico, D. F.

Bomb Testing

Dear Sirs: I am grateful for the opportunity of reading James A. Joyce's The Moral Deterrent [*The Nation*, July 6], a remarkable article on the growing danger of nuclear bomb testing. It is written with vision, moral passion and logic and should be read everywhere; also in translations.

Alfred Kreymborg
New York, N. Y.

Sports Sheep

Dear Sirs: The first instalment of Roger Kahn's Sports in America: Money Muscles—and Myths [*The Nation*, July 6] was amusingly written, and made absorbing reading. . . .

While the author renders a valuable service in exposing the shallowness of the reverence in which sports—and particularly baseball—are generally regarded in this country, I rather think he misplaces an emphasis. He recites the anecdote of the "three letter carriers struggling under their heavy loads, but all the while smiling and chatting." According to Ford Frick, who was walking behind these toilers in a "brutally hot afternoon," they were deep in a discussion of Willie Mays and The New York Giants; and were completely unaware of their durance vile, being "happy [because] they were talking about the Game."

Mr. Kahn seems to accept Mr. Frick's thesis, and adds that it is the "impact of competitiveness" of baseball, football, or horseracing, which has so completely captivated "virtually every American over the age of two."

Competitiveness may have something to do with it, but I think the surge toward conformity is the stronger factor. In the polygolt nation, one may claim group membership if he understands and can speak the national language of baseball. . . .

It's like flashing the lodge pin, or acknowledging the esoteric handshake. It's herd-talk . . . it's conformity.

H. Leonard King
New York, N. Y.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1957
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THE
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EDITORIALS

The Politics of Civil Rights

Time alone will tell how much the toothless Civil Rights Bill, if President Eisenhower permits it to become law, will help the Negro citizen exercise his rights. But anyone can see right now that, come 1960, it will painfully hurt the Democratic Party whose senators, for a variety of reasons, extracted the bill's bite.

We do not believe that Vice President Nixon and Senator Knowland are unusually sensitive to the rights of minority groups. But they are sensitive as feathers to the winds of public opinion and the scales of political balance. They know that civil rights are in the air and that you cannot win the hotly-contested states unless you carry the minority vote. Even so, these shrewd operators could hardly have hoped that the matter would turn out as well for them as it has. The bill they pressed for is now so weak that it will not seriously estrange their growing band of followers in the South; but they put up an open fight for a much stronger bill and cannot fail once more to represent the party of Lincoln to the Negro voters of the country. Insofar as the bill is useful, they will get the credit; if, as seems probable, it is not very useful, the Democrats will get the blame.

The coalition of Southern and Western Democrats may try to explain away their votes with the most learned opinions from America's law schools; the Negro voter will note only Mr. Eisenhower's angry and disappointed statements and Mr. Nixon's sharp criticism of his colleagues' conduct. And the Northern white man who recognizes Civil Rights as the most important domestic issue before the American people today can have little emotion other than disappointment and disgust over Senator Johnson's smooth maneuvering, Senator Kennedy's flip-flop and the opportunistic and negative voting of the Western Democratic senators.

The Democrats in the Senate who voted against Title III and for the Jury Trial provision for the most part came from states that have no appreciable Negro vote. Most of them carry a liberal tag, but in fact they are more concerned with such matters as public power or party unity than they are with the rights of a group of citizens about whom they personally know very little. Probably their constituents care no more than they do, and probably therefore they will not be much hurt when next they run for office.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

As already announced, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks during July and August. The next issue will be that of August 31.

But if Mr. Nixon, Mr. Knowland, or whatever Republican aspirant succeeds Mr. Eisenhower in 1960, the analysts will need to look no further than to the hot summer sessions of the 1957 Senate for the public disillusion which tipped the balance against the Democratic candidate.

Elections Before Loans

As was to be expected, Washington has recognized the military junta that has seized power in Haiti. General Cantave, one of the ringleaders, has been in Washington conferring with the State Department about a loan. He insists that Haiti must have generous economic aid *before* elections can be held; the country, he says, must first be rescued from "economic chaos."

It was ill-advised of Washington to recognize the military junta but it would be irredeemable folly to grant Cantave's request for funds before an election is held. Funds granted to dictatorial and corrupt regimes are seldom used for sensible social purposes; the money, usually ends up in the private coffers of the Paul Magloires of this world. Haiti suffers primarily from political, not from economic chaos; it is law and order, in the constitutional sense, that should first be restored. If Cantave succeeds in getting fat credits in Washington, the junta will be in no hurry to schedule elections and even if elections should be held, they would not be free. Washington should insist upon three conditions before considering a grant of additional funds: (1) elections should first be held; (2) the elections should be supervised by some agency such as the Pan-American Union of the United Nations (since the junta is petitioning Washington for funds, it is not inappropriate to stipulate such a condition); and (3) Daniel Fignolé, now in exile, should be permitted to return and file as a candidate for the presidency, if he so desires. To grant funds without these elementary safeguards would be like paying the kidnappers on a promise to return the hostage at some undetermined future date.

The Power of Words

The old conviction that the pen is mightier than the sword has been challenged by realists pointing to the facts of our age of violence. It has, indeed, been challenged to the point where many people, including writers, often wonder if the pen has any power at all.

We at *The Nation* have no swords, and our words reach only a limited audience. Is anybody out there listening? Is anybody out there moved by what he hears? Sometimes we wonder—and then sometimes we are suddenly struck by evidence of the repercussions our words can have.

In this issue Sarah Patton Boyle describes the broad community of sympathy and love discovered through the words of an article she wrote last fall in *The Nation*. Another example of the effect that words appearing in these pages have upon those who read them is the growing revolt against conditions among Puerto Rican workers in New York City. In the April 13 issue of *The Nation* Dan Wakefield wrote an article describing and documenting the exploitation of Puerto Rican workers by bosses and racketeer union leaders who had banded together for profit at the expense of these Spanish-speaking laborers. Here is a brief calendar of the events which followed on that article:

A few days after the *Nation* story appeared, Murray Kempton cited it in his column in the New York *Post* and asked that the unions act at once to help the Puerto Rican workers.

In the last week of April, Lloyd Klenert, secretary-treasurer of the United Textile Workers, whose Local 229 was cited in the *Nation* article, came to New York and invited Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Kempton to a meeting to defend his union and to hear grievances from its Puerto Rican members. Mr. Klenert promised that action would be taken to remedy the situation—but he is now busy cleaning his own house after being charged by the Senate committee investigating unfair labor practices with taking more than $50,000 of union funds to build his home in the suburbs of Washington.

During the first part of May, AFL-CIO President George Meany sent Peter McGavin, a special representative, to New York to meet with union leaders and leaders of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (cited in the *Nation* article as the only organization giving effective legal help to exploited Puerto Rican workers) to investigate the charges of unfair practices against these workers.

During the last of July, the New York *Post* ran a series of articles describing union-management exploitation of the Puerto Ricans.

On August 2, John McNiff of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and Bertha Nunez, a New York City union member from Honduras, testified on the exploitation of the Spanish-speaking workers before the Senate committee investigating unfair labor practices.

On August 3, Marshall Miller, "labor consultant" whose activities were reported in the *Nation* article, was dismissed from his post as consultant to the New York State legislative committee on industry and labor.

On August 6, Mayor Robert Wagner called a conference at City Hall to discuss exploitation of Puerto Rican workers in New York City.

The list will go on, and we do not expect it will end until the exploitation of the Puerto Rican workers in New York City ends.

As the repercussion of these *Nation* articles by Mrs. Boyle and Mr. Wakefield have demonstrated, words can still cause action and create understanding. The pen, even in 1957, still has its place and power.

Plain Talk from the General

Douglas MacArthur, in a recent speech to Sperry-Rand stockholders on the evils of high taxation, had the following to say of the atmosphere that supports our large arms budget:

> Our government has kept us in a perpetual state of fear—kept us in a continuous stampede of patriotic fervor—with the cry of grave national emergency. Always there has been some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not blindly rally behind it by furnishing the exorbitant funds demanded. Yet, in retrospect, these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real.

Within living memory, General MacArthur was himself quite a sabre-rattler. What changed his mind, we suspect, is the realization that he will never again be called to active duty. A World War III without MacArthur in the van is obviously a logical impossibility.

Nevertheless, we wish that more generals would come out flatfootedly against the arms boom. We wish it, yet know that it is impossible. Generals, even retired ones, are required to clear their views on controversial military matters with the Pentagon. MacArthur is no exception, but who is going to tell a five-star general to get back into line? Even the President was once a major on his staff.

Whatever his motives, MacArthur has dared to say what more than one military expert will admit over a drink and off the record. For once, we like his oratory—we hope he will return.

EROSION of the PRESIDENCY . . *by Frederic W. Collins*

Washington, D.C.

ABOVE and beyond the problems of the day, there is one subject which more and more is occupying the attention of serious and objective persons here. For want of a better phrase, it is called "the erosion of the presidency." That is perhaps not exactly right, because there is no way of knowing that what is happening now is inflicting any permanent damage on the institution of the presidency. However, subtractions from or additions to the presidential power and prestige do have a way of carrying over from one administration to the next. Everything a President does, almost, is a precedent, whether constitutional, political, or administrative. And the precedents currently being established add up to a diminution of the office.

President Eisenhower is the beneficiary of a seemingly inexhaustible public sympathy. His illness, which has cut down on his presidential activities, has heightened that sympathy. The most hard-boiled observer of the President must recognize, even if the President's frequent allusions to the subject did not make it clear, that this man is living under a suspended sentence. You simply can't hate a man for not killing himself. Although it might be possible to wish that he would give more time to his job, it is not possible, under the circumstances, to criticize Mr. Eisenhower's Wednesday afternoons on the golf course or his almost regular week-ends at Gettysburg or Camp David. On these holidays he can replenish his nervous and physical energy sufficiently, he must hope, to keep the engine running during another week. Those who go to cabinet meetings must note how thin and old the President's hands look as they rest on the arms of his chair. Those who look beyond the deceptive suntan to the signs of age and illness in the wasting contours of his face and neck must assume that Mr. Eisenhower is aware of these intimations of mortality.

The President's simplicity of mind and principle seem to hold the popular devotion. Reporters who try to communicate his meanings to the public are driven mad by the involutions of his speech. But when some clever rascal recently composed a parody on The Gettysburg Address as Mr. Eisenhower would have delivered it—a devastating *tour de force* in the torturing of the English language—everyone realized that publishing it was an act on the very borderline of good taste. Clearly, we have not yet arrived at the point where we can make serious criticism of a President on the ground that his grammar and sense of words are indescribably bad. And when Senator Kerr says that the President has no brains, and a lesser figure in the House chooses to call the President a "lousy liar," the President is not hurt a bit.

BUT these concessions in his favor do not alter the fact that in the six-plus months of his second term, the performance of the presidency under Mr. Eisenhower has produced a series of episodes which give body to that phrase about erosion.

What was developing was heralded by his performance on the budget. That has been examined in detail in the public prints, including this one. One thing which has not been widely published, however, is that members of Mr. Eisenhower's own government, loyal "members of the team," were shocked, astonished and even angered by his vacillations. He cost himself a lot of support within his own administration. Men who had fought their departmental budgets through the whole executive process, and had grudgingly settled for less than they thought they needed, were furious when Mr. Eisenhower invited Congress to cut them further. They felt they had been deserted. Surely an erosion of the presidency can be registered on that point.

The President wavered in much the same way on disarmament. After the most difficult preliminary discussion, Harold Stassen had taken to London a disarmament policy acceptable to the whole government. One of the American bargaining positions had to do with suspension of nuclear tests. Yet, while Mr. Stassen was in London, the President was made the subject of nothing less than a *démarche* by Admiral Strauss, the chairman of the AEC and his adviser on atomic matters. Admiral Strauss arrived at the White House with a pair of scientists and some new stuff about a "clean bomb," the development of which would require unbroken continuation of tests. Forty-eight hours later, in a press conference, Mr. Eisenhower came very close to buying the Strauss proposition. If he did not knock the props from under the United States position, he gave it a frightful jolt.

This was not the act of a President who understood the implications of his pronouncements. He had approved American policy at London. To back off from it, because the militant and zealous Admiral Strauss had caught his ear, was a serious embarrassment to the policy. This was the act of the man who does not "pound desks," who governs his cabinet by attempted persuasion rather than by executive authority, who is, in a word, permitting himself to preside over a loose federation of sovereigns rather than a coherent organization of subordinates.

TIME and again President Eisenhower has indicated a belief that nothing is to be gained, and something is to be lost, by excessive restrictions on trade with Red China. His personal conviction is on the side of those who believe that such restrictions consolidate, rather than weaken, the connections between Moscow and Peking. Yet his government, in fifteen-power negotiations at Paris in May, held out for such vigorous exercises in starvation of the Communist regime that the British broke loose—followed by others, ranging eventually to Japan—and an important institution of allied unity

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was not just weakened, but almost destroyed. And on June 28, at San Francisco, Mr. Dulles made a restatement of China policy which in important detail differed from the known views of the President. People could be pardoned for asking, "What kind of government is this? And what kind of presidency is this?"

Examples could be continued. At least passing reference should be made to the President's performance on the defense budget. At one point he stated that cuts would be a reckless gamble, but in the end, in the clutch, when the counters were down in Congress, he indicated that American defense did not really need all the money he had at first demanded.

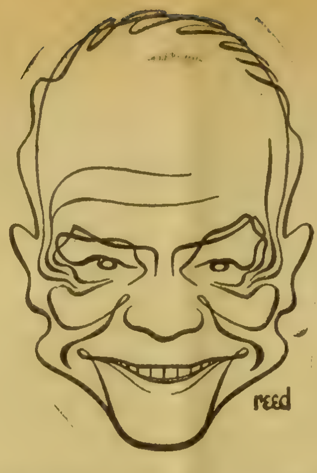
Finally, there was the civil rights bill. Over and over again, the President cited his purposes, always in terms of simple, unassailable principle. But not until Senator Russell had unlimbered his emotional artillery at "Title III" did the President become curious about that title. And in indicating his own puzzlement, he cut the ground from under the supporters of that comprehensive section, which needed, really, only a bit of technical tinkering to make it fit his stated purposes.

WHAT IS the explanation of all these instances of "erosion of the presidency"?

One high administrative official, a career officer without partisanship, but with a careerist's automatic loyalty to his superior, was asked about this. He said he had noted recently that the White House was "slow."

What did he mean by that? He meant that the White House doesn't seem to be on the ball, seems to be letting things get away from it, doesn't seem to realize until all the water is over the dam, or the horse is stolen, what it is that Americans are doing and thinking and watching and hoping for these days.

In a whole series of crises, for example, it let the mutual security program drift into dire peril in Congress, only to dive in at the last moment with emergency activities seeking to save something which should never have been permitted to fall into danger.



Some of the inner weakness of the administration shows in the difficulty with which it recruits men for top posts. The President has known for months that he needs a new Secretary of Defense. Heaven knows how many people were offered the job before Neil McElroy of Proctor & Gamble finally accepted. The resignation of John B. Hollister as director of foreign aid (the international cooperation administration) opened a vacancy which at this writing, twenty-one men have declined to fill. It is not a sign of a healthy, driving, governmental organism that it cannot draw men into its service.

It is a phenomenon of this administration that no one in the White House has a really panoramic knowledge of what is going on either in the government or the country.

There is one phrase which as well as any other explains what the trouble is: The staff system is not good enough to show Mr. Eisenhower that the staff system is not good enough. The result is that, all too frequently, Mr. Eisenhower betrays a lack of knowledge of activities in his own administration.

The staff system becomes an array of vertical conveyors which collect and deliver material to the top at, say, cabinet level, but fail to dump it out on any common platform which might be called "the government." A good many people now think that the trouble with the system is its failure to take into account the legitimate role of politics in government. Politics is the means by which the government finds out what the country is thinking.

The failure of this administration to maintain that contact with the public (despite its noteworthy devotion to the non-political techniques of public opinion analysis), never needs to have a more striking example than Mrs. Hobby's utter surprise that there should be such heavy demand for Salk vaccine. The administration has never progressed beyond that state of insulation.

MR. EISENHOWER knew the staff system in the army. He was sold on its efficiency in American industry, and that is one reason why Charles E. Wilson, of General Motors, became Secretary of Defense. But while the manager of a GM assembly plant in Tarrytown, N.Y., might be caught out on a bad performance in his particular staff niche, because it would show all too quickly in the profit-and-loss system, his opposite number in minor bureaucracy can err quite seriously without penalty, because it is a characteristic of government to cover its own mistakes. And Mr. Wilson, who was probably a good president of GM, is about to leave a department which is, if anything, more disorganized than when he took it over. The reason? The staff reports didn't tell him what was happening down below. And the irony of it is that the general in the White House has permitted this to happen in the military establishment, for the same reason. The staff reports of political government simply do not provide the executive with manageable material for understanding what is going on in the establishment.

It may be that the government is suffering from a curse of such bigness that nothing but the staff system can be used, and that the staff system still won't do the job. But there is a solution. Mr. Truman, for example, applied himself to his homework. Over and above that, he exercised a continuous, vigorous, personal spirit of inquiry as to what was going on in the country. That spirit does not exist at the top of the government today. It is, in the final analysis, a spirit almost identical with the spirit of politics. So the end judgment is that what we need is less staff system and more politics. Thus, the erosion of the presidency can be checked—even redressed.

The MYTH of the HAPPY WORKER . . *by Harvey Swados*

> "From where we sit in the company," says one of the best personnel men in the country, "we have to look at only the aspects of work that cut across all sorts of jobs—administration and human relations. Now these are aspects of work, abstractions, but it's easy for personnel people to get so hipped on their importance that they look on the specific tasks of making things and selling them as secondary . . ."
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> —*The Organization Man*, by William H. Whyte Jr.

THE PERSONNEL man who made this remark to Mr. Whyte differed from his brothers only in that he had a moment of insight. Actually, "the specific tasks of making things" are now not only regarded by his white-collar fellows as "secondary," but as irrelevant to the vaguer but more "challenging" tasks of the man at the desk. This is true not just of the personnel man, who places workers, replaces them, displaces them—in brief, manipulates them. The union leader also, who represents workers and sometimes manipulates them, seems increasingly to regard what his workers do as merely subsidiary to the job he himself is doing in the larger community. This job may be building the Red Cross or the Community Chest, or it may sometimes be—as the Senate hearings suggest—participating in such communal endeavors as gambling, prostitution and improving the breed. In any case, the impression is left that the problems of the workers in the background (or underground) have been stabilized, if not permanently solved.

With the personnel man and the union leader, both of whom presumably see the worker from day to day, growing so far away from him, it is hardly to be wondered at that the middle-class in general, and articulate middle-class intellectuals in particular, see the worker vaguely, as through a cloud. One gets the impression that when they do consider him, they operate from one of two unspoken assumptions: (1) The worker has died out like the passenger pigeon, or is dying out, or becoming accultured, like the Navajo; (2) If he *is* still around, he is just like the rest of us—fat, satisfied, smug, a little restless, but hardly distinguishable from his fellow TV-viewers of the middle-class.

Lest it be thought that (1) is somewhat exaggerated, I hasten to quote from a recently-published article apparently dedicated to the laudable task of urging slothful middle-class intellectuals to wake up and live: "The old-style sweatshop crippled mainly the working people. Now there are no workers left in America; we are almost all middle-class as to income and expectations." I do not believe the writer meant to state—although he comes perilously close to it—that nobody works any more. If I understand him correctly, he is referring to the fact that the worker's rise in real income over the last decade, plus the diffusion of middle-class tastes and values throughout a large part of the underlying population, have made it increasingly difficult to tell blue-collar from white-collar worker without a program. In short, if the worker earns like the middle-class, votes like the middle-class, dresses like the middle-class, dreams like the middle-class, then he ceases to exist as a worker.

BUT there is one thing that the worker doesn't do like the middle-class: he works like a worker. The steel-mill puddler does not yet sort memos, the coal miner does not yet sit in conferences, the cotton mill-hand does not yet sip martinis from his lunchbox. The worker's attitude toward his work is generally compounded of hatred, shame and resignation.

Before I spell out what I think this means, I should like first to examine some of the implications of the widely-held belief that "we are almost all middle-class as to income and expectations." I am neither economist, sociologist nor politician, and I hold in my hand no doctored statistics to be haggled over. I am by profession a writer who has had occasion to work in factories at various times during the Thirties, Forties and Fifties. The following observations are simply impressions based on my last period of factory servitude, in 1956.

The average automobile worker gets a little better than two dollars an hour. As such he is one of the best-paid factory workers in the country. After twenty years of militant struggle led by the union that I believe to be still the finest and most democratic labor organization in the United States, he is earning less than the starting salaries offered to inexperienced and often semi-literate college graduates without dependents. After compulsory deductions for taxes, social security, old-age insurance and union dues, and optional deductions for hospitalization and assorted charities, his pay check for forty hours of work is going to be closer to seventy than to eighty dollars a week. Does this make him middle-class as to income? Does it rate with the weekly take of a dentist, an accountant, a salesman, a draftsman, a journalist? Surely it would be more to the point to ask how a family man can get by in the Fifties on that kind of income. I know how he does it, and I should think the answers would be a little disconcerting to those who wax glib on the satisfactory status of the "formerly" underprivileged.

For one thing, he works a lot longer than forty hours a week—when he can. Since no automobile company is as yet in a position to guarantee its workers anything like fifty weeks of steady forty-hour paychecks, the auto worker knows he has to make it while he can. During peak production periods he therefore puts in nine, ten, eleven and often twelve hours a day on the assembly line for weeks on end. And that's not all. If he has dependents, as like as not he also holds down a "spare-time" job. I have worked on the

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HARVEY SWADOS' new novel, On the Line, *will be published by Little, Brown in September.*

line with men who doubled as mechanics, repairmen, salesmen, contractors, builders, farmers, cab-drivers, lumberyard workers, countermen. I would guess that there are many more of these than show up in the official statistics: often a man will work for less if he can be paid under the counter with tax-free dollars.

NOR is that all. The factory worker with dependents cannot carry the debt load he now shoulders—the middle-class debt load, if you like, of nagging payments on car, washer, dryer, TV, clothing, house itself—without family help. Even if he puts in fifty, sixty or seventy hours a week at one or two jobs, he has to count on his wife's paycheck, or his son's, his daughter's, his brother-in-law's; or on his mother's social security, or his father's veteran's pension. The working-class family today is not typically held together by the male wage-earner, but by multiple wage-earners often of several generations who club together to get the things they want and need—or are pressured into believing they must have. It is at best a precarious arrangement; as for its toll on the physical organism and the psyche, that is a question perhaps worthy of further investigation by those who currently pronounce themselves bored with Utopia Unlimited in the Fat Fifties.

But what of the worker's middle-class expectations? I had been under the impression that this was the rock on which Socialist agitation had foundered for generations: it proved useless to tell the proletarian that he had a world to win when he was reasonably certain that with a few breaks he could have his own gas station. If these expectations have changed at all in recent years, they would seem to have narrowed rather than expanded, leaving a psychological increment of resignation rather than of unbounded optimism (except among the very young—and even among them the optimism focuses more often on better-paying opportunities elsewhere in the labor market than on illusory hopes of swift status advancement). The worker's expectations are for better pay, more humane working conditions, more job security. As long as he feels that he is going to achieve them through an extension of existing conditions, for that long he is going to continue to be a middle-class conservative in temper. But only for that long.

I suspect that what middle-class writers mean by the worker's middle-class expectations are his cravings for commodities—his determination to have not only fin-tailed cars and single-unit washer-dryers, but butterfly chairs in the rumpus room, African masks on the wall and power boats in the garage. Before the middle-class intellectuals condemn these expectations too harshly, let them consider, first, who has been utilizing every known technique of suasion and propaganda to convert luxuries into necessities, and second, at what cost these new necessities are acquired by the American working-class family.

NOW I should like to return to the second image of the American worker: satisfied, doped by TV, essentially middle-class in outlook. This is an image bred not of communication with workers (except as mediated by hired interviewers sent "into the field" like anthropologists or entomologists), but of contempt for people, based perhaps on self-contempt and on a feeling among intellectuals that the worker has let them down. In order to see this clearly, we have to place it against the intellectual's changing attitudes toward the worker since the Thirties.

At the time of the organization of the C.I.O., the middle-class intellectual saw the proletarian as society's figure of virtue—heroic, magnanimous, bearing in his loins the seeds of a better future; he would have found ludicrous the suggestion that a sit-down striker might harbor anti-Semitic feelings. After Pearl Harbor, the glamorization of the worker was taken over as a function of government. Then, however, he was no longer the builder of the future good society; instead he was second only to the fighting man as the vital winner of the war. Many intellectuals, as government employees, found themselves helping to create this new portrait of the worker as patriot.

But in the decade following the war intellectuals have discovered that workers are no longer either building socialism or forging the tools of victory. All they are doing is making the things that other people buy. That, and participating in the great commodity scramble. The disillusionment, it would seem, is almost too terrible to bear. Word has gotten around among the highbrows that the worker is not heroic or idealistic; public-opinion polls prove that he wants barbecue pits more than foreign aid and air-conditioning more than desegregation, that he doesn't particularly want to go on strike, that he is reluctant to form a Labor Party, that he votes for Stevenson and often even for Eisenhower and Nixon—that he is, in short, animated by the same aspirations as drive the middle-class onward and upward in suburbia.

There is of course a certain admixture of self-delusion in the middle-class attitude that workers are now the same as everybody else. For me it was expressed most precisely last year in the dismay and sympathy with which middle-class friends greeted the news that I had gone back to work in a factory. If workers are now full-fledged members of the middle-class, why the dismay? What difference whether one sits in an office or stands in a shop? The answer is so obvious that one feels shame at laboring the point. But I have news for my friends among the intellectuals. The answer is obvious to workers, too.

They know that there is a difference between working with your back and working with your behind (I do not make the distinction between hand-work and brain-work, since we are all learning that white-collar work is becoming less and less brain-work). They know that they work harder than the middle-class for less money. Nor is it simply a question of status, that magic word so dear to the hearts of the sociologues, the new anatomizers of the American corpus. It is not simply status-hunger that makes a man hate work which pays *less* than other work he knows about, if *more* than any other work he has been trained for (the only reason my fellow-workers stayed on the assembly line, they told me again and again). It is not simply status-hunger that makes a man hate work that is mindless, endless, stupefying, sweaty, filthy, noisy, exhausting, insecure in its prospects and practically without hope of advancement.

THE PLAIN truth is that factory work is degrading. It is degrading to any man who ever dreams of doing something worthwhile with his life; and it is about time we faced the fact. The more a man is exposed to middle-class values, the more sophisticated he becomes and the more production-line work is degrading to him. The immigrant who slaved in the poorly-lighted, foul, vermin-ridden sweatshop found his work less degrading than the native-born high school graduate who reads Judge Parker, Rex Morgan, M.D., and Judd Saxon, Business Executive, in the funnies, and works in a fluorescent factory with ticker-tape production-control machines. For the immigrant laborer, even the one who did not dream of socialism, his long hours were going to buy him freedom. For the factory worker of the Fifties, his long hours are going to buy him commodities . . . and maybe reduce a few of his debts.

Almost without exception, the men with whom I worked on the assembly line last year felt like trapped animals. Depending on their age and personal circumstances, they were either resigned to their fate, furiously angry at *themselves* for what they were doing, or desperately hunting other work that would pay as well and in addition offer some variety, some prospect of change and betterment. They were sick of being pushed around by harried foremen (themselves more pitied than hated), sick of working like blinkered donkeys, sick of being dependent for their livelihood on a maniacal production-merchandising setup, sick of working in a place where there was no spot to relax during the twelve-minute rest period. (Some day—let us hope—we will marvel that production was still so worshipped in the Fifties that new factories could be built with every splendid facility for the storage and movement of essential parts, but with no place for a resting worker to sit down for a moment but on a fire plug, the edge of a packing case, or the sputum- and oil-stained stairway of a toilet.)

The older men stay put and wait for their vacations. But since the assembly line demands young blood (you will have a hard time getting hired if you are over thirty-five), the factory in which I worked was aswarm with new faces every day; labor turnover was so fantastic and absenteeism so rampant, with the young men knocking off a day or two every week to hunt up other jobs, that the company was forced to over-hire in order to have sufficient workers on hand at the starting siren.

To those who will object—fortified by their readings in C. Wright Mills and A. C. Spectorsky—that the white-collar commuter, too, dislikes his work, accepts it only because it buys his family commodities, and is constantly on the prowl for other work, I can only reply that for me at any rate this is proof not of the disappearance of the working-class but of the proletarianization of the middle-class. Perhaps it is not taking place quite in the way that Marx envisaged it, but the alienation of the white-collar man (like that of the laborer) from both his tools and whatever he produces, the slavery that chains the exurbanite to the commuting timetable (as the worker is still chained to the time-clock), the anxiety that sends the white-collar man home with his briefcase for an evening's work (as it degrades the workingman into pleading for long hours of overtime), the displacement of the white-collar slum from the wrong side of the tracks to the suburbs (just as the working-class slum is moved from old-law tenements to skyscraper barracks)—all these mean to me that the white-collar man is entering (though his arms may be loaded with commodities) the grey world of the working man.

THREE quotations from men with whom I worked may help to bring my view into focus:

Before starting work: "Come on, suckers, they say the Foundation wants to give away *more* than half a billion this year. Let's do and die for the old Foundation."

During rest period: "Ever stop to think how we crawl here bumper to bumper, and crawl home bumper to bumper, and we've got to turn out more every minute to keep our jobs, when there isn't even any room for them on the highways?"

At quitting time (this from older foremen, whose job is not only to keep things moving, but by extension to serve as company spokesmen): "You're smart to get out of here. . . . I curse the day I ever started, now I'm stuck: any man with brains that stays here ought to have his head examined. This is no place for an intelligent human being."

Such is the attitude towards the work. And towards the product? On the one hand it is admired and desired as a symbol of freedom, almost a substitute for freedom, not because the worker participated in making it, but because our whole culture is dedicated to the proposition that the automobile is both necessary and beautiful. On the other hand it is hated and despised —so much that if your new car smells bad it may be due to a banana peel crammed down its gullet and sealed up thereafter, so much so that if your dealer can't locate the rattle in your new car you might ask him to open the welds on one of those tail fins and vacuum out the nuts and bolts thrown in by workers sabotaging their own product.

Sooner or later, if we want a decent society—by which I do not mean a society glutted with commodities or one maintained in precarious equilibrium by over-buying and forced premature obsolescence—we are going to have to come face to face with the problem of work. Apparently the Russians have committed themselves to the replenishment of their labor force through automatic recruitment of those intellectually incapable of keeping up with severe scholastic requirements in the public educational system. Apparently we, too, are heading in the same direction: although our economy is not directed, and although college education is as yet far from free, we seem to be operating in this capitalist economy on the totalitarian assumption that we can funnel the underprivileged, undereducated, or just plain underequipped, into the factory, where we can proceed to forget about them once we have posted the minimum fair labor standards on the factory wall.

If this is what we want, let's be honest enough to say so. If we conclude that there is nothing noble about repetitive work, but that it is nevertheless good enough for the lower orders, let's say that, too, so we will at least know where we stand. But if we cling to the belief that other men are our brothers, not just Egyptians, or Israelis, or Hungarians, but *all* men, including millions of Americans who grind their lives away on an insane treadmill, then we will have to start thinking about how their work and their lives can be made meaningful. That is what I assume the Hungarians, both workers and intellectuals, have been thinking about. Since no one has been ordering us what to think, since no one has been forbidding our intellectuals to fraternize with our workers, shouldn't it be a little easier for us to admit, first, that our problems exist, then to state them, and then to see if we can resolve them?

The Story of an Article . .

by Sarah Patton Boyle

In its issue of October 20, 1956, The Nation *published an article by Sarah Patton Boyle in which she, as a white Southern heretic, a tireless crusader for desegregation, described the pain, fear and loneliness of fighting for what she believed in against the solid hostility of community prejudice. Mrs. Boyle now describes what has happened to her as a result of that article.*—The Editors.

THE STORY of most articles is pretty dull. You get an idea; it worries you until you write a piece around it; you send the product out a few times; and it's either accepted or not. The check, if you get one, goes to pay for something you bought a while ago. And that's it.

But the story of one of my articles is different.

It begins last September when the editors of *The Nation* asked me to write about my slice of the South. I replied that I was too groggy from having my beautiful Chippendale illusions broken over my head to write about anything but how the impact felt.

Then, they returned, let's have that.

I didn't think the magazine knew what it was doing. The story I had in mind was too personal. I hadn't told it even to my nearest relatives or closest friends. But with the request to focus on, I knew I could get the experience down—get it *said.* Then I'd feel better.

"Ah, therapy!" I thought, and reached for my typewriter.

But I was so weary from stress, and so sure that the piece was unusable that I didn't even give it a decent typing. I just shot it off rough with the comment, "I feel better now, and I hope you're no worse off."

The following Tuesday I got the reply: "It goes to press Friday."

I was seized with panic. Like Lady Godiva, I'd let my hair down to the floor—after taking off everything else. Now I felt as if Delilah had visited me with her shears. Even more important, in the six years since I had decided to put my shoulder to the Southern Negro's wheel, I'd published nothing which I didn't think would either enlighten the prejudiced or hearten my fellow crusaders. But now I'd let out a scream which could only hearten the prejudiced and depress the righteous. As sometimes happens when one seeks therapy, I felt worse than before.

Yet the article had been accepted and scheduled in good faith: the issue planned and ready for the press. It was a little too late to back out.

So, under the title of Spit in the Devil's Eye, the piece ruthlessly appeared—completed with a David Shapiro woodcut so piquant with my agonies that I felt as though my head were shaved as well as shorn. I backed against the wall and awaited the rain of leaden disappointment from my once-respectful colleagues.

A letter came. I didn't open it at first. When I did, it said: "I've never written a fan letter before, but I want to thank you for your article. It gave me new hope for the South."

The next day there were two letters. One, from a physician in Missouri, said: "So very often I feel like resigning from the human race. Then something comes—like your article in *The Nation*—and I withdraw my resignation." The other was from a professor in Louisiana: "You lend faith to my hope that in the end human dignity will prevail."

They continued to come, one or two a day at first, then one or two a week, like transfusions and medicine to a person who had been dying of wounds. As reaction to the first appearance of the article subsided, reprints sponsored by various church denominations began to be mailed out. The result of these relays is that ten months after the original appeared I still receive an occasional letter of support.

The reaction of readers still baffles me. Several score of people thanked me for the new hope my "courage" gave them. Yet the piece was written, not in courage but in a lapse of it. It's as though a woman in labor, who for hours had bitten her lips and clutched her mattress in silence, suddenly weakened and screamed. And everyone crowded round and said, "How brave you are!"

Can it be that the line between bravery and deception sometimes grows thin? That "the laughter which conceals tears" can strain itself into mere misrepresentation? That an honest scream is sometimes more worthy than a phony stiff upper lip? At least I know that after telling the somewhat awful truth flatly, I did have a curious feeling of having been cleansed.

THE narrow stream of letters poured slowly on, more than a hundred of them, renewing me and rebuilding hopes I thought were splintered. What were these? One was the hope that people can really communicate with one another. For six years I had talked plainly and with ardor of the necessity for making concrete the principles we all profess, and only misinterpretation appeared to result. But now *Nation* readers seemed to catch the full implication of every sentence I wrote.

Another was that people really care about what happens to people they don't know. I had grown at first heart-sick, then heart-empty at the indifference to acute human need which I had found when I looked seeingly around the South. But these readers cared. Letter after letter bore evidence that the writer had focused his or her whole experience and intelligence on writing me, a total stranger, a letter which might help me carry my load.

This was the more heart-warming because most ordinary "fan mail" is merely an overflow of ego. The "admirer" writes to himself, not you. He says, "Dear Mrs. Boyce (or Doyle, or Bowls), I read with interest your wonderful article in the *Woman's Home Friend.* It reminds me of an essay I wrote once in high school. It was a better piece of writing than the teacher thought, etc., etc. and etc." Or he says, "Dear Mrs. Boyle: After reading your good article entitled Why Southerners Need Aspirin, it occurs to me that you are the very person who can give me information about the origin of aspirin. I have searched the libraries and have been unable . . . etc."

But *Nation* readers used their own problems and experiences only as a means of helping me with mine. In all there were 103 letters, representing twenty professions and coming from thirty-one states (six of them in the deep South), plus Canada and Europe. Of these only three were egotistical and only two were unkind.

The unkind ones? The first was from a high-school girl in Minnesota. She said she wasn't prejudiced against Negroes, since after all she belonged to a persecuted minority herself; and, besides, some of her best friends were Negroes; but on the whole she preferred not to associate with such people, or, she implied, with such as defend them.

The other, neatly typed with a bright ribbon, was from Louisiana. Its writer implied that naturally all integrationists were Communists and that I was a traitor to all decent Southern whites. She said she hoped I enjoyed the thirty pieces of silver which I of course received for my phony Essay on Self Pity and my other writings on integration. She added that she was laughing at my tear jerker, and asked sarcastically if I was prepared to include her in the "Forgive them, Father" I claimed I was learning to say.

How right she was about the thirty pieces of silver. Anyone who has been privileged to sell a short article to *The Nation*, or any magazine designed to appeal only to the thinking few, is aware that thirty pieces of American coin is a more literal than symbolic description of what one receives. As for her inquiry, the answer is yes. It's not much of a spiritual feat for one in the agony of childbirth to feel sorry for and pray for one in the agony of cancer. We who fight for human freedom know the pain of creation, of living to full human stature, of love. It is not impossible for us to forgive those who shriek at us in the torment of self-destroying hatred.

Actually, it's as true that all men must suffer as it is that all must die, and Lincoln's wisdom applies to pain as well as death. Only the privileged suffer *for* something. The rest suffer as much, but in futility.

Self-pity? No. I know of no crusader for the rights of man who feels self-pity, or who belittles the aims of fellow crusaders by pitying them. That is one of the wonderful things about my *Nation* letters. In not even one were tepid tears shed for me. Those discerning strangers offered me instead the firm, sustaining hand of empathy, approval, or gratitude. They also each offered some thought that heartened. And that is why, inch by inch and letter by letter, my sense of isolation retreated.

They increased my range of vision —broadened my base of human fellowship. As their slow stream poured in I became aware of the myriad of persons who stand firm for many high causes, some quite different from mine, yet akin to it in that they are all designed to move reluctant man toward a knowledge of his destiny.

And as the article came into the hands of their executives, minority organizations, including the National Council of Negro Women, stepped forward with extended hands. A curious feeling of expanded consciousness stole through me—a rich and growing sense of partnership with a vast and hidden army of those who seek and serve.

IT WAS my job and reward to answer all these sustaining letters, and as I pulled them through my consciousness in reply, each thought and turn of phrase, planned and executed for my comfort, came suddenly alive for me. Before I answered, the letters were kindly gestures which I much appreciated, but as I answered they spoke to me in a different, deeper way—human essence to human essence—and in my innermost cells I was healed.

Some of my replies were answered,

giving me more knowledge of my newest friends. And one of these, a florescent creature named Flora, has a rare gift for bringing people and experiences into lively being on a page. We write often and through her an amazing array of friends I've never met have come to life and to live in me. And gone is the experience of aloneness which I described in Spit in the Devil's Eye.

How true this is has recently been proved. I wrote my first *Nation* piece following a heavy shower of hostile pressures, which arrive with rhythmic regularity in my field of work. A few weeks ago I experienced another such shower, as a result of an article I wrote for local publication. Once again community disapproval closed in like the walls in "The Pit and the Pendulum." But this time there was a difference.

NO longer was I a prisoner in my community, at the mercy of prison guards. I had long thought in terms of all mankind, yet in my heart and bones somehow I had not known that I was a part of it. But now, like a fine tapestry, my *Nation*-reader friendships stretched from California to Florida, to Canada, and in my heart as well as in my mind I know that the human family is one—and I am part of it.

In my heart as well as in my mind Charlottesville is a dot on the map of the land. I belong to the whole. The "innermost I" has moved out of town, and I now dwell in a new community—the community of those who, because of inner wealth, do not ask the price of seeking the truth and of bringing forth the future.

Inflation: The Other Fellow's Fault . .

by John S. Tompkins

IN SPITE of flood, drought, civil rights and disarmament, the nation's press has been giving more front-page space to esoteric economic discussions from Washington in the last few weeks than at any time since the New Deal. America is still riding the crest of the greatest boom in its history and yet the controversy over rising prices has all but drowned out public statements of satisfaction with our record high standard of living.

The subject of inflation, its nature, cause and cure, is currently being explored by two Senatorial committees, with a third investigation slated for the fall. All summer long a torrent of testimony has poured out of Washington, but no conclusions are yet apparent. Each group has been blaming inflation on someone else. A hot argument has developed on just what kind of inflation it is that we're having, but except for more up-to-date statistics the talk has produced little really new information.

The administration, having decided that the trouble was simply too much money competing for too few goods, two years ago began its "tight money" policy. This curbs spending (so the theory goes) by making it more expensive to borrow. The Democrats, looking for a 1958 campaign issue, contend that we are experiencing a "new" inflation and that tight money not only won't stop it but unfairly hurts the little man while helping big business and the bankers. Organized labor, fat and happy twenty years after the sitdown strike era, is baffled and irate that the fruits of its escalator clauses seem to melt away before they can be savored. Business, caught between rising costs and declining sales, blames tight money for making new plants more expensive and labor for demanding more money with no increase of production. The farmer feels that tight money helps the banker who holds the mortgage, but leaves him still squeezed between higher living costs and falling farm prices. The consumer, least organized and least articulate of all, is showing some signs of annoyance at the steady erosion of the dollar's purchasing power. Twenty cents has disappeared from the dollar in less than a decade, a nickel of that just since last March.

The views of the administration and the Democrats have met in sharpest contrast in the hearings of the Senate Finance Committee. George M. Humphrey, the recently retired Secretary of the Treasury, spent a near-record fourteen days on the witness stand, defending his concept of inflation against the attacks of Democratic Senators Byrd, Kerr, Fulbright and Anderson. Mr. Humphrey argued that this inflation is a classical example of demand outrunning supply and that it began in 1955 as an outburst of industrial expansion. The great demand for production machinery, factory buildings and equipment bid up hard goods prices, and with varying time lags these increases have been translated into higher consumer prices.

The Democrats contend that neither of the classical signs, too much money nor too few goods, is present in this inflation. Pointing to surpluses of most consumer goods, they add that the money supply has expanded less than two per cent in a year. In addition, according to this view, the government is taking more money out of the spending stream than it is putting in by operating on a small surplus and paying off some of its debt. Mr. Humphrey conceded that the amount of money in circulation has increased very slowly, but he insisted that its velocity has risen rapidly and that when each dollar changes hands faster the effect on the economy is as if more money has been created.

Mr. Humphrey provoked outcries of protest when he referred to the inflationary effect of a sharp rise in wages over the past few years without a proportionate rise in productivity. He added that such wage in-

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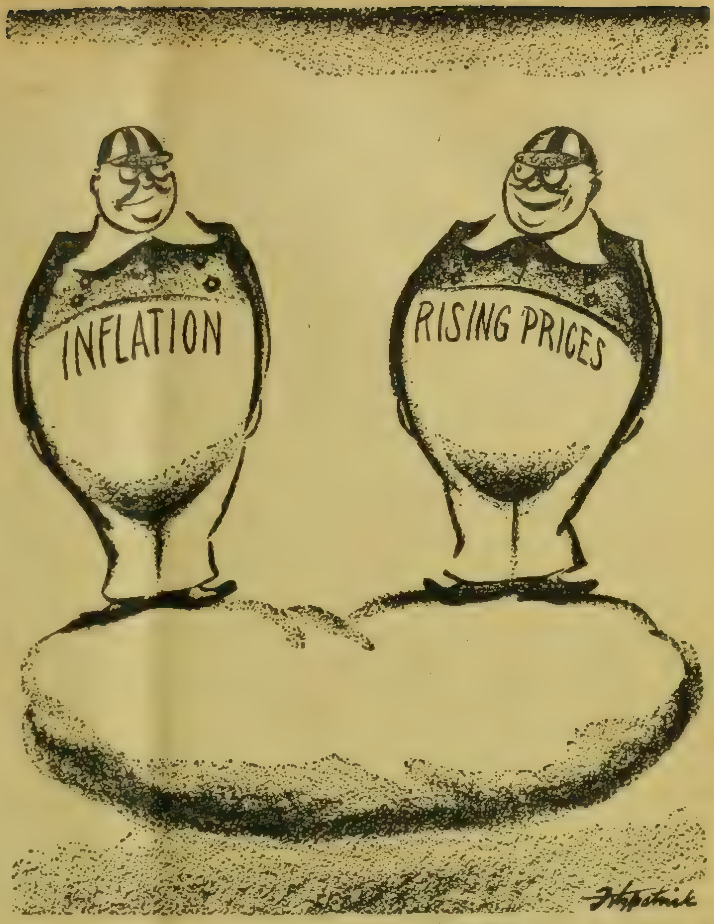
creases have pushed disposable income up six per cent since mid-1955. The Democratic view is that until very recently wages have always lagged behind prices and that the real villain is the "administered price" (i.e. a follow-the-leader price) which they claim corporations set without regard to supply and demand and then blame on labor. The Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee, headed by Senator Kefauver, has fixed its sights on this question but will also look into automatic wage increases.

Generally, the Democrats are critical of the administration's tight money approach to inflation because of the hardships it works on towns and cities, small businessmen, home buyers and farmers, when they must borrow money. During the questioning of Mr. Humphrey, Clinton P. Anderson, (D., N.M.) suggested that these groups were feeling the credit pinch while large corporations were not. The Secretary admitted that they might have felt the effect of tight money first, but said that the pressure is now also holding down big business expansion. Mr. Humphrey at first rejected the possibility of installing selective credit controls and was later skeptical that they could be effective in any case.

This Senatorial probing has brought professors of economics to Washington from all over the country to give testimony, read technical papers into the record and prepare cases for the Congressmen engaged in the inquiries. Two of the most widely-quoted statements on inflation, though neither came out of the present investigations, well exemplify the administration and Democratic philosophies. According to C. Canby Balderston, vice chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors:

> A misconception that is part of our intellectual currency today is that a little inflation is a good thing. A little inflation, sometimes thought of as roughly two per cent a year, would double the price level every thirty-five years. However, even if we accept the inevitability of creeping inflation, and I certainly do not, it is not possible to have just a "little" inflation.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Tweedledum and Tweedledee

The opposite position is that held by Harvard Professor Sumner H. Slichter, and many Democrats. Believing that there will continue to be a two or three per cent inflation per year for the indefinite future, Prof. Slichter says:

> In this imperfect world we are often compelled to choose between evils, and if the choice is between enough unemployment to halt the rise in labor costs, direct controls of wages and prices, and creeping inflation, let us by all means have the creeping inflation. It is the least of the three evils.

Spokesmen for labor, in what has become the great inflation debate, resent being blamed for pushing up prices with their wage demands; they claim that management uses wage increases only as an excuse to extract greater profits from the public. U.S. steel justified its $6-a-ton price rise on the basis of wage boosts given recently under a contract that came out of last fall's strike. At that time the price of steel went up $8.50 a ton and the company has indicated that such a wage-price pattern is likely to continue. But David McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, retorts that for every dollar of pay rises got by his union since World War II, the price of steel has gone up more than three dollars. Thus labor blames administered prices for inflation and observes that giant corporations in the automobile and appliance fields are even now raising prices in the face of falling demand, rather than cutting them as they would if they were really in competition. The administration's own attitude on pay increases for 1,500,000 federal employees provoked this sarcastic analysis from George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO: "When prices are rising, 'it is inflationary to increase Federal employees' pay.' When prices are falling, 'higher pay might promote unemployment.' When prices are fairly stable, it might 'rock the boat' to adjust Government pay rates." Nevertheless, some segments of labor have managed to stay ahead of the game, however slightly, and that is better than most white-collar workers have been able to do. The latest half per cent increase in the Consumer Price Index brought automatic two to four cent an hour increases to an estimated 650,000 workers with wage-price contracts in the electrical manufacturing, aircraft and trucking industries.

Businessmen large and small complain that labor is the largest single cost of manufacturing and that employees now expect regular pay rises without any increase of productivity. Most management spokesmen avoid provocative statements on the virtues of unemployment, but nearly all believe that inflation is one of the penalties of a full-employment policy. As to the inflationary effect of price rises, many businessmen feel that they have exercised restraint in not charging all that the market will bear. Business admits that price increases are calculated to provide a "fair" profit in addition to covering labor and other costs. If the unions claim that fair profits are often exorbitant, businessmen are as quick to resent the suggestion that they should be the ones to absorb the higher costs. The surge of capital spending in 1955 which, according to Mr. Humphrey, touched off the present inflation, was caused, says industry, partly by the need to offset higher wages with more efficient plants, partly by faith that the wartime baby boom would continue.

BUSINESS has often been critical of the tight money policy for making its financing of this expansion more costly—which was precisely what the policy was intended to do. The effect has been felt in some delay of expansion plans, but spending for this purpose has still been enormous. At the present time capital spending by industry is estimated to be running at the rate of almost $38,000,000,000 per year—about nine per cent higher than last year, but less than half the increase registered between 1955 and 1956. Some labor critics of business pricing policies claim that many companies are getting around the effects of tight money by financing their expansion out of increased prices.

The farmers have been heard from least of all the groups in the inflation controversy. Most farmers dislike tight money because it increases the difficulty of raising mortgages and makes their regular seasonal borrowing constantly more difficult and expensive. Business and labor may agree that government spending for farm price supports is inflationary, but farmers are likely to say the same about defense budgets. With the decline of the old-fashioned diversified farm, farmers have become consumers of all kinds of goods, including food. It is bad enough that a new tractor will cost more as a result of the steel price increase, but when the price of bread goes up as the price of wheat goes down, the farmer just gets mad.

The most long-suffering and slow-to-anger part of public opinion is the consumer, who, formally speaking, is in no group at all. Of course labor, business and farmers are all themselves consumers. But the consumers who have been hurt most and heard from least are the members of the great middle class, the salaried employees, who neither own property nor have a real stake in business. Unable to tie their salaries to the cost of living, such people stand by helplessly while their living standard steadily drops. Their only weapon is the buyer's strike, and there are signs that they may have begun to use it.

In a June survey of consumer attitudes, the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan found that a more cautious attitude on spending has recently become noticeable. In what is possibly a reflection of wishful thinking, the survey found that expectations by consumers of further price rises have leveled off, following a sharp upturn in 1955 and in the first half of 1956. "At the same time," the survey notes, "resentment against price increases seems to have grown somewhat." Specific buying intentions show an increase in plans to buy used cars and fewer plans to buy major appliances or houses than in 1955 or 1956.

The survey uncovered an interesting difference in attitude toward tight money from one income level to another. Upper income consumers were well aware that interest rates have gone up and some believe that this has made it harder to finance home purchases. Fewer lower income people knew of the rise and most of those who did know believed that they were not affected by them.

The inflation will probably continue until after the 1958 elections, but whether the real answer to the problem will have been found by then is another question. What many forget in the present controversy is that inflation is a world-wide problem and that the cost of living is just as much on the front pages in France, Chile, Japan, Sweden and Great Britain as it is here.

Lo! A Child Is Born

I thought of a house where the stones seemed suddenly changed
And became instinct with hope, hope as solid as themselves,
And the atmosphere warm with that lovely heat,
The warmth of tenderness and longing souls, the smiling anxiety
That rules a house where a child is about to be born.
The walls were full of ears. All voices were lowered.
Only the mother had the right to groan and complain.

Then I thought of the whole world. Who cares for its travail
And seeks to encompass it in like loving-kindness and peace?
There is a monstrous din of the sterile who contribute nothing
To the great end in view, and the future fumbles,
A bad birth, not like the child in that gracious home
Heard in the quietness turning in its mother's womb,
A strategic mind already, seeking the best way
To present himself to life, and at last, resolved,
Springing into history quivering like a fish,
Dropping into the world like a ripe fruit in due time.

Hugh MacDiarmid

BOOKS and the ARTS

Shattering the Atom of Personality

THE TOWER AND THE ABYSS. By Erich Kahler. George Braziller, Inc. 327 pp. $6.

David Spitz

THIS BOOK is a stunning achievement. It takes its title from that arresting passage in Pascal, where man, burning to find solid ground on which to build a tower that rises to infinity, discovers to his torment that the whole foundation cracks beneath him; the earth splits open, and he falls into the abyss. And it explores, with sensitivity and fabulous erudition, this broken world of contemporary man and the forces that disrupt and may well destroy his human identity.

By man, Kahler means man as individual and not as person. The distinction is vital, for it demarcates what is crucial to man—his coherent and indivisible unity—from what is also essential but basically external—his various functional masks. Man as *persona* is many men; he plays different roles in response to specific situations. Man as individual, on the other hand, is a compact and integral whole. To split him is to destroy him *as a human being*. But just as science has succeeded in splitting the atom, also once presumed indivisible, so forces in the modern world are fragmenting and thereby dehumanizing the individual. This process of disruption, of invalidation, is the core of Kahler's book.

Kahler traces this process of human transformation in both its external and internal aspects. Externally, it is marked by a decisive shift from communities to collectives. Communities (e.g., family, tribe, nation) derive from common origins and regard man primarily as an individual. They transmit attitudes and patterns of form and behavior that give him his identity as man. Collectives (e.g., corporations, political parties, states, voluntary associations of all kinds) exist for more limited and specific purposes and value only the person. They use only man's functional part, and this—through specialization, standardization, commercialization, and (ultimately) anonymization — grows increasingly atrophied. The result is not a man at all but a cipher, dominated by collective standards and stereotypes.

INTERNALLY, the dehumanization of man is achieved by a split in human consciousness itself. Partly as a consequence of the outer situation, partly in opposition to it, man's consciousness is detached from the events about him. He sees and responds to things impersonally. Like the athlete in quest of a record, he performs for the sake of performing. He is no longer governed by inner values. The result is a new insensibility, even callousness. But at the same time the violent contrasts and discontinuities, the seeming incoherence, in his everyday world—so dramatically illustrated in modern art, poetry, the novel—give rise to a new sensibility, a new consciousness or perception of levels of reality heretofore hidden from him because of his subjective attitude. This new *observational* sensibility, in combination with psychoanalysis and the existentialist experience, has broken through the underlying texture of human existence; it has disrupted and is sweeping away the very foundations of the human personality.

The result is a shattering of the human community and of human values. Relatively autonomous and ever more powerful collectives, because they overemphasize the functional part of man, neglect or suppress communication between the human, individual centers in man. In fact, they create a further split—between human responsibility and functional responsibility. Morality is no longer viewed as responsibility to the entire human community but as responsibility to a particular collective. And since, in Kahler's view, no human community can maintain itself without true morality in this purely human sense, the consequence is not just a devaluation of specific values, but a dwindling of the faculty of valuation as such. It is *a devaluation of valuation*. This is the final collapse, the ultimate tragedy, of modern man.

WHAT can be done to counteract this powerful trend toward the disruption and invalidation of the individual? Kahler is too honest and courageous a thinker to dissemble. The answer is, very little. He finds this trend so overwhelming, indeed, that he is induced to see in it a true mutation, a transformation of human nature. We are already engaged, in his view, in a form of life in which the group and not the person is the decisive factor, in which the collective and not the individual is the standard unit. The situation cannot be reversed. Only *possibly* can it be transcended. How? Only by rescuing the human quality in man, only by re-establishing, on a higher level, a true human community, one in which people relate to each other again as human beings. Kahler admits that this is utopian, but he reminds us that any proposition is utopian when it has not yet become a reality.

And he sets forth certain minimum conditions that must be met if we are to achieve what he calls a controlled consciousness and conscious self-control of the whole human community. These conditions include: a restoration of learning, so as to achieve integration and orientation in the vast wilderness of factuality; the creation of a firmly established world government and of democratic socialism, the latter of momentous importance if we are to control the second industrial rev-

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olution—automation; and the furthering of such movements as Marcel Barbu's communitarianism. But, whatever the specific reform, central to Kahler's thought is the moral problem: how to achieve moral integration? how to elicit human responsibility? Unless this is brought about, unless somehow we reach *wholeness* again in the consciously restored community, the individual will no longer rule. He will serve, and his service will be in an alien cause imposed on him from without. It will further no human aim which is implicitly his own.

NO review can hope to capture the subtle and intricate reasoning, the richness of detail, the careful refinements and necessary qualifications, with which Kahler executes his huge canvas. It would, therefore, be unfair to enter a series of strictures at this point. Nevertheless, one question should be raised. Kahler is too careful a historian to present the individual and the person, or the community and the collective, as historically (i.e., chronologically or actually) distinct types. He rather advances them as ideal-types, and builds his case on what he contends is a change of emphasis, a shift of predominance. But what I think he minimizes in part is the necessary interrelatedness of the two, and the very important role played by the collective in freeing the individual of servility to the community. Every community, no matter how "decent," seeks to preserve its identity, and crucial to this venture is the required allegiance and conformity of its members. What the collective may do, consequently, is to open a path of refuge. It may enable the non-conformist to join with others of his kind, at least in the pursuit of certain limited ends. For the values inherent in this purpose, it may well be that what is needed is not a shift from collective to community but a re-ordering of social institutions so as to produce a new and more valuable equilibrium.

Despite this and like criticisms, *The Tower and the Abyss*, along with Kahler's earlier and even more monumental work, *Man the Measure*, stamps its author as one of the intellectual giants of our time.

The Sea of Hazard

GREEN WITH BEASTS. By W. S. Merwin. Alfred A. Knopf. 85 pp. $3.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE MAJOR—almost the whole—tendency of modern poetry has been to close in on the terror of truth: truth as ultimate meaninglessness, empty fatality, death, *nada*. What Mallarmé wrote a good many years ago remains the central "problem": "One throw of the dice will never abolish hazard itself." One insight, one thought, one system, and even the ultimate encompassment of great art will never do away with the continuous, all-eroding wash of that impersonal reality which forever challenges and forever defeats human creativity.

After the passion and the agony of the older poetic masters of this century, it is a deep pleasure to see a young poet of thirty going at this inescapable theme in a new way. Quietly, very quietly, without argument, W. S. Merwin takes it up as *the* condition of existence. In his poems we close in on panic so gently and unexpectedly, out of an almost dazed calm, that we hardly realize we are there and *have* been there all the time:

> Sea-shimmer, faint haze, and far out a bird
> Dipping for flies or fish. Then, when over
> That wide silk suddenly the shadow
> Spread skating, who turned with a shiver
> High in the rocks? And knew, then only, the waves'
> Layering patience: how they would follow after,
> After, dogged as sleep, to his inland
> Dreams, oh beyond the one lamb that cried
> In the olives, past the pines' derision. And heard
> Behind him not the sea's gaiety but its laughter.

Yet this is a kind of audacity—to take this grand old archetypal symbol of the sea and use it in this way: plainly, simply, without the rhetoric and dramatics which even Williams' "The Yachts" and Eliot's "Marina" and "The Dry Salvages" (and Mann's most poetic moment, at the end of *Death in Venice*) have attached to it. Like Hart Crane, Merwin is obsessed by the sea's ambiguous seductiveness and by the shapes and dangers it conceals and reveals. But he is writing on another plane; he does not hug the terror so tightly, his images do not have the same frozen brilliance, and his relation to the sea is more literal and familiar. Where Crane's emphasis is on the tragic gap between the dream of absolute triumph over the nature of things and the foreboding of absolute defeat, Merwin is altogether humbler and more yielding—in style and rhythm as in frame of thought. The recurrent hero of twentieth-century literature, that voyager whom Spender has called the "heroic sensibility," becomes the entranced man in a boat, lost at sea yet as "found" as fatality will permit anyone to be. He "knows sailing," but that knowledge can protect him for only just so long. His predicament is best projected in "The Shipwreck." Merwin's picture of the doomed sailors' physical situation and their feelings is concrete and moving; his ending, however, is characteristically flattened out, even bland:

> And to some it seemed that the waves
> Grew gentle, spared them, while they died of that knowledge.

He is talking about their innate "knowledge" of sailing, which includes the knowledge of fatality itself. Always before they had "coiled it down," suppressed it from consciousness. Now, though their literal death floods in from the outside, they feel what had always been "bursting slowly inside them." So it seems to them that this innate knowledge is what pushes them into death.

PERHAPS (it is too early to tell) this almost quietistic handling of terror will ultimately prove to be related to some inhibition of psychic energy in Merwin's imaginative make-up. I have compared him with Crane, and certainly his work seems to lack not only Crane's dazzling violence but, what is quite another matter, his *capacity* for it. Nevertheless, I should not like to leave the impression that Merwin is more abstract or passive than he really is, or that he is less intense. In fact, he is wonderfully adept at evoking just the precise psychological character of certain modes of experience. And his originality does mainly consist in the way he has excised heroics from the awareness of bleakness. Sailing with him, we find ourselves alive to all the uncertainties of position and direction that fog or unexpected nearness to a buoy or the sudden "actual" glimpse of a sea-serpent can really cause. The symbolism is implicit in the situation itself, and I think it has grown upon Merwin as gradually and imperceptibly as it did upon Melville.

THE quality of symbolic awareness, if not the literal imagery, carries over into the poems that stay ashore. There is the same closing-in process, for instance, in one of Merwin's most haunting pieces: "Thorn Leaves in March." Here a free adaptation of *terza rima* deepens the feeling cumulatively, echoing Dante's tragic tone as from a great distance—a faintest reminder of suffering and mortality in the midst of spring:

> At the hill's edge, by the blue flooding
> Of the arc-lamps, and the moon's suffused presence
> The first leaves budding pale on the thorn trees,
> Uncurling with that crass light coming through them. . . .

From this "ghostly" sight we are carried into an ever more acute consciousness of all the mysterious and "hazardous" questions of birth, death and time attendant upon this moment of acute awareness, a moment caught with the most delicately sentient accuracy—as so many of Merwin's focal moments *are* caught. "In the Heart of Europe," which achieves a related success, is a momentary gesture of tribute to those peasant peoples who have a tradition of feeling themselves at home denied to the protagonist and his spiritual contemporaries. So also, the love poem "Her Wisdom" presents a woman of unusually sensitive perceptions whose voyaging, as it were, can by the very nature of her identification with the sufferings of others take place only in pain—a motif linked with that of the sea poems.

The longer poems here seem to me on the whole the least successful. Mostly they are attempts to gain wider intellectual scope by pursuing religious themes and expanding Biblical dramatic situations. One sign of their unsureness is Merwin's inability quite to escape the idioms and rhythms of the *Four Quartets*; another is his almost compulsive over-elaboration in some of them. They are interesting and competent but, with the exception of "Leviathan" (which after all permits him to remain at home—that is to say, at sea), they do not have the authority of the shorter pieces. We should probably, though, regard them mainly as evidences of the poet's restless refusal to content himself with one kind of success. His earlier books contained evidences of a similar nature, and I have no doubt that these "larger" experiments are but markers on the way to some new advance in sensibility and method.

[Green With Beasts, *published in an edition of only a few hundred copies, is already out of print; booksellers may still have copies.*]

LETTER from ROME

William Weaver

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN often has a curious effect on writers' reputations. American critics, coming to Europe, are surprised at the importance intellectuals here have assigned to some of our writers, a tradition of overpraising that goes from Baudelaire's ecstasy over Poe to Gide's championing of Dashiell Hammett. At the same time, Europeans are stunned by the success that certain minor writers enjoy in the United States. The phenomenal triumph of Guareschi's *Don Camillo* in America has forced many an Italian intellectual to the conclusion that American readers are a little weak in the head. And the same intellectuals lament bitterly the fact that a number of Italy's best writers (the late Cesare Pavese is the prime example) are unknown even to the most cultivated Americans. The fact is that, like certain wines, certain writers do not "travel"; some of them write from a point of view too foreign for American consumption, while others are almost untranslatable. Ironically enough, there are also writers who improve in translation; an example that immediately comes to mind is William Saroyan, who has had a great popularity in Italy in the excellent Italian versions by Elio Vittorini.

A few weeks ago, in the midst of Rome's worst hot spell in years, the city's intellectual élite—with a generous sprinkling of Florentine and Milanese visitors—gathered in the garden of the Villa di Papa Giulio, one of the capital's most enchanting Renaissance buildings, which now houses the Etruscan museum. There, among fountains and statues, with an orchestra for dancing, the annual "Premio Strega" was awarded to Elsa Morante, whose strange and pas-

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sionate novel *L'Isola di Arturo* (*Arturo's Island*) was published here earlier in the spring.

This is the second novel published by Signora Morante (in private life she is married to Alberto Moravia); her first, *Menzogna e sortilegio,* came out in America under the title *House of Liars.* To the author's dismay, the American edition was awkwardly cut; in spite of authoritative praise by authoritative reviewers it did not make a great impression on the general public, though even a superficial reader could see that he was in the presence of a startling talent.

In Italy, where critics like nothing better than making categories and tracing schools, Elsa Morante defies classification and firmly treads her private path. A slow and painstaking worker (she discards almost as much as she publishes), with her two novels, both of them long and complex stories, she has established herself in the front rank of Italian writers, though she is still hardly more than a name outside of this country.

L'Isola di Arturo is the story of a lonely, imaginative boy's growing up on an island in the bay of Naples. This one-sentence summary, however, gives a completely mistaken impression of the book; Arturo is not one of those sensitive children adored by lady writers and lady readers. He is a boy obsessed by love—first of his mysterious, evasive father (a man with tortured loves of his own); then of his simple, Madonna-like young step-mother. Finally his torment drives him to abandon the island—his youth—for the mainland and the calmer trials of maturity. The story lives in its wild chiaroscuro, the unexpected mixture of poetry and sensuality in the child, of innocence and wisdom in the step-mother, of meanness and tragedy in the father—all against a landscape that is epic and lyrical at the same time. Signora Morante's style is highly personal (and for this second book she occasionally adopts Neapolitan turns of phrase with telling effect), but reading her prose, one can guess her favorite writers, a mixed company that must include Stendhal, Rimbaud, Proust and perhaps Emily Bronte.

IF Elsa Morante has not yet been properly appreciated in the United States, Alberto Moravia has suffered a fate almost worse: that of being appreciated for the wrong reasons. With a snappy dust-jacket, advertised as a sex novel, his *La Romana* (The Woman of Rome) sold like wildfire in American book stores, but few of its readers—and few of its reviewers—saw that, instead of being simply the well-told story of a prostitute with a kind heart, it was the blazing private history of a society so corrupt that the most honest, the most sensitive and the most human person in it was a streetwalker. At the same time, Moravia's youthful portrait of Fascist middle-class life, *Gli Indifferenti* (twice translated in America, recently as *A Time of Indifference*) failed to have the success it deserved, while his many short stories, which contain some of his most acute writing, are unknown to the thousands who gobbled up *La Romana.*

Moravia has just published a new novel, *La Ciociara* (*The Woman of Ciociaria*) and it is one of his best. The story is simple to the point of starkness: a widowed, still-young Roman shopkeeper (Cesira) and her adolescent daughter (Rosetta) flee from Rome towards the South as the Allies begin the Italian invasion. The mother and girl take refuge in the barren hills between Rome and Naples, in a section called Ciociaria, and there they manage to live, among dangers and crude and grasping peasants, through the terrible winter of 1943-44, until the Allied advance. Having survived all their varied hardships, the two women are going back to Rome when, in a lonely country church, they are raped by a band of French Moroccan soldiers. To Cesira—a typical Moravia heroine—the rape is, like every misfortune, something to be borne, overcome and forgotten. But to Rosetta, a girl who had lived until then in innocence, it is the negation of everything; she becomes hard and, to her mother's horror, a nymphomaniac. At last, they get back to Rome and the novel ends.

Beneath the linear simplicity of this story there lies an indirect, profound, scorching condemnation of war—not in the usual terms of bloodshed and destruction—but of war as the destroyer of the spirit, even of spirits as stout as Cesira's and as pure as Rosetta's. The picture of the peasants, ruined by the advance of the troops, driven to every kind of baseness, is drawn in severe lines by Moravia's fierce morality and stern sense of honesty. There is nothing sentimental about the book, but it is perhaps more moving than anything he has written.

If Saroyan has benefited in Italy by excellent translation, an Italian writer who has had analogous good fortune abroad is Ignazio Silone, who in Italy is highly esteemed as a public figure, a courageous anti-Fascist and a probing political thinker—but without being considered much of a novelist. His recent novel, *Il Segreto di Luca* (*Luca's Secret*) cannot be considered a success, even by those who admire his earlier work; but it is interesting because in it, his faults and virtues are more clearly exposed than in some of his more ambitious novels. Silone can always draw two fairly simple characters effectively: the old, kindly priest, not interested in politics but profoundly human and tolerant; and the younger Socialist politician, not quite so humane, but stiffly upright and capable of strong feelings. Both these characters recur in the new book, with the addition of the somewhat shadowy Luca, a man in his sixties, freed from prison after forty years of unjust confinement because, in his trial, he refused to reveal a secret: where he had spent the night of the crime. At the end of the book, the secret is out—the story of an unfulfilled love—but the novel seems slight and inconclusive. Silone's rough, laconic, over-simple style has never pleased Italian readers; and here it sometimes reaches childishness. But in the hands of a skillful translator, it becomes spare and effective (though one suspects that even the best translator cannot give substance to this thin story).

SILONE'S foreign success came largely during the war, when his was the only voice of anti-Fascist Italy; he is, therefore, a writer of considerable historical importance. After the war, Carlo Levi's excellent report, *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* was brought out (in a splendid translation) at just about the time the first post-war Rossellini and DeSica films were making Americans take notice. There was talk of an Italian "renaissance." Actually—with the possible exception of those films—the renaissance was a mistaken impression. Good writers—Moravia among them—had managed to write and publish all along (though, as an ardent anti-Fascist, Moravia suffered many obstacles in his career); and other, younger, good writers like Elsa Morante, were developing. Still others are appearing now: a few weeks ago the twentieth issue of the mammoth review *Botteghe Oscure* appeared with the first chapter of a novel called *Gli Eredi* (*The Heirs*) by P. M. Pasinetti. This opening chapter, the description of a Venetian family and the death of a formidable grandmother, suffices to make it clear that an authentic new talent is started on its way. Good writing is a continuing tradition in Italy; it is, unfortunately, American publishing that lacks the continuity and enterprise to appreciate it.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE directors of the Empire State Music Festival at Ellenville, New York, took a dangerous fling recently when they allowed the vitriolic sentiments of Richard Strauss's *Elektra* to ring forth in their mountainside music-tent. Audiences progressively dwindled on each of the three nights that the opera ran. Apparently the combined attractions of conductor Laszlo Halasz (who has been absent from the American scene for almost five years); the Symphony of the Air; and the young American soprano, Virginia Copeland (making her first appearance in the title role), were insufficient to offset public fright or disinterest regarding the opera. It was a pity, for *Elektra* is a masterpiece, and the performance, while not flawless, was on a high level of excellence.

The title role in *Elektra* is one of the most demanding in operatic literature. Hofmannsthal, Strauss's librettist, focused attention upon the character by having her on stage almost every one of the opera's ninety minutes. Strauss, for his part, gave her fiendishly difficult music to sing and then ranged against her an orchestral accompaniment that could drown out the sound of Niagara Falls. With due respect to the Festival tent's remarkable acoustical qualities, it was to Miss Copeland's credit that she could be heard at all. That she sang so fluently, with such warmth and beauty of tone was proof of the development she has made since her New York appearances in Menotti's *Saint of Bleeker Street.*

From a dramatic point of view, Elisabeth Hongen, of the Vienna State Opera, set the tone of the production with her portrayal of Klytemnestra. Her feeling for the opera's contorted, Medieval-Germanic stage postures was innate and deeply convincing. Miss Copeland, on the other hand, being young and native to a non-Germanic culture, had not completely assimilated this style of stage behavior. Her writhings carried with them an air of nervousness and "taught-by-rote." If she continues singing *Elektra,* she will certainly have to perfect the visual aspect of her characterization. But, for the moment, the mercurial quality of her singing provided a considerable compensation.

Among the shorter roles—all splendidly sung—were those of Ellen Faull (Crysothemis) and Marcello Di Giovanni (Aegisthus). Michael Bondon, who portrayed Orestes, did not inject much personal dynamism into his brief, climactic appearance on stage. But his singing, like that of the other principals, was consistently rich and secure.

AT THE Berkshire Festival in Tanglewood a few days later, the Boston Symphony presented a weekend of orchestral music devoted to Tchaikovsky and Igor Stravinsky. Tchaikovsky was represented by his Fifth and Sixth (Pathétique) Symphonies; the Romeo and Juliet Overture; the Violin Concerto; and the Variations on a Rococo Theme for Cello and Orchestra. Isaac Stern and Samuel Mayes were soloists, respectively, in the Concerto and in the Variations.

Three works by Stravinsky were programmed: his *Jeu de Cartes, Le Sacre du Printemps,* and the *Canticum*

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Since Pierre Monteux presided on the podium when the first, riot-inspiring performance of *Le Sacre* took place in 1913, it was fitting that he should conduct this later playing in honor of the composer's seventy-fifth anniversary. And if anyone expected a flagging of energy to be apparent in either *Le Sacre* or in Monteux (who is seven years Stravinsky's senior) he was sadly misguided. Both struck sparks. *Le Sacre* seemed an even more sybaritic piece than I had remembered it to be. And Monteux, with his simple, unbombastic baton technique, showed himself to be a man who comprehends such phenomena; who can take them in hand with the eagerness of a youth and leaven them with the sagacity of age.

OF THE performance itself, I affirm that it was remarkable. The Boston orchestra, which has always a fine sense of cultural unanimity, offered its obedience like a friendly lap-dog, allowing itself to be controlled to the smallest nuance, so that quiet portions of the score hummed with pagan mysticism, while the orgiastic passages filled the air with fury, and yet did not split the eardrums. Indeed, Monteux has a way of drawing every ounce of sound from an orchestra without forcing or sharp-edging the tone. How he does this is his own secret, but I wish he would divulge it to some other conductors. His approach to Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony bespoke the same ability to keep a work within a rational (though not unemotional) framework while taming the brass and percussion section's latent explosiveness. I have not heard the Fifth put forth with such a morning-fresh sound in years. It was a distinct relief from all the syrup and braying that generally pass for Tchaikovsky.

The *Canticum Sacrum, ad Honorem Sancti Marci Nominis,* a seventeen-minute religious, choral work, was composed by Stravinsky in 1955 and premiered at the Venice Festival in the following year. Like many of Stravinsky's compositions, it falls disconcertingly upon the ear at first hearing. It is a cold, chiseled kind of music, seemingly devoid of even the restrained passion of the early church cantillations it occasionally invokes. Whether the work will warm up on further hearing is difficult to say. I suspect it will not.

Charles Munch, the small portion of the Boston Symphony required by the *Canticum,* the Festival Chorus (prepared by Hugh Ross), and the soloists, John McCollum and Donald Gramm, gave the work what seemed to be an exemplary performance. By limiting his instrumentation to woodwinds, brasses, harp, organ, violas and double-basses, Stravinsky set himself an instrumental framework not dissimilar from that of his *Symphony of Psalms.* But no two works could be more opposite in effect. Where the *Symphony* is warm and pulsating with energy, the *Canticum* is icy and reserved, its five minuscule sections giving an impression of brevity without compression.

The fact that Stravinsky has in these latter years hied over to the 12-tone system has both confounded his enemies and confused his friends. The *Canticum* is a product of this orientation. Discussions of it invariably abound in technical verbiage about tone-rows, retrograde movement, etc. But these do not solve the enigma of the composer's present aesthetic, nor tell us whether it has, indeed, changed. Throughout most of his career, Stravinsky has devoted himself to a search for utter objectivity. Perhaps he has merely drawn closer to this ideal. Perhaps he has even attained it. If there are subjective values in the *Canticum,* they do not reveal themselves easily.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE SCRIPT of *A Hatful of Rain* has come over almost intact from Broadway to the screen. Michael Gazzo, its author, and Alfred Hayes have "spread" it a little, padding out the essential action with supplementary scenes that were originally implied in the dialogue. These add nothing, but technically they are necessary to keep the picture from being no more than a recorded play. As always when a play is well-constructed, the additional material dilutes the dramatic action; *A Hatful of Rain* is a good deal more "bearable" on the screen than it was on the stage.

On balance, however, Mr. Gazzo's work has gained in its translation, and this for the unusual reason that the movie is better cast and better directed (by Fred Zimmermann) than was the original. The play was used as a gymnasium for Ben Gazzara; and Fred Corsaro, its director, apparently cheered him on to new extremes of alternating catalepsy and athletic hysteria. This isolated Johnny Pope, the dope-addicted war hero, from the rest of the cast—a serious fault in a play, whatever merit it may have as psychological observation. Gazzara's violent behavior also made it difficult to believe that his desperate wife would not see that more was troubling her husband than temporary unemployment or a roving libido. Particularly when the wife was played by Shelley Winters, who is quite incapable of seeming slow-witted or unworldly.

With Mr. Zimmermann directing, Don Murray plays a Johnny Pope under much greater control. He is obviously in torment, but he is still communicating with the people around him, and his behavior does not cry out quite so obviously for the straitjacket. And Eva Marie Saint can play the decent but rather colorless working-wife who might be baffled for quite a while before she thought of anything so extreme as cocaine. The picture is less intense —I will admit that it is less brilliant—

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but a boat is called a *kayak.*

The first time out in one
seems clumsy
when you have been accustomed to
an American canoe
that glides so easily
(and can just as easily
overturn
if you do not hold your bow and stern
firmly in mind and
separate.
You must know where your place is
and keep it wholly
do not try to shift
and remember to trail your paddle
  clearly to one side—
left or right—don't dabble.)

In a *kayak*
you sit anywhere you like
and always dip with
a double paddle
neither side is the head
either side is the head
since both pull with equal weight
and you grasp in the center:

kayak, a most peculiar word
that you can spell
from either end
and come out
even.

EVE MERRIAM

than the play, but it moved me more. I was upset by the agonies of a nice boy and his well-meaning, obtuse family, rather than overpowered by the histrionics of an incandescent performer.

As for its daring—*A Hatful of Rain* is that only because Hollywood still assumes that dope is inherently a daring subject. The picture, like the play, has no villain (the hepcat peddlers are only an instrument); Johnny is an addict by accident—at most by stupidity—and his plight has little in common with what is now called "the dope problem."

A daring discussion of dope would have to dig a little deeper into cause and effect; it would have to suggest, perhaps, that the law is what perpetuates the problem and that the solution will not come from treating addicts as criminals. But Mr. Gazzo was not writing a social documentary, nor yet a problem play; he was writing a topical melodrama. And these days Hollywood writes almost nothing for itself.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago James Stewart made a name for himself among the East Coast undergraduates and debutantes by playing an accordian in the annual musical show of the Princeton Triangle Club. I hadn't seen him touch the instrument again until he showed up as the wronged hero of *Night Passage.* He still has a nice boyish touch, and in fact it is a miracle how little the years have affected his nice boyish personality. Altogether, this is a fine youthful picture spread in wide-screen technicolor across miles and miles of the mountainous West. It has lots of horses but no cows, this being the story of how a disgraced railroad cop redeems himself by wiping out the robber gang that waylays the work train every payday. Instead of cows it offers sibling rivalry—one of the bad men is the cop's younger brother—and is thus psychologically up to date. Audie Murphy plays the rebel from big-brother authority in a parody of the gentle, deadly highwayman that is funnier than he knows.

But except for cattle most of the traditional ingredients are here: the chase, the barroom melée, the acrobatic horsemanship, the quick draw, the beleaguered maiden, the triumph of virtue and the hope that the outlaws will come back to play another day. No wonder television has stolen the Western; it has always been the screen's richest possession.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

TV HAS hit a new low this summer. Third-rate films, tired panel shows and endless re-runs follow one another in a parade of apathy from which the viewer is rescued only occasionally by a good ball game or an interview with Khrushchev, Tito or Nehru. In this desert, a green oasis is WGBH-TV, a station in Boston devoted to "entertainment of the mind." Harvard's President Pusey describes its programming as "designed for the delight and enjoyment of adult civilized people with intelligence." WGBH is the only non-commercial educational station on the Eastern seaboard. Viewers in reach of its signal can tune in on *The Science Reporter*, where M.I.T. experts discuss new developments, hear some excellent live concerts, listen to the book reviews of *I've Been Reading*, the news, editorial comments and interviews of Louis M. Lyons, curator of Nieman Fellowships. The worst that the vacation season has brought to this station is an extended use of filmed shows from the Educational Television and Radio Center; but such series as *Heritage* with poet Robert Frost and others discussing their own works and lives, or Frank Baxter's *The Written Word,* which traces the history of writing, are hardly dull viewing.

WGBH-TV has little in common with the fast-paced entertainment, escapist drama, slick patter of the chic people on commercial channels. It does not take you away from your living room. Rather it brings a guest to sit and talk with you. Invariably, the guest has something to say. Whether he is successful or not depends on your interest and his presentation. They are bound together, of course, and one stimulates the other until they become indistinguishable. Frank Baxter, from the University of Southern California, spent an hour discussing the derivation of our alphabet. Nothing could have seemed a less persuasive substitute for the full moon and pounding surf outside on a balmy summer evening. But as he drew a quick map to illustrate, used a chart or two to tell the story of letters first traced some 4,000 years ago, explained how "E" came from a symbol, now turned upright, of a man with palms outstretched, his enthusiasm infected me. I became interested enough in the subject—to which I have never

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given a thought before—to watch the next week's installment of this intellectual cliff-hanger. However, presentation does sometimes block interest. Professor C. Vann Woodward, visiting at Brandeis for the summer session, read a lecture on *The American South* which, though undoubtedly erudite, was unbearably dull. The downcast eye, the even drone of voice, the turn of page after interminable page made it impossible to grasp what he was saying. But whether individual WGBH programs succeed or fail, this two-year-old station is fast establishing a level of communication undreamed-of on the commercial channels.

WGBH was launched ten years ago as an experiment in educational radio broadcasting (it still maintains its radio station). It is operated by the Lowell Institute through the Lowell Institute Cooperative Broadcasting Council, whose members include representatives from Harvard, M.I.T., Brandeis, the Boston Symphony and the Museum of Fine Arts, among others. The presiding officer is Ralph Lowell, Boston banker whose ancestor, John Lowell, founded the Institute more than a century ago to provide adult education for the people of Boston. The Institute, assisted by members of the Council, meets an annual operating cost of $400,000—a sum which commercial networks frequently spend for a single spectacular. The station made national news last month when Harvard appointed two distinguished members of its faculty as Lowell Television Lecturers for 1957-58. Recently two Boston papers, the *Globe* and the *Record-American*, assumed the cost of bringing to the station the Sunday network shows, *Meet the Press*, *Camera Three*, *Face the Nation*.

SO FAR WGBH has moved ahead somewhat in the dark. Its staff does not know how many people watch, who they are or what they like. It is uncertain about goals; no ratings measure results, no products move off shelves, no personalities skyrocket to fame. "So far, we're concentrating on making friends," Lowell says. This friendship campaign has side-stepped a whole area uncultivated by commercial TV—free and frank discussion and debate on social, political or economic issues. The newly-appointed manager, Hartford Gunn, intends to make a start in this direction by tackling local community problems in a weekly program on which such subjects as toll road vs. freeway, urban renewal of South Boston, State House activities will be described and debated. Other additions, such as Richard Heffner's *The Open Mind* and *People and Business* from the Harvard Business School, are also a beginning. Because the station must not only make friends, but keep the ones it has, it has compromised in other ways. The universities are left fairly free to choose subjects and professors, many of whom are leery of being "produced." The results are too often dreary TV. Patronage must be courted and new support constantly encouraged. A filmed series on the International Geophysical Year, produced with outside funds, is one of the happier results of such tenuous operations.

"Educational" television is not a good name for WGBH-TV. Groping and hesitant though it may be, it is determined to bring the best in thought and achievement to the viewer, encompassing but not limiting itself to an educational function. "Entertainment of the mind" is a better description of its activities.

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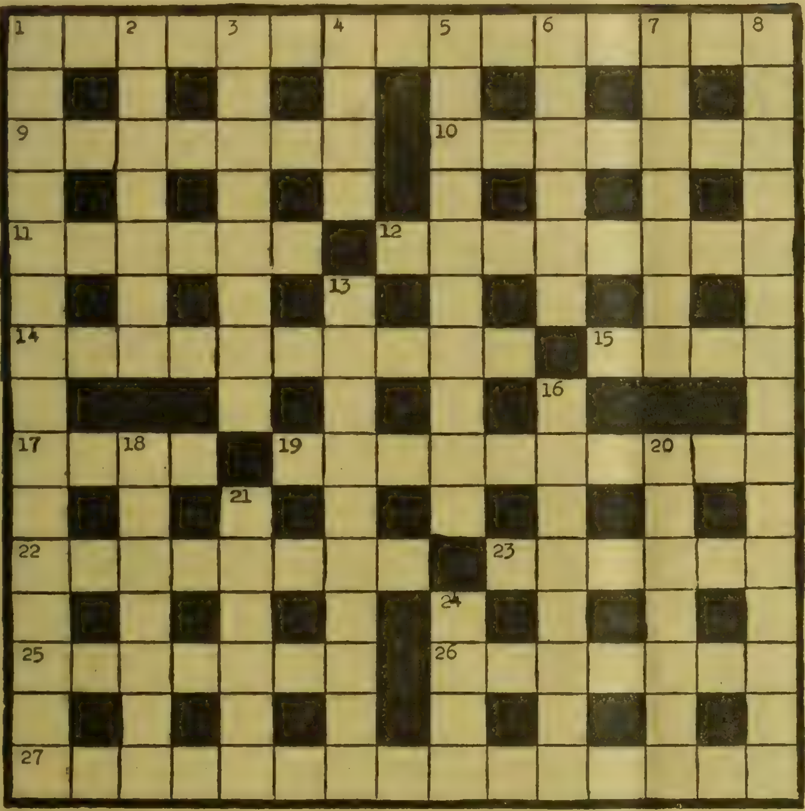
Crossword Puzzle No. 734

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The heads of Belgium, when little? (8, 7)
9 It might be quite an honor to kid the musicians. (7)
10 No finer spot, but not for good! (7)
11 Animals found where the country goes in two directions. (6)
12 Quite pertinent, concerning the Orient. (8)
14 The oldest ones are practically unchanged, but rather attractive. (10)
16 Not necessarily the oriental part of this town as a place for play. (4)
17 This town might be rather pleasant, too. (4)
19 One evidently has grounds to be so. (10)
22 Can votes be bought so cheaply in America? (8)
23 Cell mate, or does one correspond to a chum? (3, 3)
25 Thieves often find it easy to come by. (7)
26 There's no escape from one. (7)
27 Autobiographical? (4-11)

DOWN:

1 Such things as the Saar dispute could have gone either way. (10, 5)
2 One way to rate, but not down the strand. (7)
3 A shifting of this sand? Miles of it! (8)
4 Beach where nothing is covered. (4)
5 One couldn't say they don't care for squealers! (10)
6 Steals from those responsible for the report of 8. (6)
7 The quality of Ethelred. (7)
8 Where one might aim to win. (8, 7)
13 Top coat, hip fitting, for diners-out? (6, 4)
16 Just a wee step for the climber! (5, 3)
18 How to make ice, perhaps, but no glacé. (7)
20 One way to alter a map is to make an application of this. (7)
21 What a golfer might have to justify, if his score seems low despite one. (3, 3)
24 Singer rather keen on rising to the top. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 733

ACROSS: 1 UNSUBSTANTIAL; 10 SOLACES; 11 SKETCHY; 12 ASSERTING; 13 ENOCH; 14 DREAMS; 16 SEA-GOING; 19 REPENTED; 20 ORWELL; 22 FARGO; 23 RANCOROUS; 25 VENISON; 26 ITERATE; 27 POLYCHROMATIC; DOWN: 2 NILES; 3 UNCEREMONIOUSLY; 4 SISKIN; 5 ASSIGNED; 6 THE BEGGARS OPERA; 7 ANCHORITE; 8 ISLANDER; 9 AYAH; 15 ESPERANTO; 17 GALOSHES; 18 RETRENCH; 21 INDIGO; 22 FIVE; 24 OKAPI.

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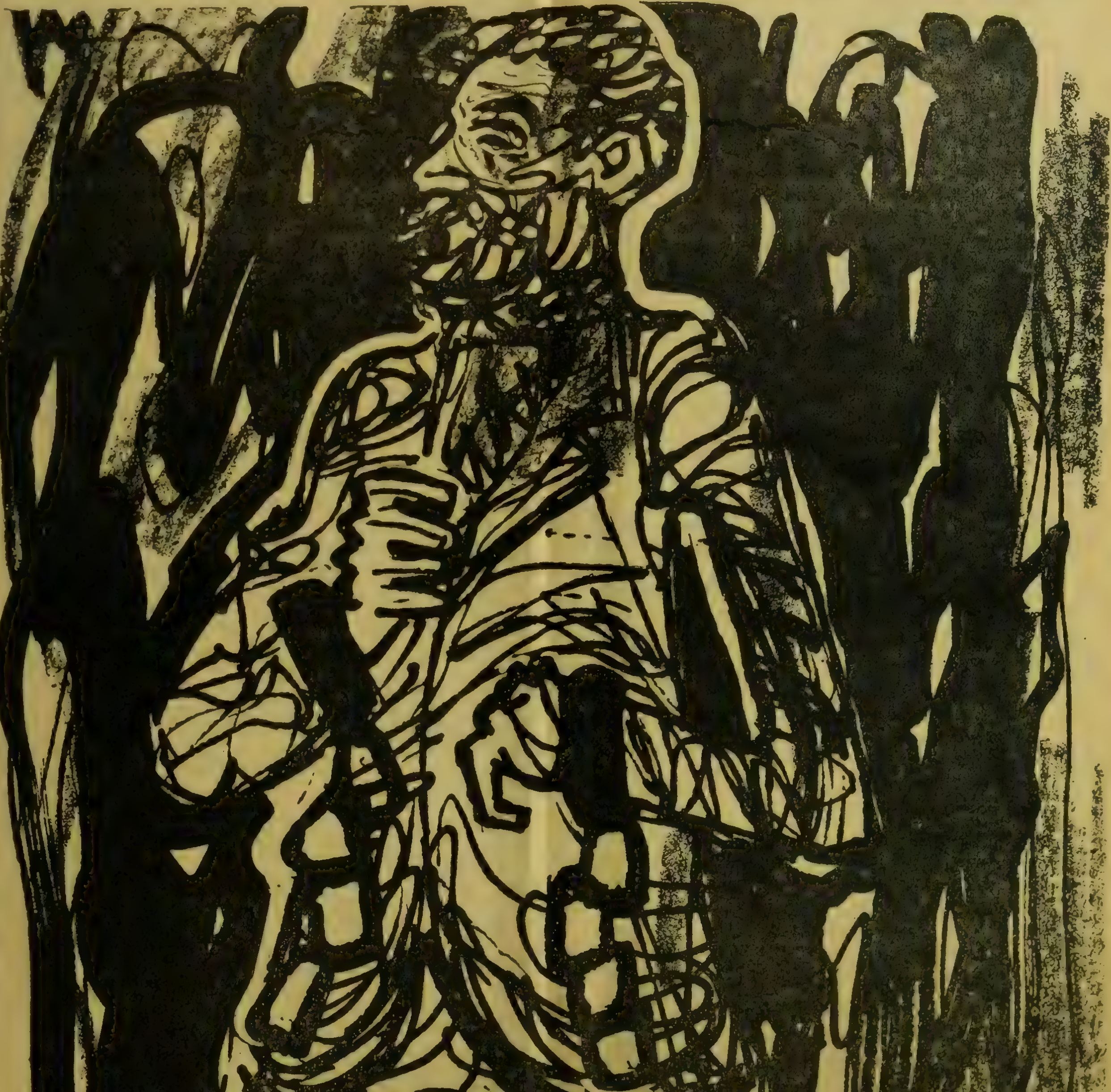

MEMO TO POLITICIANS

JOHN BROWN REVISITED . . . *Truman Nelson*

LETTERS

Two Generals Speak

Dear Sirs: Your August 17 editorial, quoting General Douglas MacArthur before the Sperry Rand stockholders to the effect that the governmental manufacture of fear of communism was responsible for the present heavy burden of taxes, deserves a wide audience. As you correctly state, whatever it was that moved the General to testify in this way is less important than that he had the courage to tell the truth.

Ever since former President Truman officially adopted George F. Kennan's containment policy, the Communist ghost has been dusted off periodically for appropriation purposes, if for no other. At the time of the first appropriation request in 1947, it was bruited about Washington that Senator Vandenberg had promised the President that Congress would appropriate the funds provided Mr. Truman scared the pants off the American people. Whether the anecdote is apocryphal or not, both men delivered, and the fear and the funds, as General MacArthur points out, have been available ever since.

The conscientious historian of the future probably will have a difficult task in properly apportioning the blame for the cold war as between Truman's Communist bait and Stalin's intransigence. Personally, I believe the cold war was inevitable because of the general acceptance of the policy makers of the "balance of power" theory under the sovereignty concept of the nation-state system. Communist "expansionism" is the common propaganda matrix for the West as is capitalistic "encirclement" for the East.

The problem is not whether capitalism or socialism is the better economic or political system. The problem is an institutional one. Without a system which provides a code, a court and a cop, applicable individually to those in violation of the laws, international chaos is unavoidable except for a brief period of time. It is for this reason that the top leaders of the great powers should hold meetings regularly and as often as required to discuss the problems dividing the world.

I have only recently completed a 12,000-mile, one-month trip through the USSR, and for whatever it may be worth to your readers, the following are the most important conclusions: (1) the people and even the leaders of the USSR need and sincerely want peace; (2) the socialist system is as firmly established there a is the capitalist system here; and cooperative coexistence for these o reasons is not only possible but in rative.

Hugh Hester,
Brig. G ral U.S.A. (Ret.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Algerian I ue

Dear Sirs: May I c gratulate you on the excellent edito l, Senator Kennedy's Resolution, in ur 20 July issue? The accompanying port by Eleanor Knight is a splendid ce of informative reporting and hones urnalism. I only wish that more edit would lift their heads far above the nds and look the facts in the eye.

Jama A. Sa'd
Rese h Officer,
Arab tates Delegations
New York, N. Y.

Our Gentle Era

Dear Sirs: After hi excellent analysis of *The Merchant of enice* (August 3 issue), Mr. Clurman rites that Shakespeare was part of h times and "from the puny standpoint our day was uncouth, savage and b dy to a horrific degree. . . ." The s gestion that our times are weak and t e compared with the supposedly gigan c and boisterous age of Elizabeth I is irly recurrent. Is it accurate?

If Mr. Clurman b eves we are not so savage, one may re ind him that our gentle times have se the hugest war in all history, witness d the vast Communist revolution in China and the ruthless slaughter of t freedom-fighters in Hungary. It is tru that the rack is obsolete and that exe tion by drawing and quartering is n longer legal—a single age can't have everything!—but we strangle men and omen to death in our gas chambers an we fry them in our electric chairs, a d it is arguable that we are more ept at fiendish mental torture than ere the Elizabethans. Here in New rk there is gang warfare, knifing in th streets and continual blackmail; an millions of us commit vicarious do ble murder by reading avidly the luri details of brutal killings and the follow up executions in the sensation-monge ng newspapers which blanket our nat n.

We can hardly com lain of a lack of uncouth characters in our stage and screen plays, either, Stanley Kowalski being an arch-hero to a considerable segment of our population. Among the many uncouth plays our times have created are *Tobacco Road* and *Waiting for Godot*, a drama which is as vulgar and blasphemous as anything Shakespeare wrote, although its style is not grandiose. As for savagery and bloodiness piled onto uncouthness, Mr. Clurman himself recently directed a play by Tennessee Williams which ends with the pregnant heroine being shot to death and her illegitimate lover, the hero of the play, being stripped naked and thrown to be torn apart and eaten by ferocious dogs.

Walter Tanner
New York, N. Y.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Hungary at the U. N.

Few post-war events have touched the conscience of man as much as the revolt and repression in Hungary; few have shaken the Red world as badly. The recent parade of Chinese intellectuals who have publicly confessed to "deviationism" have frankly traced their heresy to the Budapest barricades. When Dr. Wolfgang Harrich, the young Marxist theoretician, was brought to trial on charges of plotting revolution in East Germany, he was pointedly linked with the Hungarian rebels. In Poland, the most devastating criticism of Soviet high-handedness could be found in Communist organs, and in Yugoslavia no one had seen such popular resentment since the day Tito was read out of the Soviet fraternity. In the West, Communists by the tens of thousands tore up their party cards, and countless intellectuals damned the Soviet Union for its inhumanity. The enormity of the Soviet crime cannot be measured by the Hungarian refugees who streamed across the Austrian and Yugoslav borders; the real frontiers were the moral and ideological.

All this will become apparent when the United Nations, in special session, shortly opens debate on the already published report of its Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary. The debate will further intensify the pressure on Moscow (and what could hurt the Russians more than the knowledge that of the five committee members who prepared the Hungarian report, one came from Ceylon and another from Tunisia?). If the U. N. has failed to save the Budapest revolutionaries, it may yet succeed in compelling Moscow to act with greater circumspection if and when another segment of the satellite world bursts into flame.

Justice demands that the Soviet crime be aired; moreover, we believe that world peace will be served once the realistic Russians become convinced that their puerile efforts to blame the revolt on the "imperial" powers are doomed to fail. But one can also hope that the passions aroused in the debate will not blind the world community to other and possibly more fateful issues. However great is Russia's guilt in Budapest, there is a larger world stage on which it is not the only villain. In this connection, General Hester's comment (see letters page) that there is no alternative to co-operative coexistence serves as a timely reminder of what must be the ultimate objective of all international debate.

Labor Day Forecast: Unsettled

Next Monday politicians will shower bored listeners with the usual purple prose in praise of Labor. But in truth Labor Day, 1957, marks the labor movement's lowest ebb in thirty years. The McClellan committee's disclosures make the addition of new converts to union ranks virtually impossible. A few unions are engaged in desultory raiding operations—organizing the already organized. Employers, particularly in the South, have never had an easier time staving off efforts by their workers to gain bargaining rights. Legislators in half-a-dozen states are dusting off old-fashioned open-shop bills under the misleading title of "Right to Work" laws. In a time of unparalleled prosperity, America's labor movement is on the defensive—dormant and, in large measure, discredited.

There is one notable—and ironic—exception. The one union upon which the greatest public censure has been directed is also the one union which today manifests real vitality. Already the country's largest single labor organization, the Teamsters continues to grow—in membership, in bargaining power, in influence. However much some of its leaders may have put into their own pockets, there is enough left over to keep the rank-and-file happy. Wage scales and working conditions improve steadily; an 85 cents per hour increase spread over three years for New York's milk-tank drivers is only the latest in a series of gains for Teamster members throughout the country.

If the Teamsters are old-fashioned in militancy, they are new-fashioned in methods. Not for them the slow business of picking up new members one by one and two by two; they organize not the workers, but the employers. And given the union's vast economic strength, employers usually must hand over their workers en masse or go out of business.

Jimmy Hoffa is going to be president in name, and boss in fact, of this example of modern American unionism. He won't be elected democratically, because that is not the way the union is run; but his popularity with the membership is such that he could be if he wanted to.

So a known consort of racketeers is about to become head in name—as he has been in fact—of the country's biggest union. This is not to say the members are ignorant of the racketeering. Presumably on the theory, "Let the leaders make their buck—we're getting ours," they are content with things as they are.

And that's the Labor Day picture. Not a pretty one, surely, but no one can deny that the Teamsters, like the diesels they drive, are going to be hard to stop.

McClellan's Parade of Punks

The parade of punks, drunks, grafters and goons headed by the notorious Johnny Dio, which moved in stubborn silence past the McClellan committee prior to Hoffa's appearance, casts grave doubts on the seriousness of purpose of this inquiry and raises important constitutional questions about the committee's conduct. No one questions that it is the right, indeed the duty, of Congress to conduct inquiries into whether present laws are adequate and to propose new legislation if our changing society requires it. Nor does anyone question that there is racketeering in the labor movement. There are probably strong arguments to be made that new laws might help curb extortion and bribery in union relationships, although Section 302 of the Taft-Hartley law already spells out a firm prohibition against employers paying off union representatives. Yet the practice continues.

But the McClellan committee is not making even an oblique approach to remedial legislation by calling witnesses who plead the Fifth Amendment 44 times or 144 times. The committee is trying to prove that these individuals are crooks—and they probably are. But that is not the committee's function. That's the function of district attorneys, of grand juries, of judges, trial juries and of the whole ancient criminal trial procedure which is designed to insure justice to defendants and society alike. Witnesses before this Congressional committee do not have the legal safeguards that they enjoy in the courts. Punks they certainly are, crooks they probably are, but they are nonetheless entitled to justice as guaranteed in the Constitution.

The McClellan committee should get on with its legitimate task of ascertaining why present laws are not curbing crime in unions and suggesting laws that might stamp out the blight. But it should stop its extra-legal harassment of individual racketeers. By trying to act as a law-enforcement tribunal rather than a legitimate legislative body, the committee's purpose appears to be an effort to increase the size of headline type from 2 to 2½ inches, rather than to solve a serious problem.

The Community College

Senator Case of New Jersey proposes federal aid of up to $50,000,000 a year for community (junior) colleges throughout the country to help "provide for about 250,000 students who might otherwise go without college training." The public junior college is the coming thing, a result and a function of population growth. Over half of our high school graduates now go on to some form of higher education. Both the proportion and the absolute numbers of students pressing for college admission are bound to increase mightily within the near future. The pressure will be explosive and disastrous unless federal, state and local governments adopt some such recourse as the community college.

So far, so good. But the community college also presents certain real dangers. Their faculties, on the whole, are inadequately trained; most state laws—such as New York's—freeze administrative power and control of curriculum in the hands of a board of trustees which must be chosen from the local population. *Who* will the trustees be? *Who* will the presidents be? How can the laws be improved to safeguard professional teaching standards? Public attention must be directed to these questions; the answers will decide whether the junior college will become one of the great glories or one of the great sinkholes of American culture.

Memo to Politicians

If there is something pallid about the civil-rights debate in Congress, the politicians have made it so. Somewhere the fires of passion have been extinguished, and an issue of basic human rights has been turned into the dreary business of counting votes for this party or that. The legislators run scared: the Democratic Party must not be split; the GOP-Dixiecrat alliance must be maintained; the Republicans must get credit for the bill, and so must the Democrats; the President must be supported; the big cities must go Republican (or Democratic) in 1960. To politicians everywhere, we recommend the moving story about John Brown on page 86 of this issue. Martyrdom, of course, is hopelessly old-fashioned; even passion seems ill-mannered in a political era motivated not by ideals, but by back-scratching. So much the worse for us.

Talk to Yourself, Mr. Anderson

At the Inter-American Economic Conference in Buenos Aires last week, Robert Anderson, head of the American delegation, told his Latin American colleagues that there aren't any Yankee dollars available for them. This was Mr. Anderson's first public address since he became Secretary of the Treasury, and should set at rest any worries — if worries existed — that the President had appointed a giveaway artist to this key position. But, of course, Mr. Anderson's message to our Latin American friends was not a new one; Secretaries of the Treasury, old and seasoned as well as neophytes, have been telling them the same thing for years. What was fresh about Mr. Anderson's speech was the little sermon with which he dressed it up. "You should curtail military expenditures," he told the Latin Americans in effect. "At least one-third of your budgets are devoted, on the average, to national security. This acts as a brake on rising living standards." It is a shame that Mr. Anderson had to travel so far to deliver his sermon. In his own office in Washington he will find tables showing that in the United States budget, 61 cents out of every dollar are being spent on national security.

Khrushchev and the Bonn Elections

In retrospect, it would seem that the Khrushchev-Mikoyan visit to East Germany had more significance for West Germany than for East. No one expected that Khrushchev would promise Ulbricht an open road to unification; nor, when that promise was not forthcoming, did anyone expect Ulbricht to complain. But for Adenauer, who in West Germany is keying his election campaign to the possibility of "buying" unification from the Russians, the Soviet failure to do anything concrete in East Germany was a minor calamity. It takes a minimum of two to unify, and if the East Germans won't play, how much can Adenauer's election promises mean? For the Chancellor, the dilemma goes even deeper. At the moment, he has a trade mission in Moscow which is supposed to negotiate a commercial agreement in exchange for the repatriation of some thousands of missing Germans who are presumably war prisoners in Soviet hands. But Khrushchev has made it plain that, so far as he is concerned, there are no such "missing" Germans. If Adenauer orders his trade mission home, he tacitly admits — on the eve of the elections — that hopes for unification are dim indeed. If he permits it to remain in Moscow, however, the West Germans will think he is willing to "sacrifice" thousands of German fathers and sons in pursuit of territorial unification.

Mr. Adenauer has by no means yet lost his election, but Mr. Khrushchev, by doing no more than wandering around East Germany patting babies on the head, has subtracted a point or two from the odds in his favor.

ONE BILLION CHINESE . .

by Robert Guillain

THE SUBJECT is rarely mentioned in Peking, yet the fact which dominates all others and the figure which haunts the visitor is the Chinese population; at the present rate it will reach the billion mark in 1980. Nor is that the ceiling. It is estimated that China has every chance of doubling its present population before the year 2000 and even then the limit will not have been reached.

The first census taken by the Communists, the figures of which were published on November 1, 1954, gives China a population of rather more than 600 million, including seven and a half million Formosans and eleven and a half million Chinese living outside China. More than 86 per cent of the Chinese are peasants —more than 500 million. Like all Asian countries, old China is very young. Nearly 265 million of its inhabitants are boys and girls under eighteen years of age.

The present annual increase in the population is about 2 per cent. This means that this year there will be twelve million more Chinese than last year, and the figure will increase proportionately in the following years. Nor is there any prospect of a natural slowing down. The contrary appears probable. This is known and admitted in Peking.

"Before the liberation," I was told, "the birth rate, as far as we can tell from Kuomintang statistics, was 35 per thousand. It has risen today to 37. Mortality on the other hand has decreased, from 25 per cent to 17 per cent. In short, the People's Republic, by bringing peace, hygiene and a rise in the standard of living, has increased the natural birth rate from 1 per cent before the revolution to 2 per cent today." According to these figures, then, one of the most obvious results achieved by the Communist Party is that China today increases twice as fast as it did yesterday.

"China can in fact nourish twice as many Chinese," I was told in Peking by an American doctor, George Haytem, who, after living for years in China, has become a Communist and a naturalized Chinese under the name of Ma Ha-do. "Chinghai, for example, in the Northwest, is a region as large as France. Do you know how many inhabitants it has? Only about a million and a half. Perhaps you think it's the Gobi Desert, just rocks and the dust. You're wrong. There is magnificent soil there. I found a vast fertile expanse of easily irrigated land where there are no more than ten thousand inhabitants. That is only one example."

The officials profess the same optimism when the subject is occasionally broached in their presence. The journalist is given statistics showing

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the remarkable development of irrigation. He is told at length of the great plan for taming the Yellow River and irrigating its immense basin; it will be a major task and will take half a century. Figures are given of the clearing of virgin soil, on the Soviet model, in particular in the North of Manchuria to which 15,000 penurious peasant families from the province of Shantung were transported in 1955. It is proved that the agricultural and industrial production envisaged is rising faster than the 2 per cent increase in population.

ALTHOUGH I recognize the efficiency of the regime on the material plane, I do not share this optimism. The virgin soil is to be populated, not between now and the year 3000, but immediately, within a quarter of a century. Admittedly the factories produce more, but will they also create, immediately, millions of new jobs? It will become necessary, for example, between January 1, 1970, and January 1, 1971, to create enough new factories and clear enough new land to employ twelve million new workers who will be added that year to the labor market.

Other important queries: will not the development of mechanization and industry, by replacing men with machines, create increasing unemployment, despite the opening of new factories? If, on the other hand, agriculture is mechanized at the rate foreseen by Mao Tse-tung, will there not be millions too many peasants on the Chinese land? Will there not still be millions of surplus men whom it will be difficult to employ in the other branches of the economy? Will there not, too, be a certain aggravation of the difficult problem, which already exists today, of building towns at the same speed as the factories, and of housing the new flock at the same speed? As for the food problem, the most important of all, it will have a triple aspect. First, a constantly increasing surplus population will have to be fed; a larger industrial personnel will have to be supplied (thus a greater number of men who will not be producing their own foodstuffs) and, finally, as the standard of living rises, each Chinese will need more food than in the past. Certainly there will be no lack of labor to work in the fields, but will the earth be capable of providing for the multitudes which will live off it?

As regards industry, already today one sees the shocks which have been produced on the labor market by the appearance of mechanization. When the Chinese technicians wish to sink great metal piles in the ground to build a bridge or lay the foundations of a house on poor soil, the steam pile-driver which would be used by us is replaced by fifty men who, to the rhythm of a song as old as China itself, pull on worn ropes to lift with the aid of a pulley the weight which drives in the pile. These fifty men will be unemployed as soon as this primitive method has been abandoned for the simplest mechanical pile-driver. It is important that the opening of new building sites should have the effect, not of releasing men from their work, but rather of absorbing millions and millions of men, at an increased speed, during the coming half-century.

The rulers themselves, of course, are not as optimistic as they appear. Last year, before the National Assembly in Peking, a ghost from the vanished Third Force, old Shao Li-tse, made an unexpected and rousing speech. "Does not all our progress risk being jeopardized," he asked, "if our wives present us with a new child each year?" To the general surprise, the orator dared to advocate a policy which until then had been very much taboo—birth control.

The speech immediately gave rise to a public debate, proof that it had been carefully inspired by the party and the government. Other orators before the Assembly supported Shao Li-tse's proposal. The official press entered the fray. Malthusianism, it explained, as a preliminary, is a capitalist heresy. Socialism planned and, contrary to the reactionary system, turned these plans to the good of humanity. Shao Li-tse pursued his attack, explaining in the papers that the Chinese woman should not be too rapidly burdened with children. Birth control was far better than abortion (letting it be understood that this is widely practiced, and claims many victims among the mothers who have recourse to it). "It is important," he concluded, "to find a basic solution to the problem of food supplies." These were words rarely heard, and an anxiety seldom expressed, in public. The author of the article concluded that the dissemination of the theory and methods of birth control would help the country in its task during the period of transition to socialism.

AND, in fact, in 1955 contraceptives appeared on the market. The state pharmacies stocked them. The clinics in the cities gave advice on this subject, and feminine attendance was large. The magazine *Youth of China* gave very precise explanations on methods of birth control.

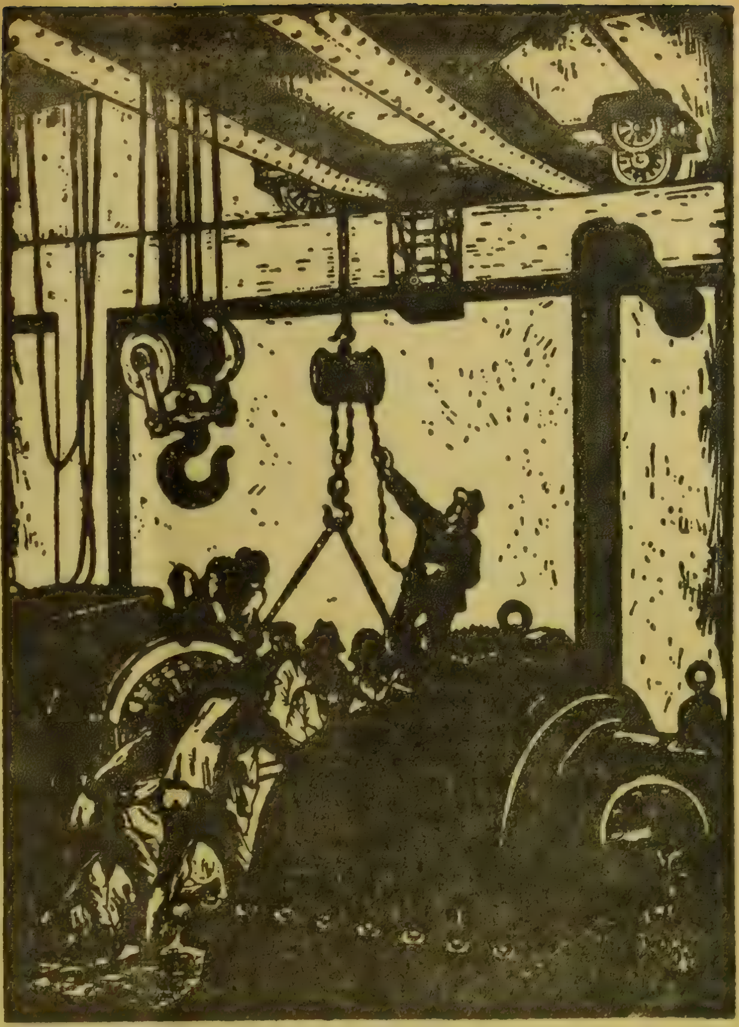
"We might wonder where this campaign will stop," a keen observer of China said to me in Peking. "The results may be surprising. I seriously think that this regime is probably the first in history which could officially adopt birth control as a compulsory measure, and make sure that its orders will be universally obeyed. A great curbing of births in a country by order of the government would be something quite new. The problems of overpopulation have assumed such proportions that I think we shall see it here. The control exercised over each individual is such that the thing is possible. And who will control the birth control? Quite simple: the street committee. It will fix the quotas, give advice and keep an eye on married couples. As for the great problem of distributing contraceptives in the country, there is a ready-made solution. This task will be undertaken by the agricultural production cooperative. All-powerful in the village, it will simply add the task of planning reproduction to that of planning production." These very *1984* predictions are perhaps neither so absurd nor so rash as they appear. In fact, what will the year 1984 be like in China unless Draconian measures are taken to arrest the human flood?

Whatever may ensue, the demographic statistics seem to throw new and striking light on the whole Chinese revolution. I sometimes imagine Mao Tse-tung pouring over the latest reports or even over some sort of pressure gauge of the Chinese population: twelve millions more than last year. . . . in four years, an increase equal to the population of France.

WHAT can the officials be thinking as they study the statistics? Could this not be an explanation of the extraordinary acceleration of the socialization of agriculture, so difficult to explain in any other way? In twenty-five years a billion Chinese will have to be fed. The government proposes a solution: to socialize the land. Even if the project is sound, will it not have to be pushed on with ferocious energy? We have an explanation in the famous speech of Mao Tse-tung on agricultural cooperatives in which he flogs the laggards in the party. He fears an increasing impoverishment of the land although it has hardly emerged from agrarian reform. He warns the peasant-worker alliance and, in fact, the revolution itself. Finally the speech reveals the great plan, beyond socialization, of introducing an intensive mechanization of agriculture to be completed by 1978—when the population will have reached a billion.

The problem of population also furnishes a key to the industrial effort. The same date—1978—explains why Stakhanovite methods force the rate in all fields. The spectre of the billion imposes the system even on the stevedore bending beneath his bamboo pole on the banks of the Yangtze. The old coolie of yesterday has little chance, given the weight of this problem, of seeing any rise in his standard of living. To put on speed, to outstrip human inflation, is another explanation for the sudden blossoming of the Russian factories in China. It even explains the entire present-day Sovietization of China. Why do the Chinese no longer have the time, nor take the trouble, to work out Chinese formulas and to adapt Marxism? Why this slavish imitation of Russian experiments? Primarily it is because, in twenty-five years ahead, China will have a population of a billion. The great danger for this country is to see her production of "consumers" constantly catching up and canceling out her production of consumer goods. To avoid this peril, she needs a program of economic transformation, more ambitiously rapid than any that have thus far been launched in the twentieth century. Her industrial revolution has to be carried out at a frenzied speed—in one generation, if possible—so that the graph of production shall keep ahead of the graph of population. This revolution will entail gigantic displacements among the Chinese masses, as rapid as possible an invasion of all the hinterland of China, a speeding-up in the building of new cities, together with a hasty enlargement of the old.

In this climate of mad growth everything is naturally in a perpetual state of revolution. This is what America and the West refused to see at the time when their representatives still had some say in China. They tried to hold back and to preserve, when they should have helped change. We have never understood that the only way of wresting a backward country like China



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Industrial China (Contemporary Chinese Woodcut) from the clutches of communism would have been to rediscover the revolutionary virtues of the libertarian system we claim to be defending. China needed a revolution, and a speedy one at that. We Westerners did not produce it any more than we produce it in our colonial or other possessions where we are inclined to preserve what exists and to tolerate only slow evolutions. China, increasing by twelve million a year, could not wait, but we offered only long-term solutions. China bought her revolution in the only country which sells them—Soviet Russia. This experience should instruct us, for there is every chance that it will not be the last.

On my visit to Manchuria I kept wondering if the Russian machines have arrived in time to get the Chinese out of their difficulty. Our planet has not yet realized that for a long time it has allowed to live in a backward and increasingly dangerous condition a human mass that will soon comprise a billion. Would not the United States have done better to give them machines instead of selling them arms? I know that they have generously given millions of dollars, clothes, food, vaccines, etc. But through their own fault or through the fault of the Chinese, or perhaps both, they have never done what Russia has undertaken today—to arm China, not only with aircraft but with machines. But when I saw these new machines in Manchuria, I asked myself if China should not receive still more and be supplied by other countries beside Russia.

THIS leads me to pose two questions: 1. Will not communism, despite all the possibilities it has for regimenting men and focusing their working rhythm, also be overwhelmed by the vastness of the problems which await it in China? 2. Is it not to be feared that vast China, in order to nourish its mouths and its machines, will be forced to turn towards the nearby wealth of Southeastern Asia and absorb it—not necessarily by armed conquest, but by an economic conquest based on its mass alone?

Against the background of this formidable human flood, Chinese communism is perhaps more explicable, at least as regards its efforts toward material transformation. It is, however, no more excusable or more laudable on this account in its attempts at spiritual deformation; nor is it more tolerable to those who are under its rule. The problem of population, in my opinion, leaves very little hope to the Chinese of seeing in the near future any relaxation in the crushing of the individual by the all-powerful collective. Demographic pressure and political pressure go hand in hand, and the former is the accomplice of the latter. Communism has in China the most powerful reasons for imposing its constraints.

These would be intolerable in another context and, in my opinion, the Chinese example has done nothing to make communism more exportable, but very much the opposite. I find it absurd to quote China as an argument for imposing the same benefits on some European countries. The problems of New China are those of a universe different from ours, a universe of vast spaces, of multitudes, a world elementary in quality and massive in quantity, a world which has never known liberty.

MEMO TO POLITICIANS

JOHN BROWN REVISITED . .

by Truman Nelson

WHEN John Brown found out that he was going to die on the gallows he said, "Put me in the shadow of the rock." What an extraordinary thing it is that he did get there and that he is still there. Anybody who has even been to his grave at North Elba, New York, would know in a minute why he said this. The rock is huge, rounded and rough on its surface. It rests in a level field, monstrously inert, giving absolutely no feeling that it was split off from any other rock or that it is a fission or fragment of any kind. It is emphatically the rock and nothing else.

The whole scene is awe inspiring. First, there is this bleak, hardscrabble farm with a ramshackle house weather-worn to a dry black, out of plumb and full of the precariousness which is the inevitable condition of the home of an aging farmer in straits and behind on his payments. It is an ugly little house, with its sagging porch and boxy frame—simply a house as the rock is simply a rock, a place to live in built to the exact pattern of all the other houses lived in by farmers of modest means in its time and place. But around it race the towering masses and peaks of mountain tops. They hurl themselves in purple against the sky, none bringing itself to the slightest composition with the flat conformity of the tamed earth beneath. These profiles rear in majestic solitude, like statues of gods.

The miracle is that the man who willed himself this Valhalla was sentenced to die in infamy as the first American to be hung as a traitor by his own countrymen. The judg-

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ment was passed on him for calmly and deliberately attacking a government arsenal and provoking a lurid sequence of public scenes of almost unbearable tension, upheaval and crisis. His stage was strewn with corpses in the most melodramatic tradition, in the cobbled and compressed setting of Harper's Ferry, which is likewise surrounded by wild natural grandeur, beetling cliffs, dark shaggy ravines and the white-watered striking together of two massive rivers.

During the forty-two days between his capture and execution he had sat, wounded, confined and literally loaded with chains, in a strange land whose most cherished institution he had violated with an intensity unequaled before or since, the target of a barely-controlled lynch mob and amid the palpable miasma of hate, chaos and alarm. Skies blackened with fires from burning hayracks, militia companies marched in random tangents of panic to put down rumors of slave insurrection, the press of the nation bayed like hounds at his heels, nearly every man of consequence in the country, of both parties, joined the newspapers in denouncing the raid as a monstrous, lunatic crime. Naturally, he had serious doubts as to the disposal of his remains.

More concretely, his doubts must have rested on the knowledge that the body of his son, Watson, had been taken to a nearby medical school for use as an anatomical specimen. It was skinned, and the skin varnished, after which a dispute arose whether it should be kept whole or stuffed, or cut up for game pouches. Young Oliver Brown's body was flung into a ditch with a dead Negro comrade folded in his arms. This posture the Virginians took for the ultimate degradation, but by Oliver's standards it was the accolade of his martyrdom.

With these Dantean visions of hell before him, John Brown wrote to his wife: "I am inclined to think you will not be likely to succeed well about getting the bodies of your family; but should that be so, do not let that grieve you. It can make little difference what is done with them. Life is made up of a series of changes and let us try to meet them in the best manner possible. You will not wish to make yourself and children any more burdensome to friends than you are really compelled to do. I would not."

Mrs. Brown thereupon appealed to one of her worst enemies, Governor Wise of Virginia, and he chivalrously supplied her with an order for "the mortal remains of your husband." According to Captain Avis, his jailer, John Brown thought this might grow into too much of a fuss and told his wife at their last interview the night before the execution, "Mary, I would like you to get the bodies of our two boys, also the bodies of the two Thompsons, and, after I am dead, place us all together in a wood pile and set fire to the wood. Burn the flesh, then collect our bones and put them in a large box; then have the box carried to our farm in Essex County and there bury us." When Mrs. Brown strenuously objected to the irreverence of the idea, he replied, "Well, do not worry or fret about it: I thought the plan would save considerable expense and was the best."

THESE remarks, apocryphal or not, are fully evocative of John Brown, his realism, his hatred of ceremonial sham and needless expense, the rough cast and the wire edge of his grim, anarchic Yankee farmer's mind. It was the way he met problems, thrusting his own body into the fire or the noose so that evil must give way to him or he to evil. It was the way he rent the veil covering the hopeless division of the country over slavery: the very men who carried out his sentence of death for treason against Virginia and slavery—Robert E. Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, Stonewall Jackson and other graduates of West Point—not many months later committed treason against the whole Union, for the perpetuation of slavery, and did with force and arms try to destroy a government inevitably growing to be of, by and for all the people, black and white. Certainly a more stunning reversal of a sentence was never given than when the Grand Army of the Republic marched South to finish, with millions, and under the flag, what John Brown had started with his sons, five Negroes and thirteen whites, under God.

I HAVE a friend who lives at Upper Jay, close to North Elba. He and I were overjoyed to hear that on May 9, John Brown's birthday, the faithful gather at the grave for a memorial. We went there on that date this year, but were disappointed to learn that the big ceremony, for some reason, had been put off to another day. There were a few diehards there: two Negro women, three white women, an elderly invalid gentleman in a Tyrolean hat and a minister. Also a dapper little man in an intensely military mustache. He introduced himself as Colonel somebody, the new custodian of the site and after some perfunctory remarks, said that the flag flying over the heroic bronze statue of John Brown with his arm around a Negro lad was there because this was a state reservation—and not in honor of John Brown, who was, of course, a traitor. The two pilgrims reached for their Sharps rifles.

"How dare you say that," I shouted. "How dare you apologize for the American flag flying at the grave of one of our greatest men? It was Lee and Jackson and Jefferson Davis who were the real traitors."

This was a bull's eye. He closed his eyes in pain and said, "I want you to know, Sir, that I am a graduate of V.M.I. and have always looked on Robert E. Lee as my greatest hero."

"He was a traitor, a traitor," I shouted, incoherently. "He fired on the American flag, gave orders to kill thousands of men in the uniform of the United States Army."

"He resigned his commission," said the custodian, backing away. "He did the honorable thing."

"Did he resign as a citizen?" asked my friend, shrewdly. "What makes you think that because a man gets out of the army he still owes no allegiance to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence?"

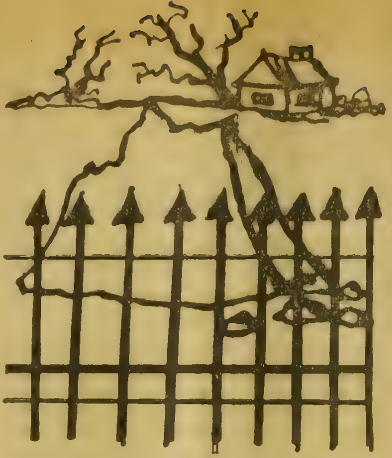
The custodian did not answer this but said, "Brown attacked a government arsenal to arm the slaves. That is like attacking the garrison at Leavenworth and then freeing all the prisoners in the pen there."

"Is that the analogy?" I cried. "The slaves then were criminals, with their color their crime . . ."

But then the irony of the situation overwhelmed me. When John Brown was hanged, 1,500 soldiers were massed around him to make sure that the old man saw no demonstration, heard no word of comfort or support, from the people for whom he gave his life. Among the guard, and in the first ranks, were the students of the Virginia Military Institute, under Stonewall Jackson. And now, ninety-eight years after he was laid in his grave, a V.M.I. student and loyal soldier of Jackson and Lee, although appointed by the State of New York, is still fending off honor and sympathy from his name.

I TURNED sadly and walked into the enclosure. It is a formidable fence of high iron, some of the pickets being in the shape of pikes, and the arrangement somehow gives the effect that its purpose is to keep Brown in, rather than the world out. We stood around the grave and the proceedings were taken in hand by a tall, calm and stately Negro woman who called on the minister to pray. The minister, a youngish man in a gray suit, gave a long and eminently suitable prayer, saying that this man gave his life for humanity, a real martyr's prayer which touched us deeply. At this point, a white woman who looked to be a farmer's wife came forward with a little improvised wreath made of ground pine in a loop and laid it against the headstone. The Negro woman explained rather sadly that a proper wreath had been ordered, but hadn't arrived. I began to have the feeling of sharp discomfort that comes at bungled and inept ceremonies, a feeling of despair. But then the Negro woman said simply, "Let us all sing 'John Brown's Body.'" We all sang and the simplicity, the homely truth and compassion of the occasion began to invade me. It was exactly right.

The Negro woman asked if anyone wanted to say a few words. My friend looked at me, and of course I did. My mouth was suddenly full of these . . . *"I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave county whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I submit: so let it be done."* This being, of course, John Brown's last speech to the court.



But I could not utter one word. To be absolutely candid, and you well may advise me to consult the nearest psychiatrist, I completely lost control of my emotions. I could not keep tears from running down my cheeks; I had all I could do to keep from sobbing openly. And so I said nothing.

We left the grave and I went to the minister to thank him for the aptness and beauty of his prayer. He shook his head almost sheepishly and said he was not sure the man deserved it . . . he had heard he was nothing but a crazy murderer. This did not strike me as wholly hypocritical. The man was going according to the cut of his cloth; his eulogy was directed to us. I could not blame him, nor could I altogether blame Lee's lieutenant, although I wish he were somewhere else with his cry of traitor. I blame the historians of this country, the keepers of our records and those of our children.

John Brown is the stone in the historians' shoe. They cannot ignore him, but they try to choke him off in defaming parentheses. This, not because he is dead or inert in the historical sense, but because the question he posed is too damned alive—in the country and in Congress. Are we all citizens and men? he asks. And so they revile him, perjure him and deny the significance of his personality. The outstretched arms of objective scholarship, broad enough to embrace as great American patriots, treasonable racists like Calhoun, Lee and Davis, still crack the slave whip over John Brown. Three among his contemporaries—John C. Calhoun, whose whole life was dedicated to proving that slavery was a positive good and who declared that state laws protecting slavery were superior to laws of the Union and must come first in all conflicts; Henry Clay, whose great compromises always saw that the manacles were kept on the slave to make agreeable weight on the Southern side; and Daniel Webster, whose Seventh of March Speech called for the kidnapping of men into bondage and who became "a keeper of slavery's dogs," as Theodore Parker put it—these three have just been enshrined by the United States Senators of 1957 as the venerable images of their own greatness. And these same Senators are now being asked to undo what Calhoun, Clay and Webster worked to perpetuate—the forms of human slavery, in custom or in law; the subjection of one race to another because one race has few rights which the other is required to respect.

John Brown is still the touchstone of the American faith. Now, as before, his conviction that color has nothing to do with the rights of man, is so monolithic that a nation could again shatter itself against it when it tries to pass it by.

Next year we shall go to his grave again, my friend and I. But next year, when the calm, stately colored woman asks if there is anything anyone wants to say—what tributes, what laurels we shall bring, and the blessings of mankind!

THE FANTASY of LIMITED WAR . . *by Matthew Josephson*

THE TEN-YEAR boom in armament has not only enriched our aircraft and missile merchants; it has provided employment for a whole regiment of university scholars who lecture and write on military policy. The well-nigh insoluble problems of nuclear military "science" certainly offer a wide scope for the imagination. In the climate of the cold war, however, our new crop of military philosophers may bring forth any doctrines they wish about nuclear war, provided they favor it. They may think whatever they like about our national defense policy, provided they are "right-thinking." As long as they observe these principles, the scholars' discourses on war are eagerly sponsored by leaders in public life, makers of opinion, universities and even eleemosynary foundations. The following remarks are stimulated by three such recent utterances.

Power-Think is the real preoccupation of these military doctrinaires. Owing to the menace of Communist aggression in many forms and in many places, our foreign policy, in their view, must remain "polarized"; must be conducted mainly by threats and counter-threats of military action, or by subsidy payments to potential allies. "How can the United States utilize its military power as a rational . . . instrument of national policy?" is the paramount question that Professor R. E. Osgood undertakes to answer.[1] Dr. Henry Kissinger's coldly rational argument for a strategy of limited wars permits no concern for social morality or human values.[2] We are given only the simple alternative of yielding to "gradual enslavement" by the Russians, or using our nuclear arms to preserve ourselves and our progeny in freedom.

Others have gone on to revise American traditions in conformity with the demands of nuclear power politics. According to Mr. Thomas E. Murray,[3] "History has now laid on America, for fulfillment in the world at large . . . a new international mandate" for the defense of all mankind. Authority for such world-wide extension of our government's policing activities, Mr. Murray believes, is somehow derived from the popular mandate given the founding fathers in 1788 when they decreed the union of the thirteen states. Now it happens that our Communist adversaries also claim a mandate from history. Hence, Mr. Murray concludes, the heart of our problem is "how to harness the illimitable energies of the atom" in order to enforce our own mandate, thwart the mandate of the Communists and defend civilization.

How often in the past have sovereign powers, possessed of a large military equipment and desirous of using it, proclaimed that God or history was on their side! Napoleon's big armies received their sanction from the Goddess of Reason; Kaiser Wilhelm's were fired by the mission of saving *Kultur,* that is to say, civilization.

THAT THE business of "guarding world democracy" with nuclear arms is no simple matter is shown by the several drastic changes of policy announced during the last ten years by the Pentagon or the White House. After 1945, we looked with much complacency upon our so-called monopoly of the atom bomb "secret" as yielding us a supreme advantage in war. Two years later, when the cold war began in earnest, America's military planners thought mainly in terms of air-atomic bombardment. They built up the Strategic Air Command, with its long-ranged carriers of A-bombs as our chief military arm. Popular military journalists, such as Seversky, then advocated total air war and "victory through air power." Under Truman, the Secretaries of the Air Force, Symington and, later, Finletter, outlined plans for massive deterrence or massive retaliation. In September, 1949, however, the Russians exploded their first atom bomb.

We then turned to making "supers" or H-bombs, holding that our forward airbases and long-range planes still gave us a decisive advantage. Yet in the Korean War we found that the weapons of mass extermination were inappropriate. As it happened, neither that war nor the Indo-China crisis of 1954 was arranged to suit our special military capabilities for large area devastation. In any case, the Russians had by then perfected an H-bomb of their own. The civil war in Indo-China, like the Korean War, required "conventional" forces and arms, which America had neglected in favor of air-atomic power. Both wars were kept confined by both sides, and both ended in a peace of compromise.

AT THE height of the Indo-Chinese crisis, Secretary Dulles and Admiral Radford favored dropping A-bombs over the battle zone as an experiment in limited nuclear war; but they were overruled by the British and by President Eisenhower. The Russians, who had previously focused their resources on building a defensive air force, had developed by the end of 1954 long-range (intercontinental) jet bombers capable of reaching U. S. territory. Thus Russia and the United States reached approximate air-atomic parity, or the phase of stalemate. Once more our military policy underwent a shift.

For three years we have existed in what has been called a "balance of terror," with the two military superstates each having the power to inflict inordinate destruction upon the other while lacking any adequate defense of the homeland. Talk of massive retaliation no longer makes

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[1] LIMITED WAR. The Challenge to American Strategy. By Robert E. Osgood. University of Chicago Press. 315 pp. $5.

[2] NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Henry A. Kissinger. Harper and Brothers. 445 pp. $5.

[3] Report to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy: Thomas E. Murray (as published by the *New York Times*, July 15, 1957).

any sense. Obviously the Pentagon has found itself in a quandary. One can foresee a saturation point being reached in "super-bombs" for strategic use. Moreover, the taxpayers may grow tired of supporting a huge military budget devoted to making arms of such power that we dare not use them. (The Russians, meanwhile, are suspected of a strategy favoring local disturbances where atomic therapy might work badly.)

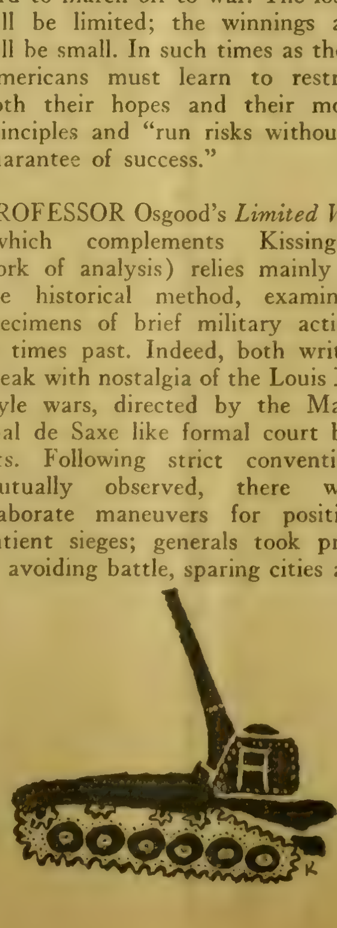
Hence the military authorities have begun to talk up schemes for employing small or low-yield nuclear weapons—President Eisenhower's "clean" bombs—in localized conflicts. The well-informed Mr. Murray assures us that we need not fear the effects of radiation generated by the newly-developed nuclear missiles. They may be "safely" used, it is held, as means of "graduated deterrence" so that the punishment in each case will fit the crime. Now come Messrs. Kissinger and Osgood to gather up all the current ideas about running off limited wars and present them, with an air of scholarly authority, in book form.

Is it to be, then, limited war? This is improvement, indeed! Up to now we had only a stunning picture of a total war that would destroy civilized life in Eurasia, while leaving us with (an estimated) 68 million dead or maimed. Now that there are to be only "small" wars, with but three or four million sacrificed here and there, we may breathe more easily. What is more, Dr. Kissinger assures us that—thanks to technological progress—these affairs will be managed at supersonic speed so that the victims will have no time to worry about what hit them.

Kissinger's ideas for limited war have been touted by Gordon Dean, Hamilton Fish Armstrong and others as constituting a highly original and even "revolutionary" strategy, providing the means for both containing the Russians and avoiding the horrors of all-out nuclear war. This is as much as to say that he has invented the equivalent of that old farmer's shotgun which, according to Yankee folklore, would miss if aimed at a cow, but would hit the target if it was a deer!

Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy is, in truth, a sprightly and provocative affair. Its author takes the reader on a fast ride through the world of nuclear-military "science" and geopolitics. His book is a manual on How to Win Limited Wars, or How to Out-Fox the Enemy Every Time. Disarmament conferences he considers futile, because the U. S. and Russia are so far apart that they cannot agree on minor issues, let alone shed some of their guns. On the other hand, total wars no longer pay; the dread of mutual retaliation as suicide pact tends to paralyze our defense policy. We must not, however, become rigid with fear: if we employ flexible measures, using a "broad spectrum of military-nuclear capabilities," we may counter the cunning shifts or threats of the Communist powers. It is Kissinger's fervent hope that out of the present deadlock, so bleak to the professional military, a new strategy of limited warfare may be evolved, so that we can again afford to march off to war. The losses will be limited; the winnings also will be small. In such times as these, Americans must learn to restrain both their hopes and their moral principles and "run risks without a guarantee of success."

PROFESSOR Osgood's *Limited War* (which complements Kissinger's work of analysis) relies mainly on the historical method, examining specimens of brief military actions in times past. Indeed, both writers speak with nostalgia of the Louis XV style wars, directed by the Marechal de Saxe like formal court ballets. Following strict conventions mutually observed, there were elaborate maneuvers for position, patient sieges; generals took pride in avoiding battle, sparing cities and even keeping off the grass until the harvests were in. And there were brave costumes, flags and band music; at Fontenoy the aristocratic French officers sighted their cannons with gold lorgnons; the gallant British invited them to fire first. The heads of the warring states, meanwhile, being usually related to each other and having the same ideology, played for small gains, then called the game off.



Kissinger and Osgood would have us return to such wars, restricted in weapons as in theatre through *prior diplomatic agreements* between the contending powers. To be sure, they would insist on using all the newfangled machines that are expected to be ready for the 1960s: mobile armies of specialists with heavy striking-power, air-lifted by vertical take-off airplanes requiring no airports. The arms would include the new low-yield nuclear bombs, missiles or artillery shells, of four to 500 kilotons (TNT) capacity, for tactical operation against military personnel and installations exclusively. The battle zone would be 500 miles in depth, according to Kissinger's "projection"; cities outside the zone would be immune to attack; those within it would also be spared if they were declared "open" after mutual inspection showed that they held no military installations. He goes on:

> We might propose that neither bases of the opposing strategic air forces . . . would be attacked. It would be helpful that inspectors be admitted to those bases.

Moreover, each side would hold its terrible strategic weapons in reserve, for instantaneous use in the event that the other violated the rules of Dr. Kissinger's nuclear polo game. Should that occur, we would proceed, I suppose, to blow up everything, including ourselves, being comforted by the thought that Mr. Khrushchev would surely lose his job.

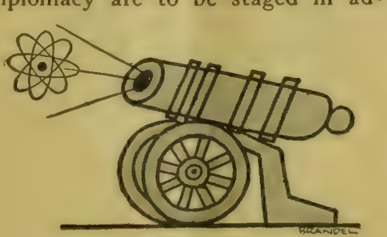
The kind of war Kissinger proposes, of phantom air-lifted armies racing around each other, has been criticized as being—like other extrapolations of future nuclear war—fanciful indeed. It is a truism among military analysts that the actual effect of a variety of new weapons or tactics can never be estimated properly until they have been tested under battle conditions.

In what theatre could such "limited nuclear warfare" be staged? Would it not be best to consign it to Antarctica, rather than Europe with its dense population? The blast power of even low-yield bombs runs up to twenty times that dropped on Hiroshima. About a year ago the NATO forces held air-war games (they were but little publicized in America), simulating the defense of West Germany against an enemy invader. German military correspondents watched closely while some 335 simulated nuclear bombs were dropped within forty-eight hours over an area stretching from the Netherlands to the Austrian border. "The first exposure to the real NATO strategy," Kissinger admits, "came as a severe shock to German opinion." After estimating the simulated damages, our German allies had serious second thoughts about the usefulness of such a "local defense" of West Germany. Is not "limited nuclear war"—though Kissinger denies it—a contradiction in terms?

How are both sides to be held strictly to the rules? How, amid the dust of battle, are dreadful *misinterpretations* to be avoided? In answer to such questions Kissinger is, by turns, plausible or glib—indeed the suspicion grows upon us that, with tongue in cheek, he is really giving us a clever satire on modern power politics carried out *ad absurdum.* Since all-out nuclear war, he argues, means a suicide pact both for the United States and Russia, it is to the interest of both to work out rules for limited war; the Russians understand this as well as anyone. (But earlier in the book he has assured us that the Russians are fanatical "barbarians" who can never agree with us on anything. Now, when it suits him, Kissinger pictures them as "reasonable" creatures.)

In a tone almost like that of serious *blague* he goes on to recommend that we should always announce in advance our own objectives and intended measures of war, since it is all-important that the enemy should not misinterpret our intentions. (Osgood and other authorities, however, oppose such unambiguous interchanges of intelligence, as being likely to spoil the deterrent effect of any war threat.) Kissinger concludes:

> It therefore becomes *the task of our diplomacy* to convey to our opponent what we understand by limited nuclear war, or at least what limitations we are willing to observe. Unless some concept of limitation is established in advance, miscalculation . . . may cause the war to become all-out even should both sides intend to limit it.



Yet if such elaborate exercises in diplomacy are to be staged in advance of a limited war, calling for exchanges of intelligence and guarantees, and even mutual inspection, then why in Heaven's name cannot the same diplomatic effort be extended toward bringing about peaceful compromises? Even Professor Osgood, who also loves limited war, holds that the Russians have reconciled themselves to numerous painful compromises, from that of Greece in 1947 to Suez in 1956. Both writers, meanwhile, oppose agreements for "banning the bomb" and returning to conventional arms, those of 1939-45, as being favorable to the Communist powers with their larger manpower. But the program for limited nuclear war, Kissinger says flatly on page 196, is to our advantage and unfavorable to Russia. Now all the Russians need do is turn to page 196, and the Kremlin will reject the whole scheme. The only constructive suggestion in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* is that of extended diplomatic *pourparlers* to precede the ritual of limited war. Let us hope that they become extended and *contagious.*

Nevertheless, Dr. Kissinger's proposals, according to reliable reports, are being seriously weighed by the Pentagon. One of the most interesting features of the limited nuclear war business is that it would demand more, not less, expenditure of money for new types of arms—ultimately about $65 billion a year. Besides, the thing might go on forever, as Kissinger admits, since the winnings would be small, or perhaps nothing. This is a point of great significance to our expansion-minded military bureaucrats and to the technical-war industries which contribute so much to our prosperity.

IT TAKES two to play at limited war, and there is always the risk, admittedly, that the thing might turn into unlimited thermonuclear war. Our experience in the narrowly confined Korean War tells us how reluctant either party is to leave the game when he holds the winning hand.

Napoleon said there was really no such thing as military strategy. There is probably no such thing as a strategy of limited war, no insurance that it will turn out to be brief and chivalrous. The German army's general staff in 1914 laid brilliant plans for a quick war, aimed at knocking out the French in six weeks (as in 1871). Indeed no one can say how these things can be managed conveniently. Osgood in his survey of various "short and local contests" waged during the nineteenth century, and prior to 1914, ignores the fact that they usually served as dress rehearsals for the total wars that followed. Strangely enough, he passes over the recent examples of the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) and of Japan's limited warfare in China in the 1930s. On the Balkan Wars (1912-1913) and the Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905) he concludes fallaciously that they "caused little disruption of society." The little Balkan Wars set off a chain reaction that led to Sarajevo in 1914. The Russo-Japanese War, which the Czar, no doubt, intended to be quick and profitable for his dynasty, led to a great popular insurrection in Russia and prepared the way for the triumph of the Bolsheviks a decade later. The only scientific estimate that can be made about the results to be anticipated from limited wars is that you simply cannot estimate them.

DOPE on the DOWNBEAT . . *by Dan Wakefield*

WHEN A drummer, a lawyer, a psychologist, two jazz critics, a priest and a piano player gave the first frank airing of the topic, Music and the Use of Habituating and Addicting Drugs, on a panel at the recent Newport jazz festival, they were making history not only for jazz but the public at large. Although narcotics addiction has come in for a great deal of sensational newspaper publicity in recent years, and made its splash in novels and the movies, public discussion of the problem has become something like complaints of the weather: everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it. And in the case of narcotics, "everybody talks about it" as somebody else's problem. The Newport panel was the first to break that "respectable" and irresponsible tradition—though many segments of society, aside from jazz, are plagued by narcotics. The United States has the largest incidence of narcotics addiction in the Western world; illegal narcotics sales in the nation last year have been estimated at $400 million—and there just aren't that many saxophone players.

If the average man in the street were asked what sort of people take dope, the chances are he would give "jazzmen" as one of the answers. He would certainly not be likely to answer, "Doctors, nurses and druggists." And yet, the medical field has a higher incidence of narcotics addicts than any other occupational group. The entertainment field, with its subgroup of musicians, and sub-subgroup of jazz musicians, runs in second place.

Beyond group or sectional interests, however, the problem of narcotics is significant to every taxpayer in the United States. Maxwell Cohen, the lawyer for jazz musicians George Shearing, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie and others, emphasized the public's stake in the problem by pointing out at the Newport panel a set of hair-raising facts: the illegal traffic in narcotics in the U.S. has tripled since World War II; the use of narcotics is responsible for an estimated 50 per cent of the crime in the nation's large cities and 25 per cent of the crime in the nation as a whole; the results of illegal narcotics use, including crime, punishment and hospitalization, are costing the country nearly two billion dollars a year.

There were many warnings to the Newport sponsors that the choice of "narcotics and music" as a panel subject was not only in bad taste, but would merely serve to strengthen the public image of jazz and "dope" going hand in hand. But those in favor were sure that a factual discussion would help clear the air—and they felt it could also be a start toward finding some solution to the real narcotics problem in music—a problem so complex and sensitive that musicians' unions have consistently shied away from dealing with it.

THE PANEL at Newport met the problem head on—and not only with talk. When the discussion ended, Newport festival sponsor Louis Lorillard announced that the festival board would donate funds to support a permanent narcotics committee made up of the members of the panel. In the brief time since the festival has ended, Maxwell Cohen has met with Lorillard and plans are under way for positive action, including a free clinic with psychiatric help for addicted musicians.

The history of narcotics use, for jazz, goes back to the 1930s. It goes much farther back than that for the nation as a whole, and was in fact in vigorous flower in the early years of the century before the word "jazz" had yet come into being. When jazz musicians in the early 30s began smoking marijuana, a highly complicated process began in which jazz contributed to the popularization of narcotics at the same time that it was victimized by it.

John Hammond, a leading jazz critic and recorder, emphasized on the Newport panel that "music has to shoulder some of the blame" for the stigma of narcotics on the world of jazz. He pointed out that in the early 30s marijuana got part of its publicity through jazz recordings which mentioned its use. A clarinetist named Milton ("Mezz") Mezzrow began making a business of packaging marijuana cigarettes, and did it so successfully that the cigarettes themselves became known as "Mezzes." This, and other slang names for marijuana were used by Louis Armstrong on some of his records of that period, and kids growing up with their eyes on the jazz idols began to think it was smart to smoke the "reefers." They heard that Louis was doing it and he was the greatest — perhaps marijuana could help them be great too.

ONE of the most damaging myths about narcotics and jazz has been, and is, that drugs are actually helpful to the jazz musician's creative work. "Although marijuana apparently stimulates," Hammond explained, "it hurts the timing."

And marijuana is less damaging than other drugs. It is not physiologically addicting, as morphine and heroin are. Although these sometimes may give an original illusion of greater creativity in playing, the end result is not only the havoc wreaked on the player's technical ability, but, as on any addict, the havoc wreaked on his personality.

Charles Winick, the psychologist who participated on the panel, has written in an excellent study of the relation of narcotics and jazz musicians that the use of narcotics has "ravaged the lives" of talented performers who fell prey to "dope."

Billy Taylor, one of the foremost modern jazz piano players, told the panel at Newport, "It's a terrible thing to see talent stifled by narcotics—it's a frightening thing to watch."

He explained that the addict in the jazz field is not so often a successful musician; he is more likely to be a young player trying to get to the top, or an older musician who "feels that time has passed him by."

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

"The young men are being raved about, and the older musician feels the need for acceptance of what he does," Taylor explained. "In frustration and desperation, he turns to something else—to narcotics—to forget."

As for the young fellow just starting out, Taylor said that "Sometimes he is pushed too far too fast. He wants to show the older guys he's 'a man.' If he sees any of the older guys using dope, he wants to do it, too, even use more, to prove himself. And sometimes an older musician will lead a young guy into it—sometimes for profit, if the older guy is on the stuff himself."

THERE ARE also built-in situations that make narcotics a professional hazard to the jazz musician. The general public, which traditionally has envied sports writers for having an easy life by "getting to go to all the games free and making a living off it," in like manner feels that the jazz musician is getting paid for just having a good time. Taylor pointed out that the institution of the "one-night stand" is not as pleasant for the musician as the public might think, and often leads to a search for some outside stimulation.

"You pull up in a bus after riding all day—there's never enough time to get to the next town. You've got to perform for fresh people, and you're far from fresh yourself. You need a bath and a meal and there's no time for either. You're supposed to run right out on the stage and put out your best. Sometimes it's a physical and mental impossibility. It leads many performers to look for another out—something to pep them up."

The other, and perhaps even greatest occupational hazard leading to narcotics use is the instability of income and work possibilities. There are never enough night clubs or recording dates to keep all the musicians in enough work to support themselves and their families, and as the cycle of uncertainty involved in a brief stand and then the search for another keeps continuing, the musician is tempted to turn to some temporary escape from the problem of financial survival.

This natural problem of the profession has been artificially complicated by a New York City ordinance (put into effect in the 20s, when gangsters controlled many of the speakeasies) that requires all entertainers who work in restaurants and night clubs to have police identification cards. Applicants for these cards must list any police arrests—and any police arrests can bar the performer from getting the ID card that permits him to work in New York City.

This regulation cuts several ways. It may punish the former and reformed addict who was arrested on a narcotics charge ten years ago, or even ten weeks ago, and now finds his main chance (New York City) for returning to work threatened by a "record of arrest." It may also punish the musician who has never touched dope in his life but was picked up in a narcotics roundup and arrested on suspicion of possessing dope. No dope having been found on him, he was not convicted, but the arrest is still on his record. In Philadelphia, noted for its special police habit of rounding up all nearby jazz musicians at random in dope raids, there were only 960 convictions out of 2700 arrests in 1953-54 (thus making almost two out of three a mistake) and in New York City, which has one of the best records for accuracy, there were still 1900 dismissals in 8400 narcotics arrests in a recent year's time. Obviously, plenty of performers caught in these raids (which concentrate on going after "big names" for publicity purposes that serve to cover up the inadequate police handling of the narcotics problem) are going to wind up as innocent men who have records of arrest. Such men can be barred from working at their trade in New York City.

One of Maxwell Cohen's proposals to the Newport panel for alleviating the narcotics problem in the jazz field was to "petition and make committee visits to members of the New York City Council to repeal those sections of the Administrative Code which pertain to the identification card system requiring entertainers to list their records of arrests."

In the meantime, one of the specific services of the new narcotics committee will be to offer free legal aid to any musician who is barred from working in New York on the grounds of former arrests. Approximately 360 musicians are now being denied ID cards, for the most part because of former narcotics arrests. Some of these arrests resulted in convictions, but a good many did not. Among these performers are some of the best in the business, including Billie Holliday, who because of this curious law is able to sing in the Central Park jazz concerts but not in a night club.

Recommendations for national and community narcotics reforms were also made by the Newport panel, for the problem of narcotics and jazz cannot finally be separated from the national problem. And that problem grows and festers beneath one of the most archaic and damaging pieces of legislation on the books—as was lucidly summarized by Dr. Alfred Lindesmith in *The Nation* of March 16 (Dope: Congress Encourages the Traffic).

BUT THE committee born of the Newport discussion will concentrate on measures that can have immediate influence in its own particular world. In addition to Cohen's proposals, John Hammond suggested that the committee face up to the question of whether or not band and group leaders should hire performers who are known to be currently using narcotics.

The committee will do a lot of wrestling, and it will be the wrestling of adults with a full-grown monster, long come of age and long untouched by "respectable" people pretending it isn't there at all—or is safely confined in someone else's backyard. The American Medical Association, which recently adopted an excellent set of proposals for narcotics legislation on a national scale, has never dealt with the problem of addiction among doctors, the country's largest occupational group of users.

The existence and the action of the Newport committee is testimony to the growing maturity of jazz as a social as well as a musical force in American life.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Veblen and the Society of Consent

Arnold A. Rogow

THE PRESENT YEAR marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thorstein Veblen, and the twenty-eighth year since his death in 1929. His life-span was a long one, reaching from Buchanan to Hoover, and from Darwin to Einstein, and it also traversed the social science of Marx, which Veblen respected, the psychological science of Freud, which he disregarded, and the political science of Wilson, which he despised. If he is a less significant figure than some of these others, it is partly because his analysis, unlike theirs, promoted no reform or revolution, and prescribed no therapy. A pessimist throughout his life and a fatalist at the end, Veblen saw no way around the prevailing institutions and habits he referred to as the price system, the vested interests, the leisure class, conspicuous consumption, and the higher learning. Indeed, the system was pervasive enough, and secure enough, to assimilate him in his last years. In terms of ideas he was the outsider-become-insider, taken up by the leisure class, and conspicuously consumed by the apostles of the higher learning.

Even so it is doubtful that the centennial of his birth will be celebrated in the land. My own experience as a teacher suggests that the present generation of college students has not only not read Veblen; it has never heard of him. There is no initial recognition in the classroom at the mention of his name, and no use of his phrases and terms which once were almost clichés. Moreover, reaction to Veblen, after sampling his ideas, is mainly hostile or indifferent. Can we therefore conclude that Veblenism is passé, dated, of little relevance to the contemporary scene?

As part of an effort to explore this question I have lately been reading some recent interpretations of Veblen advanced by leading social scientists.* They seem to me important in that they provide a kind of triple illumination. They tell us something about Veblen, something about our own time, and something about current social thought.

OF THESE interpretations, the one put forward by David Riesman is the most critical. The legacy of Veblen, as seen by Riesman, consists of scope rather than depth. Veblen, he writes, had "an eye for much that was central in turn-of-the-century experience . . . [but] suffers from the extra-ordinarily rapid changes which have made his experience, not obsolete, but peripheral to our own. The Vested Interests of business which frightened him seem only marginal menaces to us, at least in the United States." He goes on ". . . change has made much of Veblen irrelevant . . . [but] change has also served to make salient certain themes in Veblen which were less important in his own day. The breadth of his social science interests, his concern for what was changing, his use of history as anthropology and anthropology as history—these help provide us with the image of a modern social scientist who is less specialized, less adrift in the merely contemporary, than most prevailing models. . . . Veblen steadily recalls us to the study of fundamentals, even if they are not the same fundamentals that attracted him."

C. Wright Mills, on the other hand, is rather more impressed with Veblen's depth. "Veblen," argues Mills, "dropped us through the looking glass into the fantastic world of social reality. What Veblen said remains strong with the truth, even though his facts do not cover the scenes and the characters that have emerged in our own time. He remains strong with the truth because we could not see the newer features of our own time had he not written what and as he did, which is one meaning of the fact that his biases are the most fruitful that have appeared in the literature of American social protest." One of Mills's

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*David Riesman: *Thorstein Veblen: A Critical Interpretation.* Charles Scribner's Sons. 1953. C. Wright Mills: Introduction to Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class.* Mentor. 1953. Bernard Rosenberg: *The Values of Veblen: A Critical Appraisal.* Public Affairs Press. 1956. Arthur K. Davis: "Thorstein Veblen and the Culture of Capitalism," in *American Radicals: Some Problems and Personalities*; Harvey Goldberg, ed. Monthly Review Press. 1957.

The Revelation

"Death, violent and near."

The alchemy and mystery is this,
no cross to kiss,
but a cross pointing on a compass-face,
east, west, south, north;

the secret of the ages is revealed,
the book un-sealed,
the fisherman entangled in his nets
felled where he waded
for the evening catch,
the house-door
swinging on the broken latch,
the woman with her basket on the quay,
shading her eyes to see,
if the last boat
really is the last,
the house-dog lost,
the little hen escaped,
the precious hay-rick scattered,
and the empty cage,
the book of life is open,
turn and read:

the linnet picking at the wasted seed,
is holy ghost,
the weed,
broken by iron axle,
is the flower
magicians bartered for.

H. D.

major criticisms of Veblen is that he did not understand the function of prestige in the power structure: "Prestige buttresses power, turning it into authority and protecting it from social challenge. . . . He saw 'the kept classes' and 'the underlying population,' but he did not really see the power elite."

Bernard Rosenberg, if I understand him correctly, feels that Veblen's analysis was mainly correct, that "There is an astonishing predictive value in Veblenism. . . ." According to Veblen, says Rosenberg, "there will never cease to be deprivation of the many who serve the few as long as plenary discretion in industrial matters remains with those least able to understand it." And Rosenberg adds, "It is still so in America that the financier, who is seldom more than a routine administrator, has final authority." Elsewhere he observes that "Bureaucratism is the main datum with which Veblen works," and he holds that short of dismantling industry "it is certain that the bureaucrat will rule us."

For Arthur K. Davis, the "core of Veblen's social theory is largely Marxian," in the sense of Marxism as "a relatively broad conception . . . a developing tradition of thought, not a set of rigid dogmas." Davis, like Mills, credits Veblen with a large measure of truth, and he attributes "the amazing insight with which Veblen unlocked and laid bare some of the controlling historical trends of the present" to Veblen's "mastery of the 'Marxian key.' Like Marx, he saw a basic tension between the community's industrial arts and its institutional framework."

ALL OF these interpretations lay heavy stress on the sensitizing function of Veblen's theories, and certainly that function is a substantial bequest to contemporary social science. I am inclined to agree with Mills that Veblen neglected a key process by which power is made to prevail, and to hold with Davis that there is a Marxian core in Veblen's work, in Davis' sense of the term. I think that Rosenberg is largely correct in maintaining that Veblen analyzed, and to some extent predicted, the role of bureaucratism in modern industrial society.

The Riesman interpretation tends to minimize the substantive application of Veblen's work to the present, and it is to this interpretation that the students, and for that matter the majority of social scientists, are most responsive (indeed, in college circles Riesman has replaced Veblen as a source of images and ideas). Veblenism, it appears, does not "fit" the experience of the post-Depression, post-New Deal generation, and the image of society held by most social scientists is far from being the image held by Veblen. Social criticism has given way to social affirmation, both inside and outside the classroom.

SUCH affirmation, I would argue, is less a consequence of basic change since Veblen's time than a result of total immersion in the institutions and mores that Veblen condemned. To be sure, there has been significant change, and some aspects of Veblen's thought are now dated, but the change has taken place *within* the broad institutional and cultural framework that Veblen described. If the business community is now more devoted to maximum production and abundance than it was in Veblen's day, it is largely because maximum production and abundance have largely worked out as maximum profits. Even so, Veblen would have no difficulty placing in context the recent production-limiting, price-raising tactics of the oil industry in the face of the Suez Canal closure.

But whereas the price system was dominant when Veblen wrote, it has become all-inclusive in our own time. It has absorbed, or is rapidly absorbing, the machine process and the engineers, the working class and the minority groups. Even the vested interests, in a sense, have become society-wide, because the modern American political economy is careful to provide each class and group its share of profit. The leisure class, as Veblen defined it, is still small in number, but in the course of aspiring to join it most Americans have already adopted its psychology and outlook. The leisure class, wrote Veblen, is that class which

> has also a material interest in leaving things as they are. Under the circumstances prevailing at any given time this class is in a privileged position, and any departure from the existing order may be expected to work to the detriment of the class rather than the reverse.

The price system, in a word, not merely survives, it prevails. Indeed, it has been strengthened since Veblen's time by New Deals and Fair Deals, Hot Wars and Cold Wars, and a variety of psychological and cultural gimmicks that place us forever, if I may adopt Mills's image, on the Wonderland side of the Looking Glass. And in Wonderland even the Veblenian instincts, assumed by him to be antithetical to the price system, find innocuous expression or are trained to play a supportive role: workmanship in the Do-It-Yourself movement, idle curiosity in the quiz-program amalgam of useless knowledge and useful money, and parenthood in "Togetherness."

But mainly the price system prevails because so far it has paid off. In a sense, its appeal is similar to the appeal of the Marxist system in other parts of the world. For Maxism *as a mass movement*, like capitalism *as a mass movement*, has its roots in individual and class self-interest.

In the final analysis, Veblen's appeal was less to self-interest than to a "better" human nature, and the image of a "better" world. While there is a Marxian core in Veblen's analysis of institutions, there is also an implicit core of idealism, a dream of emancipation from the profit motive. If that appeal has foundered, it is largely because we are not idealists, and we no longer dream of emancipation.

THE LEGACY of Veblen, nevertheless, is as rich as any inheritance in the whole history of American social science. His analysis of the relations between institutions and economic power, his exploration of the political and cultural derivatives of the cash nexus, his insight into the social and psychological prerequisites of class hegemony, his elaboration of the ultimate impact of technology (and related probing of the consequences for Germany and the world of technological lag), his treatment of the superficially disparate universes of economics, culture and politics as a cosmological whole—these contributions of Veblen enrich our own perception and understanding.

This is not to say that Veblen's theories constitute a complete social science. The instinct of workmanship, like most instinct theories, is highly over-simplified, as is the role of the leisure class with reference to the instinct of workmanship. Veblen did not, in general, discriminate sufficiently between business civilization and industrial civilization: much that he ascribed to the former seems also to be characteristic of the latter. The experience of other countries suggests that industrial socialism and industrial communism have something, at least, in common with industrial capitalism. Veblen also intended to slight the non-economic sources of alienation from work, which, if A. C. Spectorsky is correct, afflicts workers on Madison Avenue no less than those in Detroit. For that matter, Veblenism does not explain the alienation from play, manifest in part in the frantic pursuit of vicarious amusement; nor does it enable us to understand why leisure is increasingly becoming a problem.

At this point in time one's evaluation of Veblen (who could not anticipate everything) is conditioned by where one stands in what Holmes called "the stream of events." Those who stand to the left of events, as do Mills, Rosenberg, Davis and a minority of social scientists, are apt to take from Veblen substance and sensitivity. Those who stand in the middle of events, as do Riesman and a majority of social scientists, are apt to respond, perhaps nostalgically, to the sensitivity alone. And if one stands to the right of events (or properly speaking not in the stream at all), as do most of the students, he will see in Veblen neither substance nor sensitivity.

But these positions are not fixed, nor is the stream of events static. Ultimately, the evaluation of Veblen will depend on what course the stream takes, whether or not it is the exact course that Veblen predicted. Meanwhile, wherever we stand, and whatever our view of the world or national crisis, it is useful to remind ourselves of his statement of more than forty years ago:

> History records [he wrote in 1914], more frequent and more spectacular instances of the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture than of peoples who have by force of instinctive insight saved themselves alive out of a desperately precarious institutional situation, such, for instance, as now faces the peoples of Christendom.

A Bottle of Pop

THE ORDEAL OF GILBERT PINFOLD. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. 232 pp. $3.75.

May Sarton

EVELYN WAUGH is at his best when he finds a theme which permits him to deploy (how light-heartedly!) the full armory of his savage humor, his mature irony and above all his irresistible schoolboy hilarity in order to shoot at a large simple target. The explosions are loud, unsubtle and shed a brilliant light. We, the readers, are infected with something like savage joy, the joy of witnessing cherished symbols, beliefs, traditions, snobbisms lit up to show their absurdity. We are cleansed in a shout of loud, happy laughter; we are given the pleasure of innocent sadism relieved of responsibility or guilt.

The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold is an exercise in another sort of explosion, a depth-charge into personality, and not into a "typical" personality, but a singular individual, a middle-aged successful writer whom we suppose to be Evelyn Waugh, since we are informed in a brief foreword that the novel grew out of a "real," though fortunately temporary experience of hallucination, and after we have read the novel we are able to define the "hallucination" as paranoid. Evelyn Waugh has translated this experience into a fantasia on the unconscious. What a superb theme! Evelyn Waugh taking on the affectations and absurdities of "fashionable" psychiatry and philosophy; Waugh going to town on the contemporary absorption in the sense of guilt; Waugh satirizing not all the "others," but himself; Waugh turning the critics' sword-thrusts into laughter; Waugh, finally, confounding his own unconscious and laying his own devils. Our expectations are immense.

But somehow the bottle of champagne we open so eagerly does not quite pop. *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* is an odd, absorbing excursion that never seems to reach its destination. Possibly this is a failure in plot; possibly it is a failure in courage. Satire of this sort must be audacious, *outré* and go the limit. Here we are taken through a series of hair-raising attacks on Mr. Pinfold's embattled psyche, but we are deprived of the final moment of shock. At the crucial end, the novel simply falls to pieces. Mr. Pinfold is able to recognize that he is being persecuted by his own unconscious, but he somehow emerges sane without ever facing what his unconscious was trying to tell him. In a letter to his wife near the end of the ordeal which Gilbert Pinfold has been suffering alone on a ship taking him (ostensibly for a rest cure) to Ceylon, he states his conclusions about what has been happening to him. He says about the "voices" who have pursued him so mercilessly, "They can see into the minds of the most obdurate. They first break the patient's nerve by acting all sorts of violent scenes which he thinks are really happening. They confuse him until he doesn't distinguish between natural sounds and those they induce. They make all kinds of preposterous accusations against him. Then when they get him into a receptive mood they start on their psycho-analysis." But at just this point Gilbert Pinfold rebels, turns the tables on the "voices," fights them, and—somewhat to our astonishment—wins, without ever, it would seem, coming to terms with them. He has not come to grips with his fantasies; he has simply admitted that they are fantasies.

IN THE early pages of the novel Gilbert Pinfold is defined: "He wished no one ill, but he looked at the world *sub specie aeternitatis* and he found it flat as a map." Possibly the failure here is that a human being who looks at the world in this way, is not going to be able to deal with personality except at the level of glancing, outrageous, simple caricature. We remember with nostalgia, "Lady Throbbing and Mrs. Blackwater, those twin sisters whose portrait by Millais auctioned recently at Christie's made a record in rock-bottom prices, were sitting on one of the teak

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MAY SARTON's forthcoming novel is The Birth of a Grandfather.

benches eating apples and drinking what Lady Throbbing, with late Victorian chic, called a bottle of pop." At a time when the English novel is in the hands of fearfully earnest, angry young men, these immortal memories exhilarate us like a bottle of vintage champagne. It is possible that Mr. Waugh will some day succeed in showing us the world of the unconscious as flat and exposed as a map, and we shall enjoy a burst of loud and saving laughter at our own expense. But, alas, not this time. Not this bottle of pop.

Generalissimo of the Little War

SOVIET RUSSIA IN CHINA. A Summing Up at Seventy. By Chiang Kai-shek. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 393 pp. $5.

Benjamin I. Schwartz

IT IS with a certain sense of expectancy that one opens what purports to be a book of reminiscences by Chiang Kai-shek. As a figure who has occupied a strategic position in the singularly stormy and complex history of modern China, as a man who has had, as he boasts, "thirty years experience with communism," he should provide new facts and interesting reflections based on the rich store of his memories. One naturally is ready to find these experiences discussed within the framework of his characteristic viewpoints.

Unfortunately, this book is not really a book of memoirs, but a tract for the moment — and a tract designed strictly for American consumption. From the panegyric to the American Revolution on the first page of the introduction to the assurance in the conclusion that America can support local wars of liberation without becoming involved in them, it is written wholly with an eye to American preoccupations and susceptibilities.

The central thesis of the book is, in effect, that Chiang's thirty years of experience with communism have provided him with a unique insight into what might be called the Grand Strategy of Communism. Possessing this unique insight, he is equipped above all others to recommend an appropriate counter-strategy.

One need not dispute Chiang's claim to an understanding of certain aspects of communism. His background and his experiences during the 1920s led him at an early date to perceive the ancient, familiar political realities which lurked behind the new ideological labels of communism. His interests as a political leader led him to appreciate at an early date Stalin's overwhelming concern with the power interests of the Soviet Union. He was also perfectly aware that the ultimate aim of the Chinese Communists was total power. And, obviously, somewhat more limited in his understanding of the Communists' ability to use social and psychological conditions within China itself to increase their own power.

WHAT can be said, however, about the claim to have found the key to the Grand Strategy of Communism? What we have here is a notion — shared by some Western experts — of a static manual of operations, based presumably on the abstract formulae of Hegelian dialectic, which accounts for all the political successes of the Communist world. (In Chiang's version, Marx himself was the main author of the manual.) Armed with this manual, the Communist leadership is always master of every situation involving political action, psychological warfare, propaganda, etc. It is never taken by surprise and can find in its master plan a recipe for dealing with every contingency. Only in the field of military weapons can the non-Communist world compete on anything like equal terms.

A very important corollary for Chiang and the nationalist government is the notion that the application of this strategy is the exclusive prerogative of the Kremlin itself. The Chinese Communists have from beginning to end been nothing but the merest puppets in the hands of Moscow. When Moscow suffered an apparent defeat in Yugoslavia, it immediately responded by engineering the victory of the Chinese Communists. Furthermore, due to the infinite superiority of Russia's political and psychological weapons, all forms of neutralism must inevitably serve the purposes of Moscow.

No one can deny that Marxism-Leninism focused the attention of its practitioners on certain areas of problems which until recently have been neglected by the non-Communist world. At the same time, I would suggest that a close and detailed study of Communist history over the past thirty years hardly supports the notion of the Grand Strategy. Many of the elaborate strategy gems

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BENJAMIN I. SCHWARTZ is associate professor of history and government at Harvard University.

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of world communism have not been masterful blueprints for the future, but hastily contrived makeshifts for meeting unanticipated situations in the present. From Lenin to Mao, the leaders of world communism have been as often surprised and confused by the caprices of History (whom they claim to have entrapped) as the rest of us, and even their successes have probably been due as much to the weaknesses and blunders of their opponents as to the magic science of their manual.

But by convincing us that we cannot possibly cope with communism in the political, social and psychological spheres, Chiang leaves us only the military sphere in which to maneuver. This leads naturally to his suggestion that our one hope lies in the military support of local wars of liberation in Taiwan, Korea and Vietnam.

Repugnant as the prospect may be, serious arguments can be made for the proposition that war is the only way out. It is precisely here, however, that the book's fundamental dishonesty becomes apparent. From the depths of his much-boasted knowledge of communism, Chiang is able to assure us that we can support wars of liberation against the mainland of China without in any way involving ourselves in any major war.

While we can appreciate the preoccupations which lie behind the book — the fear that a "Two-China" policy may come to prevail in America; the fear that the Nationalists will never get another chance — these preoccupations do not increase its value as history or political theory.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

HAVING complained sufficiently, I have been looking for something to be cheerful about. I found it—in Central Park.

Very near the geographical heart of Manhattan there is a Summer Shakespeare Theatre where in the open air an organization calling itself the Shakespeare Workshop has been giving a series of productions of the Bard's plays more satisfactory than any I have seen hereabouts for a long time.

The first production I saw was a thoroughly captivating one of the delightfully inconsequential *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This is Shakespeare in his most youthfully bubbling vein—refreshingly lighthearted, full of animal spirits, bursting with the promise of genius.

The director, Stuart Vaughan, has understood the basic tenet of Shakespearian production: everything must be activated. Speech must form part of a fabric of sustained movement and visualization in a spirit either of overflowing festiveness or passion. The keynote is virility. Here obscenity is preferable to a vapid prettiness. Abandon is closer to Shakespeare than gentility.

The entire cast is to be congratulated. The clowns were really funny. The lovers , handsome and winning, were mercifully without either of the two besetting sins in such performances—cuteness and stuffiness—and their lady loves were robust, reminding us that the original actors of these parts were young men. Here was a consummate ensemble—down to the best cast dog I have ever seen on the stage.

The play, I repeat, is young, and the cast as well. The same is true of the cast which plays *Macbeth*. But this play requires maturity and a different sort of vigor—the vigor of profound experience. Though the cast is perforce unable to bring these attributes to it, the actors play it with as creditable an approximation of them as can be expected.

This play, too, is directed by Stuart Vaughan with admirable dramatic intelligence. It moves fluently on a set that is ably used—it is a sound adaptation of the Elizabethan stage—and it has the ruggedness which suits the semi-barbaric atmosphere of the story. In short, the plot is arrestingly told, and to insist on all that is not conveyed of this immense drama would be captious to the point of unfairness.

I do not mention the individual actors by name (though a large number of them deserve such mention) because the finest thing about their achievement is the rightness of the entire event in which the packed and rather young audience—who ever said Shakespeare wasn't a popular playwright?—complements the performance perfectly. To all who have made these performances possible—one should not fail to notice the producer Joseph Papp—our warmest thanks. And, remember, the price of the show is just right: it is free.

AT THE Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., we may now see Katherine Hepburn, Alfred Drake, Moris Carnovsky and other attractively talented players in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is a most pleasant play and you will probably find the production agreeable too. It has a vanilla flavor with streaks of peppermint. I mean it is a little mild.

The fault that many of our Shakespearian comedy productions suffer from is a confusion of Shakespeare's gaiety with childishness. The actors tend to behave like prep school kids playing for a prep school audience. Shakespeare's audiences consisted of the court gentry and a rough rabble—and there wasn't as much difference in temperament between the two as one might suppose.

Shakespeare's fun is often tender and delicate, but these qualities represent the bloom of a formidable tree powerfully rooted in rank soil. When Shakespeare treads lightly it is on the strongest sinews that ever a poet possessed. The arch and the coy—teeny weeny bits of "business" out of dusty stock-company farces—will not do.

I SAW Shaw's *Good King Charles' Golden Days* (Downtown Theatre) long after it opened with a cast composed chiefly of replacements and understudies. The play has no plot whatever. It is as if by the time he wrote it —it was one of his last works—Shaw didn't care whether what he wrote was properly a play or not. Yet the evening was a pleasure.

All the old Shaw themes were there: his respect for concrete knowledge and science together with his understanding of their limitations, his impatience, almost despair, over the inadequacies of democratic government and his skepticism as to solutions for its betterment, his love of the arts and the somewhat vagabond people who engage in them, and his indecision as to whether what they achieve is of truly supreme importance. Shaw was prolix, but on the whole we may rejoice that he so often went on and on and on. To be in his company is still one of those treats which makes living a good thing.

Another play I saw weeks after its premiere was James Lee's *Career* (Actors Playhouse). This is a play which describes how tough it is to pursue a career on the stage in this our beloved town and country. The play is primary drama and yet, because it hews to an honestly factual line and because its heart is in the right place, while the actors who play it really know whereof they speak, it manages to be touching.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Newark Museum is holding a summer show of 19th century American painters in the genre style. Here boys are stealing watermelons, girls shelling peas, haymakers dancing, young men stealing kisses, people listening to war news, skating in Central Park, cooking maple syrup —exactly the kind of topical subject we find today treated soberly on the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, or lightly on *The New Yorker's*.

A great many pictures like these, copied in lithograph by the firm of Currier and Ives, were intended for precisely this sort of public distribution. But the works here were made for domestic consumption— small household objects to add interest to the comfortable interior. The style was hugely popular. There even existed in New York in the 1840s a Düsseldorf Gallery, named after the city which specialized in producing such anecdotal scenes.

Düsseldorf, not Munich, Rome or Paris, was where the painters went to study. Even those who did not felt the influence of its school, which offered a practical method for painting these small and highly-detailed works. The method was indirect; painting was done not after nature but after drawings the painter had made. With these for reference, he drew his picture with brown paint and then put on the colors of his objects. The shadows were thin, transparent and for the most part brown. Only the lights and the half lights were colored. With thin shadows, a suitable varnish medium and soft sable brushes, the work could be made as detailed as the painter desired or as the public for these pictures demanded.

We have certain prejudices today against the slick surface and the umber tonalities this method produces. But in the hands of a skillful workman the effects can be extremely handsome, particularly if the painter does not exaggerate his chiaroscuro. The side lighting of chiaroscuro with its accompaning heavy shadows, since here they are a uniform brown, will render the color unpleasantly heavy. One thinks of the amateur who said to Samuel Butler, "I know what color to paint the lights, but what color do I paint the shadows?" Here there is no question. Shadows are brown. The brown is there, not as a color or for color reasons. It is the necessary framework of the picture. At the same time it defines the tonality, harmonizes the colors and permits quite wonderful dexterity in the painting of detail.

A great many of the thirty-nine canvases shown—one for each artist —have chiefly an antiquarian interest. I myself would have preferred to see a larger representation of the vigorous men like William Sidney Mount, George Caleb Bingham and the young Winslow Homer. The picture by Mount, *Music is Contagious, or Dance of the Haymakers*, is as skillfully done as any Messionier or Fortuny. The Bingham, a country contest—*Shooting for the Bull*—has a wonderful air of Poussin. The Richard Caton Woodville *War News from Mexico* is solid in drawing, handsome in color and compact in composition. Enoch Wood Perry, Jr. is represented by a small canvas of admirable color and charming wit—a group of young men lounging on a hotel balcony in all the attitudes appropriate to a lazy Sunday afternoon. *Skating in*

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Central Park by the Hollander, Johann Mongles Culverhouse, has all the elaborate detail and aerial perspective of a 17th century Dutch landscape.

THE Metropolitan Museum has hanging for the summer some eighty French canvases, Modern and Impressionist, borrowed from private collections. A great many of these are already familiar in photograph and reproduction. It is nevertheless a great pleasure, and sometimes a great surprise, to see the pictures themselves. One could never have guessed from a reproduction the delicacy of color of Rousseau's *Carnival Evening*—all greys, browns and blues—or the sophistication of its paint surface. This is not naive painting. There is an unexpected Leger of a Southern French town, not in cubes at all but with a hot blue sky over a hot hill-climbing street. The Gauguin *Still Life with Onions* has brilliant color put down in strands almost as if woven in tapestry. The Van Gogh self portrait, belonging to Robert Lehman, to my surprise shows a receding chin, painted perhaps before the painter cultivated a beard. The *Shrimps* of Matisse has a perverse and successful composition with a table edge parallel to the vertical side of the canvas. A Signac, of *St. Briac, Les Balises*, could be mistaken for the Seurats hanging next to it. I had not remembered the two painters were so much alike. Manet's *Mme. Brunet* is dressed in a black silk rep that only he could have painted. The sitter is touching and elegant, the painting luxurious and sober. Degas' beautiful *Chez La Modiste* shows the painter Mary Cassatt trying on a hat. Braque, in *Under the Awning*, gives the effect of blinding summer sunlight. The harlequin in Picasso's *Harlequin and Woman* has Picasso's face. But then Picasso has always put himself in his pictures; even the disturbing adolescent of his *Boy with Pipe*, now on show at the Museum of Modern Art, has some such likeness to Picasso, based at least on a spiritual resemblance. Corot's *Bacchante and Leopard* is the handsomest of his figure pieces I have yet seen.

The striking thing about all these paintings, comparing them with the pictures in Newark, is the clearness of their tones and the immense variety of their color schemes. In this painting color is never used as an added ornament on top of a design in monochrome. The color is a basic element of the picture. The painter begins his work with a brush-load of colored paint. And each subsequent brush stroke is put down as a real color with a studied color relation to all the other colors on the canvas. The black-and-white value of the stroke defines the drawing of the forms he is constructing. But he never allows himself to forget that each brush stroke must be a patch of unambiguous color, no matter how small it may be. Even Corot, whose shadow framework is brown, never uses the same brown twice in a painting.

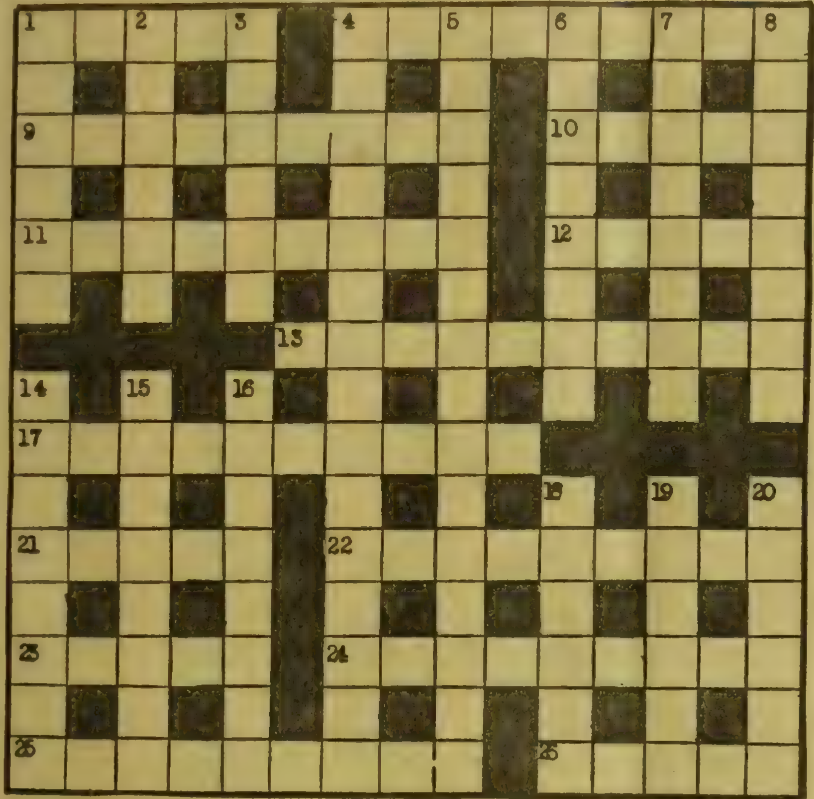
THIS is a Venetian tradition, brought to its perfection by the Tiepolos. In their works each tone of the modeling—light, middle tone, and dark—is a definite color. The warm-and-cold relationship of these tones is exaggerated. And the amazing brilliance these painters achieved with their relatively dull pigments comes uniquely from the careful harmony and contrast of these real tones.

This system of painting does not lend itself to the over-elaboration of detail. To make an unambiguous tone the paint must be put on fairly thick. Each color must be precise. Glazes and scumbles, which greatly facilitate detail, are enemies of frank tones. And with thick paint in definite color tones, tiny details are too unrewarding to be worth the trouble. Detail must be implied rather than stated. As Max Jacob, who was also a painter, said, "It is inexactitude that saves us all."

Opaque paint in explicit color and no nonsense about what our ancestors called "finish"—that is the working method behind all these pictures. Nor was the question put to Butler at all inane. The answers to "what color to paint the shadows" would completely describe the methods of what we think of as the painting of our time.

Crossword Puzzle No. 735

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What a comb sometimes does the wrong way with leather. (5)
4 Their philosophy certainly doesn't seem constructive. (9)
9 Armor tube, quite likely associated with the plant. (9)
10 Such conviviality usually implies lots of 23. (5)
11 The attitude of the reader, the editor hopes! (9)
12 Fish out of 1 across. (5)
13 One who throws his weight around, seemingly in a run-down club. (4-6)
17 Ritual tree, which college students sometimes consider merely lit. (10)
21 Not quite good objets d'art. (5)
22 Obviously oil contributes to a soft tone. (5-4)
24 Onomatopoetic, perhaps. (9)
25 This device suggests an embedded jewel. (9)
26 Smooth bottoms, wrong way to! (5)

DOWN:

1 Are they used to raise things "accidentally on purpose"? (6)
2 Part of the G.I.'s fruit salad (6)
3 You can bet on this being equal to an old song! (6)
4 Without official rank, nevertheless? (15)
5 You might consider him Rumanian, it's a belief of some. (15)
6 What's the point, after a frolic in the garden? (8)
7 It's every harshness you can imagine! (8)
8 Certainly not colonial. (8)
14 They're not quite slaves in a Paris love nest! (8)
15 One way to get more stout. (8)
16 Perhaps the explanation of Argentum. (8)
18 Talk about a donkey! Quite the opposite, but they involve critical appraisals. (6)
19 What a woman might wear to be powerful inside. (6)
20 The mark of a bad skater, no doubt. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 734

ACROSS: 1 BRUSSELS SPROUTS; 9 RIBBAND; 10 INFERNO; 11 ELANDS; 12 RELEVANT; 14 LODESTONES; 16 LYNN; 17 NICE; 19 LANDOWNING; 22 CENTAVOS; 23 PEN PAL; 25 STEALTH; 26 IMPASSE; 27 SELF-EXPLANATORY. DOWN: 1 BORDERLINE CASES; 2 UPBRAID; 3 STANDISH; 4 LIDO; 5 SWINEHERDS; 6 RIFLES; 7 UNREADY; 8 SHOOTING GALLERY; 13 POTATO CHIP; 16 SWEET PEA; 18 CONGEAL; 20 IMPASTO; 21 BAD LIE; 24 DIVA.

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THE LEGION DIES LAUGHING . . . *by Harvey Glickman*

LETTERS

The Happy Worker

Dear Sirs: The Myth of the Happy Worker by Harvey Swados [August 17 issue] is no less than a brilliant exposition of conditions in America's mills and factories. Having been employed by dozens of mills and shops, I must correct his impression that all industrial work is monotonous, degrading and stupefying. Only 99 per cent of factory jobs fit this description.

And, as he so correctly points out, it hardly needs to be this way.

WALTER GERSTEL
Berkeley, California

Dear Sirs: In connection with Mr. Swados' article, have you seen The Annual Report of the Ford Foundation? I have found it most instructive. Not that the money given away all over the world for educational, health, and other purposes is not beneficial and praiseworthy, but there is something revolting in the fact that those who created this enormous wealth receive so little benefit from it.

Mr. Swados has written a remarkable article; remarkable because of its simplicity and straightforward presentation. The modern factory worker is a modern galley slave; his mind, if he has any left, is dulled by the inhuman monotony of his labor.

Automation would be a solution to rescue the factory worker from his slavery. But are we ready to offer him anything but unemployment compensation?

LEE H. GREGORY
Cadillac, Michigan

Dear Sirs: If Mr. Swados had titled his article The Myth of the Interested Worker it would have been more appropriate. If one is uninterested in his job he will be bored and, therefore, unhappy. The only way to avoid boredom is to develop interest.

At the close of his article, Mr. Swados says we are funneling the underprivileged, undereducated and underequipped into the factory. If factory work is available and can use this type of worker, it seems the logical place for him to drift. More interesting and more lucrative jobs are available only to adequately trained or educated people.

In a democratic society it is the responsibility of the individual employer or the workers' union to enforce fair labor standards and practices. The rank and file should bring pressure on their leaders to fulfill their function. If the workers are going to get off the insane treadmill, they must prepare themselves for better jobs. This preparation is a cooperative enterprise. It requires effort by the individual, his parents, the educational system and the community.

Unfortunately the world is not organized on Utopian principles. Much of life is still helter-skelter. As competition to share the good life becomes keener, parents will have to develop foresight. Hindsight too often results in drift and disillusion for themselves and their offspring. Apathy is the breeding ground for totalitarianism. Democracy cannot continue without well-informed, well-integrated citizens. In a modern democracy the only way to escape a treadmill existence is to acquire knowledge, both general and specific.

EDITH STRAHAN
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: One looks in vain for reasoning in Mr. Swados' piece; it is all seething acrimony. Much is implied, perhaps because so little is tenable when argued in the open. An arresting example: "he (the factory worker) is earning less than the starting salaries offered to inexperienced and often semi-literate college graduates without dependents." I guess what is implied is that this is a hell of a note.

But is it? For one thing, "without dependents," is wholly irrelevant here, unless Mr. Swados also implies that the private and low-skilled business of reproduction should be recompensed in the economic system. "Semi-literate" they may be, and yet the corporation must find some utility in them, for otherwise it would not hire them. So we come to "starting salaries," which Mr. Swados hints are too high, but only if one ignores a number of things: (1) College graduation signifies a certain degree of accomplishment and an accumulation of at least partially applicable knowledge; (2) the corporation must recognize the value of these acquirements or it would not pay for them; (3) college costs time, money and effort which should merit some return for the investment.

Would Mr. Swados level all salaries, thus reducing the working order to chaos? Then why the gratuitous swipes at a group which has generally worked hard for the chance to work at a desk?

CARL E. KERN
Hartford, Connecticut

What Is Obscenity

Dear Sirs: What may be one of the most far-reaching decisions of the Supreme Court, the Brennan decision on "obscenity," has slipped by with little comment by the liberal organs of opinion. Yet the decision could give added impetus to the already ominous pressures for censorship — both by private groups and state and local officials.

Recently, I have had an opportunity,

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EDITO

The Quarter Loaf

The Civil Rights Bill is a sham—so says Senator Morse and so say we. Purporting to advance the cause of civil rights, in essence it affects only the right to vote. And even if it accomplishes what it sets out to do in this field, it is doubtful, given the South's one-party system, that the cause of representative government will be advanced. This is particularly true in the states where gerrymandering, plus the county-unit system, will deprive the Negro of realizing anything like his true voting strength. And one must not forget that even the original bill, which included Title III (the provision which made it a truly sweeping civil-rights measure) and did not include the jury-trial provision, was considered minimal by the Republican Administration which fostered it. Now Title III has been stricken, and the addition of the jury-trial section makes enforceability doubtful even in the limited field to which the bill now applies.

We believe a strong argument can be made that by waiting a year, a far better bill could have been achieved. A year is not much in a struggle for equality of citizenship that has already raged for nearly a century. And to those who urge that the issue should not be injected into an election year, we say: "What better issue to debate in an election year than the major domestic issue facing the American people? Let legislators be forced to take sides openly—and let the voters decide. We have no doubts which way the decision would go." Nor do we agree with those who argue that even if the bill is a bad one, it deserved support because it will soon be improved by amendment. The Taft-Hartley Act remains unchanged for a decade even after its own sponsor pleaded for change. Considering that the present measure is the first remedial legislation on civil rights in ninety years, the prospect for amendment in the near future is far from bright.

As this is written, the bill is on the President's desk. Were it not for one fact, we would hope for a veto. The fact is that the overwhelming majority of individuals who are devoting their lives to the cause of civil rights believe that it should be signed—even in its present weakened form. The NAACP and many other organiza-

been grinding to [illegible] from the Supreme Court's decision. The results, at first, were mixed: the Senate approved a bill which, in substance, continued the rule as announced by the Supreme Court, though with certain amendments tending to stultify the defense; the House adopted the Administration's—i.e., the Justice Department's and Hoover's—proposal, which gives the government the power to destroy the effectiveness of the ruling altogether.

Ultimately, the Senate in effect surrendered to the House and to the Administration. The bill as passed turns a trial into a game of hide-and-seek and ignores the Supreme Court's repeated reminder that the interests of the United States in a criminal prosecution "is not that it shall win a case, but that justice shall be

The Ultimate Folly

So accustomed are we to believing our own claims of weapons superiority that the Soviet claim to the "ultimate weapon," the intercontinental ballistic missile, came as a shock. It should not have. Our weapons have been frequently inferior to those of other countries—sometimes when the chips were down. For the first two years after our entry into World War II, we had no plane to match the Japanese Zero or the British Spitfire; our tanks were neither as mobile nor as lethal as the Germans'; the British anti-submarine devices were superior to ours; and all the gallantry of our Pacific submarine commanders could not make up for the faulty detonating devices of our torpedoes.

True, once we begin producing, we can make more weapons faster than anybody. In armaments, our chief contribution to the Allied victory was quantitative, not qualitative. But it is hardly reassuring to know that, in the case of H-bombs, we have enough to destroy the earth not once, but two or three times.

Now again, and fortunately in peacetime, our only potential enemy has apparently achieved a temporary weapon superiority. And our response, of course, will be to use all our energy, money and ingenuity to achieve parity. But, as we have already pointed out (The Missile Era, issue of June 1), the IBM will *not* prove the ultimate weapon, for there is no such thing. In the field of weapons, the only ultimate parity is the parity of mutual death and destruction.

So we ask: if money, energy and ingenuity can build bigger and better weapons, cannot they also be used to build *fewer* weapons? Is this not the time to pursue, with renewed vigor, not the race of annihilation, but the long, tortuous path to disarmament by agreement?

How to Win Over a Premier

Less than six months ago, we commented in these columns on the fact that the State Department was unhappy with the Premier of Laos, Vietnam's little neighbor, and might indeed be exerting the kind of pressures a big country can exert upon a small one to get him out (see Dirty Work in Laos, issue of March 30). The issue, so far as it concerned Washington, was Premier Souvanna Phoum's apparent willingness to bring the Pathet Lao, Laos' extreme Left party, into his government. Since our comment appeared, two things have happened. On May 29, Premier Phoum resigned after the Laotian National Assembly voted against his plans for negotiating with the Pathet Lao. At this stage, it appeared that Washington's pressures—which included a threat to suspend an annual contribution of $36,000,000 to the little country's budget, enough to support its army—were working with gratifying speed. But if there was celebration in the appropriate State Department office in Washington, it was premature. For two months the National Assembly failed to agree on a successor to Phoum, turning down, among others, the candidacy of Vice-Premier Katay Sassorith, who was Washington's favorite. Then last week, in a complete reversal, the Assembly reinstated Premier Phoum, who will now resume his negotiations to bring the Pathet Lao into his government.

What a glittering addition to the State Department's chain of diplomatic victories! And will it make Mr. Dulles feel any better to know that, however much he dislikes Mr. Phoum, the feeling by now must be entirely mutual?

THE LEGION DIES LAUGHING . . *by Harvey Glickman*

ON SEPTEMBER 16, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, over 3,000 middle-aged male Americans will observe their annual organized outdoor catharsis. Shipments of water bags, cap pistols, horns and whiskey are already piling up in the basements of the Boardwalk hotels, and desk clerks, no doubt, are renewing the locks on fire extinguishers. Each year the American Legion announces that its convention will be less raucous than in the past, but the "regulars" respond with knowing winks.

These annual high jinks provide the Legionnaires with their only opportunity for free expression in the internal affairs of their organization. Apart from this useful social therapy, the convention is mere sound and fury, for the Legion itself is dying as an important social force. True, the organization continues to perform such desirable welfare services as the sponsorship of boys' baseball tournaments and high school essay contests, and the printing of about 400,000 pamphlets a year on how to display the American flag. But as for exerting any significant influence on most Americans, or even on the country's 28,000,000 ex-servicemen, it is well-nigh finished. Possessed of a gradually diminishing proportion of the nation's veterans—the membership has remained stationary for five years at 2.8 million—the Legion is well on its way to becoming a paunchy and rather less useful edition of the Boy Scouts.

A concerted membership drive in the last two years, aimed at a total membership of 5,000,000, proved a dud. Even more alarming to the Legion's officials is the fact that since the 1946 peak, membership has dropped 600,000, or almost 20 per cent. From 1951 to 1956, despite strenuous efforts to recruit new blood, the Legion added but 67,000 members. The dues coming in hardly cover the expenses of recruitment. Last year the Legion officially admitted that its membership situation was certainly "unhealthy and most discouraging."

Probably the main reason for the organization's dire straits is, ironically, that there are just too many veterans. Today just about everybody is a wartime or peacetime ex-serviceman of one variety or another, and in general it may be said that the desire to commemorate an experience is in direct ratio to its uniqueness. So, unless a veterans' organization continues to advance the interests of ex-servicemen on a massive and ever-widening scale, its *raison d'etre* is shaky indeed. Today, once the ex-serviceman absorbs the initial bounty of benefits, the Legion's exertions in this direction rapidly reach the point of diminishing returns. Nobody gets excited any more about promises of postwar bonuses, pensions, loans and other benefits. As far back as 1951, the *Army Times* detected a feeling among veterans that Congress had closed the books on veterans' benefits. Having already reached the limits of what is practical and legitimate in behalf of its membership, the Legion must now push beyond. For example, how is one to regard the Legion's recent proposal for special pensions for all veterans over sixty-five?

In kind and in degree, the Legion can do less for servicemen than ever before. This fact in itself tends to discourage new recruits; any suspicion that the Legion is deserting its self-assumed position as defender of the interests of the nation's veterans surely would be enough to lead to a wholesale exodus from its ranks. Many veterans take a dim view of the 1953 decision by the Legion Executive Committee to permit an increase in interest rates on G.I. loans for private homes. The decision coincided with the demands of the National Association of Home Builders and the Mortgage Bankers Association of America; John M. Dickerman, executive director of the N.A.H.B., himself credited the Legion with breaking "the log jam" on the issue. Moves like this reinforce the notion that the Legion listens to the voice of organized business with as much care as it does to the voice of its own constituents.

MOST OF US know the Legion for its extremist political views, which in recent years have grown increasingly strident and ridiculous. (For many years nobody has taken seriously the clause in the Legion's constitution which states that the organization shall be "non-political and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles.") The Legion has consistently equated both free speech and internationalism with subversion. As long as the Legion's policy-makers confined their attacks to Communists, Socialists and New Dealers, they were supported by conservatives who wanted to get rid of a Democratic Administration. But since 1952 much of this conservative support has disappeared. "Modern Republicanism" has brought a new outlook to the business community and to conservatives in general; the Legion remains a defiant dog-in-the-manger, still fighting McCarthy's long-lost battles. Not unnaturally, the Legion's leadership has responded to mounting public indifference by screaming louder than ever. Today many veterans regard the Legion's views as not only wrong, but stupid and silly as well. Perhaps they agree with Harry Truman, himself a Legionnaire, who remarked in 1955 that

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HARVEY GLICKMAN, co-author with H. H. Wilson of The Problem of Internal Security in Great Britain, *is a Teaching Fellow in the Department of Government, Harvard University.*

the Legion had "gone haywire in the last three or four years."

Signs of imbalance began to appear as early as 1947, when National Commander J. F. O'Neill charged the late Senator Robert Taft with "making common cause with the Communists" because he had opposed universal military training. In 1955 the Legion really went wild. The Illinois Department asked the organization to withdraw support from the Girl Scouts because there were "un-American influences in the Girl Scout handbook." Former Illinois State Commander L. J. Fenlon remarked, "How screwy can we get?" But his comrades responded by asking that the United States approve "a declaration of independence from the U.N." The Westchester County American Legion reported to the National Executive Committee on diabolical doings in upstate New York, where the League of Women Voters had distributed six pamphlets on civil liberties financed by the Fund for the Republic. The Un-Americanism Committee of the Westchester Legion declared that the pamphlets were "designed to delude the public into believing Communism is a red herring." The Legion National Executive then took on the League of Women Voters, asking it to disown the pamphlets, particularly one on freedom of speech by the late Harvard Professor of Law, Zechariah Chafee, Jr. This assiduous Westchester group also protested the showing of a film in the Pleasantville High School and in the Katonah Village library, in which Edward R. Murrow interviewed Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. In this affair, the Westchester Un-Americanism experts gained the support of T. E. Paradine, the Legion's national vice-chairman of public relations and a former national vice-commander. Movies were also the target of a Legion protest in Briarcliff, New York. This film starred Dr. Mortimer J. Adler; G. F. May, commander of the Briarcliff post, denounced the practice of exposing public school children to "controversial intellectuals."

THE CLIMAX of uproarious 1955 came at the national convention in Miami, where the Legion "deplored the continued economic aid by the United States to India," recommended that the United States withdraw from the Korean Armistice Commission and allow the South Koreans to settle things "in their own way," and urged Congress to take the United States out of UNESCO. The *New York Times* called this last suggestion "a prize example of sophomoric xenophobia." No doubt many Legionnaires felt the same way, but dared not speak up. The origins of the Legion's anti-UNESCO campaign may be traced to the American Flag Committee and W. Henry MacFarland, Jr., a professional patriot who has also been active in the National Renaissance Party and the Nationalist Action League. Both organizations have been named as Fascist, the former by the House Committee on Un-American Activities and the latter by the Attorney General.

A QUALITY of silent suffering has long marked the rank and file of the Legion. Control over policy, as well as over elections, is exercised by a small number of "regulars" who, until recently, were all of World War I vintage. The "regulars"—the delegates and the small-time officials—of any mass organization tend to be the traditionalists, the fellows who are always sticking to outworn principles; and the most outworn principle of the Legion is its own peculiar brand of "Americanism." As the supply of genuine talent diminishes, a display of the virtues of "Americanism" becomes the chief test of ability. The old-timers handpick their successors, perpetuating images of themselves at the top. Some years ago, when the Legion commanded such powerful support that, as Bernard Baruch once said, it can make office boys out of Congressmen, the organization produced national commanders with some claim to national stature—men like Louis Johnson and Paul V. McNutt. In the past few years, however, the national commanders have been as uniformly undistinguished as they have been indistinguishable. The commander this year, Wilbur (Dan) Daniel, barely qualified as a war veteran, his service consisting of some months in basic training.

But more important than considerations of individual talent is the age group of the Legion's leadership. Only in the past few years have veterans of World War II managed to win high position in any numbers. For many Legionnaires, undoubtedly, it took far too long for the "second generation" to reach the higher echelons; by the time it did, thousands of their fellows, impatient under the unrelenting tutelage of the men whose last service experience dated back at least thirty years, had left the organization.

THE difficulties of the rank-and-file Legionnaire of either generation in influencing Legion policy are underlined by the experience of the supporters of the Murphy Report on UNESCO. In 1955, Ray Murphy, a former national commander and not a dissident upstart, headed a committee of six which exonerated UNESCO, and the Americans associated with it, of charges of atheism, un-Americanism or communism. The committee's report went to the National Executive Committee and subsequently was shunted to the Legion's Foreign Relations Committee. After much wrangling, this committee and the Americanism Committee considered the report together and directed a subcommittee of ten to prepare a joint report of its own. A summary of the subcommittee's findings criticized UNESCO for disseminating "subversive educational materials." This summary accompanied the resolution denouncing UNESCO at the Miami convention in 1955. The national leadership not only brushed aside the Murphy Report, it did not even permit any of its proponents to address the convention when the resolution reached the floor. In a matter of minutes, without floor debate, the die-hards had rammed through their resolution by a voice vote.

As for the choice of his leadership, the ordinary Legionnaire is in precisely the same position. Both 1955 and 1956 provided striking evidence of the prevalence of boss rule. The executive committee of the Forty and Eight, fun-making organization of the Legion, in 1955 decided to renounce its connection with the parent body. It charged that a group of unnamed "kingmakers" distributed committee appointments and used funds to benefit those "who do their bidding." Immediately the Indianapolis *Star* discovered one of these kingmakers, one J. P. Ringley. In 1956 Ringley turned up again as the target of similar charges, this time levelled by C. M. Blackburn, a candidate for national commander during the Los Angeles convention. W. C. Daniel, Ringley's candidate, won handily, almost as easily as had his predecessor, J. A. Wagner, who managed to provoke thirty-five opposing votes the year before. "If you fail to support the wishes—and the candidate—of the kingmaker, your department doesn't get any appointments that year," remarked the defeated Mr. Blackburn.

TWO OTHER factors in the decline of the Legion deserve some attention. There is some evidence that membership in the Legion today is decidedly *déclassé*. One suspects that the solid supporters of the Legion—the regular convention-goers and the Fourth of July paraders—belong increasingly to the lower middle class. The executive type leans toward membership and participation in more sedate groups, such as Rotary and Kiwanis. After all, today's American Legion represents a peculiar non-conformity; it is out of line with the smooth, conservative mood of our time. To the man who aspires to a niche in suburbia, the Legionnaires resemble backwoodsmen. Secondly, there should be an interesting correlation between the number of rural and semi-rural counties which have gone "wet" in the last five years and the geographical distribution of the drop in Legion membership. The American Legion Post bar has always been the only place to secure liquor by the glass in the numerous "dry" counties and "dry" states that dot the country. The Post bar stays open almost day and night. What better reason for a virile ex-serviceman to keep his membership in the Legion up-to-date? Recently, where they could exercise local option, the voters in many of these sections have gone "wet" for a variety of reasons—principally to attract tourists. The Post bar now has lost much of its unique attraction.

Most people, when they think of the Legion, associate it automatically with isolationism and super-patriotism on the one hand, and parades and high jinks on the other. In a short time, these notions will express the total essence of the importance of the Legion on the American social scene. Already most of the Legionnaires are content with the high jinks, while 90 per cent of America's veterans don't care about the Legion at all.

New Jersey's Man-in-the-Middle . .

by David van Praagh

ROBERT B. MEYNER is a Democratic product of the ambiguous Age of Eisenhower. "The Glamorous Governor of New Jersey," known as such to thousands of *Saturday Evening Post* readers, is also, perhaps, better known nationally than any other state chief executive. This distinction he has achieved by bravado, more than a bit of luck, and the enviable ability to be all things to all persons while actually standing nowhere in particular.

Since he took office over three and a half years ago, however, Governor Meyner has concentrated on building up his reputation among the five million people of his own state. He is now entering upon the climax of a vigorous reelection drive that, on November 5, by all odds should reward his persistence. If it does, he will become the first governor—and indeed the first member of either party—to set a well-oiled state political machine in motion toward the Presidential elections in 1960.

It is not simply echoing a Republican cry to point out that Meyner has been the beneficiary of a tremendous build-up. He was an unknown small-town lawyer and ex-state senator when, because no one else wanted the job, he was handed the forlorn banner of the anti-Hague Democratic cause for Governor of New Jersey early in 1953. Part of the build-up since has been calculated; most of it just happened by his being in the right place at the right time—a fact of which Meyner is well aware. Nonetheless, a Meyner myth has grown up which his equally energetic Republican opponent for the governorship, business magazine publisher Malcolm S. Forbes, will find difficult to smash.

Republican New Jersey has always tended to elect Democratic governors in off-years and Meyner's appeal, in his current campaign, is directed more to Republicans and independents than to Democrats. Many people who like Ike, like Bob Meyner. Last year President Eisenhower carried New Jersey by 750,000 votes—an incredible margin of two to one. This was partly due to a resurgence of GOP organization strength. But Forbes has the money to exploit that strength and the ability to needle Meyner. All of Meyner's equivocating cannot do away with a hazardous situation in Hudson County, the late Frank

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DAVID VAN PRAAGH covers the New Jersey State House for the Trenton Times.

Hague's old stronghold, which may greatly diminish the value of that potential Democratic treasure chest.

To win what may well be a close election, therefore, Meyner must rely on his personal popularity and on his ability to convince the electorate that he has carried out his administration slogan: "Good government makes good politics." This is where the Meyner myth comes in. Like any myth, Meyner's has elements of reality to it. But it has been built up by a succession of events, both political and personal; the myth is by no means a true picture of the man.

Meyner's first break came when John V. Kenny, who had broken Hague's thirty-year reign in Jersey City in 1949 (and was himself dethroned as Hudson County boss last May), made possible Meyner's 1,800-vote primary victory in 1953 over a Hague candidate who had carried eighteen of the state's twenty-one counties. Then, in the fall, it was disclosed that contractor Paul L. Troast, Meyner's Republican opponent, had written a letter of clemency for labor racketeer Joey Fay in Sing Sing. Against a background of gambling scandals in the state's banner GOP county, Bergen, the Troast letter was enough to elect Meyner by 153,000 votes. Thus was launched the extra-Eisenhower Democratic trend that has continued since.

Meyner is the first Democratic governor of New Jersey in ten years —and the first non-Hague governor since Woodrow Wilson's immediate successor.

ANOTHER letter was designed to play a sensational role in the forty-nine-year-old Governor's career, and it was not long in coming. This one was written by former Republican Governor Harold G. Hoffman. Upon being opened after his death in 1954, it revealed his embezzlement of $300,000 from a South Amboy bank and the juggling of state funds to cover up the deed. Thus was born the Hoffman scandal and Meyner's vindication for having suspended Hoffman on suspicion from his job as head of state unemployment compensation.

Meanwhile, another Meyner image was being created in the public mind beside that of the young, clean crusader who, six months after taking office, still had more Republicans than Democrats in his cabinet. This one appealed especially to women and was the stuff of which "A" wire copy and *Life* are made. It was of the good-looking bachelor on the political scene who met Adlai Stevenson's cousin at a mock political convention, announced their engagement two days after Stevenson's 1956 debacle at the polls, and finally married the charming Helen Stevenson, twenty years his junior. The *Post* called Meyner the successor to Prince Rainier as Bridegroom of the Year.

Prince Robert has the knack of catching the public's imagination. And he makes it a point to meet voters nearly every day. He is a quick-moving, impressive figure with a fast-working, calculating mind that is supremely self-confident—perhaps too much so for his own political good. It is easy to admire Meyner as a governor and dislike him as a man.

The most frequent explanation for the Meyner of today is his humble beginnings. Born in Easton, Pennsylvania, of parents of German background who were both textile workers, he started working a full shift in the silk mills himself during high school and has a partially amputated index finger, the result of a mill accident, to show for it. He decided at the age of eight that he wanted to be a lawyer. Young Meyner, working himself through Lafayette College and Columbia Law School, displayed all the qualities necessary for getting ahead. He was—and is—a phenomenally hard worker; at the executive office in Trenton, he often drives himself twelve hours at a time.

But with success came a certain smugness and even a disdain for others. Perhaps this is the manifestation of a basic insecurity. Beneath his boyish shock of greying hair, Meyner's penetrating, cold, blue eyes betray distrust. He has the politician's predilection for meeting people, but he likes few of them; he is loyal to those he does like, often carries a grudge against those he doesn't, and studiously avoids close friendship with any. Raised as a Catholic, he gave up any religious tie at eighteen—a fact bound to be used politically against him. His self-centered disposition and capacity for keeping busy made his marriage a surprise to many.

There are times, as when he leans back in his leather chair beneath a portrait of Woodrow Wilson and laughs heartily, that the Governor seems big, almost reminiscent of F.D.R. Actually, he is short, although rugged-looking, with tanned, sharp features, easy movements and a resonant voice.

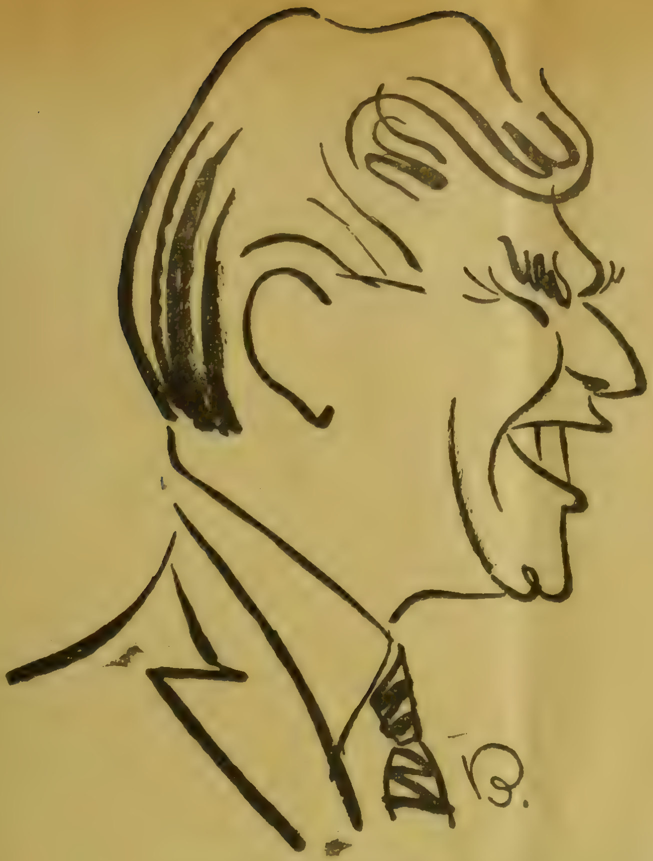
BUT A CLOSER look reveals serious limitations for a man who is being talked about for the Democratic Presidential nomination three years hence.

Meyner has a lawyer's mind; he delights in taunting his opponents and in teasing his interrogators, the press, at the exercises in circumlocution which he calls his press conferences. But there is little depth. He is certainly no egghead and has no real cultural interest. His sense of humor, exercised often at others' expense, consists almost entirely of bad puns at which he giggles. He displays an ignorance of the social graces, acts often like a proud little boy amid new-found riches, and can be almost boorish in taking from others without showing a corresponding willingness to give.

But these things are not fatal for a Presidential hopeful. After all, a sensitive intellectual like Stevenson is a rarity in politics. What is much more damaging is that Meyner is a follower and not a leader of public opinion. What may have already soured some Democratic leaders on him is his frequent lack of decisiveness and his failure to take sides when confronted with tough issues. Both are Eisenhower shortcomings.

Meyner recently summed up his philosophy in these stirring words, "You can't be a leader unless you know where the people want to go."

It is thus hard to label Meyner. He has been praised as a liberal by David Dubinsky and hailed as a conservative by Allan Shivers. To call him a moderate is to push him further into the shadows. A member



Governor Meyner of New Jersey

of his cabinet versed in political theory rationalizes, "Meyner is for the underdog, but without being paternalistic about it." Republicans degrade him as a New Deal spender.

Meyner does not operate by any discernible standard of what is right and what is wrong, but rather by what he decides is right in a given situation. Then he sticks stubbornly to his decision, with mixed results. The only time as Governor he took a purely ideological stand on an issue was when, in August of 1956, the Republican state senate balked at confirming his nomination of a respected, retired judge, John O. Bigelow, to the Rutgers University board of governors. The complaint was that Bigelow had represented three Newark school teachers who pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the Un-American Activities Committee. Meyner's angry characterization of the senate's reaction as a "vestige of McCarthyism," perpetrated by men who didn't understand the Bill of Rights, contributed to a widespread protest that made Bigelow's final confirmation notable as a victory for public pressure against McCarthyism.

BUT ON virtually all other national and international issues, Meyner remains steadfastly non-committal. A governor's political strength lies partly in his not having to take as many stands as a U. S. Senator. But Meyner has avoided taking a stand even on issues as vital to all states as federal school-construction aid. The classic example of his fence-straddling was when, although an avowed Stevenson supporter, he successfully opposed Estes Kefauver in the 1956 New Jersey Presidential primary with a convention slate pledged to no one, not even himself.

As it turned out, Meyner threw New Jersey's support to Stevenson at the convention at the opportune moment; even so, he was the only one of the six men acceptable to Stevenson for the Vice Presidential nomination not to make a run for it. His campaigning for Stevenson was notable for its lack of enthusiasm. He refused, for example, to back unequivocally Stevenson's demand for stopping H-bomb tests.

It is a tribute to Meyner's evasiveness that he has thus far managed to avoid saying anything that might indicate where he stands on the question of civil rights in the South. It will be interesting to see how long he can maintain this silence.

But Meyner is still concerned mainly with the problems of New Jersey. He may not be a leader, but he can be viewed as one of the few governors of the state since Wilson to survey the entire mechanism of state government with a view to changing it to meet changing human needs.

Wilson, however, like Stevenson, was first of all a thinker, an idealist. Meyner is a doer and sees his job as calling for a doer. Wilson is naturally one of his heroes, but so is Robert Moses. His political philosophy, such as it is, may embrace the idea of protecting the average man's opportunities and rights. But he is not particularly interested in mobilizing opinion toward that or any other objective end. He is concerned with using and improving New Jersey's progressive 1947 constitution, which gives him unusual executive power, to respond to day-to-day needs.

Here credit must be given where credit is due. Meyner has developed in three-and-a-half years into an immensely capable administrator. This is his one strong point. He works his subordinates hard, but they remain devoted.

His principal aides fall into no set pattern. His cabinet includes such A.D.A. liberals as former Congressman Charles R. Howell, who lost a close Senate election to Clifford P. Case in 1954; Joseph E. McLean, Princeton professor of public administration; and Archibald S. Alexander, Under Secretary of the Army under Truman, who left Trenton last year to head Volunteers for Stevenson. But he has also maddened patronage-hungry Democratic leaders by naming and renaming Republicans to high state posts. His claim that he appoints by merit alone doesn't always ring true, but when he likes a man, he is capable of throwing political considerations to the wind. An example is the case of Joseph Weintraub, a capable lawyer who, as a member of the bi-state Waterfront Commission, refused to knuckle under to the International Longshoremen's Association during its illegal 1955 strike. Meyner supported him then, and in little more than a year, elevated him to the post of Chief Justice of New Jersey.

The man closest to Meyner's way of doing things is Dwight R. G. Palmer, a retired industrialist who, since reaching the age of seventy, has taken to reforming the state's highway department and other agencies. Palmer is a liberal in the sense that he puts modern corporation principles to work to serve people. Meyner has carried business efficiency in government one step further by working hand-in-glove with New Jersey's Republican business community, which has happily adopted him as its fair-haired boy.

The Governor has been able to borrow, free of charge, personnel from private corporations for special task forces which he puts to work solving state administrative problems. The Hoffman scandal was unearthed by a Prudential Insurance Company study for Meyner of the method of paying unemployment insurance, which was subsequently speeded up. Prudential and other firms have been tapped for talent for over twenty-five joint business-government surveys to find answers to questions like how to renew motorist credentials by mail and how to increase state employees' salaries.

Meyner tries to find out "where the people want to go," not to guide them. His badge is good government and clean government, not imaginative and courageous government. On many critical state problems, he has merely outlined the needs, not proposed solutions. He would rather the GOP legislature make the mistakes.

On this carefully laid foundation, Meyner is standing for reelection. His opponent, thirty-eight-year-old Malcolm Forbes, as ambitious as Meyner but more like a brash Princeton undergraduate than anything else, is aware of the Governor's shortcomings, but doesn't think they can be dramatized. He has resorted to charging Meyner with fomenting a state sales or income tax through record spending and to manufacturing a state issue out of a private insurance company scandal. New Jersey will have a sales or income tax regardless of who is elected.

While Meyner is banking on holding his own against Forbes with the state's predominant independent Republican vote, machine politics, despite the downfall of Hague and Kenny, still play a role in Jersey elections. The Hudson County situation is now so tangled with rival Democratic factions that Meyner's normal plurality there could be significantly reduced. As is his wont, Meyner has declined to recognize any faction, or to acknowledge that there is a place where his future is not the most important political consideration.

Meyner is more like Ike than Forbes, the self-styled Eisenhower Republican, can ever hope to be. And if Meyner is reelected by a substantial majority of Eisenhower votes, he will be the leading governor seeking to succeed the President.

There are many who feel that Meyner would make an ideal candidate for Vice President, but that as President he could not offer the kind of leadership that the Democratic Party, the nation and the free world will need after eight years of Eisenhower. Under the American political system, this fact does not necessarily count him out. On the contrary, Meyner is the kind of nondescript figure in public life who could survive a process of elimination and attrition among strong-minded men. Perhaps this is what he is counting on. Perhaps he thinks that by keeping his mouth shut he will, in the end, survive to present the country an all-embracing, good-natured Ike image capable of sweeping the elections.

But Meyner is a fatalist as well as a schemer. The Meyner myth has been created so far mainly by his being in the right place at the right time. He is willing to continue taking his chances.

SPORTS IN AMERICA

NICE GUYS FINISH LAST . .

by Roger Kahn

[*This is the concluding article of a three-part series on Sports in America by a journalist who covered sports for many years for the daily press and is now sports editor of* Newsweek.]

ATHLETES, like the soldiers of Siegfried Sassoon's poem, draw no dividends from time's tomorrows. Their skill is strength, their day is youth and the future they wanted is now. Ahead, unless the athlete is Jackie Robinson or Casey Stengel, lies a long decline into obscurity, not necessarily with all expenses paid.

Lauritz Melchior sang Tristan at fifty-nine. Cary Grant retains his choice of ingénues at fifty-three. But the athlete, even in the comparatively gentle sport of baseball, becomes an anachronism before he reaches forty. It is not even possible for an athlete to age gracefully. Instead of fading softly toward Valhalla, Babe Ruth grew fatter, slower and still took the field. Klieg lights played on Joe Louis' bald spot, when, as an aged fighter, he fell before ordinary punches thrown by ordinary boxers. Only last June, Ben Hogan limped away from the first tee at the National Open Golf Tournament, complaining of a sharp pain in his chest. Always, even on his most memorable days, the athlete's life is building toward an anti-climax.

During his good years, the star

athlete in America is surrounded by so many idolators and paid so handsome a salary that it is easy for him to discount the future. Sugar Ray Robinson travels with a cheerful retinue that includes a barber and, in keeping with the best pre-Renaissance tradition, a dwarf. Joe DiMaggio spent a few years as husband to Marilyn Monroe. Rocky Marciano sold the story of his life, in six parts, to *The Saturday Evening Post* for almost $100,000. Eddie Arcaro, the jockey, sold a briefer version of his life to *Look* for $25,000, then peddled a five-parter on how to ride a race horse to *Sports Illustrated* for an unannounced but undoubtedly substantial sum. Early Wynn, the Cleveland pitcher, flies his own plane when he is not piloting his boat or driving one of his two cars or swimming in his pool.

CLEARLY, for a thoroughly shallow man, there is no more satisfactory way to spend the youthful years than as a professional athlete. It is a point in favor of American athletes that most of them do look ahead and admit that the prospect is at best unnerving. Insecurity is as large a factor in athletic life as it is in the advertising business. The major difference is that athletes are less expressive; they cannot transform their anxieties into a novel.

The future hovers darkly and daily pressure to succeed becomes towering. Baseball has the best word for loss of nerve. The word is "choke" and it implies that the choker cannot swallow during moments of tension. Among the stars who have been accused of choking are Don Newcombe, the Dodger pitcher; Ted Williams, the Boston slugger; Granny Hamner, the Philadelphia infielder, and, for a time, Allie Reynolds, the Yankee pitcher who later turned out to be one of the most courageous of athletes. Once the choke label has been applied it sticks, like gum on a shoe. The athlete reads "choke" in the sports page, hears "choke" from the grandstands and absorbs a merciless needling from his rivals. "Hey," a player shouted at Don Newcombe recently, "What has two legs, two arms and no guts?"

Although "choke" is applied to comparatively few athletes, the nature of the work forces every man, even the most successful, to prove himself each day. "I've got to ride to win," says Ted Atkinson, the jockey. "I've got to be there first." Clem Labine, the Dodger pitcher, says, "I've never wanted to be a Yankee like other guys. I've always wanted to beat the Yankees." Some boxers have fought ten rounds with a broken hand; Johnny Bratton once fought on for three rounds with a broken jaw.

ATHLETICS ARE a masculine activity and without calling for Dr. Freud, it is possible to assert that the athlete is demonstrating his manliness whenever he works. This dovetails rather nicely with the American concept of what an athlete should be.

On the back of Wheaties' boxes long ago, major league baseball players suggested, "Plenty of fresh air, sunshine and exercise." Followers of bubble-gum cards in those leisurely days learned that few athletes drank or smoked and that they all got plenty of sleep. In addition, Hollywood has regularly shown sports heroes visiting children's hospitals and being kind to dogs. The total picture reveals a moral man. But this moral man is nobody to push around. He fights with his fists when he is driven to it—by a bean ball, perhaps, or by an opposing lineman's shoddy attempt to knee him in the groin. He fights hard and cleanly and morally. He loses like a gentleman.

As sports expanded, the mold of the ideal athlete became more and more sharply defined. Naturally, the image was most profoundly impressed upon unsophisticated people—people like athletes. Today the majority of athletes consciously strive to act as they have been taught to believe good athletes should. There are sporadic break-throughs when items on paternity suits or night-club brawls hit the papers, but a ball club, typically, is as much like a Rotary Club as anything else.

For every baseball man who agrees with Al Lopez that "their private life is their own business as long as they keep out of the gossip columns," there are a dozen who preach Baseball as a religion. Once, after Duke Snider remarked that if it wasn't for the money he'd be just as happy never to play another baseball game, Snider and I expanded the theme into an article for *Collier's* which brought the wrath of Walter O'Malley down on our heads. "How could they do something like this?" O'Malley said in the tone of a priest considering an apostate. "It's bad for Baseball." My defense was truth and I felt no compunctions, but Snider was genuinely troubled. "I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt The Game," he said. The article was softened before it appeared.

Any number of jockeys hate horses. The animals weigh a half-ton and trainers say they are exceedingly stupid. The 100-pound rider resents the 1,000-pound animal who could kill him with one particularly stupid act such as trying to run through the wooden guard rail. But trying to get a jockey to admit that a horse is an unpleasant condition of his employment is like urging a newlywed to criticize his wife. In movies and juvenile books, jockeys love horses. Real-life jockeys, taken with the image, insist that they do too.

Professional football players, through exposure to college, become notably voluble moralists. "I always got to think before I act," a pro tackle once confided, "because after all, a couple of million kids are looking up to me."

Where athletes fail to measure up to their own standard is in vocabulary. Inside a clubhouse, the four-letter word is adjective, noun and verb. The same ball player who had apologized for saying "damn" in the presence of a lady, recently led a sharp campaign of riding an umpire on the grounds of a latent homosexuality. Several years ago, Warren Giles, the president of the National League, sat close to the field in Cincinnati and overheard the Dodgers shouting at the umpires; a breeze was carrying the voices backwards through air vents in the dugout. Giles, who should have known better, was shocked. He fined several players and wrote a letter to the manager asking him to demand more sporting conduct.

But here is the joker and the trap. The athlete is taught to be a sportsman, then told to win at any price. Be kind to children and spike the second baseman. Talk at a father-and-son banquet and butt the other fighter in the clinch. Keep your hands clean. Don't worry about your knees.

It is to the rebel from this double image that people close to athletics most often turn. There is no pretense in Sal Maglie, the pitcher. "I'll throw at a batter's head," Maglie says, "because getting him out is my job." Leo Durocher never forgot that he had been a gutter fighter and could say casually, "Nice guys finish last." Ted Williams knows his mind and speaks his piece. While the ideal athlete would welcome two hitches in the Marine Corps, at an earning loss of $200,000, Williams did not. If you want to know what's wrong with Boston sportswriting, he'll tell you that at staggering length. (Even if you don't want to know, Williams will tell you.) Bob Feller criticized baseball before a Congressional committee. Ray Robinson laughed at the millionaires behind the International Boxing Club. Doug Ford ignores the golf tradition that every shot requires an eternity of sighting, analysis and prayer.

THE REBELS, are the real heroes to those few people who know sports best, but for the others, any superstar should do. With a bat, Mickey Mantle is an exciting, fluent person, and Willie Mays is an intense and lonely artist. Fans don't talk to Mays and Mantle; they watch them perform.

In the course of years everyone but the slowest of athletes learns how to make a brief speech. He parrots a few bright sayings. He learns when to lapse into silence. If ultimately he is dull as dirt, that is not fair grounds for indictment. He is a hero only because of a curious and special talent. He endures his insecurities. He knows he could wind up with Dazzy Vance, selling bait at a Florida fishing dock, but still he follows his star. According to his lights, he is a manly and a moral human being. He fits the ideal image and the image fits him. If this displeases you, blame the image, but do not blame the physical man.

U.S. SHIPS and FOREIGN FLAGS . .

by Walter Hamshar

TWO YEARS AGO shipbuilding was at such low ebb that some of the nation's yards were faced with the prospect of closing. As a result, the Federal Maritime Administration, which has jurisdiction over privately-operated yards, adopted a series of measures, the most important of which was to extend to owners permission to transfer their older vessels from American to foreign registry in exchange for contracts to build equivalent tonnage for operation under the United States flag. The policy had the desired effect. Between January 1, 1956, and March 15, 1957, owners obtained permission to transfer sixty-six American freighters and tankers and in turn contracted to build twenty-three larger ships in American yards. Thus the shipbuilding disaster was averted, though American yards are operating at a fraction of their capacity, while British and West German yards are booked three and four years ahead.

But the transfers have raised a storm of protest from American maritime unions, whose members have lost jobs as a consequence. True, the owners are committed to build equivalent tonnage, but the unions point out: (1) The transfer of tonnage to another flag is permitted as soon as contracts for new ships are placed, which means that the displaced seamen must wait at least two years before they will be needed to man a new vessel; (2) When an owner is permitted to transfer up to three tanker ships of 16,000 deadweight tons in exchange for building one new tanker which

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can transport 45,000 deadweight tons at a faster speed, there is a permanent loss of seamen's jobs (it takes about seventy-five men to run a 45,000-ton tanker, whereas three 16,000-tonners require at least 150 men).

Agitation against continuing the liberal transfer policy has induced Senator Warren G. Magnuson (D.-Wash.) to introduce a bill imposing severe conditions upon further transfers. His is only the latest of several attempts which have been made in Congress to bar or restrict merchant-ship transfers. Basically, Congress has always felt that total prohibition would constitute invasion of the constitutional rights of private property; i.e., that the shipowner should no more be barred from disposing of his property abroad than a shoe or automobile manufacturer. The counter-argument, of course, is that the preservation of our merchant marine is essential to national defense.

WHILE Congress has never voted for total prohibition, it approved the 1916 shipping act, which made it unlawful for a merchant-shipowner to sell his ship for foreign registry without the consent of the Federal Maritime Administration. The constitutionality of this provision has never been thoroughly tested, principally because the FMA has never given shipowners sufficient cause to seek such a test. Such sales are often a transfer of registry, with no real change of ownership.

By transferring his vessels to a foreign registry, an owner can save a lot of money. For one thing, he can incorporate as a business in a country which has no income taxes; for another, he can hire foreign seamen at wages less than half those received by Americans (the wages of German or Italian merchant crews are one-third those of Americans). He no longer has to meet the expensive safety standards set for United States vessels, and he can have his ships repaired in foreign yards at costs only a fraction of those on this side of the Atlantic.

In recognition of the high operating costs of U.S.-registry vessels, the United States Government pays subsidies for merchant ships carrying general cargo in regular trade routes. But tramp ships that transport bulk cargoes of grain, coal or similar commodities along no specific route are not eligible for subsidies; neither are ore-carriers nor tankers. Under such circumstances, it would seem that owners of unsubsidized ships would refuse to operate under the American flag. Two factors, however, induce them to continue operations: first, all coastwise and intercoastal shipping is restricted to U.S.-flag ships (only an American tanker, for instance, can carry petroleum from Texas to New York); second, at least half of all government-financed cargoes in the foreign-aid program must be carried in American bottoms. Many operators bought World War II ships from the government for American registry so they could participate in transporting the tremendous flow of cargoes which has been sent abroad under foreign-aid programs in the last ten years.

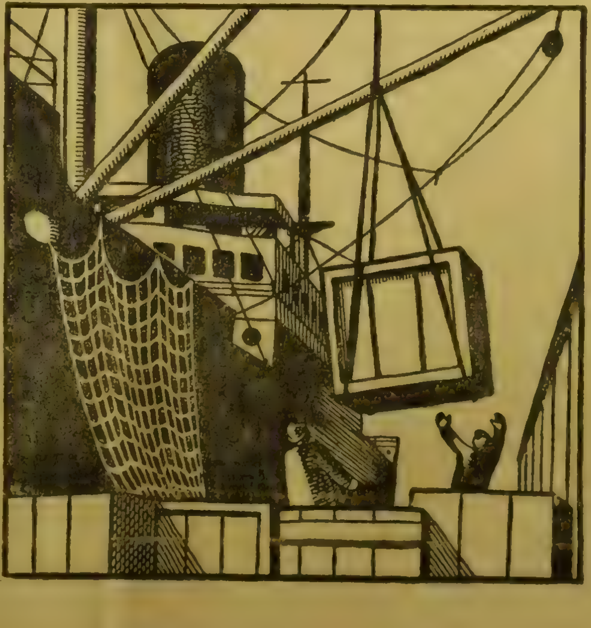
But now foreign aid has diminished, and there is no longer enough cargo to keep all ships employed. At the same time, these ships cannot compete with foreign vessels on the world-transport market.

The government's "trade-out-and-build" policy, as it has come to be called, is regulated to provide that ships are transferred only to such foreign flags as will make the vessels available to this country in an emergency. American-owned ships registered under the flags of Panama, Honduras and Liberia are considered to be under such "effective control." Transfers to the Russian, Polish or other Communist flags would certainly not be permitted, and it is at least doubtful that transfers to the British, Norwegian, German or Italian flags would be approved.

Maritime unions regard the "effective control" theory as no control. And they contend that while oil companies, steel manufacturers and other United States interests sail their ships under "effective control" flags, they continue to rely on the Navy to keep the sea lanes open. Thus they receive services for which they pay no taxes.

In the last six months, the market prices for merchant vessels, and especially those not under U.S. registry, have skyrocketed. During the Suez Canal crisis, a U. S.-registered Liberty ship had a market value of about $850,000 to $875,000; a similar ship under the Panamanian flag was sold for $1,876,000. Prices for foreign-registered 16,000-ton tankers shot up to $4,000,000; tankers under American registry brought less than half that amount. The price discrepancy is another factor stimulating the transfer of U. S.-owned ships to foreign flags.

Under Magnuson's bill, no ship



transfer would be permitted until the Secretary of Defense certified that the ship had no value for national defense, the Secretary of Commerce certified that it had no value to the nation's foreign or interstate commerce, and the Secretary of State certified that the transfer would further the foreign policy of the United States. Even after these certifications were secured—if they ever could be—the Federal Maritime Administration would have to determine, after a public hearing, that the vessel had no value at all to this country.

IN OPPOSING the measure, shipowners warn that it would force them to keep obsolete and uneconomical ships under the American flag at financial loss, while at the same time preventing them from acquiring, by construction in American yards, modern and more economical tonnage. James C. Anderson, executive secretary of the American Tramp Shipowners Association, testified that passage of the bill would be a "definite and sure warning to all concerned" not to invest in American unsubsidized construction. "Who would contemplate such building with the fear that all flexibility would be taken out of the possibility of foreign transfer?" he asked.

Clarence G. Morse, maritime administrator, testified that the sixty-six ships transferred to foreign registry between January 1, 1956, and March 1, 1957, would have provided 16,875 man-years of seafaring employment during the remaining portion of the vessels' normal twenty-year lives had they remained under the American flag. But, he continued, by authorizing their transfer in exchange for new construction, "We assured 22,872 man-years of seafaring employment covering the twenty-year period of the new tankers" plus another "18,750 man-years of shipyard employment."

Millard G. Gamble, president of Esso Shipping Company, an affiliate of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) noted that his company maintains a fleet of U. S. flag vessels sufficient to meet the annual requirements of its coastwise trade:

> Permission to sell or transfer a vessel to foreign registry is a means of keeping the United States fleet modern by making room for the construction of modern U.S.-flag tonnage before older vessels reach normal retirement age," he testified. "As long as the requirements of our foreign business are such as to indicate the need for additional ships, there is [*under present regulations*] an inducement to follow the course of building for United States flag and selling and transferring existing older tonnage to foreign flag. If such permission were not granted, we might have to continue existing tonnage under the United States flag until obsolescence and then build replacements, in the meantime building new ships abroad for foreign-flag service.

Arguing that a continued liberal transfer policy will result in the scuttling of "merchant fleets of all major maritime powers," Hoyt S. Haddock, executive secretary of the AFL-CIO maritime committee, pleaded for the adoption of a strong "trade-in policy" under which the government would pay world-market prices for ships traded in for the purpose of building new tonnage. But both the Navy and the Maritime Administration, doubtful that an economy-minded Congress would appropriate sufficient trade-in allowance, are sticking to the "effective control" method as the best for building up a reserve fleet for the nation's use in emergencies. In this connection, Vice-Admiral William M. Callaghan, U. S. N. (retired), testified in 1950 before a Senate committee that "there is an understanding with at least one of the Latin American Governments which provides for the return to United States registry in the event of an emergency of American-owned vessels documented in that country." Only a few weeks ago the Navy announced that the flags of Liberia and Honduras were considered to be included in its orbit of "effective control."

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover.)

as a member of a special committee of inquiry of the Civil Liberties Union (Hartford, Connecticut) to investigate the whole issue of obscenity censorship. The Knights of Columbus have been waging a public campaign in this area in the past year to "clean up the newsstands." At first the campaign was purely private: boycott, news stories, leaflets, etc. But earlier this year the vice squad and prosecutor's office in Hartford and nearby communities have been enlisted to invoke a bill passed by the legislature last year against comic books. At first the measure caused some consternation among officials, who feared enforcement would invoke charges of censorship. Now that the Supreme Court has ruled similar obscenity laws constitutional, new heart apparently has been given to the campaign. The First Amendment, according to Brennan, does not protect literature which has a "prurient" interest. The implications of this have important national significance beyond Connecticut. Many other states have been quietly undergoing similar developments. Although the "peep hole" magazines are the first affected (in Stamford, some thirty have been prohibited), the danger is that the censorship is extending beyond the "strip tease" affairs to "expose" magazines, paper backs, and literature in general. A climate of intimidation in fact has eliminated many other magazines, without a court hearing, since many dealers and distributors are fearful of the consequences of public opinion or legal action.

It is essential that people concerned with preserving freedom of speech be alerted to the dangers inherent in the "obscenity" concept (as Justices Black and Douglas pointed out in their dissenting opinions). What is "obscenity"? Where do we draw the line between a free market of ideas and "moral protection of children"? Barring an overturn of the Supreme Court decision (which presently is unlikely), the only answer to the problem is that interested people be willing to enter into the courts and the public arena, carefully scrutinize each item so censored, and if necessary defend it from attack, even if this is an unpopular cause. Unless liberal opinion is alerted now, the new wave of puritanical moralism sweeping many sections of the country may very well reach the proportions that prohibitionism or McCarthyism had in their impact on freedom.

PAUL W. KURTZ
Hartford, Conn.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Three Windows on Spain

THE FACE OF SPAIN. By Gerald Brenan. Grove Press. 310 pp. $1.45.

PAGAN SPAIN. By Richard Wright. Harper and Brothers. 241 pp. $4.

THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS. By Herbert L. Matthews. George Braziller, Inc. 203 pp. $3.75.

Joseph H. Silverman

ON MARCH 4, 1946, the Department of State released to the press a clearly-worded statement to the effect that the governments of France, the United Kingdom and the United States of America had agreed that "so long as General Franco continued in control of Spain, the Spanish people [could] not anticipate full and cordial association with the nations of the world which [had], by common effort, brought defeat to German Nazism and Italian Fascism, which aided the present Spanish regime in its rise to power and after which the regime was patterned." On May 11, 1949, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson made some moving extemporaneous remarks on United States policy toward Spain. For him, the Spanish government was a Fascist dictatorship. And not content with "throwing around words," he proceeded to clarify his terms. The writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, religious liberty, freedom of the press, the right of association in political, trade union and benevolent activities—*none* of these fundamental human rights existed in Spain, and the Spanish people were "prevented from enjoying them by action" of the Franco government.

In 1949, it seemed perfectly clear to the Western European nations (at least it seemed clear to Dean Acheson) that they could not have an "intimate working partnership with such a regime in the economic and . . . defense field" unless it were to be liberalized. And yet on July 16, 1951, Admiral Forest Sherman, United States Chief of Naval Operations, discussed with Franco the possibility of establishing U.S. air and naval bases in Spain. During that same year began the flow of United States Government aid to Spain which, from a "trickle" of $62,500,000 in Export-Import Bank credit, has grown to $230,000,000 in economic aid since 1953 ($50,000,000 more for the fiscal year 1957), with at least $400,000,000 to be spent on military installations, and $225,000,000 in surplus farm commodities already provided, to be paid for in pesetas.

Are we to understand from all this that Spain was indeed liberalized after 1949? Not at all! As Mr. Matthews bitterly observes, "Franco did not change his politics in the slightest; we changed ours." We joined forces with "one of the most tenacious and outstanding enemies of democracy in the world—in order to defend democracy."

In 1949, it may well have been sensational for the exiled Republican leader, J. Alvarez del Vayo, to have written I Got into Spain [*The Nation*, September 3rd], in which he described briefly but graphically the misery, the corruption, the brutality and the insecurity of Franco's police state. But by that time Franco no longer feared such exposés. He had already come to realize that there was no need to hide his sins from the world, that it was only a question of time—and a short time—before the United Nations would cordially welcome him into its midst. Although del Vayo entered Spain at great personal risk and barely managed to escape with the story of his "perilous mission," tourists from all over Europe and America were discovering or rediscovering Spain while enjoying a fair measure of freedom. Among the first of them was the well-known English journalist, historian and literary critic Gerald Brenan, author of *The Spanish Labyrinth*, one of the most lucid analyses of modern Spanish politics available in English, and also of a highly personal history of Spanish literature.

After an absence of some thirteen years, Mr. Brenan had returned to write about a country that he knew and loved profoundly. *The Face of Spain*, originally published in 1950, is a condensation of a diary he kept while traveling in the central and southern regions of the country. On the pages of his book great cities, unfrequented villages, numerous landscapes, rivers, buildings, cemeteries, battlefields are all evoked in a series of magnificent portraits. And through an accumulation of meaningful details and discerning observations on history, works of art, economics, the Inquisition, etc., one is made to feel that Mr. Brenan knows not only how to describe but what is worth describing. For this reason, in addition to the face of Spain, the author has succeeded in giving us flashes of insight into its soul.

TIRED OF politics, the disillusioning Hispanic variety in particular, Mr. Brenan sought to avoid giving it especial attention. That proved to be quite impossible. He discovered that the Spaniard's desire to speak of Franco's Spain was as overwhelmingly ubiquitous as the traditional Spanish poverty and hunger that by 1949 had reached horrifying, brutalizing extremes. In a sense these extremes are the measure of Franco's greatness, for as "a man on the bus put the matter . . . Franco is teaching Spaniards a wonderful thing—how to live without eating."

It has often been observed that in Spain life seems to acquire a new dimension. For Mr. Brenan, it was manifested in a freedom and spontaneity unknown to him in England, a zest and vitality that not even the Franco regime could extirpate from the Spanish spirit. Against the

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Spaniard's passionate desire to test the limits of his freedom (which has frequently resulted in its loss), Mr. Brenan contrasts the Englishman's love of order and social justice, his sense of national cohesion. The author's lyrical conclusion, in which the virtues and defects of England are seen in the light of his recent visit to Spain, leads me to believe that were he to be faced with a choice between life in England or Spain he could only choose both.

RICHARD WRIGHT's *Pagan Spain* is another matter. It is the result of a relatively brief first visit to Spain by an intelligent and articulate *aficionado*. Mr. Wright covered a sizable portion of the country and had the good fortune to meet people from all walks of life who spoke to him (not in Spanish) on the most significant and insignificant aspects of Spanish life in a prose made genuine and dramatic by the gifted novelist. The book is an impressive accomplishment. The material on bullfighting is fresh, vital and three-dimensional, not merely a catalog of tauromachic terminology interspersed with Manoletes, Belmontes and Joselitos for the sophisticated. His brief chapter on Protestantism in Spain is a poignant, incisive delineation of the anguished existence of people whose crime is that they are Protestant and live in Spain. There is a heartfelt eulogy of Spanish women, who make "what little structure there is to Spanish society," and brilliant intuitive observations on Spanish politics and the Spaniard's unique variety of Catholicism.

But Mr. Wright is overambitious and tends to generalize and pontificate in a manner unbefitting the neophyte. For him, *"Spain was not yet even Christian!* It had never been converted, not to Protestantism, not even to *Catholicism* itself!" On the subject of sex we are told that "every dog in Spain seemed in heat; canine copulation was everywhere"; the rocks at Montserrat formed "a kind of universe haunted by phallic images. . . . a conglomeration of erect stone penises"; "Spain seemed one vast brothel." Américo Castro's masterwork, *The Structure of Spanish History*, and Salvador de Madariaga's *Spain* are dismissed in one brief paragraph as "monuments of scholarship" that occasionally *hint* at fundamental truths but that do not go "deeply and boldly enough into the real heart of the question of the Spanish animal." The implication, of course, is that the omniscient Mr. Wright has finally solved the mystery of "What is Spain and the Spaniard?" His conclusion, indeed the tone of his entire work, is negative. Symptomatic of his "undeniable and inescapable Protestant background and conditioning," his "irredeemably secular attitude," his reverence for science, industry and "the pragmatically rational," is the statement that "the Spaniards had despoiled entire continents." It is nothing less than shocking to find that the accumulated ignorance and prejudice, the calculated malevolence of the Black Legend have found a new spokesman in Richard Wright. And so it is beautifully ironic that Sigmund Freud—for whom Mr. Wright seems to have great admiration—should have chosen, as the one word to define the limits of his genius, precisely the word that for Mr. Wright means "despoiler of entire continents": "I am not really a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, and not a thinker. I am nothing but by temperament a *conquistador*. . . ."

Herbert L. Matthews devotes the

Ode to the Memory of Paul Wightman Williams, Painter

Muse, I would make a collage
Of the friend I have known and that far Tennessee where his life
Was both moulded and marred; would recover the attic
Where his heart first conceived a foreseeable joy
And the small mansard window from which he gazed on the paddock,
Spiritual and abstract, a St. Francis of birds.

But how could he thrive in this paddock
Heavy with horse dung, amid that gray stubble which birds
Largely disdain? His eyes, slanting, begot a collage
On the innocent ground, then fled to adventure a life
Where the long-handled brush impeccably kept in the attic
Would breathe onto each canvas a moment of joy.

O the child's fierce secret joy
As he tore the posts and rode through the breach in the paddock
Past the startled snake under the rock, the nesting bird,
While overhead the clouds composed a collage,
Wind-lashed, with such incongruous scraps of life
As shall not ever, he vows, re-litter his attic.

Yet what was his salt if not Attic,
Seasoning ever so little those meat-scraps which life
Leaves on our platter? I dream of his latest collage
Where wing of angel lies close against gizzard of bird
—Christ *in extremis* perhaps—, where the lord of the paddock
Shreds into sections the queasiest taste can enjoy.

Paul, even so: in this life
Could you be wholly at ease with the head in the attic
Leering from over your bedstead? No fountain of joy
Save for himself, your wire-drawn idol: collage
Of the Nazarene and Narcissus; svelte, mischievous bird
Ready to pounce on its prey in the sun-drenched paddock.

For you are back where the birds
Feed to be fed on; that bloody circle your joy
Overpassed for a spell; the unspeakable paddock
Out of mind's reach maybe yet forever watched from the attic
By the wild saviour you wrought and those knife-edged squares of collage
Which as they seamlessly closed had stripped you of life.

Rest in joy, sweet androgynous life, composed as your boldest collage,
While like mares in the paddock your sisters rage through the attic
Entranced with those pieces of truth they peck at like birds.

Francis Golffing

first two chapters of *The Yoke and the Arrows* to the Civil War years; he writes with undisguised feelings of nostalgia and pride. "I know, as surely as I know anything in this world, that nothing so wonderful will ever happen to me again as those two and a half years I spent in Spain." Brave and outspoken man that he is, Mr. Matthews will have no part of the "official" myth that has been created to assuage the collective conscience of democratic peoples throughout the world who remained "neutral" while the Republican Government of Spain was destroyed. He makes very clear that the Loyalists were not "Reds," that the Spanish Republic was at no time "Red," and that Spain was not saved from communism by Franco and his German and Italian allies. Moreover, he dares to praise the International Brigade unstintingly, reminding us that its members brought "glory and enrichment to the life of our times."

FOR Mr. Matthews the Civil War was not a sudden, meteoric outburst in Spanish history, but rather an "explosive climax" to long years of dolorous preparation filled with fratricidal wars and violent incompatibility between liberals and traditionalists (in 1896 Angel Ganivet wrote that Spaniards live in perpetual civil war). Against this background we can understand the author's observation that "despite his constant harping on communism, Franco knew that his real enemy was liberalism—and he still knows it." (Shortly before committing suicide in 1837, a young Spanish liberal wrote: "To be a liberal in Spain is to be a potential émigré." How little times have changed!)

In the next chapter, Mr. Matthews explains the difficult and dangerous role successfully played by the canny Franco in World War II. As a master of double-dealing, he was able to play with both sides.

Mr. Matthews offers a convincing portrait of the dictator based on many revealing anecdotes, authenticated incidents and intimate details. If the *Caudillo* has remained in *absolute* control of Spain it is not because he has brought the conflicting elements of Spanish society into harmony, but because there is "no alternative to Generalissimo Franco, and he has seen to it that none has arisen," and because "fear of another civil war" is greater than the desire for change. The chapters on the economy and the Americans contain important facts and statistics, properly arranged and forcefully appraised. Mr. Matthews discusses the terrible graft and corruption that characterize the regime and "the dire poverty of most Spaniards," but he does not hide or minimize the fact that the situation is improving and that "substantial progress has been made in housing, public health, social insurance, cooperatives and education." His material on the Americans is basically an attempt to explain the sinuous route of our foreign policy toward Spain as outlined in the first part of this review. He regrets that "we are cordial and flattering" to Franco and that most Americans consider him and his regime good for Spain. (President Eisenhower's recent congratulatory message to Franco on the twenty-first anniversary of the rebellion against the Republic is one more declaration of our love.)

THE AUTHOR'S treatment of the Church is thorough and honest; he provides important data on its extraordinary powers, a well-documented section on Protestantism which confirms Mr. Wright's more impassioned approach to the subject, and some optimistic words on a significant change in the Spanish Church brought about by a movement toward Rome and a concomitant tempering of Spanish fanaticism. But there is one section on the "remarkable lay order known as Opus Dei" that demands comment. Mr. Matthews observes that the organization "is doing much to raise educational standards . . . to raise the intellectual level of the clergy . . . to broaden the outlook," and that it "has some claims to being liberal." These statements do not compare with the bizarre assertions found in *Time* (March 18, 1957)

Precarious Serene

It was no moth
Weaving a candle down,
But a white spider,
A trapezing clown,
Spreading umbrella
Till it held
And spelled the light's intention.

Nothing was cindered
In the trance,
Flame never quickened
Into dance,
Precarious obituary
Was leafed green
In the serene performance.

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that the members of Opus Dei have "strong liberal leanings," that they "believe in total freedom for the individual," and that the organization is the "chosen instrument for liberalizing the reactionary Spanish church and possibly the Franco regime itself."

The truth of the matter is that since 1951 Opus Dei has controlled the censorship of all books in Spain and in this capacity has banned works by Hemingway, Balzac, Stendhal, Sartre, Camus, Papini, Croce, Kant, Américo Castro and passages from works by Karl Jaspers and Bertrand Russell. The political doctrines of Opus Dei are specifically and categorically anti-liberal. The ideals and achievements, the open-mindedness of Unamuno, Baroja and Ortega y Gasset are viciously condemned, and their freedom-loving disciples are kept from university positions precisely because their "liberal" ideas are considered a threat to the conquerors of 1939.

Again and again, Mr. Matthews uses the image of Franco clamping down and sitting on one lid or many in order to stay in power. In his chapter on the future of Spain, written with cautious optimism, the author notes that slowly and arduously the many lids are being lifted. Let us hope that none will have to be pried loose by force.

Creatures or Creators?

CHURCHILL-ROOSEVELT-STALIN: The War They Waged and the Peace They Sought. By Herbert Feis. Princeton University Press. 692 pp. $6.95.

George Dangerfield

IN A little dissertation on the Versailles Peace Conference, posthumously published, J. M. Keynes described its three leading personalities in the following terms: "An old man of the world [Clemenceau], a *femme fatale* [Lloyd George] and a nonconformist clergyman [Wilson]—these are the characters of our drama." A drama with such a cast could only end badly; and, sure enough, "the Treaty was born, child of the least worthy attributes of each of its parents." Can we accept (along with his monstrous image of a child with three parents) Keynes's apparent belief that history is a product of the weaknesses and idiosyncracies of eminent men? Or should we prefer, say, H. A. L. Fisher's more stolid and better-known statement—"the substance of the Versailles settlement was dictated by inexorable fact"?

In every great conference of modern history—the Congress of Vienna, the Versailles Conference after World War I, and the various meetings at Quebec and Moscow and Cairo, at Teheran and Yalta during World War II—there lies the stern question: Do events shape men or men events? The question is not only stern, it is also old and worn. But it is not outworn. It is still unanswerable.

Statesmen, naturally, dislike the idea that their decisions are imposed upon them by antecedent circumstances; and two of the great triumvirate, whose negotiations between 1942 and 1945 are the subject of this industrious book, were magnificently convinced that they were the creators and not the creatures of history. Roosevelt and Churchill were nothing if not personal. They had an exceptional flair for doing things in the high style, and sometimes suggested by their high style of doing things that the war was an immense and heroic spree. And even Stalin imperfectly concealed, behind his glum personification of historical necessity, a taste for individualist dramatics which he would have been the first to censor in a compatriot.

A statesman cannot think of himself as the puppet of "inexorable fact": if he thought on those terms he would cease to be a statesman. But an historian should not take any statesman, even so great and so infectiously charming a statesman as Roosevelt, at his own evaluation of himself. And Feis does not make this mistake. He does not confuse the style of a negotiator with the substance of a negotiation. From his book there emerges the thought that the triumvirate were significant figures in history not because they directed the course of events but because they had a superior faculty for moving with events and not against them.

Feis has sacrificed a gift for dramatic writing in order to concentrate on the inhuman rather than the human side of the negotiations, on density and slowness rather than on charm, brilliance or heroism. His primary concern, of course, is to discover what held the Anglo-American-Soviet coalition together and what weakened and eventually dissolved it. Nor will anybody be surprised to learn that those factors in the coalition which were more military than political held it together, and that those factors which were more political than military tended to break it up.

THE triumvirate and their advisers were obviously aware of the dangers they faced in this respect. There was the past to warn them—the past, so full of coalitions which, formed in the face of a common enemy, dissolved as soon as the enemy was on the run. But the past utters only warnings. It cannot teach us what to do, only what to expect: and if we based our expectations entirely on its teachings, we should become the deepest of pessimists. No sensible man neglects the past as a source of reflection; no sanguine man pays much attention to it as a source of action. Roosevelt and Churchill were right in hoping that the coalition, as it emerged from Yalta, would last for many years. Stalin was always a balky partner, but it was only after Yalta that he showed himself as finally unwilling or unable to go along with them.

Mr. Feis, in his careful analysis of the Yalta agreement, once again—and perhaps it cannot be done too often—makes short work of those trashy in-

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GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of The Era of Good Feelings, *winner of a Pulitzer Prize in 1953,* Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other books.*

Time Was When Death

Time was when death
Seemed mountain, or myth;
Alien to world;
Green oceans away.

Time was when the end
Seemed a pouring of sand;
And the last fine grain—
That glittered the most.

Time was; time is;
And this morning death says:
Stand there; I am here;
I am all that will be.

His language is plain:
Very like to my own.
But the one dark word
Is the sound of my name.

Time still is to be
When I am not I.
The speech death makes
Is not special for me.

MARK VAN DOREN

terpretations of Roosevelt as a sinister figure who "sold out" to the Russians. At the same time his methodical analysis of policy-making at the very highest levels of government tends to dispose of the undemocratic notion that great men are indispensable men. He seems to indicate that what was needed for the most part was not swift decisions or piercing vision but the courage to endure. He shows that the negotiations, more often than not, were immensely prolix, wearisome and redundant; that they were necessarily so; and that they laid an appalling burden upon those who were obliged to take the lead in them. Nobody who reads this book is likely to forget that Roosevelt died of overwork.

BUT the final message of this book—if message is the right word for something implied and never consciously expressed—is that the great solvent of all coalitions can be found in their semantic difficulties. It has always been hard for one party to an agreement or a treaty to understand precisely what the other party means; in any discussion between two political democracies and a Communist state the misunderstanding is apt to be complete. The fruitless arguments over Poland point this out; and the famous Declaration on Liberated Europe insists upon it. The declaration obliged the three powers to assist the liberated states in the formation of representative and democratic interim governments, pledged to the establishment through free elections of governments responsive to the will of the people. "Its loose net of phrases," as Feis puts it, all too mildly, "allowed easy passage to any determined purpose." Stalin violated the declaration with a brutal speed; and confessed, with what seems to be complete sincerity, that the Western accusations of faithlessness were meaningless to him. It was on the interpretation of "free," of "democratic," and of "the will of the people" that the coalition fell apart.

LETTER from HOLLAND

Frank J. Warnke

DRAMA at this year's Holland Festival covered an extraordinary range—seven theatrical productions, in six different languages, ranging in time from Aeschylus to Eugène Ionescu and in mood from the fifteenth-century Dutch morality play to a high comedy by Hugo von Hofmannsthal (all these in addition to three operas—*The Rake's Progress*, *Otello* and *Don Pasquale*). The seven non-musical pieces offered, as might be expected, an absorbing study in varied styles and diverse national traditions. More surprising perhaps was the degree to which they all ratified, in either success or failure, the same principle of effective theatre. In a number of different ways they demonstrated that theatre, like all art, finds its power in the reconciliation of opposites—the opposites of realism and stylization, of mediocrity and heroism, of actuality and potentiality. At the point of balance, theatre has its strange reality.

In presenting crucial scenes from four Greek tragedies, Elsa Verghis, of the National Theatre of Athens, created heroines who were simultaneously human beings and mythical figures of superhuman magnitude: a Clytemnaestra who remained sympathetic in her crime; a Medea who possessed, in the midst of her human agony, a kind of godlike perception. Voice has a central importance in Verghis' style, a continually varied incantation that often borders on the operatic (she does, in fact, sing Elektra's lament over the grave of Agamemnon). Yet the ritual effect of this style does not block her from a realistic imitation of human emotions which has alarmed some of the more academic critics here in Amsterdam. Nor does it prevent her from conveying subtle distinctions in characterization (her Clytemnaestra's deceitful invitation to Agamemnon is utterly different from her Medea's deceitful reconciliation with Jason), even to an audience with no knowledge of the modern Greek in which she speaks. In all, Verghis' tragic style suggests that Aristotle's long-disputed theory of imitation has both a naive and a metaphysical dimension: the actor, like the dramatist, is concerned both with mimicking real human actions and with creating something larger and more perfect than life.

In yet another sense Verghis reconciled opposites the night I saw her. She was assisted by a young actor of the Greek Theater whose style had her

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FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.

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vigor but little of her fineness. And each scene was introduced by a Dutch scholar who said appropriate academic things. Thus she appeared in the ironic location of the true artist—balanced precariously between the performer and the professor.

Unfortunately, the professorial tone dominated the Nederlandse Comedie's presentation of *Elckerlyc*, the Dutch morality play generally regarded as the source of the English *Everyman.* The medieval drama, as historians have pointed out, has analogies to the Greek drama; it too has both realistic and ritualistic dimensions. But, where Aeschylus and Sophocles create myth, the medieval dramatist creates allegory—Everyman and his companions are at once human beings and abstractions, and the two identities never completely fuse. It is possible to make vital theatre of a morality play, but to do so requires a rare unity of dramatic style. Such unity was exactly what the *Elckerlyc* company lacked; while some of the players used a high style suggestive of the Comédie Française, others used a naturalistic technique more suitable for Actors' Studio than for allegory. And the play was taken at a pace so slow that it became funereal rather than solemn.

BUT if *Elckerlyc* added little prestige to contemporary Dutch dramatic art, *Moortje* certainly did. This comedy, written in 1613 by G. A. Bredero, one of the most famous Dutch poets, has the brawling life of a painting by Hals or Jan Steen, but it poses problems for both actor and audience, especially in its more static and declamatory moments. The *Moortje* company triumphed through their energetic and consistent projection of Bredero's seventeenth-century Amsterdam—a luminous, wintry city whose inhabitants devote all their superb vigor to drink and sex. The set, with its impressionistic steeples, as well as the brilliant costuming, assisted in achieving the effect, and the actors brought out the flexibility of Bredero's rhymed couplets. Bits of the play were lost on me—ribald sallies delivered in broad Amsterdam dialect—but the modern audience responded with seventeenth century gusto.

The play is a typical product of Renaissance Holland—a Latin comedy (in this case Terence's *Eunuch*) transformed into a realistic study of contemporary types. Bredero boasted of his realistic imitation of speech and manners. But here, too, one finds realism with something added—a vision, poetic for all its coarseness, of the chaotic and infinite hungers of the race.

For sheer theatrical brilliance, two visiting groups dominated the Festival—the Piccolo Teatro of Milan and the Vienna Burgtheater. The Italians presented a Goldoni comedy—*Arlecchino, Servitore di Due Padroni*—and coaxed from it comic effects which ranged from epic slapstick reminiscent of the Marx Brothers to the most penetratingly intellectual appraisal of human foibles. Within the framework of communication supplied by the *commedia dell'arte* tradition, they allowed themselves a delightful kind of free improvisation in which the ancient art of pantomime became almost as important as the voice—and in the Piccolo Teatro the voice is used with musical imaginativeness. Their virtuosity brought new life to a number of venerable burlesque tricks, from the collapsible limbs of old Pantalone to the antics of Arlecchino confronted by a dish of resistant gelatin. It also brought complete expression to Goldoni's gentle and universal satire. With the exception of Arlecchino, the cunning but incompetent servant, each of the characters in the play has a double identity—as seen by himself and as seen by others. Each character lives within his picture of himself, is constantly thwarted by reality, but staunchly returns to his private myth. Beatrice, the heroine disguised as a man, further complicates the relations of illusion and reality. Only Arlecchino remains firmly himself, the universal servant in search of a reliable master and at least three meals a day.

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By a strange coincidence several of the Festival plays involved that durable dramatic stereotype, the clever servant. In addition to Arlecchino there were Kackerlack (in *Moortje*) and Theodor, the major-domo who safeguards the morality of his Don Juanesque master in Hofmannsthal's *Der Unbestechliche (The Incorruptible).* There were further similarities between the Goldoni and Hofmannsthal comedies: for all its surface evocation of the social life of 1912 Austria (and it is, in that respect, a sequel to those brilliant Hofmannsthal librettos, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Arabella*), *Der Unbestechliche* is a restatement of formalized themes and character types at least as old as Terence. Then, too, the Burgtheater, like the Piccolo Teatro, is a group of virtuoso players whose technique is a joy to witness. I was struck by the stylistic unity of the entire group, all of whom seemed to understand, beneath the realistic imitation of the Hofmannsthal play, its Mozartean absoluteness of form.

If the theatre can justly be seen as a kind of delicate balance point between the observing intelligence and the creative fancy, then surely the Greek tragic poets occupy the center of that balance point. With them is Shakespeare, as John Gielgud's quite elegant solo performance of an assortment of scraps and fragments served to remind the Holland Festival. Slightly to the left of the ideal center, if we examine the Holland Festival plays, are Goldoni and Hofmannsthal, with their relative emphasis on the stylized, the formal, almost the abstract, while Bredero stands a little to the realistic right.

THE introduction of the contemporary Rumanian-born French dramatist Eugène Ionescu into this fanciful scheme causes a bit of confusion. Two of his curious "anti-pièces," *La Leçon* and *Les Chaises,* were presented by the Studio des Champs Elysées, an energetic and talented group of young actors. Ionescu denies the theatre's capacity to represent "real" characters, and himself seeks to bring the theatre back to the simplicity, violence and freedom of a Punch and Judy show; he strives, in his own words, for "an exaggeration that dislocates reality." He seems, then, to be the extreme exemplification of my hypothetical left—drama not as realistic imitation but as independent creation. In *La Leçon* a bizarre professor of everything gives private lessons to an incredibly stupid girl. When a toothache, and her desire for human sympathy, prevent her from listening to his endless monologue on language, he kills her with a non-existent knife. She is the fortieth victim that day. In *Les Chaises*, a longer piece, a senile and commonplace retired concierge, who lives in a palace on an island with his equally senile wife, decides that his life's experience has qualified him to transmit an important message to humanity. During the next hour, non-existent guests arrive to hear it, and to accommodate them the stage is filled with empty chairs.

I didn't find the plays successful. Ionescu is right, of course, in believing that the theatre cannot "represent real people," if we take that phrase in its ultimate metaphysical meaning. And his own non-representational art achieves occasional illuminations—a grotesque wittiness in *La Leçon*, a brutal pity in *Les Chaises*. But this sort of thing has happened before—Georg Kaiser did it more profoundly in the 1920s—and it seems, now as then, to stand too far from that center where one finds Shakespeare and Sophocles. Ultimately it is almost as dull as doctrinaire naturalism. I suspected, in seeing *Les Chaises*, that the two splendid actors who kept the whole thing aloft for an hour and a half might unconsciously feel the same way. What do actors do in an "anti-pièce" playing "anti-personnages"? To judge from the Studio des Champs Elysées, they try to *become* "personnages" and, in effect, to do what the dramatist has refused to do—to imitate real characters in action. The Champs Elysées group almost succeeded in turning Ionescu into real theatre.

With performances of *Les Chaises* scheduled for both the Salzburg and Berlin Festivals next year, Ionescu threatens to become a fashion, and a rumored New York opening of the same play will probably make the fashion world-wide. There is no doubt that, in scheduling the Ionescu program, Peter Diamand, Director of the Holland Festival, showed his customary astuteness.

However, the Festival's offerings in drama this year had a value that surpasses the timely. They were lively evidence of that final unity which the dramatic spirit displays in all its manifestations.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

IN A period when death and old age are plucking major conductors from their podia one by one, the arrival of a young conductor with the extraordinary gifts of Igor Markevitch is bound to create excitement and high hopes. His New York debut, last season, with the Symphony of the Air, was received in that spirit. And now, with his Decca recordings of Haydn's *The Creation* (DX-138) and of Brahms' First Symphony (DL-9907), Markevitch offers even more unequivocal proof that his is a first-rate talent, thoroughly supported by the techniques of his profession.

The Creation, one of Haydn's most magnificent works, was the product of his last years, and was one of the few compositions in which he consciously strove for greatness. Evidence of his effort can be found in his painstaking sketches for the oratorio (he had never before bothered with sketches), in his published statements, and in the music itself, which was written over a period of three years and discernibly foreshadows later developments by Beethoven and Wagner.

Markevitch, using the splendid resources of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral and soloists Irmgaard Seefried, Richard Holm and Kim Borg, draws forth a performance that is vibrant, smoothly meticulous and rife with conviction. The oratorio's changing moods and its sweetly ingenuous tone painting are approached with intellectual and intuitive comprehension. Each element in the fabric is controlled, but lightly and with unfailing grace. Seefried and Holm, two of the finest singers in the world today, simply glow with elegance. Indeed, even the recitatives, bane of modern ears, are lifted to the level of outright song. Richard Holm, who sings the tenor role of Uriel, does not quite equal his colleagues. But he is in formidable company, and his weaknesses, for the most part, are relative.

In the Brahms First Symphony, Markevitch again displays the remarkable breadth of his powers. His orchestra in this case is The Symphony of the Air, and his reading is in the finest tradition of Brahms interpretation: sober, dark-hued, yet lyrical and unpedantic.

Another recording of this work, by the Boston Symphony with Charles Munch (RCA LM-2097), has a gener-

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ally lighter and more transparent sound, a less intense quality of lyricism. It avoids, to some extent, those aspects of Brahms which French-oriented musicians consider heavy and scholastic, and in so doing, it avoids a bit of grandeur as well. I prefer the Markevitch performance. But Munch's approach is perfectly valid, and if a few vague imprecisions of intonation and orchestral attack are put aside, no serious criticism need be lodged against it.

Vanguard and RCA Victor have made interesting contributions recently in the field of contemporary Soviet music. The former has issued two discs, processed from original Russian master tapes, of Shostakovitch's First and Seventh ("Leningrad") Symphonies (FRS-6030/1). Their quality is not of the finest, by present-day standards, but they do have historical value, since they represent "approved" interpretations by the State Orchestra of the USSR (Kiril Kondrashin, conducting) and the Leningrad Philharmonic (Eugene Mravinsky). RCA, either by design or by coincidence, has teamed up Prokofieff's First ("Classical") Symphony with his Seventh (LM-2092), while on LM-2081, they present Shostakovitch's Tenth. All three are played by the Philharmonia Orchestra. Nikolai Malko conducts the Prokofieff works, and Efram Kurtz the Shostakovitch.

As ever, the music of these two composers raises a troubling question. What, precisely, has been the effect upon it of Soviet aesthetic and ideological coercion? Prokofieff, who died in March of 1953, held a place in the world's very first rank of composers. And yet, after a long series of compositions in which he showed a fully formed and unique personality, his Seventh Symphony seems like a masterful retreat into relative pallor and derivativeness. The ghost of Tchaikovsky (and even Dvorak) hovers over it. Gone is the edge of barbarism. Gone is the incisiveness and much of the rhythmic drive. Everything flows; everything is molded by the hand of a master. But the work is bland, rather than arresting.

Shostakovitch, despite moments when sincere ideas seem to be left behind in favor of easy garrulousness, has achieved a number of important works. His Tenth Symphony is among them. In its surface aspects, it has less pungency than does a good Prokofieff work, or than the composer's own First Symphony, for that matter. But its smooth, flowing lines are nevertheless convincing and distinctive. The opening Moderato is attractively ruminative; the second movement, although it tends to run on in facile rhetoric, has moments of mature forcefulness. There are no real lapses of taste until the final movement, when, in spots, the composer descends to rabble-rousing; certainly there are none to compare with the 252 measures of execrably boring and vacuous music contained in the first movement of the "Leningrad" Symphony. There, in his anxiousness to depict invading Nazis, the composer lost all sense of proportion; and the whole symphony is badly marred by this extra-musical mistake. Perhaps some day, ideological factors cooperating, the composer may excise this section. The work as a whole would surely benefit, and it merits the trouble. Many of its ideas are splendid—but nobody can stand a blitzkrieg of boredom.

THREE other Russian composers, Glière, Miaskovsky and Rakov, are featured on new releases by Westminster. Glière's Fourth and Miaskovsky's Thirteenth String Quartets share disc XWN-18423, while Rakov's E Minor Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, conducted by the composer, is paired with a parcel of encore violin pieces on XWN-18508. Igor Oistrakh, son of the violinist, David Oistrakh, is soloist on both sides.

The young Oistrakh, like his father, is a virtuoso of the first order, with a rich, brilliant tone and seemingly flawless technical equipment. I do not care much for the type of slow, undulating vibrato he employs in lower-string melodic passages. That is a matter of personal preference, however; a violinist does not stand or fall by his vibrato. But the Rakov concerto, unfortunately, does not offer him much in the way of working material. It is perhaps significant that the elder Oistrakh, for whom the work was composed, left it to his son to make the recording. The first movement sounds decent enough, in an academic, Glazounov-Tchaikovsky manner. But the remainder of the piece is vacant. Oistrakh infuses it with as much meaning as it can hold, but nothing could lift such a work out of its stupor.

The Glière and Miaskovsky Quartets are also conservative-academic works, but with the stylistic traits of the earlier generation to which the composers belonged. They are consistently sweet and light-weight, with a tincturing of impressionist harmony. The Beethoven Quartet, which plays them, is referred to by the jacket notes as "the finest string quartet in Russia today." It is indeed a highly competent group. But, like the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR, which accompanies the Rakov Concerto, its playing has a raw edge and is lacking in the homogeneity of, say, the Vienna Konzerthaus, the Budapest, or the Juilliard String Quartets.

FINALLY, with the recording of *Le Sacre du Printemps* by Pierre Monteux and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (RCA LM-2085), Stravinsky, a long expatriated Russian, strides forth in a costume that is magnificently unconservative. Monteux and the RCA engineers have made of this record the tour-de-force it deserves to be. Instrumental textures are fantastically bright and detailed, the slightly raucous sound of the Conservatoire brasses and woodwinds lending a tang like vinegar in a fine salad. By comparison with Monteux's recent concert performance at Tanglewood, this one is less upholstered and a bit more studied. But, from a stylistic point of view, it is even more convincing. Stravinsky, after all, was composing in Paris in 1913. The timbres he had in mind were undoubtedly those of a French orchestra. Here, those timbres are in operation, and so is the ripe wizardry of Monteux.

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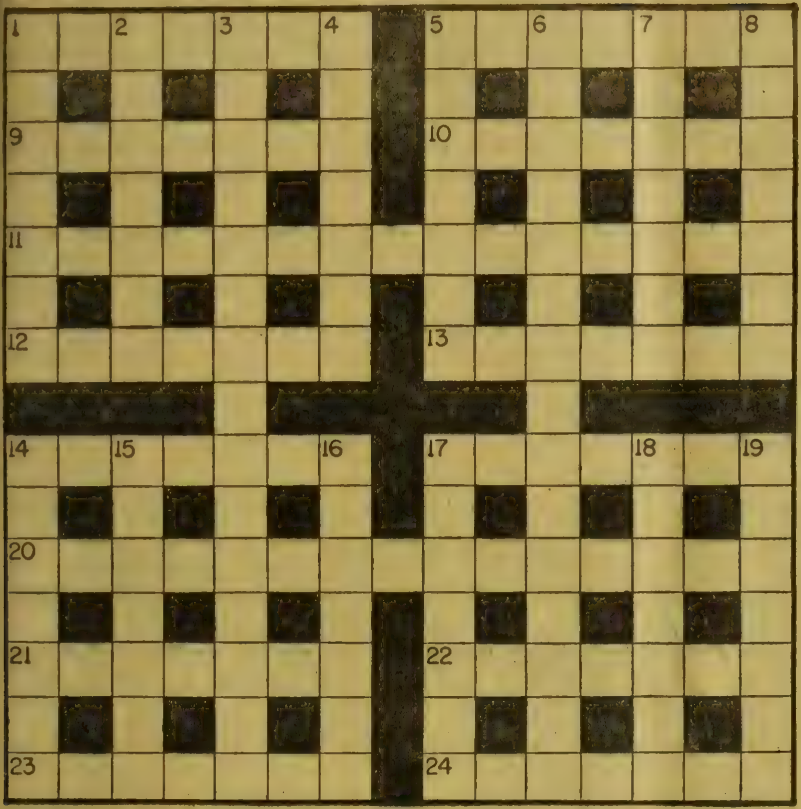
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Time's up! (Charges not exactly fixed.) (7)
5 Hydocyanic. (7)
9 What the old films did easily as a bird. (7)
10 Symbols that bring back the best beer! (7)
11 It's one way to get used to things. (15)
12 Perhaps a fly proves it's certainly not hard to get in. (4, 3)
13 The kind of house covering that's always in hock? (7)
14 Kept at a distance, as a stable might be. (7)
17 Not a way to add to one's credit. (7)
20 It's said of cats in what is hardly a contented state. (15)
21 Acknowledge. (7)
22 A lot or a little bit to a wild beast. (7)
23 Add some $C^{12}H^{22}O^{11}$. (7)
24 Good in wit and wine, but not well, perhaps. (7)

DOWN:

1 A broken propeller of recent finish would be swell! (7)
2 What Psalm CXLVI says you shouldn't put your trust in. (7)
3 Turn it over at tea, like a problem in acceptance. (4, 2, 2, 5, 2)
4 Should the domestic type be civil as well? (7)
5 Going to be splitting hairs, in a way? (7)
6 In your case, you might not be right to speak so! (15)
7 More seasoned? (7)
8 A burial place might be a sort of ranch to the Spanish. (7)
14 What might come up a second time comes up and looks around. (Tempts one, too!) (7)
15 In case Ben implies something is missing? (7)
16 The medical man opens one vessel, perhaps in the operating theater. (5-2)
17 Acted in a manner to 17 across. (7)
18 Certainly not an out-and-out performance in a rough sea, which would be rather silly! (7)
19 They occupy quarters, like a number of workers. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 735

ACROSS: 1 STRAP; 4 NIHILISTS; 9 ARBORETUM; 10 REVEL; 11 PRONATION; 12 SPRAT; 13 SHOT-PUTTER; 17 LITERATURE; 21 VIRTU; 22 NEATS-FOOT; 23 NOISE; 24 IMITATIVE; 25 STRATAGEM; 26 SLEEK. DOWN: 1 SHARPS; 2 RIBBON; 3 PARLAY; 4 NOTWITHSTANDING; 5 HUMANITARIANISM; 6 LARKSPUR; 7 SEVERITY; 8 SOLITARY; 14 SLOVENES; 15 STURDIER; 16 ARGUMENT; 18 ASSAYS; 19 BODICE; 20 STREAK.

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About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post-Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at $10.50.

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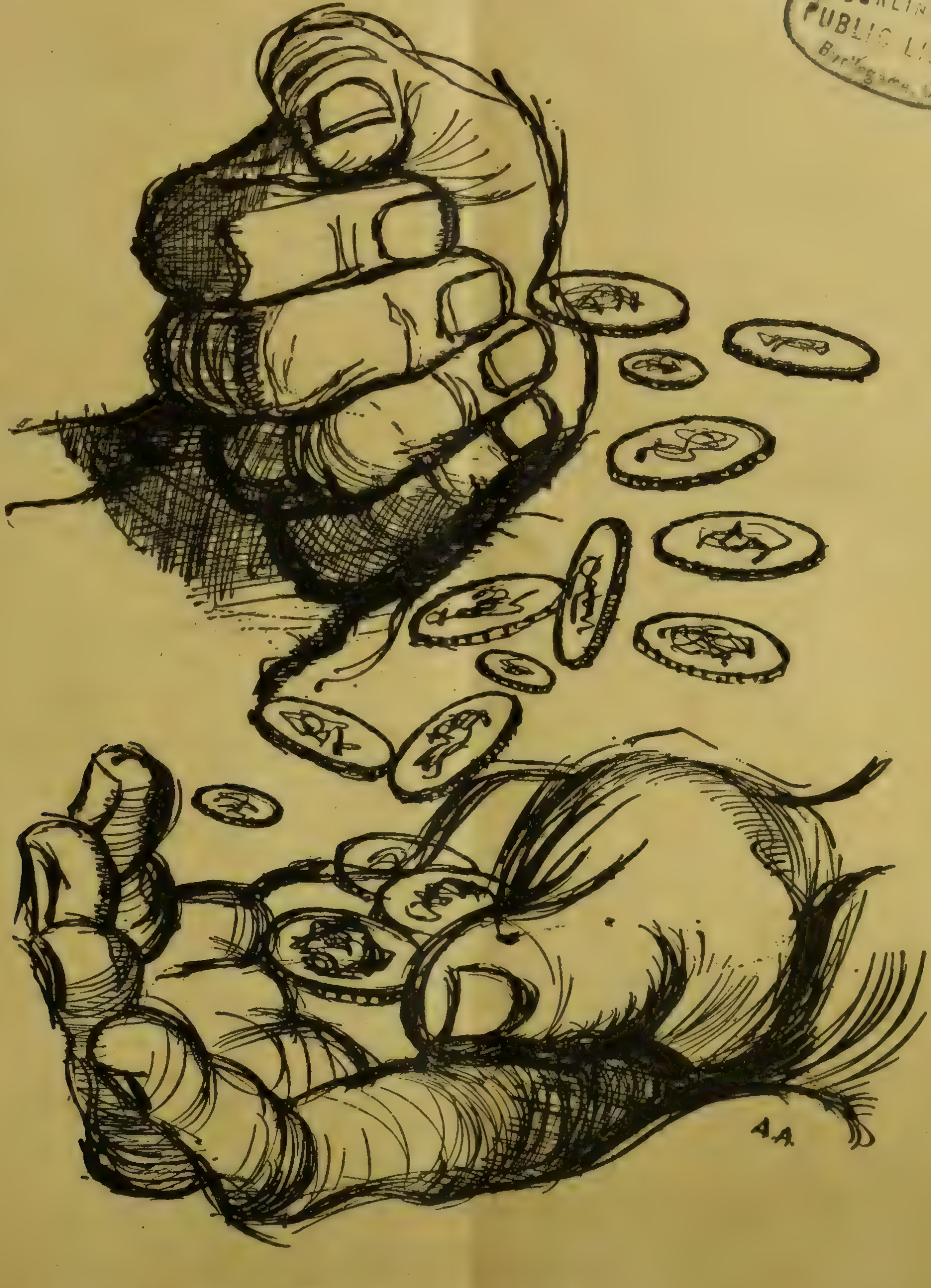

THE PRICE JUGGLERS . . *Michael D. Reagan*

LETTERS

Descent to Realities

Dear Sirs: Mr. Matthew Josephson has made a significant contribution to society in foreign-policy thinking by his scientific dissection of the "limited nuclear-war myth" (*Nation*, August 31). It would be a thousand times easier, as he so admirably points out, to negotiate a treaty of peace than to limit a war between the great powers. The idea that the "enemy" can be relied upon to observe the rules of an "elaborate plan" for the death of only a few millions instead of several hundred millions when the architects of the "plan" themselves assert he cannot even be relied upon to keep peaceful agreements in his own interest, is sheer fantasy.

There probably has never been a more dangerous attempt to corrupt and confuse the thinking of the American people than current talk and writing about limited warfare between polar powers in the A- and H-bomb age. Even if it were possible to limit war as proposed, such a war would make the total warfare of the past century look like a tea party.

Is it not about time to descend from the messianic clouds of "world mission" to political realities, and to recognize this "holy war" propaganda about world domination by evil systems for what it may be: impulse projection, which the psychologists define as attributing to others one's own motives? May not the world-gendarmerie policy of containment à la Kennan-Truman-Dulles, like its nineteenth-century prototype—the Holy Alliance of Austria, Prussia and Russia—prove beyond the powers of the United States? Is not change inevitable, and are not those who would deny it likely to be swept aside?

Hugh B. Hester
Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Retired)
Philadelphia, Pa.

The True Portugal

Dear Sirs: The following information was received from opposition sources within Portugal, and made public earlier this year in the newsletter of the English Section of the National Congress of Labor of Spain in Exile.

On February 14, 1957, the Republican oppositionist, Joaquin Lemos Oliveira, died a violent death at the hands of the P.I.D.E. (Internal Police for the Defense of the State) in their headquarters on Heroismo Street, in Oporto, Portugal. He had been under arrest since January 29. The P.I.D.E. subjected Oliveira to prolonged torture: for seven days he was deprived of sleep, and forced to remain standing in a brilliantly-lit room. On February 8, he was able to smuggle out a letter to his wife telling her not to worry if something happened to him. On February 14, he was dead. An autopsy was carried out in secret and before the legal lapse of time. In spite of these measures, it is known that Oliveira's body bore the marks of terrible abuse, and a probably fatal head wound.

The murder of Oliveira was the subject of a circular issued and distributed nationally by the clandestine opposition. In the town of Viana del Cactelo, Manuel Finza Junior was arrested and accused of distributing this circular. Finza, who was seventy years old, and who had edited a libertarian journal, *A Voz do Faminto*, in the pre-Salazar days, submitted to a repertory of P.I.D.E. tortures, succumbing during the fourth day of the "statue" torture, described previously.

These crimes demand the attention of civilized men everywhere. It is apparently tempting to think of Portugal exclusively in terms of her climate, the charm of owning a villa at Estoril, her rate of exchange: but Portugal, as these crimes show, is a diseased polity, a home of resistance, terror and death.

Norman Rush
New York City

Treason Trials

Dear Sirs: In December of last year the South African government staged nationwide dawn raids, arresting 156 persons from all walks of life on charges of high treason. They were flown within a matter of hours by military aircraft to imprisonment in Johannesburg to await trial, leaving their dependents without breadwinners.

While it is not possible at this stage to argue the innocence or guilt of the accused, the arrested represent the most outspoken and courageous opponents of our authoritarian government. The preparatory examination, started in December, is still proceeding, and is not expected to conclude before September. The cost of providing the accused with legal aid and of providing their families with the minimum necessities of life, is now estimated at $280,000—a sum which can only be raised through the generous help of sympathizers.

One of our fund-raising efforts is to be an auction sale of original paintings and autographed or valuable editions of the works of writers and poets, staged in Cape Town later this year.

We wish to appeal to the members of these professions in your country who have not already done so, and to collectors who may wish to donate one of their possessions, to send us a work for this urgent cause. Contributions may be sent direct to P.O. Box 1039, Cape Town, South Africa.

Ronald M. Segal
Treasurer, Treason
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EDITORIALS

The Faubus Insurrection

In ordering a contingent of the National Guard to protect Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, against imminent invasion by nine neatly-dressed, heroically polite Negro children, Governor Orval Faubus has finally liberated the conscience of the South. No longer need the South's genuine conservatives--those who are deeply attached to local and regional traditions —feel that they must support "a way of life" out of loyalty to their forefathers. Their forefathers would despise Faubus. The insurrection he has launched has nothing to do with Fort Sumter or Shiloh or Gettysburg. Faubus is a rebel without a cause other than an ignorantly-conceived self-interest. His insurrection has dispelled the fog of post-bellum rhetoric about "federal troops and bayonets" that has so beclouded the desegregation issue. The troops in Little Rock are *state* troops; they were ordered into action not by the President but by the Governor of a Southern state; their mission is not to protect Arkansas' sovereignty, but to advance the political interests of a hill-billy demagogue.

The facts are plain. The Faubus Insurrection was completely uncalled for. A certain kind of ignorance, with deep historic roots, is almost endemic in sections of Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi; but Arkansas is an enlightened state. Little Rock authorities had not asked the Governor to intervene. Indeed, they were surprised by his action. His order was preceded by no acts of violence nor by any threats of violence nor by any manifestation of possible violence. Integration had been achieved in all the state colleges and in several communities less sophisticated than Little Rock. A plan for a phased integration had been prepared for the city with full community support. Two individuals who campaigned for membership on the Board of Education based on their support of this plan were overwhelmingly elected. The immediate issue was whether, pursuant to this plan, nine Negro children should be integrated with 2,000 other enrollees at Central High. Against this background, the only conceivable motive for the Governor's weird action was the notion that he might win re-election to a third term if he succeeded in stirring up trouble where none existed. The insurrection he launched was as mindless, as pointless, as the ludicrous filibuster of Senator J. Strom Thurmond; self-interest is still the basest of passions.

Neither Faubus' Insurrection nor Thurmond's filibuster has anything to do with Southern conservatism. General George Edward Pickett did not lead that gallant charge at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, for petty personal advantage nor was he marching against nine unarmed Negro children. The gallant rebels of another period—Pickett and Lee and Jackson and Beauregard —would have nothing but contempt for Faubus and Thurmond. Even the old-style Southern racists and rabble-rousers would scorn these crafty fakers. The Tom Watsons of another day were mean and cruel, but they did not point bayonets at children; they were crazy and proud of it. Faubus is not demented; he can't even plead sadism as a defense. With this insurrection, therefore, the South has suffered its worst defeat since Appomattox; its honor has been besmirched not by Yankees or carpet-baggers, but by natives of the piney woods.

The Faubus Insurrection will be put down—that is not the issue. The immediate question is: will the people of Arkansas, and their responsible leaders, put up with this affront to their good name and reputation? In brief, how many abettors of treason reside in the state? What do the state's Senators—J. William Fulbright and John J. McClellan—have to say about this spit-ball insurrection? What about the state's delegation in Congress? Or its opinion leaders and industrialists? The people of Arkansas should, as we hope they will, insist that the privilege of putting the Faubus Insurrection down is theirs. After all, Faubus is their governor; they elected him.

"The Great Manhunt"

The business journals gravely admonish that Washington is faced with a dangerous dilemma: it is getting more and more difficult to recruit top-flight business executives for government service. The scapegoat most frequently cited in these admonitory sermons is the conflict-of-interest statute (actually five laws which, covering all federal officers and employees, from Cabinet officers to postal clerks, prohibit certain acts, as receiving compensation for services rendered a private interest, representing the government in dealings with a private concern in which the official has a direct or indirect financial interest, etc.). *Business Week*, for example, goes so far as to suggest that The Great Manhunt has become a symptom of "something fundamentally and dangerously wrong with the whole approach to the problem of getting good men for high office." The implication, of course, is that the conflict-of-interest statutes should be amended or repealed.

It is doubtless true that the Administration is having a hard time to recruit top business executives for policy-making positions. Nor can it be denied that the conflict-of-interest statutes are a major deterrent. But it is a big jump to conclude from all this that the statutes should be amended or repealed. Is top talent to be found only in higher corporate circles? According to *Business Week*, the available alternative sources would be "only the second-raters, the professional politicians, and the various groups such as college professors and journalists who live more or less by choice without the burdens of substantial wealth." But during World War II some excellent administrative performances were recorded in Washington by individuals recruited from some of these so-called second-rate sources. Even earlier, the New Deal had developed splendid executive and administrative talents from the same sources only to have them appropriated, sooner or later, by big business.

Ironically it is from the pages of *Business Week* that one culls the evidence to refute the argument that corporate executives constitute an indispensable source of talent for top policy-making and administrative positions in government. In its August 24 issue, the magazine carried a report of a recent survey by the American Management Association of 335 top corporate executives—"335 symbols of success." This survey does not confirm the popular impression of the man-on-the-twenty-fifth-floor as "a well-rounded corporate statesman." In most cases, his experience has been confined to a single company or, in any case, to a single industry. He is not, on the average, widely read or travelled; more than a third of the sample were found to be working today in their home towns. Business executives readily acknowledge that their corporate experience has narrowed the range of their interests; they complain of a lack of time to read or study or travel. To succeed, the executive has had "to put on a pair of blinders to shut out everything except business. He turns himself into a specialist running a company." What most executives read, apart from corporate working papers and business reports, are popular magazines and escape fiction; their favorite TV viewing is football. Only 17 per cent have received diplomas for graduate work and only 35 per cent have had *general* administrative experience. Almost a fifth of the sample frankly admit that they got where they are by inheriting their jobs.

If the facts reported in this report are correct—and it is billed as a survey which gives a deeper-than-average insight into such matters—then the Administration should be assiduously seeking new fields for recruitment.

PRECONDITIONS of DISARMAMENT . . *Harold Greer*

Washington

THERE CAN be no real choice between Mr. Stassen and Mr. Zorin on whether the London arms talks have brought progress or more stalemate. While it is tempting to agree with Mr. Stassen that the Russians have frequently shouted No before saying Yes, the Soviet rejection of the Western proposals has been stated in so many different ways, and there are so many valid reasons for it from the Soviet point of view, that it is unrealistic to refuse to accept it for what it is.

Indeed, one wonders whether Mr. Stassen's perennial optimism, charged as it is with dreams of a political future in Pennsylvania, is really very helpful any longer. No doubt hope must spring eternal on disarmament, but it should be tempered by a willingness to face facts, and if there is one simple criticism to be made of American policy on disarmament—especially since the Eisenhower Administration took over—it has been an unwillingness to face facts.

This is not to deny that the Soviet Union may well indicate, in the next few months, a readiness to accept some part or parts of the Western proposals, and Mr. Stassen will appear to be vindicated. But that is beside the point. The essential broad purpose of the London negotiations during the past five months was to produce some measure of agreement before new factors, either political or military, came along to change the international power equation so radically that the nature of the disarmament problem itself would be changed. This purpose has not been realized and time has run out on the negotiations. Soviet progress on the intercontinental ballistic missile has clearly got in the way of agreement at this time, as have the approaching West German elections. Similarly, the recent Kremlin purges have brought the usual aftermath of belligerency and muscle-flexing which Soviet leaders have always used to mask their bid for time in which to consolidate their new power.

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In short, if and when the West next has a go at disarmament, the problem will be in a new context, requiring new approaches if not new answers. Does anyone really believe, for example, that the United States now wants to reserve outer space "exclusively for peaceful and scientific purposes" (Section VI of the Western proposals) as long as Russia has an ICBM and the United States doesn't? Or that Russia will accept any kind of international inspection as long as there is a chance the Socialists may beat Adenauer and take West Germany out of NATO?

Put in this way, it is possible to see why the London talks have failed, and why future talks will fail if the United States and the West persist in their current approach. This approach is too ambitious; it seeks to accomplish too much in the time available. It is, in a phrase, predicated on the assumption that the world will stand still while the negotiations go on. But of course the world does not stand still and by the time Mr. Stassen has squared himself with Admiral Radford, and Mr. Dulles has comforted Chancellor Adenauer, and the American position has been cleared through NATO, the proposals themselves have become literally antiquated—witness Section VI above. Even if the Russians were disposed to consider our proposals, we tempt them into delay and rejection by offering them just before the U.N. General Assembly is to meet and the West Germans are to vote.

NOT ONLY IS time against agreement in the short run, it is very much against it in the long run. As a term to describe the subject of the negotiations in London, "disarmament" is already a misnomer. The Western proposals themselves recognize that there can be no real disarmament until the outstanding political issues have been solved. What these proposals actually seek is a halt to the nuclear-arms race and some limitations on the way in which weapons already produced can be used. They assume the continuing presence, rather than the absence, of deterrent power; indeed, the main Soviet complaint has been that they are designed to make the doctrine of massive retaliation more efficient. Nevertheless, they do seek, by agreement now, to avoid the situation which will inevitably result from the lack of agreement: the diffusion of nuclear weapons into many hands, and the mass production of delivery methods against which limitations, in the form of inspection safeguards, would be worthless if not impossible.

Yet Mr. Dulles and Mr. Stassen continue to advance complicated "package" proposals in the belief that time is on their side, that if the West will only remain firm and keep plugging away, the Kremlin will eventually give way. But in point of fact, it has been Mr. Dulles who has given way, while the Soviet Union has so far conceded virtually nothing. Mr. Dulles now says that acceptance of the "open skies" plan is no longer a prerequisite to further negotiation; there can be inspection in Europe without a German settlement, and there can be a suspension of nuclear testing on certain conditions (which, one suspects, will be overthrown by world opinion before long). Against this, Russia has agreed in principle that disarmament has to be subject to inspection.

It can be argued, of course, that this only proves the United States wants an agreement while the Soviet Union does not. But an agreement to do what? Not an agreement which will materially reduce the power of either side to wage war, nor even one which reduces the necessity for armaments, but an agreement which insures retaliation in the event of war. Certainly to the extent that such insurance would increase American deterrent power, it is much to be desired, but let us at least admit the Soviet leaders would have to be complete fools to give away the secrecy upon which their domestic as well as their international position depends. "From profound distrust," as Mr. Walter Lippmann has noted, "we are to jump to full disclosure." It is a jump which can hardly be expected of the U. S. Congress, much less the Kremlin.

If there is any escape from this morass, it probably lies in a reexamination in the United States of the role of nuclear weapons in foreign policy, and how a disarmament agreement may profitably curtail the former without restricting the latter. It is one thing to depend upon nuclear power to deter the big war, and quite another thing to use it to quell the small war, but it is a distinction which seems lost upon official Washington. What we should fear militarily in the future, and therefore should seek to guard against through a first-step disarmament agreement, is not so much a surprise Soviet attack on the United States or its allies, but the shadowy powder-keg incidents and brush-fire wars which could embroil the great powers in a big war.

Of course, if one believes with Mr. Dulles that nuclear weapons have become so clean and conventional that it is possible to wage a small nuclear war, then the problem does not arise. But if one believes, as most of Mr. Dulles' allies in Korea believed, that a limited nuclear war is really a contradiction in terms, then it would seem prudent to seek, through international agreement, to curb the production and distribution of nuclear weapons and to limit their use as severely as possible. The Western proposals of August 26 did, it is true, contain language in this direction, but it all hinged on Soviet acceptance of inspection, and the offer of a qualified ban on the use of nuclear weapons was clearly thrown in at the last moment in the hope of keeping the negotiations alive.

The problem is not to find language acceptable to the Soviet Union on these points; Moscow has already indicated its deep concern by supporting the International Atomic Energy Agency, which contains provisions for controlling the production and distribution of fissionable material more far-reaching than anything to be found in the August 26 proposals. The problem is to divorce the nuclear-weapons issue from the surprise-attack issue, and to admit that agreement on the latter is just not possible at this time. What is possible are simple and obvious agreements which are self-enforceable in that the penalty of violation, in terms of world opinion, will far outweigh any military advantage to be gained. An agreement to suspend nuclear testing would be an obvious starting point.

Whether the disarmament talks will move in this direction will not depend initially on the United States, but on the outcome of the Soviet plan to broaden the negotiations by bringing in other countries. There is more support for this proposal at the United Nations than the United States cares to admit; Canada, for example, is a member of the five-power Disarmament Subcommittee, but has long felt there should be wider representation, especially from Asia. If this occurs, the power of decision may, in effect, be taken away from the powers who have created the dilemma but proven themselves incapable of solving it.

SYRIA: A WARNING . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

SYRIA has disappeared from the news as rapidly as it caught the headlines, shouldered aside to make room for hair-raising stories of Russia's intercontinental rocket. How easy it is to forget the whole business, to say the newspapers exaggerated (as in fact they did), and that after all the hullabaloo nothing very startling has happened. Certainly a fortnight after the excitement the Middle Eastern scene does not look very different from before. But that is not the whole story. If events in Syria had been just one more incident in the rough-and-tumble of Arab politics, we could forget them with impunity. But at the beginning of the present year the United States jumped into the Middle East with both feet, and that is what makes the difference. Jordan and Syria were only the first two rounds in the struggle that began with the Eisenhower Doctrine, and the question now is: what next?

The commentator in Washington who described events in Syria as "the West's greatest diplomatic reverse since the Egyptian arms deal," was probably exaggerating; but no one is going to deny that something went wrong in American calculations. The question is whether the outcome was an accident which does not affect the fundamental soundness of American policy, or whether it was a consequence of a weakness of that policy. Any government may, in the nature of things, experience an occasional reverse through no fault of its own; and it is perhaps natural for the State Department to take this line. Syria, it is pointed out, was never a very good bet from an American point of view; while, on the other hand, it was always known that the Eisenhower Doctrine could not cover every contingency, and that if an Arab country was not prepared to ask for American aid, nothing short of direct and unprovoked intervention could force it to enter or remain within the American camp.

THE significance of this argument, so far as the future is concerned, lies in the implicit suggestion that, all in all, the State Department did as well as could be expected in adverse circumstances. If some means can be found for stopping up the holes in the Eisenhower Doctrine which the Syrian episode exposed to view, so much the better. But otherwise there is no reason for American diplomacy to depart from the lines laid down at the beginning of the year.

What we have to ask is whether the facts justify this complacency. In the first place, it is not only a question of the Eisenhower Doctrine. On the contrary, we have at this point to distinguish—and that not merely for the sake of getting the historical record straight—between the Eisenhower Doctrine and what, for six months, has gone on under cover of it. As regards the former, it is possible to argue (as the State Department has argued all along) that, taken alone, it is innocuous and levels a pistol at nobody's head. It is true that this argument is not as plausible as it looks. First of all, it was obvious from the start that, whatever the theory, the promulgation of the Eisenhower Doctrine would in fact be treated by Russia as a provocation, and that the Communists would not be slow to demonstrate that the game was one which two could play. Hence, after Jordan, anyone could foresee the sort of Russian retort which came in Syria. Secondly, instead of stabilizing the Middle East, as was its declared intention, the Eisenhower Doctrine has added a new factor of instability by weakening the cohesion of the Arab world. The Middle East today is more divided than it was at the beginning of 1957, and consequently more exposed to great-power rivalries. In other words, the decision to intervene actively has done nothing to make the American position in the area more secure, and there are many indications that it has lost the United States much of the respect and friendship on the part of the Arabs which it won at Suez.

But the decisive factor is that the Eisenhower Doctrine cannot be—and (many people outside the United States would maintain) was never intended to be—taken alone. On the contrary, it has to be taken in conjunction with the military agreement with King Saud, which, though perhaps not logically connected, seem-

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ed to be its immediate consequence. And though there is nothing in the Eisenhower Doctrine justifying interference with the internal régime of Arab countries, it is no secret that the United States has for months on end used every available form of economic pressure to unseat the left-wing government of Syria. These activities—they are only a sample of what is otherwise known—lend weight to the Soviet charge that the Eisenhower Doctrine is only a cover for active American penetration in the Middle East. They also suffice to explain—and, at least in Syrian eyes, to justify—the Syrian reaction. Syria has not gone Communist overnight; it would probably have acted no differently if Russia had still been ruled by a reactionary Czar. But its resistance to American pressure is not difficult to understand. We in the West are educated to take Middle East pronouncements with a grain of salt; but when the new Syrian Chief-of-Staff said he wanted good relations with America, but not "at the cost of Syrian independence," he was probably speaking the literal truth. In default, he has turned to Russia. The paradoxical upshot is that Russia's foothold in the Middle East is now firmer than when the Eisenhower Doctrine was promulgated; the "power vacuum" of which we heard so much, is being filled—by both sides.

IS IT IN the interests of the West for this process to go on? Sometimes one is left with the impression that it is really what the State Department wants. After all, would it not simplify the issue if we knew exactly where everybody stood? Might not both parties soon sit down quietly on either side of the demarcation line, as they have done in large degree in the Far East, and work out some practical form of coexistence? Already it is being calculated that the Syrian affair may not have turned out so badly after all, if it frightens Colonel Nasser into Mr. Dulles' arms; and already, on the other hand, Russia is offering Persia the same sort of loan on the same sort of terms as proved irresistible to the Syrians. With Saud and Hussein in the State Department's pocket, the area for maneuver is rapidly diminishing; a couple more skirmishes, it seems, a couple more rounds in the contest, and we shall not be far from the stability we all crave. Just as Europe, the Western Pacific and Southeast Asia have been partitioned between the Communist and the anti-Communist worlds, so the Middle East in its turn will be divided into Russian and American orbits.

BUT this argument overlooks some cardinal facts. First of all, the Arabs themselves. It is tempting to write off Pan-Arabism as claptrap; but in spite of inter-Arab jealousies and rivalries, they are no more likely to sit quietly by while their lands are divided between Russia and America than are the Germans to accept permanent partition. Secondly, there is the political geography of the area. The Middle East is not Europe, with its old, established boundaries; interdependence rather than separation is the order of the day, and we shall be hard put to find a dividing line that does not work to the disadvantage of the West. The West may control the oil supplies in Iraq and Saudi Arabia; but Syria stands astride the pipelines to the Mediterranean—and, to see the implications, we have only to recall what happened when it cut them at the time of the Suez crisis. Add to this the inherent instability of the Middle East, the revolutionary social ferment springing from backwardness and poverty, and it is obvious how much the West risks by playing a game of poker. Nowhere in the world are there greater opportunities for fishing in troubled waters, nowhere is it easier for Russia, if it so wants, to find a cause to sponsor. It is the simplest thing in the world to wager rubles against dollars; and if the scale of the Russian loan to Syria is any measure, the former can outbid the latter. On these lines a lively fight is possible; but it is hard to see how either side can win. Yet it is the West, not Russia, that needs the resources of the Middle East; it is sufficient for Russia to deny them to the West.

It is thus obvious that time is not on the West's side. Moreover, to continue as before is not only inadequate but is now impossible. Already the State Department has been forced to recognize that, in the current state of Arab opinion, the sort of pressure that was exercised against Syria can no longer be used. Active intervention by Britain or the United States, it is now seen, would only unite the Arab world behind Syria. Even the idea, widely sponsored at first, of using Turkey and Jordan and Iraq to set up some sort of *cordon sanitaire,* is now realized to be impracticable; for the very fact that the United States would welcome hostile Arab moves against Syria is in itself sufficient to prevent them happening. Hence, unless the United States is prepared to remain on the defensive, an alternative policy must be sought. The only basis, after the Syrian events, is negotiation with Soviet Russia. Russia is in the Middle East, whether we like it or not, and nothing we can now do can prevent Russia from making its influence felt; and in any case, the only way to check the drift towards the consolidation of hostile camps in this region, which is so vital for the West, is direct negotiation between the two powers principally concerned.

Such negotiations were, of course, proposed by Russia in February last, and have now been offered again. These proposals open an opportunity to test out Russian intentions which it would be wise to take. The alternative is an arms race in the Middle East which will profit no one; nor will it benefit the West, with its special interests in the area, if events are left to drift until the two hostile *blocs* are firmly entrenched. The overriding interest of the West in the Middle East is stability. In spite of the Eisenhower Doctrine such stability is farther away than ever, and the time has come for a new initiative. Its basis must be to isolate the Middle East from great-power rivalries and pressures, to build up instead of breaking down the "neutralist" Arab *bloc.* This calls for a change of object as well as of method; and it has yet to be seen whether the West has a statesman of the calibre to understand the need and grasp the opportunity.

THE PRICE JUGGLERS . .

by Michael D. Reagan

SENATOR Estes Kefauver is well known as an ardent anti-truster and champion of a competitive economy. His current inquiry into administered pricing appears to have been designed to demonstrate that inflation could be blamed on departures from competitive pricing, and that the greater the concentration of production, the weaker the impact of supply and demand upon prices and the greater the role played by what the Senator calls "the conscious and deliberate action of corporate managers who have the power to set prices at alternative levels." He is, of course, aware of concentrated economic power: his committee has just issued a report showing that the top 200 manufacturing companies increased their share of production from 30 to 37 per cent between 1947 and 1954. But what he apparently sees as an aberration from the norm of private, competitive capitalism, the five noted economists who were his first witnesses almost unanimously described as a *new* norm—the norm of corporate administration of resources.

Edwin G. Nourse, J. K. Galbraith, Gardiner C. Means and John R. Moore all told the committee that, as Nourse put it, "the economic institutions and business practices described as 'administered pricing' grow naturally and properly out of the conditions of modern industrialism and . . . they *may* be so used as to promote both economic growth and business stability." The economists disagreed on the extent to which bigness contributed to the substitution of administered for market prices, Means being dubious of the correlation and Galbraith pressing it. But they were all of one mind in accepting administered pricing (including administered wage-setting by union leaders) as an accomplished fact of the modern economy, and in decrying the traditional view that both bigness and administered pricing are somehow improper. The only economist to dispute the prevalence of administered pricing was Richard Ruggles, and he did not by any means deny the phenomenon completely.

The net effect of the Kefauver committee testimony to date has been to bring into focus a picture of the modern economy sharply at variance with that offered by traditional economics or the ideological description given by free-enterprise defenders. Means, co-author with A. A. Berle of *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, originated the phrase "administered prices" over twenty years ago, but after a flurry of excitement during the depression years, discussion of the consequences of what he had observed was largely restricted to academic circles. Kefauver's hearings, for which the staff director is John M. Blair, a young economist who has published several articles in the Means tradition, have revived the concept.

WHAT does administered pricing mean, and what are some of its consequences? Means's definition is this: "A price set by someone, usually a producer or seller, and kept constant for a period of time and for a series of transactions." Market prices, in contrast, constantly adjust to equate supply and demand; a series of transactions under market conditions takes place at identical prices only by coincidence. Most industrial prices and a large portion of retail prices are administered, as are most wage rates; only in agriculture and some raw materials does the flexible market-price system exist today. For proof of this we need only reflect upon the number of items whose list prices we know offhand simply because they change so infrequently.

Administered prices make possible the modern distribution system upon which mass production rests. Imagine the Sears, Roebuck operation if each sale had to be bargained because prices were not administered! And our complex system of industrial production appears to require the stable expectations which administered prices provide as a foundation for the long-range planning which characterizes our corporate collectives. Yet, despite the prevalence of such pricing and the services it performs, it is not accounted for in classical economic theory.

The essential fact for policy-makers is that administered pricing and wage-setting involve an area of discretion bounded by market forces but within which men, not markets, determine prices and allocate resources. Nourse, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, put his finger on the crux of the matter when he told the Anti-Trust Committee that "administered resources" would be a more apt phrase. For, he said, "giant corporations are making administrative decisions that activate or withhold the use of the economy's capital plant or funds and that massive labor unions set 'withholding prices' on large and strategic blocks of the nation's labor supply." Continuing, he pointed to the issue of power which arises when Adam Smith's Invisible Hand no longer functions and the market economy on which it rests goes out the window. Is Walter Reuther's demand for the four-day week, Nourse asks, compatible with maximum production and purchasing power? Was it responsible administration on the part of auto manufacturers to build cars so large as to make obsolete our garages and require street widening, while water and sewer lines lagged and slum clearance was deferred in many communities?

Another relationship of administered prices to social power lies in the opportunity to choose long or short-run profit maximization. Generally speaking, current discussion assumes —whether correctly or not seems not to be known—that firms emphasizing long-run profitability take a more serious view of their social responsibilities than those stressing immediate profits. The managers' ability to act responsibly is in itself a mark

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of the new economy of administered resources, for in the classic market economy, competition prevents the accretion of power, and without power there cannot be responsibility.

Aside from the underpinning which administered prices give to our industrial planning, they have certain advantages which it seems unlikely that Senator Kefauver will stress, aiming as he is to show the harmful inflationary thrust which administered pricing seems to have made possible in a period of less than full utilization of existing productive capacity. One advantage is that administered wages decline less rapidly in time of depression than do market wages; another is that price rises may be retarded in the face of increasing demand.

THE QUESTION is how to control the exercise of power over prices, wages and resources to benefit the common good. This is exactly where the adherent of traditional economics runs into trouble. His liberalism abhors social controls other than those of the market; yet he must recognize the potentialities for abuse in the new corporate capitalism. Nourse exemplifies the dilemma. He rejects as the "liquidation" of private enterprise Galbraith's prescription for countervailing power, where government's role is to shore up the weaker of two opposing market forces so that a rough balance of power can then take over as a nongovernmental form of social control. A reaffirmation of government support for "free, competitive enterprise," and vigorous administration of the anti-trust statutes, constitute Nourse's policy recommendation. Having offered this, however, he mentions a problem for which such a policy offers no solution. This is the incompatibility of holding government responsible for full employment while large units of business administration accept no responsibility for making their policies conduce to that goal. He seems, in fact, dubious that exhortation to practice "economic statesmanship" will produce the responsibility needed; yet, bound by traditional slogans of the market economy, he is unable or unwilling to grapple with the power which he sees before him.

Assuming that one does not carry anti-trust sufficiently far to restore a pre-industrial competitive market economy—and it is inconceivable that this be done—one must find some way to deal with the discretionary power endowed upon business managers and union leaders by the system of administered resources. With Galbraith, we must hope that "we are past the day when men of goodwill cover any and all failures of imagination with a ringing demand for better enforcement of the Sherman Act." With Means, we must agree that no "purely economic forces . . . will *ensure* that this discretion will be used in a manner that would serve the public interest." If exhortation to maintain stability is not a cure-all, but simply a "logical first step" (Means), then where do we go from here?

The most interesting recommendation offered to the anti-trust subcommittee (and it is one which Kefauver appears to favor as a supplement to anti-trust actions) is Galbraith's for public notice and public discussion, including perhaps Congressional hearings, of major wage or price changes *before* they take place. The actions would then be taken with full knowledge of public reaction, and this advance reaction might bring about some restraint. This strikes one as a good but limited form of control. Prices are not the only area of abuse. Could not the idea of public notice and discussion be usefully extended to the whole range of corporate and union powers? Who is to bear the brunt of dislocation caused by automation? Should the four-day week be adopted? Should large firms be permitted to expand by mergers which increase financial power without improving technological efficiency? Should the Teamsters be permitted to organize all transportation workers into one union?

The quality of our civilization, not just the price of our washing machines, may be affected by discretionary decisions. It would seem that the least we could insist upon is that the general public hear about these decisions and be heard about them before they are executed.

EVEN THIS may not be sufficient: public opinion is not always effective even when heard. Recently a House Armed Services subcommittee revealed that the Cadillac division of G.M. had refused to let the government see its books on an uncompleted tank contract. Within a few days, G.M. President Harlow Curtice ordered the books opened, explaining that he had not previously known of the refusal. This time, public disclosure worked. Two years ago, a Senate investigation of auto dealers' relationships with the manufacturers revealed a very unsavory exercise of economic power which left the dealer at the mercy of the firm whose franchise he held. One response was that of the Ford Motor Company, which established a Dealer Policy Board hailed in the company's annual report as completely "impartial." It consists of a group of major Ford sales executives without any dealer representation. Public disclosure, one concludes, accomplished nothing in this case.

In a recent address, Means called for a new economics; we also need a new political theory. We have reached, or at least are approaching (thanks in part to Senator Kefauver's hearings) a new stage in which public recognition is being made of the shift from private competition to corporate capitalism. But we do not yet have the tools of analysis required for an understanding of how our administered-resources system works, and we lack political principles to fit the control of corporate and union power into a democratic framework designed only to check governmental power.

McCLELLAN: The GRIM PROBER . .

by Al Toffler

Washington

THE LAST TIME a Catholic ran for President of the United States his running mate was Joseph Robinson, Democratic Senator from the state of Arkansas.

Acute political observers here find this fact perhaps portentous. Today, two decades later, another Catholic, John Kennedy of Massachussetts, is a front-running candidate for the Democratic nod in 1960. And another Arkansas Senator, John L. McClellan, is quietly being talked about as a natural partner for Kennedy.

Selection of a conservative Southerner like McClellan for Vice President would offset the South's anti-Catholic prejudices. It would also help balance out Kennedy's purported liberalism.

McClellan, while warmly praising Kennedy as top-caliber Presidential timber, firmly denies having any ambitions for himself. But McClellan today sits at the head of the Senate's most publicized committee, directing a free-wheeling probe of labor-management racketeering. That he sits there is no accident.

The beginning of the just-ended session of Congress saw a bitter inter-committee fight for jurisdiction over the probe. As *The New York Times* commented at the time: "It is generally recognized on Capitol Hill that a labor investigation, effectively conducted, would yield political 'pay dirt' for two to four years." Technically speaking, the outcome of the squabble was a draw. Neither McClellan's Government Operations Committee nor the Labor Committee got the assignment. It went to a hand-picked special unit. But McClellan emerged as its chairman.

Watching McClellan chair his committee, a witness sees a granite-like face, heavily furrowed, unsmiling. He hears a voice that seems to rumble up out of some dark, forbidding cavern. He hears speech that is Biblical in tone, image and meter.

Making studied use of indignation, McClellan remains austere and distant. But if the sixty-one-year-old Arkansan strikes one as icy now, Senate colleagues are quick to recall that a family life filled with death and anguish, a Baptist upbringing, the conquest of despair through work, all have made him hard. (His first marriage, entered into as a young man, ended in a divorce under especially painful circumstances; two of his sons, born of a second marriage, were killed within a few hours of each other, one in the war and another in an accident; his second wife died of spinal meningitis. He has since married again.) In private, McClellan can radiate charm —and even a restrained warmth—that outsiders never see. Yet his relations with his fellow Senators are seldom more than cordial.

IDEOLOGICALLY, McClellan was a poor choice to head a committee investigating labor. Brought up in rural Arkansas, a state still lightly organized, the problems of a highly industrialized urban society remain strange to him. "John McClellan," says a colleague, "doesn't think of himself as being anti-labor. It's just that the whole thing is sort of foreign to him." Another Senator from the North put it less charitably: "He is a rather extreme conservative without broad sympathies for the groups at the bottom of the economic ladder."

Nevertheless, McClellan, an able lawyer and first-class cross-examiner, has a mind like a vise. In committee hearings he has publicly displayed none of the gross ignorance of collective bargaining and labor exhibited by some of his fellow probers. He appears to be "doing his homework," and learning more and faster than his colleagues.

This isn't making him any less antagonistic to the political ideals of labor unionism. Labor leaders from George Meany down understand that whatever legislative recommendations come from his committee will bear the unmistakable imprint of McClellan's outlook and personality. They have repeatedly expressed alarm that reactionaries—among whom they count McClellan—will seize upon popular disgust with Beckism and Hoffaism to jam through viciously restrictive laws.

This fear is not based on whimsy. Last spring, John McClellan helped introduce an amendment to the civil-rights bill that would have outlawed the union shop and strait-jacketed picketing. Impossible of passage, the amendment was simply designed to kill the civil-rights measure. But it gave more than a clue to McClellan's labor philosophy.

On June 23, 1947, McClellan voted to override President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley Act, a law which weakened the pro-labor impact of the Wagner and Norris-LaGuardia acts. Two years later McClellan voted against an amendment intended to soften Taft-Hartley somewhat. In August, 1949, McClellan voted against raising the federal minimum wage from 65 cents to 75 cents. In June, 1952, he joined in a move to force President Truman to use the Taft-Hartley Act against striking steelworkers. More recently, McClellan voted against an amendment to the Bacon-Davis Act. The amendment gave the Secretary of Labor, rather than state and local authorities, the power to fix minimum wages in interstate highway construction. This was of vital importance to building-trades unionists who desired federal jurisdiction.

In a careful tally by the AFL-CIO's political division, these five basic votes in McClellan's labor record are balanced out by only two "favorable" votes. The Senator voted to override an Eisenhower veto of a postal-workers' pay raise; and he opposed a 1953 measure which would have permitted government agencies to fire career employes arbitrarily.

On the Select Committee he now heads, only two members have a worse labor record, and both are right-wing Republicans.

McCLELLAN's conservatism is not a sometime thing. Nor is it limited to his labor philosophy. This stern Baptist from the poorer section of

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AL TOFFLER is a free-lance writer who has long specialized in the labor field.

Arkansas mirrors typical Southern prejudices.

How deep they run is illustrated in an unusual incident that occurred last April 1. McClellan was just leaving a closed meeting of the Senate Judiciary Committee which processes ("kills" is a better word) civil-rights legislation. As he left the room, he stopped to chat with reporters. The result was an Associated Press story quoting him as having charged that Negro witnesses who had testified earlier in the year before a Judiciary subcommittee had perjured themselves.

To understand the startling nature of this charge, one must know that the typical Congressional hearing, unlike those staged by investigating committees, is a rather formal, cut-and-dried affair where witnesses are treated with polite respect. A charge of perjury against a witness in such a hearing is an extreme rarity.

The story provoked bitter comment among pro-civil-rights forces. One Senate staff man close to the situation called the charge "scandalous nonsense"; Roy Wilkins, leader of the NAACP, told a press conference that McClellan had been playing "dirty pool."

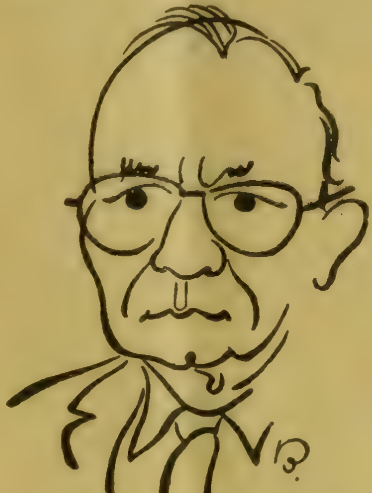
McClellan later clarified his remarks, saying the witnesses "may have committed perjury." But the damage had been done. As one influential Northern Senator puts it, it was simply a case of McClellan's emotions running away with him. Such cases, with McClellan, are exceedingly rare. His most marked characteristic is self-control.

THE incident itself is unimportant; nothing ever came of it except a few angry press releases. But it points up McClellan's strong feeling on the issue. Closely identified with the most right-wing of right-wing Dixiecrats — Thurmond, Eastland, Robertson and Harry Byrd—McClellan has been inveighing against civil rights for at least twenty years.

In 1937, while a member of the House of Representatives, McClellan took the floor to oppose an antilynching bill. He charged that its backers "desire to rebuke, embarrass and humiliate the Southland." He wound up with a Negro dialect joke and a Biblical quotation.

Last year, McClellan was one of a hundred states' rights Dixie Congressmen who signed the Southern "manifesto." He also introduced a bill which would have knocked out the "pre-emption" principle under which federal laws supersede state statutes.

During the last few years, since the famed Army-McCarthy hearings, McClellan has become the unofficial "investigations specialist" of the Southern contingent. He was picked to head a special probe of improper lobbying last year.


Drawing by Berger

Senator McClellan

This investigation was triggered when Senator Francis Case (R.-S.D.) made a sensational speech charging that a lobbyist had attempted to bribe him. The bribe-giver was a representative of the powerful oil and natural-gas interests then backing a bill to exempt independent natural-gas producers from federal regulation.

A heated tussle began for chairmanship of the hand-picked eight-man committee. Senator Albert Gore (D.-Tenn.), an outspoken supporter of public power and a foe of the utility interests, was shouldered aside and McClellan emerged as chairman. The result, liberals charge, was a probe that whitewashed the oil and gas companies.

At the very time the special committee was getting under way, the Senate voted in favor of the lobby on the natural-gas bill. McClellan lined up with the majority. During the Dixon-Yates scandal in 1954, McClellan again voted for the utility interests.

Back home in Arkansas, McClellan has been tagged as a friend of the Arkansas Power and Light Company. During his last campaign, in which he defeated ex-Governor Sid McMath, A.P. & L. became a hot political issue. The company did McClellan little good by boosting its rates in the final days of the primary fight.

In his home state McClellan is opposed by organized labor, rural cooperatives and the Negro vote. His support comes from the business interests and the cotton planters of East Arkansas.

ONE REASON why McClellan gets elected regularly is his concentration on "pork-barrel" legislation. In his fifteen years in the Senate, he has helped pour over a half-billion dollars into Arkansas in the form of federal aid for flood control, water-resource projects, defense plants and military establishments.

Flood control, incidentally, is a major concern with him. Philosophically opposed to the extension of federal power and closely allied with the private utilities, McClellan nevertheless co-sponsored the Hells Canyon bill in 1956. As one Northwestern Senator explained, "In a straight power project he's for the power companies. But if you've got flood control or irrigation in the bill, as in the Hells Canyon bill, he'll vote for it."

McClellan came to the House during the depths of the Depression in 1935. At first he backed New Deal legislation. But his "liberalism" cooled rapidly. Since then, time and time again, he has joined his fellow Southern Democrats in voting with the Republicans. This was particularly marked during the Truman Administration, when McClellan was fiercely antagonistic to the President. Having helped swing the 1944 Democratic convention to Truman over Henry Wallace in the Vice-Presidential nomination, McClellan claimed that Truman quickly forgot the favor. In 1948, the Senator was close to Ben Laney, one of the organizers of the Dixiecrat revolt against Truman, and he refused to campaign for Harry even though he was running for re-election himself.

THAT THE Senator was awarded the much-coveted chairmanship of a committee investigating labor-management racketeering is traceable in large measure to the transgressions of Joseph R. McCarthy. As ranking Democrat on the Senate Government Operations Committee, McClellan at first worked closely and in apparent harmony with his Republican counterpart, the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

Before long, McCarthy was launched on his politically lucrative crusade against "Communists in government." Nobody seemed much concerned at the time with his harrying of witnesses, his abuse of individual rights, his fantastic allegations and frequent lack of proof.

But within the committee itself, tensions began to mount. McClellan, a member of the Senate's inner club, felt that McCarthy was doing violence to the traditions of the upper chamber by his one-man domination of the committee and his high-handed treatment of his colleagues.

In mid-1953, McClellan led two other Democrats off the Permanent Investigations subcommittee, which McCarthy headed, in protest against the handling of staff. Later, when the Democrats won control of Congress, McClellan himself became head of the subcommittee. Out of his handling of the famed Army-McCarthy hearings came a reputation for fair firmness with witnesses as well as opposition to McCarthyism. This reputation played a significant part in his selection to head the current probe.

Yet a few weeks ago, during a Senate ritual of praise for the man it had once formally censured, McClellan rose to say that though he and the Wisconsin Senator had sometimes disagreed on procedure, "it was never personal" and, indeed, that no one had been more effective than Joe McCarthy in "alerting the nation to the dangers of communism."

For McClellan, McCarthy's crimes were crimes aaginst the Senate, not crimes against democracy.

Today Senate liberals privately express their disappointment over the way in which McClellan is handling the widely publicized racket hearings. Senator Wayne Morse (D.-Ore.), long in favor of bringing fair play into Congressional hearing rooms, has called for "basic reforms in the procedures used by Senate investigating committees such as the McClellan committee." Morse charges that the kind of sensationalized hearings run by McClellan constitute, in effect, "trial by press" of the individuals hailed before the committee. He has urged the introduction of some of the guarantees that a witness would have in a courtroom.

Linked with this is a liberal criticism that McClellan's group is undermining the Bill of Rights by asking witnesses countless questions in the full knowledge that to answer would be to waive their privilege to the Fifth Amendment. This has led to revival of the familiar numbers game of the McCarthy era: "So-and-so took the Fifth Amendment X times today . . ."

THERE WERE times during the recent hearings when one or another member of the committee was guilty of inexcusable smearing of a witness' family. On one occasion, when a witness refused to identify his own brother-in-law, a committee member acidly commented that his actions cast an "unflattering light" on his sister. The sister, of course, had nothing to do with the hearing. It was an attempt to bait the witness to break silence. Had the witness reacted, as the McClellan committee well realized, he would have waived his legal right to invocation of the Fifth in the given line of questioning.

Confronted by this kind of criticism, Senator McClellan explodes: "The witness has a right to invoke it [the Fifth] and we have a right to expose him. As we ask him, we expose him to public opinion. There's no reason why we shouldn't. Who says we shouldn't? They're not on trial," he snorts, "we're seeking information."

Whether or not the witnesses are in effect on trial is the very point questioned by Senator Morse.

McClellan is convinced that it is "those who invoke it capriciously" who undermine the Fifth Amendment. When a witness refuses to answer, McClellan seems personally affronted. He points out that he is "offering an opportunity" for reply to nasty charges.

OF COURSE, frequently the charges emanate from the committee itself. Some Senators have noted that on a number of occasions McClellan has opened a hearing by telling in advance what the committee would prove. This, they say, is hardly evidence of judicial temperament.

In line with this, it has also been noted that the committee, especially at the beginning of its work, had an unpleasant affinity for lurid press releases, which emphasized the presence, as witnesses, of prostitutes, gamblers, etc. This, according to many critics, was an obvious play for press space.

These accusations have been sharpened recently by the acquittal in Oregon courtrooms of some of the witnesses charged with wrongdoing by the McClellan committee.

McClellan's attitude toward individual rights is further demonstrated by his concern over recent Supreme Court rulings. In a historic series of decisions this year, the Court did much to sweep away the vestiges of McCarthyism and to bolster the rights of the individual as against the state. McClellan, like other Congressional conservatives, is much wrought up over the rulings. He considers the judicial trend as one of the two top domestic issues facing the nation; the other, in his opinion, is inflation.

Another, somewhat different, criticism of McClellan's probe has come from organized labor and its friends on Capitol Hill. They have been pointedly asking when the committee will get around to investigating the management side of the labor-management twosome. But McClellan flares up at the suggestion of partiality. He says the criticism will be answered when the committee returns to Nathan Shefferman. "Nate" is the man who runs a "labor consultant" outfit advising companies on how to bust union-organizing drives. He was involved in the Beck hearings.

Despite all these criticisms, however, it is unlikely that the Senate will ever get seriously disturbed about McClellan's methods. If his committee is sometimes needlessly rough on witnesses, McClellan is careful to be scrupulously fair in his treatment of his colleagues on the committee. Each is given ample time for questioning. Staff is made available on an equitable basis. These facts weigh heavily in McClellan's favor in any evaluation made by his colleagues.

As for the public, the fact remains that McClellan emerges as the most impressive member of his committee. When other members are leading the hearings astray by irrelevant questioning, when some reveal their shocking ignorance of labor-management relations, when they preen before the TV cameras, McClellan is sitting tight-lipped and silent, a dark figure of grim majesty.

When the hearings are over, it will be this, unquestionably, which will be remembered.

NOBODY READS ANY MORE . .

by David Cort

THE PUBLISHERS' complaint, "Nobody reads," is not meant literally. It describes instead a generally recognized mood of non-excitement about the printed word, of diminished hope of reading anything unforgettable and of resignation to that minimum of reading which is essential just to "keep informed."

Most people "read" perhaps two newspapers a day; if they are commuters they certainly do. They glance at the current crisis headlines and skip down the story; they read all about several local human tragedies; they pick what they want out of the sports section or business section and may read all of a favorite column. Housewives get the primary news, incredibly condensed, on TV and radio all day; the husbands get a little at night. The later-evening interview programs also reflect the news world enough to give the listener the sense of being still in touch with world events.

Toward the end of the week, the family will look at *Life*, *Look*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Time* or *Newsweek*, to confirm the fact that they exist in the world of the moment. But all they have read that week will have disappeared from their minds two weeks later: they cannot even be sure whether that was the week the little boy fell down the well, or the week the doctor presented his $1,500 bill.

In the sense that Dickens' early serialization stories were the life of England and the continent, today: nothing.

The blame for the current impotence of the printed word is generally laid on the writer (all right, where's Dickens?) by such editors as those of *Life*, or on the reader (we give the people what they want). Oddly, these two answers by editors demolish one another.

Both answers are, in my opinion, wickedly wrong. Readers, and also writers, are above criticism; their qualities and interests are subject to examination but not to blame.

The thing that has been added, most outrageously in this country, is the corporate-publishing operation, whose crux is the editor or board of editors. If the passionate reader is dead in America, these are the people who have killed him. In their hands the printed word has slowly, imperceptibly, approached the state of being a lifeless, mechanical tool, instead of an unexpected window in a closed room.

It will be instructive to examine how the printed word was killed in American journalism. And this leads us to the "rules" of mass-magazine editing, given below in my own order—not that of a journalism school:

1. Fewer words in bigger type on a page, so that a *Life* or *Post* page looks more and more like a display advertisement, and says less and less.

2. The naive faith that a story is "heated up" by including in the first paragraph the latest possible "news," no matter how anti-climactic, irrelevant and unnewsworthy it is. The unimportance of news can be demonstrated by reading a ten-year-old *Life*, *Post* or *Reader's Digest*. The issue will be exactly as interesting, or uninteresting, as this week's; and reading it has the advantage of showing how silly editors were ten years ago.

3. Topicality, or the abuse of presold themes. In the May 25 *Saturday Evening Post* there were three separate wars with Bolshevik Russia: (1) H-bomb attack; (2) Russian capture of an American atomic submarine; (3) Russia's race to educate more scientists than we. There were also articles about a millionaire, a crook, a neurotic, a new governor and Groucho Marx. How safe can you play it?

4. Look as if you're saving America. The press has put us in just the right mood to fight Russia about fifty times. If the fifty-first time should turn out to be the all-out necessity, this propaganda may have stopped working. I accept the uses of propaganda; but this isn't well-planned propaganda. In fact, it was planned only to sell copies, not to save America. Who cares about saving America if he can scare it?

5. Everything in each magazine is written in the same style. This sounds impossible; it is certainly not easy; but the editors manage it.

6. The use of superlatives, as that the United States has the world's biggest steel production, Pakistan all the world's jute, the Dutch use the most fertilizer per acre, Indian pol-

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iticians do the most talking, etc. All the foregoing can be checked, but that does not make them less deadening. This fashion must be laid to Time Inc. The laugh about superlatives is that everybody and everything is in some way most, least, best, worst, first and last. (I, too, have sinned in this department.)

7. The positive search for material that will not irritate Protestants, Catholics or Jews; men or women or children; whites, Negroes or mongoloids; elderly, middle-aged or young; any ethnic group; dogs, cats, parrakeets or goldfish; hunters or fishermen; farmers or trade unionists; etc., etc.—and the prompt abdication to any letter-writing group of complaining lunatics.

8. All material must seem to help, or at least not hinder, parents bringing up children. (But the other half of the magazines on the newsstands are aimed at debauching children. These are the ones the children buy.)

9. All public figures are nice people. The reader knows the world assays fairly high on sons of bitches, but evidently the percentage drops precipitately in the seats of the mighty.

10. The smell of public-relations work gradually fills the nose of the faithful reader. By what magic is Bernard Baruch at the right hand of God, Walter O'Malley a father of his people, Robert Moses the Ajax of the American way of life, Thomas Watson's whole family supermen, any president of General Motors a barefoot boy, Eisenhower a military genius (no point giving the title to Bradley, who deserves it), Thomas Edison the greatest American, Joe Consolidated the next greatest, and so on? Nobody really believes any of this rot, but nobody exactly disbelieves it either. Everybody slowly stops believing in anything.

11. Superficially exciting themes completely crowd out less dramatic statements of significant survival truths. A rare example of the latter was a small, unattractive picture story in *Life* around 1938, pointing out the weapons lessons of the Spanish War, viz. the victory of the big-gunned tank over the German little, fast tank. These lessons were a safe bet to dominate the upcoming war. But this sort of undramatic service is almost never given the reader. Insofar as it isn't, I suggest that the whole press is very largely a waste of woodpulp.

12. Each publication's insane pretense that it is the only one in existence. No hurrahs for stories in other publications are ever published, with the sole regular exception, so far as I remember, of Walter Winchell's column. (Naturally, reviews of books, plays, movies, etc. are quite another matter.) Credit to other publications for information, far less for ideas, is never given, except by the most intellectual magazines. This fashion, too, can be traced to Time Inc.

13. As a corollary or result of this, enthusiasm and wonder are taboo to the printed word. Anybody except a sportswriter is forbidden to let go. The general impression created by the word is that there is nothing and nobody worth believing in. The enthusiasms that are acceptable are for *South Pacific*, not *Carousel*, for Mary Martin's Peter Pan, not for Cyril Ritchard's Captain Hook. Such is not the sort of spiritual climate where anything very good gets done. The only honest voice possible is one of dissent. Perhaps that is why so much high-minded, if perhaps overgenerous, sympathy has gone to the American Communists who are believed, incorrectly, to have the talent of dissent.

14. Over-editing, on the frayed excuse, "Any piece of writing can be improved by editing." The writer's all too human personality can indeed be combed out of the words by editing; in this sense, the perfect piece would be a blank page. The editing is in the direction of broad and corny signals to the reader, and away from what the individual writer wanted to convey. In this very magazine a piece of mine which I called A Hole in Brooklyn was renamed O'Malley's Double Play. This was a relatively mild mutilation.*

15. The coterie of pet writers who monopolize any given magazine. Editors are averse to another magazine's pet, and completely cold to strange new voices.

16. An inane contempt and hostility by most editors toward most writers, except ex-fellow-editors. The writer is not a member of the editors' club; he is a sort of screwball. Thus, writers try to get into editing, and after some of that into public relations. A counter-movement is detectable, from editing and advertising into writing, but I have no faith in it.

17. The resultant level of American writing is such that large numbers of non-writers can meet it. The Gypsy Rose Lees and Diana Barrymores are entitled to their hearing. But the dull boys and girls who "learn" to write in schools, and the college instructors who are subsidized to earn their next promotion by writing articles, are largely dead weight. There is even a kind of "fine writing," for which Flaubert must take responsibility, that can be quite adequately taught to any fool. You just keep trying out different words in each spot. The ancient truth that good writing is only good thinking and good feeling is stone dead. The perennial crop of new writers who are too busy inventing their own techniques to go to school, are evidently drowned at birth now.

18. I would certainly include in this list the big publishers' failure to try to improve the independent writer's income tax position. A writer's one good year after ten years of famine, all equally hard work, will usually ruin him, because it will heighten both his creditors' and his own appetites. A writer has to remain outside the whole American system of time-credit on the security of corporate wages or property. If he is, after the inventor-discoverers, the most important person in the culture, he ought to be encouraged by the government to stay in business.

The reader suffers by the mutilation of the writer, just as the writer suffers by the gradual mutilation of the reader's mind. Enough has been given to show that both these processes have been going on in America, and both at the hands of the corporate editors.

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*In fairness to Mr. Cort, the reader should know that in this instance the author's title has been retained, but three pages have been cut from his manuscript.—Ed.

Author's P.S.: See what I mean?

BOOKS and the ARTS

Unquiet Flows the Elbe

THE UNQUIET GERMANS. By Charles W. Thayer. Harper and Brothers. 275 pp. $4.

THE AUSTRIAN ODYSSEY. By Gordon Shepherd. St. Martin's Press. 302 pp. $6.50.

Frederick L. Schuman

THE mid-September drama of the West German elections is less disturbing to those with long memories than the mid-August spectacle of General Maxwell D. Taylor "inspecting" at Niederlahnstein the new Fifth Panzer Division in the presence of Nazi Generals Smilo von Luettwitz and Heinrich von Behr. Last April, Nazi General Hans Speidel became, via formal appointment by General Lauris Norstad, commander of all NATO land forces in Central Europe.

The new *Wehrmacht* or *Bundesheer*, albeit still a thing of shreds and patches, continues to be regarded by the Pentagon as the very core of the "defense" of Western Europe against the Red menace. And in Moscow it is deemed a mortal threat of future "imperialist aggression" against Marxland. Both the hope and the fear have long seemed to me senseless. The reborn German Army can defend nothing and attack nobody, for the role of Germany as a "Great Power," whether united or divided, prosperous or poor, has been forever ended by the industrialization of Russia and by the obvious fact that in a nuclear war (which is the only kind of war to which NATO is committed) less than a dozen H-bombs could wipe out the entire German population. Yet a rearmed Reich, with Russian acquiescence, is still capable of dominating Western Europe.

This prospect, at once grim and grotesque, makes it all the more urgent that others should watch carefully what the Germans are up to and try to calculate the probable shape of the German future. *The Unquiet Germans* is a welcome and valuable contribution to the quest. West Pointer Charles W. Thayer left the army in 1933 for Germany, where he spent ten years in all, plus seven in Russia, in the U.S. Foreign Service. He now lives in retirement as a writer in Bavaria. His latest book is a breezy but perceptive commentary, embellished with gossip, anecdotes and vignettes, on German character and on politics and economics in the *Bundesrepublik Deutschland.*

MANY Germans, asserts Thayer, hated Hitler (which I doubt), but had no "guts" to rebel. His chapter on "What Ailed Germany?" is inconclusive. Today's Germans have repressed the past. But they are "still groping unsteadily for some form in which to fulfill themselves as a nation." Thayer illuminates what has changed and what remains the same with sketches of the Krupps and other industrialists, Adenauer and Schumacher, other politicians and parties and a sampling of ordinary citizens. Denazification, decartelization and democratization all failed. As for the fourth "D," Germans are fond of the story of the two Americans who met at Idlewild some years back on their way to assignments with the High Commission in Frankfurt. "What's your job?" one asked. "Demilitarization," replied the other. "That's odd," the first exclaimed. "Mine's remilitarization." The paradox is epitomized in Thayer's tale of Eisenhower, then NATO commander, meeting Generals Speidel and Heusinger in McCloy's HQ (Ike had treated both discourteously in 1945 as members of "a completely evil conspiracy") and charming them into consenting to serve in the new army.

The Unquiet Germans is light journalism, not deep analysis. But it is an expression of anxiety, and this is rare enough to deserve attention. Nazism as such is dead, but authoritarianism is not. The irreconcilable irredentists are endlessly planning and plotting the recovery of "lost provinces," including Sudetenland and Austria. Continued partition is a potential source of future explosions which might, Thayer, believes, precipitate World War III.

It is self-evident, though this is no part of Thayer's argument, that partition can be ended only through some formula for the "neutralization" of a united Reich, as proposed by Moscow and rejected by Bonn and Washington. Here the example for the Germans of the South, the Austrians, is worthy of close attention, for Austria, by the treaty of May 15, 1955, attained full unity, independence and the withdrawal of all occupation forces by pledging itself to a neutral role. Gordon Shepherd, British soldier, historian and journalist with long experience in Vienna, offers us in *The Austrian Odyssey* a lively account, with interesting photographs, of Austria's history, emphasizing the past two decades. I know of no better brief treatment of the contemporary problems of the *Ostmark.* But Shepherd sees in Austrian neutrality not an opportunity but a danger. The Viennese mission, in his view, is somehow to help "remove the Russians from the Vistula and the Danube" and "loosen the Communist grip on Central Europe." He doubts whether Austrian *Gemütlichkeit* and *Schlamperei* are adequate to the task. In this he is quite right.

Austria's role, I believe, is of a wholly different order. If Austrian neutrality is a "success," as clearly it is, along with the neutrality of Switzerland, Sweden and Yugoslavia and the quasi-neutrality of Finland, then this status can become the model for all of Central and much

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of Eastern Europe, if only East and West will perceive the advantages of such a settlement through disengagement. Germany's Social Democrats here see hope, while Germany's Christian Democrats see none. Realization of the hope would dispose of many of Thayer's doubts and fears. Non-realization means continued friction and danger along the Elbe, not only for Germans but for all mankind. All policy-makers seriously concerned with coexistence rather than coannihilation must strive to project Austria's status of unity via neutrality into a pattern of German unity via neutrality, susceptible of extension to the Vistula and the Danube. Such a course, if negotiated, offers promise of peace to all Germans, to all Europeans and to all the world.

The Wayward Teamsters

THE TEAMSTERS UNION. A Study of Its Economic Impact. By Robert D. Leiter. Bookman Associates. 304 pp. $5.

Paul Breslow

THE truck driver has been a romantic figure in American mythology; his virile camaraderie and amiable concupiscence have been celebrated by John Steinbeck and Nelson Algren. The truck driver's union, on the other hand, has been symbolized recently by a pear-shaped millionaire enduring the censure of a moralizing Southern Senator, the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the official labor movement, the American press and public at large.

We are, as Harold Laski put it, "a public always more anxious to move on to the next interesting theme than ready to stay for an answer to all seminal questions." It is therefore unlikely that the present disgrace of Dave Beck will lead to thoughts much more serious than those already expressed by Senator McClellan. Yet it is by just such dramatics that the stereotypes which direct public opinion and make possible significant changes in public policy are formed. No matter how dubious its authority or simplistic its logic, the current Senate investigation of labor unions may lead to basic legislative changes which inhibit these organizations. Perhaps more important, labor may lose prestige and respect which it will be exceedingly difficult to recapture.

Such changes do seem to be taking place. Newspapers whose previous concern with the trucking industry and truck drivers has been limited to securing the cheapest possible circulation of their product have become solicitous about the lack of democracy in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Many liberals have found a new opportunity for contemplating their own guilt in the enormous power of the illiberal IBT. The notion of a struggle among "veto groups," which David Riesman sees as the dominant fact of the new American political system, has been made plausible to many who have embraced this view in order to free themselves from any sense of personal responsibility and yet to remain assured that things are not so bad and that countervailing-moderate-prosperous democracy works after all. If the economy is really run like a huge, dishonest ball game, the whole thing may be amusing, even if irrational, and the smart thing to do it to establish a few rules to keep the boys from hurting themselves and then to withdraw from participation in order to concentrate upon more important matters.

THUS, THE most disturbing aspect of the stereotypic thinking which Beck, Hoffa and associates have helped to bring about is not that a resurgence of middle class morality will turn the respectable people against trade unionism, but that the somewhat more perceptive and potentially influential will retreat further into their shell of "realism" and disaffiliate from the serious concerns of social policy.

Robert Leiter's *The Teamsters Union* may help to stay this retreat by providing a sensible perspective for considering the problems raised by the Senate disclosures.

As Leiter puts it, "Much of the philosophy of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters and its leading officials is in the spirit and tradition of Samuel Gompers and the founders of the American Federation of Labor. . . . Business unionism—improvement of wages, hours and working conditions—rather than political reorganization or modification in the structure of society is the goal towards which this union has directed its efforts." He is not shocked by reports of violence in the rugged trucking industry, thinks that the IBT has "largely used methods and tactics approved by most of the labor movement, but its notoriety and successes have been due to the greater vigor which it has applied in pressing its campaigns, the strategic position which its members occupy in the economy of the United States and the huge size of its membership."

Leiter is, of course, disturbed by the official dishonesty recently disclosed in the union, but feels that it may be combatted through such measures as the strengthening of the section of the Taft-Hartley Act requiring full disclosure of union finances and closer control of pension and welfare funds. Part of the difficulty stems from the sprawling nature of the IBT organization, which makes unified control complicated and laborious. Indeed, Dave Beck appears to have tried to control local corruption in some areas but to have been blocked by other elements within the union.

In one sense, Beck's disgrace has come about because of his considerable success in increasing the financial resources of his union; the very inclination toward business manipulation which enabled him to build the IBT treasury must have made its plunder attractive. That, with its many implications, is the whole point. In conflict with the ideal notions of union democracy and ethics, Beck is a business manipulator. So also, in a more colorful and less social way, is his rival James Hoffa—and so probably is the great majority of the lower-level leaders of the Teamsters. It appears from Leiter's book that what makes the adoption or perversion of business morality more reprehensible in the Teamsters than in our other business unions arises from the special circumstances of the trucking industry and other fields wherein the IBT has staked a claim.

TRUCKING IS A large and disorganized industry. There were 5,860,000 people working for trucking companies or as truck drivers for other firms in 1955. Leiter states that "while less than one per cent of all truck owners had more than a sixth of the trucks, more than 83 per cent owned fewer than 54 per cent of the trucks." In 1952 some four and a half million persons each owned one truck, 44,000 each owned at least ten. Many other industries organized by the Teamsters show a comparable pattern of numerous, relatively small organizations. This has given the Teamsters a

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special interest in the peculiar techniques of organization which have become notorious. In order to have a more manageable entity with which to deal, the IBT has encouraged employer organization and steadily extended the area over which bargaining takes place. Through regional and local units, the union is able to deal with many employers and impose or encourage uniformity of practice. Since it is difficult to recruit directly widely scattered and divided employees, the union prefers to coerce employers into granting bargaining rights through such means as picketing or threatened picketing. Because of their strategic position, the truckers may gain control of a situation by threatening not to respect the picket lines of other unions. Sometimes, more bizarre techniques have been adopted. To secure recognition from Montgomery Ward, Teamster officials invested heavily from union funds in stock of the corporation, just at the time when a bitter proxy fight for control of the firm was in progress. On occasion Teamster officials have established personal businesses in fields connected with their union activities and have driven competitors out of business or seriously damaged them; one Teamster official gained control of a film delivery company, others became powerful in produce markets and in the juke box business.

LEITER provides a great amount of information on the operation of the IBT, its jurisdictional and organizational disputes. The union is generally unwilling to recognize the legitimacy of any rival jurisdictional claim unless it is immediately expedient to do so. Although he neglects some of the numerous complaints made against the IBT by other unions, Leiter does describe the appalling use of union locals by racketeers. In this type of operation a manipulator uses a local for the purpose of monopolizing a particular business. Under the guise of a labor grievance, competitors are blocked from certain markets or businesses forced to enter into "collective bargaining" agreements which are actually a form of extortion. None of this has anything to do with the legitimate interests of the workers, who may not even be consulted.

The Teamsters Union is not, however, merely a racket. Leiter demonstrates the great improvement in wages, hours and welfare benefits which have been granted truck drivers—he notes the union's claim that under Beck the Teamsters did better in average hourly wage increases than other workers—and their union's persisting efforts to further truck transportation in general as against railroad shipping. All of this material is impressive, although it has not been demonstrated that the IBT's methods are more effective than those of other unions. Accepting Leiter's optimistic conclusions about the strictly economic gains of the union, other implications of his study are still disturbing.

THE SIZE of the industry and its condition necessitates multi-employer bargaining on an ever-increasing scale, if there is to be a reasonable equality in working conditions. There remains a great deal of local autonomy to the union's constituent parts, at least on paper, but there does not seem to be very much control by the ordinary members. Bargaining is generally carried on by business agents or committees of officials. Leiter does not concern himself with the degree of democracy actually operative in the IBT. He may be right that the IBT is no worse than most unions in this respect, but it is hardly coming to grips with the present state of things to assume that the problem is not meaningful and important. As privately administered prices become the pattern in large segments of the economy, somewhere along the line somebody must face the fact that a privately administered choice of values and demands in the unions leaves the individual worker with no place to turn—except to his television set.

The IBT leadership seems so alien to what we are accustomed to accepting as legitimate trade unionism because it almost completely lacks a social ethic. And this same lack is what makes it so closely resemble a business engaged in the sale of labor. It is not only that the union desires money (which is a proper function of any good trade union), but that it gives no sign of understanding anything else, unless it be that it is nice to be well-liked as well as rich. Here it resembles the many other private governments of corporations, union and professional associations, although it has not yet learned the value of symbolic idealism, as a corporation understands that its interests are well-served through paying lip-service to the ethic of small-scale free enterprise. Dave Beck is a Republican without any sound reason for expecting from the party anything more lasting in value to his organization than an invitation to a White House stag dinner. James Hoffa is a Democrat for similar reasons. The outstanding exception in the Teamsters' national leadership is Harold Gibbons, whose St. Louis local has taken important measures in welfare and security programs and in community participation. But can liberalism remain alive in a climate of labor salesmanship? Gibbons is reported to have attached himself to Hoffa.

In short, although the Teamsters Union is not likely to cause any great damage to the national economy—it may, in fact, be reviewed as a stabilizing force in an anarchical field—it is nevertheless a demoralizing influence. It is such because it has blurred the distinction between competing values and ways of life and, rather than providing leadership for its million and a quarter members, has given them a reflection of what is commonplace and dreary in their lives. The Teamsters Union has viewed other unions as business competitors, government as a nuisance and the consuming public as a nullity. It should be remembered that others beside the IBT behave in this fashion.

Homecoming

Now when I came, still anxious for my kin,
I did not walk an easy way that night.
All the dry leaves which filled the air
Tumbled to my astonishment.

Smoke I remembered, and grass deepening
The slant ground; but where I turned, as far
As sight, the flash of ordinary things
Was all at odds that once was sure.

Silence, and no-one. I stepped before that door.
Only my shadow swung upon the sill;
How might I face them, those loves spent foolishly,
Each privilege loosened like a girl?

Half to myself I knocked, half to myself,
And every wrong rose echoing through the room;
No-one called; a dog that listened barked
From the emptiness as from a dream.

ROBERT KRIEGER

Not For Adventure's Sake

BUCKSKIN AND BLANKET DAYS. By Thomas Henry Tibbles. Doubleday and Co. 336 pp. $4.50.

Robert Hatch

THIS volume of memoirs was written in 1905 by a man who lived until 1928. The author published several other books, and he made a living off and on all his life as a newspaperman. Why this book has remained so long unpublished, or how it was preserved for more than fifty years in manuscript, the present publishers do not say. They do not say either that it is a work of great vigor set down in words of simplest eloquence, but that is what it is.

Thomas Henry Tibbles was eighty-eight when he died. That is not an extraordinarily long life, but he lived it on the frontier and his span stretches back like a fabulous bridge into history. This man who died the year before the Wall Street crash, fought with John Brown in Bloody Kansas. By the time he was seventeen he had been a soldier, a buffalo hunter, an Indian brave. He lived for more than a year with the Indians, sharing their famines and fat kills, riding in a war party against the feared and hated Sioux. Tibbles was one of the few white men whom the Indians really called brother. They made him a member of the Soldier Lodge, a free-masonry to which only the most intrepid and responsible tribesmen belonged, and in the terrible years that fell upon them after the Civil War, he was the Indians' tireless and effective friend.

No one has written better about the Indians. Tibbles had no reason himself to feel guilty about them; therefore he had no reason either to despise or to ennoble them. He respected the tribal way of life, for a time he hugely enjoyed it; but he had no illusion that it was superior to the life of white civilization. He saw perfectly clearly that the Indian nations, trapped in a rigid code of primitive socialism, could not survive; but he gave a large part of his active life to slowing the process of destruction and winning for the Indians the small mercy of a dignified conclusion to their history.

Tibbles was a great one for turning his hand to the job that needed doing. After his season with the Indians, he returned to civilization at the town of Winterset in Iowa, where he intended to read for the law. He discovered, however, that the area was overrun by horse thieves and joined a band of them with the idea of bringing them to justice. This adventure earned him a dose of strychnine which almost ended his life at eighteen, and from which he never fully recovered. He profited from his ill health to learn some practical medicine and from then on he was a good doctor by frontier standards.

In 1871 he learned that no Methodist Episcopal preacher dared operate in the Missouri counties of Platte or Clay—the James brothers were in charge there and they disliked the sect. Tibbles and his wife (he had married a Pennsylvania girl in 1861) promptly bought a tent and set off as missionaries to Southern Missouri. She played the melodeon and he preached with a revolver plainly strapped around his waist. The Younger brothers and Jesse James were in one congregation; James liked the singing and contributed a silver dollar "to support the gospel."

When the grasshoppers descended on Nebraska, Tibbles fought the land speculators and the Omaha newspapers to get word of the famine back to the East. When the Department of the Interior began to hound the Indians into the grassless reservations, Tibbles dropped his journalism once more and went barnstorming across the country. He was present at the Battle of Wounded Knee and, though he held no official position, was largely responsible for preventing that flare-up from turning into another ghastly frontier war. That, in fact, sums up Tibbles—he never held a public office, but he devoted most of his life to public service. And, even more than their astonishing reach into the past, that is what makes his memoirs so haunting today. Tibbles was obviously an outstanding citizen even in those days. But he did not look on his career as being extraordinary in that respect, and he met many men and women who shared his understanding of citizenship. He was an American, he assumed that he was responsible for what was done in his name, and he assumed as readily that what he had to say would be heard and heeded. This attitude of private responsibility for public events is almost completely lacking today and explains why we talk of rootlessness, insecurity, mass culture and the irresponsibility of our elected officers. It is why we read the quite matter-of-fact chronicle of this alert, energetic but unpretentious man as though it were the fabled account of a golden past.

Break-Up of a Caste Culture

THE USES OF LITERACY. By Richard Hoggart. Essential Books. 319 pp. $5.

William Bittner

SOME time ago V. S. Pritchett wrote an article on young English writers for the *New York Times* book section entitled "They Couldn't Care Less." Mr. Pritchett clearly indicated that his disapproval was aimed at Kingsley Amis, John Wain, John Braine and other writers of the "spiv revolution." The first stir made in this country by these writers was last year when Amis' *Lucky Jim*, which had attracted little attention in its American edition of 1954, came so heavily into demand that booksellers imported quantities of the English edition. In England the novel had already gone through seventeen printings.

Jim Dixon, of *Lucky Jim*, has become a symbol for the new man of Britain. Although of working-class background he (we presume because of benefits from his military service) has taken a university degree and is serving as junior instructor in a provincial university. The pretensions of the middle class staff repel him, and he takes every opportunity to deflate them, usually with the moral support of a few pints from the local.

Although neither *Lucky Jim* nor his second novel, *That Uncertain Feeling*, is autobiographical, Mr. Amis has obviously used his own experience and observation in designing the outrageous incidents in them. He is a lecturer at the University College in Swansea, and I am sure someone must have suggested that although he may not act as his characters do, he might want to.

Although these books are delightfully funny, the social situation they treat is serious. In World War II, England found for the first time that it could not afford to operate its armed services on a class basis. Men rose from the ranks and were sent to the universities for training; after the war they went back for more study. Since the war, educational opportunity, al-

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ways available for a few from the working classes in England, has been expanded tremendously. But the main influence, I believe, is that the class system is becoming very fluid; young people who would in former times have been content to live the closed circle of Noel Coward's *This Happy Breed* now want to gain the education that will enable them to tackle the middle class on its own ground.

Drew Middleton's recent *These Are the British* abounds with nostalgic sighs over the economic ordeal that Britain, and especially the British middle-class, seem to be undergoing now. It is like looking at a sample through the low-power objective of a microscope, or seems so when we swing the high-power into place with Richard Hoggart's discerning study of the changes that have come about in the English working classes in *The Use of Literacy*. Less than half of one of Middleton's chapters is devoted to the changes in working-class life about which Hoggart has written. Hoggart's book is not only more intensive; it is written with an intimate, intuitive perception utterly lacking in the American.

The Uses of Literacy is not the first study of the changes that have come about in Britain since the war. In *Time and Place*, George Scott describes his experiences as a man whose father was a door-to-door insurance salesman in a depressed region of the northeast of England, but who is himself editor of an intellectual journal. Richard Hoggart too rose from a working-class family in Leeds to become staff-tutor at the University of Hull. The Hoggarts, Scotts, Amises and the rest are exceptions. The working-class of England is still not a pack of highbrows like the poet-farmers of Iceland. But the leaders who rose from that class have not rejected its standards and become middle class. That is the point of *Lucky Jim*. They know they cannot "pass" and they do not want to. As George Scott says, ironically:

> Somehow, somewhere, the hob-nailed boots must show. It might be by using an ash-tray to stub out our fag-ends; by standing up to give a lady a seat; by allowing an acquaintance or even a friend to speak without interruption and to listen to what he has to say; or merely by saying "thank you" to a waiter.

Mr. Hoggart therefore has chosen to survey British popular culture, describing first the elements which have persisted from the past, then the areas in which change has come about. His is not a dry-as-dust compilation of statistics, trends and averages, but an interestingly organized collection of personal observations, backed up by scholarly method. Its comprehensiveness is for that reason all the more remarkable. He has avoided the romanticism of those who imagine they see a "folk" in a modern, industrial society as much as he has avoided the snobbery of those who consider all popular taste as debased. Hoggart feels, however, that although the erosion of class differences in Britain is an encouraging thing, "the old forms of class culture are in danger of being replaced by a poorer kind of classless, or by what I was led earlier to describe as a 'faceless' culture, and this is to be regretted."

AT FIRST glance, one tends to think that the British have simply become more like the Americans, but a similar examination of popular culture in this country would probably suggest that so have the Americans. The popular songs, motion pictures and a good bit of the television of both countries are the same or similar. It is without question true also that a similar breakdown and a similar resistance to breakdown by honest-minded young people have come about in other classes in England. Two reverse-*Lucky Jim* novels have appeared there, Roger Longrigg's *A High-Pitched Buzz* and John Braine's *Room at the Top* (the latter will be published by Houghton Mifflin in October). These trace the antics of upper-middle class young men who, like Jim Dixon, resist the blandishments of the pretentious and return to the old virtues. Theirs are the virtues of the aristocracy, but the motivation is the same. In all the novels the heroes oppose the tendencies to make them "faceless" wearers of uniforms. Their problem is, as Richard Hoggart says, "acute and pressing—how . . . freedom may be kept as in any sense a meaningful thing whilst the processes of centralization and technological developments continue. This is a particularly intricate challenge because, even if substantial inner freedom were lost, the great new classless class would be unlikely to know it: its members would still regard themselves as free and be told that they were free."

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Democracy in a Planned Society

THE NEW SOCIETY. By E. H. Carr. St. Martin's Press. 119 pp. $2.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM. By C.A.R. Crosland. The Macmillan Co. 540 pp. $7.

H. H. Wilson

ONE MEASURE of a book's significance is its capacity to spin the intellectual wheels of the reader. Judged by this measure, these two books are important; they illustrate the kinds of issues that hold the attention of Britishers concerned with the future of democracy in a world increasingly collectivized by the imperatives of technology. E. H. Carr's essay is an example of learning and profound scholarship at its best. Originally delivered as six lectures on the BBC Third Program in 1951, it is a lucid, concise survey of the developments over the past 150 years which have led to the welfare state and changed individualistic liberal democracy into modern mass democracy.

The Labor Government so effectively implemented its program between 1945-51 that it ran out of steam. Since the

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defeat in 1951 by a Conservative Party which appropriated most of Labor's program, there has been an intensive effort by all components of the Party to restate Labor's aim and formulate the lessons to be drawn from the experience in office. Anthony Crosland's book is the first detailed account of right-wing Labor Party re-thinking. Crosland, university economist and Labor M.P. from 1950 to 1955, is an important spokesman for a large segment of the party.

Perhaps because it is one side of a continuing debate, Crosland's book seems to overstate the actual accomplishments of the Labor Government—great as they undoubtedly were—and to underestimate the obstacles confronting Britain in the future. One hopes he is correct in predicting that British living standards will double in twenty-five years and that a major economic depression is impossible. He concedes that for the next ten years Great Britain will face the problem of scarce resources because of increased consumption, armaments, capital investment and the social services, but after this period he is certain that there will be surplus resources to aid underdeveloped countries.

Most of the argument about Crosland's case for the welfare state will center on his thesis that "the ownership of the means of production has ceased to be the key factor which imparts to a society its essential character." Though he favors the re-nationalization of steel and the nationalization of the insurance industry, he insists that ownership is no longer a significant factor in deciding control.

To some degree insistence that ownership doesn't matter is a healthy corrective to an over-simple belief that mere change in the form of ownership automatically solves problems. But there is a difference between noting, what is probably the case, that there is no popular demand for further nationalization, no comprehension of the power issues involved, and presenting as economic and sociological analysis the theory that ownership is irrelevant. As Carr comments, it is too soon to argue that nationalization does not change attitudes, for "the workers know quite well that the national economy, so far as major decisions of policy go, is a single entity; and in Great Britain it is not yet the nationalized sector which dominates industrial policy."

The element of truth in Crosland's case may well be that nationalization provides no more than an opportunity to influence dominant values and motives in society, which by and large the Labor ministers did not seize in the 1945-51 period. Professor Arnold Rogow (*The Labor Government and British Industry: 1945-51*) has documented the reluctance of Labor ministers to enforce a policy on either public or private enterprise. Crosland concedes the fact, but does not examine the reasons. One may continue to doubt that ownership and private control have become irrelevant. On the contrary, nationalization or an equivalent form of social ownership must be recognized as essential to break the pervasive power—political, social, ideological—of those who control major corporations. For they markedly influence the definition of goals, the posing of alternatives, the determination of what is possible, the whole tone of the society.

TAKING as his motto Tocqueville's assertion that "a new science of politics is indispensable to a new world," Professor Carr insists that we have reached a point in history where there is "no alternative, short of annihilation in war, to a social and economic order which we can call the 'welfare state,' 'the social service state,' or simply 'socialism'." Carr's view of socialism resembles Crosland's in that it combines planning with democratic principles and the welfare state, but Carr is more insistent that "the essence of socialism resides in the manner in which production is organized, in the purposes which inspire the public control and planning of the economy." He is fully aware of the difficulties of trying to combine democracy with planning, conceding that it "may have been undertaken too late. But it is the only course which may yet, if war can be avoided, enable democracy to survive."

On Beauty

The crying I used to hear
Came from dying men
Who missed beauty and sickened
For what they never knew
Yet thought they could come to
Easily as birds to branches of a tree.

Now they cry who are young
And one hears amazed
Their incredible learning
Of fears and distrust
With heart that would not
Hold a rabbit's ears up.
Their idea of beauty
Being a French disease
That stops at adulthood
Except for vacations.

Old men who are happy
Should sing more songs
Instead of being so wise.
They should sing songs
Of lovers who could rest
Like shade among the grass and trees
And be as familiar with the country
As winding, underbrush roads,
And when they kissed
It was not for survival
But for intimacy alone.

Old men should sing these songs
Of days when sleep made men clean
And tell stories of how beauty
Whenever it was sighted
Had no more age than falling rain.

MORRIS RENEK

Carr makes a vital contribution when he discusses the change from individualism to mass democracy. Traditional propositions of democracy—that individual conscience decides right and wrong and that rational discussion is the best way to reach decisions—have been challenged or controverted. The result is that "to speak today of the defense of democracy as if we were defending something which we knew and had possessed for many decades or many centuries is self-deception and sham." Of primary significance is the changed attitude toward reason which first took the form, not of denigrating reason, but merely of asking the citizen to surrender his right of decision to the superior wisdom of the expert. Then the social psychologists discovered that men may be most effectively moved by nonrational emotions. The result is that "appeal is no longer to the reason of the citizen, but to his gullibility." Manipulative politics become characteristic of mass democracy as the leaders become primarily concerned with moulding and manipulating opinion, not in reflecting it. The wide separation between leaders and the rank-and-file fosters élites, and large-scale political organizations begin to display many of the characteristics of large-scale economic organizations. As Carr states: "The spectacle of an efficient élite maintaining its authority and asserting its will over the mass by the rationally calculated use of irrational methods of persuasion is the most disturbing nightmare of mass democracy."

Nevertheless, Carr holds to what might be termed a rational pessimism, rejecting fatalistic defeatism and insisting that though "the human being is indissolubly bound, in both his actions and his judgments, by a chain of causation reaching far back into the past; yet he has a qualified power to break the chain at a given point—the present—and so alter the future."

LETTER from MUNICH

William Weaver

ELECTIONS are only a few weeks off. The stern, solid face of Adenauer stares at you from every hoarding: his supporters have the habit of lining up half-a-dozen prints of the same poster, so the effect is that of a trick with mirrors. Under the set chin are the words, *Kein Experiment.* They seem more an *order* to vote for him than a request. And Adenauer appears fairly sure that the majority of voters will do as they are told. Though the candidates make speeches and the picture magazines show the rivals with their respective grandchildren, there seems to be little popular discussion of the election, and everybody predicts that Adenauer's party will carry the day.

Here the air of prosperity is so blatant that one could see why the idea of No Experimenting might appeal to the solid citizen as he heads for the ballot box. Glassy, gleaming new buildings—not all of them architectural gems—are going up everywhere, and some of the old buildings are slowly, patiently, being restored. At Karlsplatz I saw some men taking soundings as if they were prospecting for oil; inquiring, I discovered they were testing for the projected subway. By next year Munich plans to welcome its one-millionth inhabitant; already the traffic problem is becoming serious, as shiny Mercedes' and beetle-like Volkswagens whizz along the broad streets (most of them with local license-plates). In fact, people talk about the traffic more than about politics, and special joking couplets about the problem have been inserted in the text of Suppé's operetta *Boccaccio* at the Gärtnerplatz Theatre; the joke wins laughter and rocking applause.

THE operetta audience is strictly local, and the theatre is sold out every night. At the Prinzregenten Theatre, on the other hand, the capacity audience of the annual *Festspiele* is thoroughly international. Here, too, the No Experiment policy pays off; year in, year out, the Festival performs its splendid stock in trade: Wagner, Verdi, Handel and, above all, Richard Strauss. In only one or two other cities can one see Strauss's great *Frau ohne Schatten,* and perhaps nowhere is it done with more fervor than here, where Leonie Rysanek for the past several seasons has sung the role of the Kaiserin with splendid authority and a tenderness few other living singers can summon.

The closest thing to an experiment in this year's Festival was the world premiere of the new Hindemith opera: *Die Harmonie der Welt;* but it is not exactly daring to produce a new work by a composer who, in his sixties, is considered one of the best alive. The production was simply first-rate, obviously the result of long, careful planning and an exorbitant number of rehearsals (which make the work impracticable in most theatres and surely impossible in America). The public greeted the new opera with respect rather than enthusiasm and with demonstrations of genuine affection for the composer, who conducted. The critics were respectful, too, but even more reserved. Certainly *Die Harmonie der Welt* is not a work that wins the heart immediately, but—like *Mathis der Maler,* Hindemith's preceding opera, completed in 1935—its sheer massiveness of conception commands attention; and if the listener is receptive, he can find scenes in the new work filled with overwhelming power, alternating with other scenes of a tenderness not usually associated with Hindemith. The Libretto (written by the composer) is far from dramatic; it tells, in a series of brief scenes, the life story of the seventeenth-century astronomer and mystic, Johannes Kepler. At first, these scenes seem sketchy, inconclusive; but as the opera progresses, it takes on a kind of tapestry quality, and at the end, in a magniloquent apotheosis scene, the characters of the story are transformed into planets, expressing the astronomer's (and the composer's) concept of the world's great harmony.

Joseph Metternich was an effective, humane Kepler, despite a certain tiredness in his voice (understandable in view of the amount he sings; in a week I heard him sing three huge, taxing roles). The twenty-nine-year-old American basso, Keith Engen, sang the part of the Emperor, in one of the opera's most moving and exciting scenes. A few days later I heard Engen as the Doctor in a magnificent edition of *Wozzeck;* he is unquestionably a singing actor of considerable promise.

The Festival spirit is not limited to the Opera House. The art cinemas have organized a month-long Film Festival, where enthusiasts can see *Rashomon* and *The Bicycle Thief,* and even such un-arty films as *Daddy Langbein* with Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire. As far as new West German film production goes, the quality of the product seems to be as bad as everywhere else, except that many of the new films—judging by the few I saw, plus generous Coming Attractions — have a dated, pre-war quality, as if they had been written for Ruby Keeler or George Brent or Guy Kibbee. There seems to be any number of folksy musical films set in charming rural landscapes; I saw something called *Kleines Zelt, Grosse Liebe* in which a kind of *It Happened One Night* story unfolded before a background of canoeing and camping, Europe's big vacation fad these days. The most recent attempt at a serious film is a version of Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull* (script signed also by Mann's daughter, Erika), overlong, clumsy and generally badly-made, starring Germany's pin-up boy Horst Bucholz.

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Apart from music and movies, there is plenty of *Kunst* around in Munich. In June the old Pinakotek was reopened, and one can walk through its lofty rooms and examine a really gluttonous feast of Rubens, Van Dyck, Titian and others. The new Pianoketek has also been reopened in recent weeks; and for modern art, there is an excellently chosen and hung Miró show in a wing of the Lembach Palais. In the same building there is a fascinating collection of early Kandinskys, donated last year to the city of Munich by Kandinsky's one-time colleague and friend, the painter Gabriele Münter.

A number of Münter's own paintings are hanging in a room next to the Kandinskys, and among them are two portraits of Kandinsky himself. They give a touching and illuminating glimpse of his life with Gabriele: the first is a full-face view of the painter, bearded, wearing a stiff-collar. The other is *Kandinsky at the Harmonium*—and there he is, in a heavily-furnished middle-class sitting-room, playing the harmonium.

Nothing could be less Bohemian than the life of these two artists as it is reflected in these and other pictures exhibited. One imagines them and their colleagues, serious, dedicated, dressing more like bank clerks and school teachers than like painters.

Munich today is quite different, as even a hasty trip to Schwabing will show: there blue jeans outnumber *Lederhosen* twenty to one, and the decorated-by-hand bars and jazz spots look exactly like Greenwich Village. But again like its New York equivalent, Schwabing is only partly Bohemia; it also contains plenty of eminently respectable apartment houses, expensive restaurants and smart shops.

German-made blue jeans never look quite authentic, but the leather jackets often worn with them are the real thing. And this costume is the official uniform of the "wild ones," the *Halbstarke*, the juvenile delinquents, who are the current headache of the Munich police and the big headline-makers in the *8-Uhr Blatt*, the local scandal newspaper. Like the city's population, the rate of juvenile crime is on the increase, and only the brave will walk after dark through the charming English Garden, reminiscent of Central Park in more ways than one.

This is the stratum of violence that lies beneath the glittering surface of German prosperity. Recruits in the new West German Army are given lessons in "citizenship," told how deputies are elected, and how the Republic operates. Their blue-grey uniforms are neatly cut in an American style. Outside the army, their younger brothers—with padded shoulders and bizarre "American" hair-cuts—ride American-style motorcycles and add to the problems that the newly-elected, or re-elected, government will have to face.

Anomalous Oyster

Empty the sea of salt; provide him tears,
Since there's no grain of sand acute enough
To tickle him to his natural fulfillment,
Martyrdom in cancerous creation—
Give him at least the means to weep alone
Upon his outcast state of unnatural
Good health . . . or for quieter sublimation:
Out of salt, drops more whole than the prized jewel
Can be; out of these drops compounding crystal,
Permanent tear, more useful than a pearl.

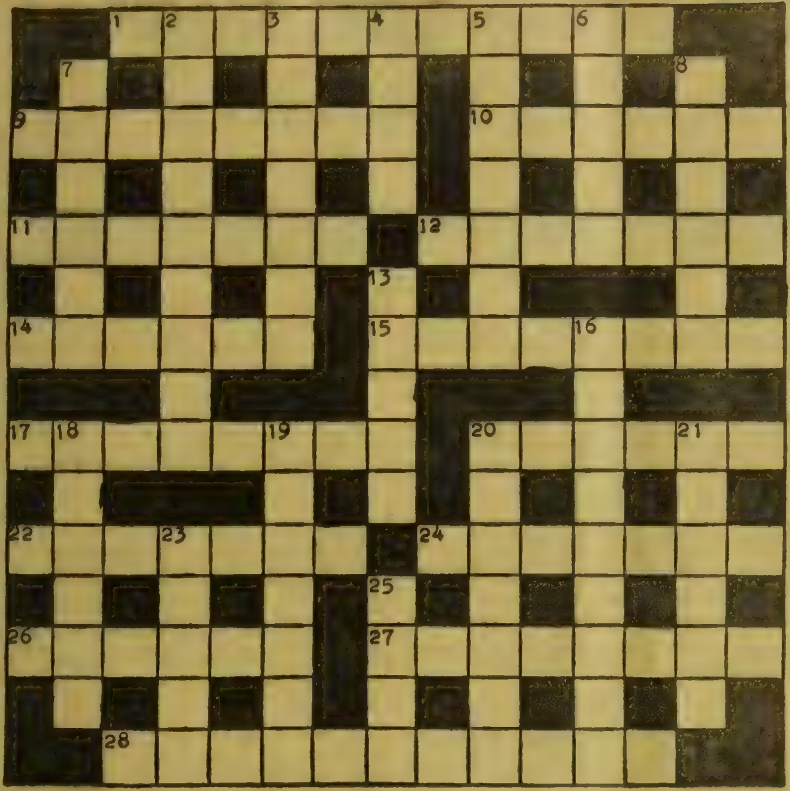
Crystal is apt to his reflexive use,
Mirrors his minute diet and enlarges
The sea-strainings to his patient appetite . . .
The oyster is a sometime cannibal,
And bears watching for genocidal purpose.
His muscular gesture opens indiscriminate
Welcome to every breed of eggs or larvae.
Better to magnify his diet than add
To his desire; he has grown fat already,
Swollen with thwarting of his baroque genius.

Still, culture has resolved his competition,
And may, digging deeper, come to conceive
His sad solution. Product and ambition
Conforming, make the tears immaculate
And pure, externalize the pearl.

BERNARD HERINGMAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 737

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Could be a failure, and so might corn. (11)
9 They're made of serge, and have shattering effects. (8)
10 See 25 down
11 Pointed up for immediate attention, or turned down for later reference. (4-3)
12 Grommets are not necessarily little seers. (7)
14 Take something back concerning the tip. (6)
15 Certainly not Goodacres in South Dakota. (8)
17 Drawing, perhaps, but not of a slave worker. (8)
20 Ennui. (6)
22 Food? Allow some sort to be around. (7)
24 Spectacle? (7)
26 When in gear, a bicycle shows it, in a manner of speaking. (6)
27 A bump on Lake Geneva, as the Swiss say. (One might have owned a castle there.) (8)
28 Conscientious husbands might, and may take hope (at the very slight change?) (4-4, 3)

DOWN:

2 The popular calling of an old leader has been to straighten it out. (6, 3)
3 Russian "Kon Tiki"? (A new version of the story!) (7)
4 Sack, or what it might be kept in. (4)
5 Look in the best part of Monday, having the wherewithal. (7)
6 The day on which one arrived. (5)
7 About to find the old king around in Louisiana, perhaps. (6)
8 Locked up and ran away? (6)
13 A presage of sojourn. (5)
16 Monster-bait, also capital to the prosecuting official. (9)
18 Comment made to change the grade? (6)
19 The cat a bag seems to be made for. (7)
20 Obviously almost all misfortune is caused by money in Russia! (7)
21 Remove the shell! (6)
23 Not to be well yet up and around near the country. (5)
25 and 10 across Sounding how the states were united? (10)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 736

ACROSS: 1 IMPUTES; 5 PRUSSIC; 9 FLICKER; 10 REGALIA; 11 ACCLIMATIZATION; 12 EASY OUT; 13 GAMBREL; 14 STALLED; 17 DETRACT; 20 DISSATISFACTION; 21 CONCEDE; 22 MILLION; 23 SWEETEN; 24 DRYNESS. DOWN: 1 INFLATE; 2 PRINCES; 3 TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT; 4 SERVANT; 5 PARTING; 6 UNGRAMMATICALLY; 7 SALTIER; 8 CHARNEL; 14 SEDUCES; 15 ABSENCE; 16 DRIVE-IN; 17 DEFAMED; 18 ASININE; 19 TENANTS.

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NEW PERSPECTIVES on the STRANGEST CASE of OUR TIME . . *by Fred J. Cook*

LETTERS

Cuban Manifesto

Dear Sirs: Since my article, The New Crime of Cuba, appeared in your issue of June 29, I have received via Mexico the text of a manifesto issued in the name of "The July 26 Movement," the largest of the groups backing Fidel Castro in Cuba. Entitled *Nuestra Razon* (Our Reason), the document supplies the ideological background to the Cuban revolt which I think it important for your readers to know. The following, then, is a summary of the text.

Three major forces have operated in Cuba: Spanish, Cuban and North American. Independence in 1898 was a mutilated one. Spanish colonialism ceased, but Spanish culture and the colonial mentality persisted in large sectors of the population and in governing methods, and a new type of alien coercion was introduced with the Platt Amendment, which permitted American ambassadors to exercise "more authority than the Cuban Presidents." Through American absorption of Cuba's resources, the Cuban has become "a pariah living by charity handouts on his own soil."

The first real movement of the people came with the September, 1933, revolution; a people's government that lasted "a hundred days" before being betrayed by Batista, Sumner Welles and Jefferson Caffery. In those hundred days, "more was done to defend the national interests and the people than by all the governments during the thirty previous years of the Republic." The manifesto then recites the subsequent failure of the various parties and the corruption of the Grau-Prio regime, when the original political figures of 1933 returned to office—a corruption which helped make possible Batista's military coup of 1952. The betrayal of labor by Batista, the corruption of his government and his improper concessions to American capital are recited.

"The [current] revolt in the Sierra Maestra is the first necessary step toward a more dignified and brighter future; the logical antecedent of the revolutionary program." Thus it "is not a war nor an isolated episode, but a continuing historical process . . . that began with the landings of the forces of Narciso Lopez to combat Spanish rule more than a hundred years ago."

The program of the revolt is synthesized under seven heads:

Political: Full national sovereignty, government based on sacred respect for the constitution and law, true representation of the people in the legislature, respect for individual rights, democratic parties, honest suffrage, punishment of those responsible for crimes against democratic order.

Economic: A government policy looking toward the achievement of economic independence; development of new means of production and employment; land reform; the creation of a middle-class of farm owners; new factories, mines and farms to take care of the 100,000 new workers each year; diversification of agriculture; control of trade to provide an adequate market; promotion of cooperatives; nationalization of public utilities; stimulation of foreign investments; establishment of a merchant marine, expansion of foreign trade.

Social: Government policy to promote organic social unity; elevation of labor to true partnership in production; progressive increase of wages; reform of social security to apply it to every citizen; guarantee of the right to strike, establishment of union democracy; public health, hospitals and socialized medicine; penal reform and proper education; outlawing of gambling and the lottery; education for proper racial integration; social aid to education for the underprivileged; public housing.

Education: This contains the conventional phrases regarding free compulsory education, but emphasizes expansion of technical-professional schools, active combatting of illiteracy, special attention to rural education, control of the Ministry of Education by technically prepared people.

Judicial: This contains five clauses for the reform of the courts, the law and the penal system.

International: A policy favoring an international system of justice and peace with special emphasis on improving inter-American relations; revision of all treaties which limit national sovereignty and independence; increased commercial and economic interchange among the American nations; promotion of Latin American unity in educational and monetary systems; active combatting of dictatorships in the Americas; the defense and enforcement of the Charter of Human Rights in the Americas; right of political asylum.

Thus the manifesto ends. Meanwhile, Castro has just issued his own manifesto, calling on the movement to decide who shall head up the provisional revolutionary government, when and if it takes over, and promising free elections within one year of taking over power.

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A Church Appeal

Dear Sirs: Men and women, white and Negro, who stand for what they believe as Christians, are undergoing persecution comparable to what members of the early Church endured. The undersigned, representing different segments of the Christian faith, have welcomed the invitation of the Fellowship of Reconciliation to form a special committee to bring this situation to your attention. We believe Christians everywhere will want to join us in making financial aid available.

Checks should be sent to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Box 271, Nyack, New York. They are tax-deductible.

Signed: Dr. G. A. Buttrick, Bishop Matthew W. Clair, Jr., Dr. Henry Hitt Crane, Dr. Edwin T. Dahlberg, Dr. Elmer A. Fridell, Rt. Rev. W. Appleton Lawrence, Prof. John Oliver Nelson, Prof. Paul Scherer, Prof. Henry Cadbury.

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THE
NATION

DEC 4

The Hiss Case and the American Conscience

EARLY THIS SUMMER the editors of *The Nation* decided that the time had arrived for a thorough re-examination of the strangest case of our time—the case of Alger Hiss. In the new climate of opinion that has come into being since the demise of McCarthyism, it should be possible, we reasoned, to win a fair hearing for a fresh analysis of a case that has long burdened the American conscience. Unlike 1950—when Hiss was convicted—the attention of the country is fixed today not on foreign menaces, real or imagined, but on issues of human rights and justice, as a remarkable series of recent Supreme Court decisions attest.

Some cases simply will not die, even though the verdict seems to comport with prevailing standards of justice and to carry high official sanction. Witness the cases of Captain Dreyfus and of Sacco and Vanzetti. In our time it is the case of Alger Hiss that continues to nettle the American conscience. In some ways it is strange that this should be so. Hiss was not a member of a persecuted minority, like Dreyfus; nor was he an immigrant, a fish peddler or a cobbler. Ample resources were available for his defense. He was tried not once, but twice; both times he was represented by distinguished counsel. His conviction was appealed to the highest courts; every available legal remedy was fully tested. In the end, he served his full sentence in a federal prison. Yet doubts about the case survive.

The cases that refuse to die are those in which, because of the nature of the charges and the political clamor they create, the public itself becomes implicated. It is as if not twelve men, but a whole nation, sits in the jury box. Charge and counter-charge, the personalities involved, become part of the moral and social history of the times; and even when justice is finally done, the cases are remembered as testaments to a people's persistence in the pursuit of justice as a paramount national ideal.

All such cases, and the Hiss one followed the pattern, carry with them the clear and appalling implication that if the court verdict was wrong, a government agency, federal or state, might be compromised; and that majority opinion, in a moment of passion, has sanctioned injustice. Inevitably, in such instances, the final verdict—the verdict not of twelve but of 170,000,000—comes slowly; it is only as passions subside that reappraisal of the evidence is possible.

In our effort to project a re-examination of the Hiss case, we sought not a ponderous reassessment of the kind that might be undertaken by a legal scholar, a criminologist or a social psychologist, but rather a new, fresh look by someone skilled in synthesis and with a gift for analyzing the complex. Above all, we sought some one not weighted down by ideological baggage. This suggested a first-rate crime reporter, a breed of journalist known for its shrewdness, skepticism and ability to take an unblinkered view of motive, fact and fable. When we first spoke to Mr. Cook, we asked him if he held an opinion about the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss. He replied that if he had any opinion at all, it was a vague one that Hiss was guilty. But, he added, he had not followed the case closely, had not reported it, had never read the transcripts or any of the books about the case. Nor had he ever met either Hiss or Chambers.

Thus, whatever conclusions Mr. Cook reached, were reached in the preparation and the writing of the article to which this special issue of *The Nation* is devoted.

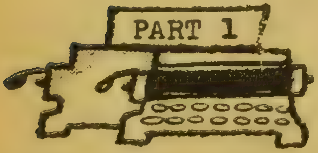
Mr. Cook, a frequent contributor to these columns, is on the staff of one of New York's metropolitan dailies, and is one of the nation's top crime reporters. A few years ago, his shrewd reappraisal of the facts freed Paul A. Pfeffer of a murder charge in the New York courts. His latest book, written with former Senator Robert C. Hendrickson of New Jersey, first chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency, is *Youth in Danger.*

In our view Mr. Cook has put together the clearest, most coherent account of the long-drawn-out, complex case that has appeared to date. His analysis compels the reader to a reassessment of those aspects of the trials which have consistently troubled the American conscience. And so we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of the enlarged jury made up of those Americans who believe with us that impartial justice under law is one of this country's abiding ideals.—THE EDITORS.

HISS

New Perspectives On the Strangest Case Of Our Time

by Fred J. Cook



The Prothonotary Warbler

ALGER HISS, tall and boyish-looking in a tweedy, English-country-gentleman way, stood in Federal Court in New York on Jan. 25, 1950, and spoke a few final words in his own defense. He had just been sentenced to five years in a federal penitentiary for perjury—a charge that, due to technicalities of the law, had been substituted for the real charge, treason. After re-asserting his innocence, Hiss said:

> I want only to add that I am confident that in the future the full facts of how Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter will be disclosed.

This was a new charge, made belatedly after two marathon trials. And it was, at best, an over-simplification of the real issue. For the story told by Whittaker Chambers had received the full endorsement of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the U.S. Attorney General's office; and if, in this sensational case, there is truly such an element as "forgery by typewriter," it is almost inconceivable that Whittaker Chambers, alone and unaided, could have concocted the plot. He must have had collaborators.

Today, more than seven years after Alger Hiss injected the "forgery by typewriter" charge into this infinitely complicated case, it is still not susceptible of proof, but neither has it died the way flimsy and baseless charges, given time, die of their own accord. It persists, and by the very fact of its persistence, it is a disturbing nettle in the American conscience. For in the Alger Hiss case there can be no compromise. Either Alger Hiss was a traitor to his country and remains one of the most colossal liars and hypocrites in history, or he is an American Dreyfus, framed on the highest levels of justice for political advantage.

One cannot hope to form an opinion on this vital question without first reviewing, at least in outline form, the step-by-step development of the case and then weighing, item by item, the crucial evidence on which judgment must pivot.

Never were two more starkly contrasting characters cast as the protagonists of national drama than Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers. Hiss, born in Baltimore in 1904, had had a distinguished career, mingling with the great men and playing a hand in shaping the great events of his age; Chambers, three years older, had struggled through a Dostoevski-like nightmare—a disrupted home featured by a mother who slept with an axe under her bed, a drunken grandfather, an insane grandmother who went around picking up knives, a younger brother morbidly fascinated with suicide who, in the end, actually killed himself.

For Alger Hiss, until the storm broke about him with Whittaker Chambers' accusing testimony on Aug. 3, 1948, life had seemed to follow one clear and continuous path of achievement. After a prep school education, he had entered Johns Hopkins University and had graduated with Phi Beta Kappa honors. He had then attended Harvard Law School, and during his last two years had been on the Harvard *Law Review*. When he left Harvard, his scholastic attainments were such that, in October, 1929, he won a coveted appointment as secretary to one of the most famous of modern Supreme Court Justices, the late Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This was merely the beginning. Subsequently, in 1933, after a brief period with a prominent New York law firm, Hiss entered government service. He rose steadily in rank. In 1934, he was legal assistant to the Nye committee in its probe of the profits of the munitions industry.

He next served in the Justice Department under Solicitor General, later Supreme Court Justice, Stanley Reed. In 1936, he was transferred to the State Department as assistant to Assistant Secretary Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson. The war years brought Hiss into even greater prominence. He was secretary to the American delegation at the Dumbarton Oaks Economic Conference in 1944; he was in the American delegation that accompanied President Roosevelt to Yalta; he was secretary-general of the San Francisco Conference at which the United Nations was born. Finally, in December, 1946, he was elected president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace at a salary of $20,000 a year.

Whittaker Chambers' career had been as checkered as Hiss's had been smoothly distinguished. His twisted boyhood had left an indelible imprint on the man. He was later to admit under cross-examination in the Hiss trials that, while a student at Columbia University, he had written a *Play for Puppets* that blasphemed Christ and held up Christianity as "a sadistic religion." He admitted writing pornographic poetry, admitted the theft of books from the Columbia University Library, admitted living in a New Orleans dive, the home of a prostitute, when he was only seventeen. He admitted that he had frequently committed perjury, even after he had discovered conscience and had left the Communist Party.

Despite this sordid past, Whittaker Chambers, too, had achieved a position of distinction in life. After he broke with communism, he eked out a precarious living doing book translations, then went to work for *Time.* A brilliant writer, possessed of fierce energy that sometimes enabled him to merge two working days into one without sleep, he rose to the status of senior editor at a salary of $30,000 a year.

THESE WERE the principals who were to clash in irreconcilable conflict before the House Un-American Activities Committee in the summer of 1948. The timing has, perhaps, a certain significance. It was at the beginning of a Presidential campaign. President Roosevelt, who had routed Republican adversaries with such ease for so long, had died, and Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, was running against a lesser figure, President Truman, and against a Democratic Party split by civil rights in the South and Henry Wallace's candidacy in the North. Victory for the Republicans looked temptingly close.

The GOP was in control of the House and in control of the Un-American Activities Committee. The committee chairman was J. Parnell Thomas, of New Jersey, who was later to go to jail for dipping his hands into the federal till; two of its most active members were Karl Mundt, now Senator from South Dakota, and Richard M. Nixon, now Vice President and a 1960 Presidential hopeful.

A favorite battle cry throughout the Roosevelt era had been the charge of radicalism. Such innovations as the Utility Holding Company Act, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Social Security Act, the forty-hour week never failed to stir up fresh barrages of denunciation on the basis that they were, at best, socialistic; at worst, downright communistic. The propaganda hadn't worked. The people had followed Roosevelt.

NOW A NEW dimension was to be added to the old charge—treason. The Republicans set out to prove that the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations had been so riddled with Communists and Communist-sympathizers, that spies had had a field day stealing some of the nation's most precious secrets. In his recent book, *In the Court of Public Opinion,* Hiss cites a quote by Representative Thomas in *The New York Times* of Feb. 8, 1954, as illustrating the Republican motive. In this, Thomas said that the Republican National Committee chairman "was urging me in the Dewey campaign to set up the spy hearings. At the time he was urging me to stay in Washington to keep the heat on Harry Truman."

The first witness to apply the heat was Miss Elizabeth Bentley, confessed courier for a wartime Soviet spy ring. Appearing before the House group on July 31, 1948, she reeled off a long list of names of Communist workers and government officials with whom she said that she had had contact. On August 3 she was followed on the stand by Whittaker Chambers.

Chambers, who over a period of years had accused various government officials of Communist ties, had been known to the House committee from the beginning of its probe. Two of its investigators had been sent to New York to question him well in advance of his appearance, and Hiss insists he had been tipped by newspapermen before Chambers testified that Chambers would name him.

A beefy man with a moon face, often rumpled in attire, Chambers testified that he had joined the Communist Party in 1924 and had remained in it until 1937. He declared that he had served for years in the Communist underground and that he had known a top-level underground organization composed of some seven men, all federal officeholders in Washington. He testified:

> The head of the underground group at the time I knew it was Nathan Witt, an attorney for the National Labor Relations Board. Later, John Abt became the leader. Lee Pressman was also a member of this group, as was Alger Hiss, who, as a member of the State Department, later organized the conferences at Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco and the United States side of the Yalta Conference.

Hiss immediately sent a telegram to the committee asking to appear before it. Under oath, he declared:

> I am not and never have been a member of the Communist Party. I do not and never have adhered to the tenets of any Communist-front organization. I have never followed the Communist line directly or indirectly. To the best of my knowledge none of my friends is a Communist. ...To the best of my knowledge I never heard of Whittaker Chambers until 1947, when two representatives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation asked me if I knew him.... I said I did not know Chambers. So far as I know I have never laid eyes on him, and I should like to have an opportunity to do so.

Confronted with this direct clash of testimony, the committee asked Hiss some probing questions. He admitted that he had known the other men whom Chambers had named as Communists while they were all working together in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Mundt, acting as chairman in the absence of Thomas, wondered why an editor of *Time,* who had named six other men who evidently did have Communist associations, should have included the names of Alger Hiss and his younger brother, Donald, if the charge were not true.

"So do I, Mr. Chairman," Hiss replied. "I have no possible understanding of what could have motivated him."

He repeated that "as far as I know, I have never seen" Chambers. Asked to identify Chambers from a picture, he protested: "I would much rather see the individual. . . . I would not want to take oath that I have never seen that man. I would like to see him and then I think I would be better able to tell whether I had ever seen him. Is he here today?"

Told that Chambers wasn't present, Hiss said: "I hoped he would be."

Near the end of the session, Nixon suggested that, the next time the committee heard Chambers, "the witnesses be allowed to confront each other so that any possibility of a mistake in identity may be cleared up." Hiss emphasizes in his book that he left the hearing with the definite impression this direct confrontation was to be the next step, and the record supports him. But this definitely was not the method that was followed.

Instead of bringing Chambers and Hiss face-to-face, the committee met in secret session on Saturday, Aug. 7, in the Federal Courthouse on Foley Square, New York. There, with Nixon leading the way, Chambers was asked for details that would prove his assertion he had known Hiss intimately. Chambers obliged.

He said that Hiss had never known him by his right name, Whittaker Chambers, but simply as Carl. Communists, said Chambers, never used last names with each other. He named Hiss's wife, the former Priscilla Fansler Hobson; said that she had had a son, Timothy, by her first marriage to Thayer Hobson; recalled that Hiss was called "Hilly" by his wife and that he called her "Dilly" and sometimes "Pross." Chambers insisted that he had collected Communist Party dues from Hiss, that he had made Hiss's home in Washington his unofficial headquarters, that he had stayed with the Hisses for a week at a time.

Further detailing his knowledge of Hiss, Chambers described an old Ford car that Hiss had once had. He recalled especially that the car had a hand-operated windshield wiper. Hiss, Chambers asserted, was such a devout Communist that he had passed the car on to a loyal party worker, transferring the papers through some gas station or car lot. Finally, capping his recital, Chambers described Hiss as an amateur ornithologist who was once quite excited because he had seen a rare bird known as a prothonotary warbler.

IMPRESSED, the committee summoned Hiss before it in secret session on Aug. 16. Accounts of Chambers' secret testimony had been leaked to the press, and these indicated that Chambers had alleged he had stayed as a guest in Hiss's home and had revealed intimate knowledge of Hiss's private life. The details of the testimony were still secret, however, and Hiss did not know them. Thus he had no chance to expose its flaws, if any, when he appeared before the committee.

It is fairly obvious from reading the record that Hiss had no idea of the import of many questions put to him. Asked, for example, if he had ever known a man named Carl, he evidently tried to recall friends with this first name. "I think I know two or three people named Carl, one of whom I certainly knew, I would think, as far back as 1937—Carl Spaith," he said. "I don't at the moment think of anyone else by the name of Carl whom I knew as far back as that."

"You knew them as well by their last names?" Nixon asked.

"That is right."

"Your testimony is then that you knew no persons by the name of Carl between 1934 and 1937?"

"Merely by the name of Carl—absolutely."

An effort was made again to get Hiss to identify Chambers from a picture. Again he refused. "The face has a certain familiarity," he said, adding: "It is not—a very distinctive or unusual face . . . I am not prepared to say I have never seen this man . . . I cannot recall any person with distinctness or definiteness whose picture this is, but it is not completely unfamiliar."

When the committee began to ask Hiss for details of his private life, Hiss protested. "I would request that I hear Mr. Chambers' story of his alleged knowledge of me," he said. "I have seen newspaper accounts, Mr. Nixon, that you spent the weekend—whether correct or not, I do not know—at Mr. Chambers' farm in New Jersey."

"That is quite incorrect," Nixon assured him. "I can say, as you did a moment ago, that I have never spent the night with Mr. Chambers."

This answer, as Hiss points out in his book, was only technically truthful. Bert Andrews, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for *The New York Herald Tribune*, revealed much later in a series of articles that he had accompanied Nixon on a visit to Chambers' farm just the previous day, Sunday, Aug. 15. But the farm was in Maryland, not New Jersey; and Nixon, while he conferred with Chambers for several hours, had not spent the night.

The rumor of this close connection between his chief inquisitor and the complaining witness obviously made Hiss suspicious, and he balked at first at giving the names of former maids in his household lest Chambers learn them and question the servants. This tactic, foreseen so early by Hiss, was precisely the one that Chambers did follow after the FBI had located the maids for him.

SUCH WAS the atmosphere of mutual suspicion in which Hiss and the committee sparred. Pressed to explain how he could possibly fail to recall a man who had lived for long periods in his home, Hiss confessed that he was baffled, but he offered a tentative suggestion. He recalled, he said, that in the mid-thirties, while he was working for the Nye committee in the munitions investigation, he had met a free-lance writer named George Crosley. Hiss remembered that he had been changing residences in Washington at the time. Crosley, while interviewing him for magazine articles on the Nye committee's work, had remarked that he wanted to stay in Washington for the summer, but had no place for his family. Hiss's lease on his old apartment had some time to run, and Hiss, realizing there would be little chance to sublet the apartment in the heat of a Washington summer, offered it to Crosley for just what he was obligated to pay on the lease.

Subsequently, Hiss testified, Crosley's furniture was delayed in arriving from New York, and he and Mrs. Hiss put up the Crosleys for a couple of days, certainly not more than four, in their new home. Later, too, Hiss said, he gave Crosley an old Ford car that was worth only about $25 as scrap, but which was still in running condition. Asked what kind of windshield wiper the car had, Hiss said it was one you operated by hand.

The questioning switched to Hiss's hobbies. Hiss said they were "tennis and ornithology." Representative John McDowell, a Pennsylvania Republican, asked Hiss if he had ever seen a prothonotary warbler.

"I have, right here on the Potomac," Hiss exclaimed. "Do you know that place? . . . They come back and nest in those swamps. Beautiful yellow head, a gorgeous bird. . . ."

He would have continued, but Nixon cut him off.

THE EAGER confirmation of this secret item given the committee by Chambers elevated the prothonotary warbler to a unique niche in legal history. Probably nothing did more than this striking detail to convince many persons that Chambers must have known Hiss on terms of extreme intimacy. McDowell appears to have been startled into the belief that Chambers was telling the truth and Hiss, to say the least, was being evasive. Many others since, impressed by Chambers' uncanny naming of this almost unpronounceable bird, have argued not illogically, and yet not completely logically either, that Chambers could never have known about Hiss's prothonotary warbler unless the relationship between the two men had been a lot closer than Hiss has ever been willing to admit.

In any event, Hiss's confirmation of many of the secret details Chambers had given the committee led to one more private session at which, finally, the two men were brought face to face. This was held the next day in a room in the Hotel Commodore in New York. It was a fateful meeting and one that was to do even more damage to Hiss than the prothonotary warbler. For Hiss made no immediate and straightforward identification; he went to what seems almost ridiculous extremes before acknowledging Chambers as George Crosley.

There can be no question that Chambers had changed greatly in appearance during the years. His hairline had receded; he had ballooned in girth; he was much more heavily jowled. Yet there has always been considerable question whether recognition should have been the heavy-weather task that Hiss made of it.

After Chambers had risen, facing Hiss, and had given his name, Hiss walked toward him and asked: "Would you mind opening your mouth wider?" Hiss has always insisted that one of the most vivid recollections he had of the man he had known as George Crosley was that Crosley had extremely bad front teeth.

Then Chambers, at Hiss's request, read part of a news dispatch, and Hiss finally said:

> The voice sounds a little less resonant than the voice that I recall of the man I knew as George Crosley. The teeth look to me as though either they have been improved upon or that there has been considerable dental work done since I knew George Crosley, which was some years ago. I believe, I am not prepared without further checking to take an absolute oath, that he must be George Crosley.

Nixon questioned Chambers about his teeth, and Chambers said that he had had some extractions made and a plate put in. Hiss even inquired the name of Chambers' dentist, and Nixon wondered sarcastically whether Hiss was going to have to consult the dentist before making a positive identification.

Chambers himself settled the issue by admitting he was the man who had stayed in Hiss's Washington apartment in the summer of 1935. But the Chambers version of the transaction differed radically from that of Hiss. There never had been any question of rental, Chambers insisted; Hiss, as a loyal Communist, had simply donated the apartment to Chambers, his recognized superior in the hierarchy of the Communist Party.

Hiss's rage at this contention shows in the transcript. At one point, he walked toward Chambers as if he might strike him; and he snapped in anger that, on the basis of Chambers' admission that he had used the apartment, he was prepared to acknowledge Chambers positively as the man he had known as George Crosley.

FOLLOWING this meeting, the case erupted into a wild flurry of glaring headlines; it quickly became the *cause célèbre* that was to agitate the nation for months, for years. It is necessary here only to summarize its course before going into a detailed study of the evidence. The private confrontation in the Hotel Commodore was followed by a public hearing in Washington on Aug. 25, 1948, with Hiss on the stand in a defendant's role during a gruelling, day-long cross-examination. At the end, Hiss publicly repeated a challenge he had made to Chambers at the private confrontation. He dared Chambers to call him a Communist outside the hearing room where the rules of privilege would not apply and a suit could be instituted for libel. Chambers responded two days later by repeating the Communist charge on the nationwide radio program, *Meet the Press.*

Hiss waited until his attorney returned from a trip to Europe, and then, on Sept. 27, 1948, filed suit in Federal Court in Baltimore asking $50,000 for defamation of character. When Chambers commented on the suit, Hiss's attorney raised the amount of damages sought to $75,000. It was this action—the libel suit brought by Hiss—that resulted in one of the most startling about-faces in legal history.

FROM THE outset, Chambers had contended merely that Hiss had been a Communist; that he had belonged to a group of promising young officials whom the Communists had hoped might be able to influence American policy in their favor. Repeatedly, in statements under oath and again on the air in the *Meet the Press* program, Chambers had denied that Hiss ever had been implicated in espionage.

Now, suddenly, this apparently well-established bedrock of the case became a quicksand for Hiss.

Hiss's counsel had adopted the tactic, in the libel action, of taking pre-trial depositions from Chambers. The hearings began in early November, and for nearly two weeks, Hiss's attorneys badgered Chambers, challenging him to produce incriminating documents if he had them. Chambers, it began to appear, had nothing, and he himself later admitted that he seemed faced with the loss of the libel action until, on Nov. 17, 1948, he hurled his bombshell. He produced a batch of State Department documents. Four were memos in Hiss's own handwriting; others were typewritten copies and summaries of a large number of State Department cables and coded reports. Hiss instructed his attorneys to turn the evidence over to federal officials.

This was the first chapter in a new offensive launched by Whittaker Chambers. A second chapter unfolded on Dec. 2, 1948, when agents of the House Un-American Activities Committee visited Chambers on his Maryland farm to see if he possessed additional information. Chambers led them to a hollowed-out pumpkin, reached inside and drew out two rolls of microfilm, one developed, one not, both containing reproductions of more documents.

With the production of this evidence, which he had testified earlier did not exist, Chambers boldly changed his story and asserted that Hiss had been a spy who regularly passed him State Department documents. Chambers justified his new position by saying that he had once been a good friend of Hiss and that he had foreborne for so long simply because he did not wish to destroy the character and life of another.

Chambers' radical change in the main line of his testimony necessitated other changes in detail, for details he had originally given did not fit smoothly into his new contention. The most significant change involved the date of Chambers' break with communism. For years, he had consistently fixed the time of this crucial act in his life as 1937. But the documents he produced—and that he said Hiss had passed to him—all were dated from January to April 1, 1938. And so Chambers, after some vacillating and uncertainty, finally assigned a new date, mid-April of 1938, to his break with the party.

Such switches in the mainstream of Chambers' testimony became lost to public view in the furore over the Pumpkin Papers. The House committee clamored for action against Hiss, and the case was resubmitted to a federal grand jury in New York which, previously, had refused to indict. The jury was shown that the typewritten documents produced by Chambers contained the same vagaries of type also present in letters written by Mrs. Hiss on an old Woodstock typewriter that the Hisses once had owned. This tying of the documents to Hiss's machine—and so presumably to Hiss—resulted on Dec. 15, 1948, in the indictment of Hiss on two charges of perjury. The first charge was based on his denial before the grand jury that he had ever passed State Department secrets to Whittaker Chambers; the second, upon his denial that he had ever seen Chambers after Jan. 1, 1937.

TWO lengthy trials followed. The first, beginning May 31, 1949, ended July 8 with the jury hopelessly divided, eight for conviction, four for acquittal. The second trial, which began Nov. 17, 1949, lasted until Jan. 20, 1950, when the jury, after being out for nearly twenty-four hours resolving another eight-to-four split, returned a verdict of guilty on both counts. Hiss was sentenced to the maximum term of five years in prison. His appeal from the conviction and his motion for a new trial both were denied.

Despite this unanimous support of the verdict by the courts, Alger Hiss has remained a figure of controversy; his case has been shrouded by persistent, hard-to-shake doubts. Hiss and his attorneys, still working to prove his innocence, have produced new evidence, raised new issues. From this welter of material—from the hearings, the trials, the motion papers and Hiss's new book—what may one deduce? What is the truth about Alger Hiss? Was he traitor or victim of the most callous frame-up?

Let's turn to a close examination of the vital issues on which, in time to come, final judgment must be based.

Guilt by Association

At the core of the Alger Hiss case lies the theory of guilt by association. From the outset, the House committee adopted the attitude that, if the details Chambers gave about Hiss were accurate, they showed a close association between the two men; and if there had been a close association, then it followed that Hiss had been a Communist. And if Hiss had been a Communist, then it followed that he had stolen and passed secret data to Chambers.

This whole structure, something like an inverted pyramid with the apex for its base, was stated in a variety of ways from the earliest committee hearings through Hiss's final trial. Robert E. Stripling, the committee's chief investigator, told Hiss during the Aug. 16 questioning that Chambers' testimony, given nine days previously, checked "almost in every minute detail." "He sat there and testified for hours," Stripling said. "He said he spent a week in your house and he rattled off details like that."

Mundt, after the public hearing of Aug. 25, declared that "the important thing to me, Mr. Hiss, is that . . . you were associating with him." Mundt added that the committee had endeavored to check Chambers' testimony and "on every point on which we have been able to verify, on which we have verifiable evidence before us, the testimony of Mr. Chambers has stood up. It stands unchallenged. Most of it you admit. . . ."

THERE CAN be little doubt that such characterizations of Chambers' testimony, featured prominently in the press, led to a widespread public conviction that Hiss was endeavoring to belittle a guilty association. The motif runs throughout the entire case. In his final summation to the second jury that convicted Hiss, Assistant U.S. Attorney Thomas F. Murphy bore down on the guilt-by-association theme.

> I think you will agree [Murphy told the jurors, referring to Hiss's ties to Chambers and his acquaintance with others whom Chambers had labeled Communists] that if there was a close association certain things followed. It meant not only that they were friends but that they were in agreement on their basic philosophy, and if they were in agreement on their basic philosophy, they were all Communists.

This meant inevitably, in Murphy's view, "that each Communist helped the other. And how did Mr. Hiss help? He gave the documents."

HISS contends in his recent book that the House committee overdramatized the wealth and accuracy of the details given by Chambers. He stresses that he had no chance to counter this testimony at the time because it was kept secret until after his own public questioning. He insists that Chambers was accurate only on details that might be picked up in just the kind of casual acquaintance Hiss admits they had; that Chambers was grossly inaccurate and revealed woefully faulty knowledge when he tried to build a picture of greater intimacy.

It's important, therefore, to see precisely what Chambers originally told the House committee, to see how detailed were his details and whether they remained fixed as true facts do or whether they changed complexion during the course of the case. It's important, too, to see whether there is any proof of association between Chambers and Hiss extending through 1937 and into 1938, when the documents were stolen and passed, or whether evidence of such association fades into the nebulous in 1936, when Hiss contends he last saw Chambers.

Chambers' original Aug. 7 testimony about his visits to Hiss's home, which he said he made "a kind of informal headquarters" in Washington, developed in this way:

> **Nixon: Did you stay overnight?**
>
> Chambers: Yes, I stayed overnight for a number of days.
>
> Nixon: You mean from time to time?
>
> Chambers: From time to time.
>
> Nixon: Did you ever stay longer than one day?
>
> Chambers: I have stayed there as long as a week.
>
> Nixon: A week at one time. What would you be doing during that time?
>
> Chambers: Most of the time reading.

A little later, Chambers was asked about the contents of Hiss's library. His answer: "Very nondescript, as I recall."

Hiss in his book points out that a man who had spent a week at a time reading in his library should have been able to recall at least one prized possession of his—"a facsimile of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes' notebook" listing all the books that the Justice had read in his lifetime, a volume that came to Hiss under Holmes's will in June, 1936.

WHEN the questioning turned from Hiss's library to the physical appointments of his home, Chambers again revealed only the sketchiest knowledge. Asked if the Hisses had a piano, Chambers replied: "I am reasonably sure they did not." Hiss says in his book that, in the home they occupied through 1937, they had "a new piano which, though of spinet size, was a bulky object in the small living-room."

Chambers had just one positive recollection about the Hisses' furniture. "The only thing I recall," he said, "was a small leather cigarette box, leather-covered cigarette box, with gold tooling on it. It seems to me the box was red leather."

A reading of Chambers' testimony shows that he was asked not a single sharp, cross-examining question to probe the mystery obviously posed here—that his only recollections of the home he had made his **"informal headquarters" were a** "nondescript library" and a red-leather cigarette box.

Chambers did better on family details, but here, too, according to Hiss, his testimony revealed some glaring inaccuracies. Chambers correctly identified Hiss's wife as the former Priscilla Fansler; her first husband as Thayer Hobson; her son as Timothy (Timmie) Hobson and the Fansler home as being located near Paoli, Pa. But then, according to Hiss, he embellished fact by testifying that "she (Mrs. Hiss) once showed me while we were driving beyond Paoli the road down which their farm lay." Actually, Hiss points out, his wife's father was in the insurance business in Philadelphia; his was a commuter's home that only fancifully might be called a farm; and it lay "directly on the Lincoln Highway, not 'down' any road."

EVEN more serious and disconcerting gaps in Chambers' knowledge were revealed in his testimony about Hiss's own family. Chambers correctly told the committee that Hiss's mother lived in Baltimore "on or near Linden Street" (actually, at 1427 Linden Avenue) and that Hiss had one sister. Questioned by Representative F. Edward Hebert (D., La.) about what the sister did, Chambers replied: "I don't think she did anything besides live with her mother." Actually, Hiss points out, his sister was head of the Department of Physical Education at the University of Texas and had been living in Austin, Texas, for about twenty years—a fact that a close family friend of years' standing certainly might have been expected to know.

Similarly, Chambers' testimony about Hiss's stepson, Timothy Hobson, appears more significant for its omissions than for its detail. Several times members of the committee asked for information about Timmie, and Chambers' best recollection—a quite inaccurate one, says Hiss—was that Timmie "was a puny little boy, also rather nervous." Then Chambers obviously startled the committee by using Timmie and Timmie's education as a vivid illustration of Hiss's dedicated communism. This was the question-and-answer sequence that followed a question by Nixon as to whether Chambers knew where Timmie went to school:

> Chambers: Yes, I do. I don't know the name of the school he was attending then, but they told me that Thayer Hobson was paying for his son's education, but they were diverting a large part of the money to the Communist Party.
>
> Nixon: Hiss told you that?
>
> Chambers: Yes, sir.
>
> Nixon: Did he say how much he was paying?
>
> Chambers: No; I don't know how much he was paying.
>
> Nixon: Did he name the Communist Party as the recipient?
>
> Chambers: Certainly.
>
> Nixon: He might not have said simply "the party"? Could it have been the Democratic or the Socialist Party?
>
> Chambers: No.
>
> Hebert: Was Hobson paying for the boy's education?
>
> Chambers: Yes; and they took him out of a more expensive school and put him in a less expensive school for that purpose. That is my recollection.

The year, Chambers testified, was "probably about 1936," and at the very close of his Aug. 7 testimony, he added that Timmie's school "was somewhere in Georgetown. He came back and forth every day."

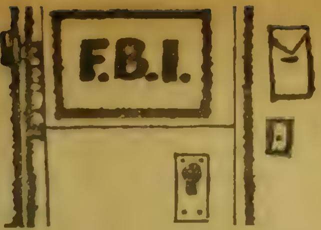
Hiss later testified in detail about the schools that Timothy attended, and his testimony showed that the reverse of Chambers' charge was true—that the progression was from less expensive to more expensive schools, so there could have been no opportunity to "gyp" the school fund for communism. In his book, Hiss deals with Chambers' school-fund swindle charge in these words: "This fabrication was capable of immediate independent exposure by any objective investigation through Timothy's father, who paid the school bills directly or on receipts I forwarded to him."

Hiss identifies the school "somewhere in Georgetown" as Friends School and fixed the date of Timothy's attendance there as 1935. In the fall of 1936, he points out, Timothy transferred to Landon School, "a rather expensive school," in the countryside outside Bethesda, Maryland—a detail seemingly unknown to Chambers. This might indicate that, even as early as 1936, Chambers' association with Hiss was not very close. Another point that Hiss raises in connection with Timothy Hobson certainly suggests that the association was non-existent in 1937. "Had he [Chambers] known us at all in 1937," Hiss writes, "he would certainly have known that in February Timothy was nearly killed by an automobile while riding his bicycle. For weeks he was bedridden and then cast-bound for months in the small house to which we had moved in July, 1936."

SIGNIFICANTLY, Timothy's nearly fatal accident, though apparently not known to Chambers, was no secret to a former maid, who recalled it when she testified before the committee. Mrs. Martha Pope, who hadn't worked for the Hisses for more than a year when Timothy was injured, testified that she had paid the Hisses a visit to see the boy after she heard about his accident. It seems astounding that a man billed by the House committee as "an extremely intimate friend of Hiss" should have appeared so unaware of this family tragedy that was known to a maid who no longer even worked for the Hisses.

Throughout the case, Chambers' account of his close relationship with Hiss collided with the testimony of the maids who served the Hiss family. Mrs. Pope and her successor in the Hiss household, Cleide Catlett, emphatically threw down Chambers' contention that he was a constant visitor, staying for as long as a week at a time. Curiously enough, both maids testified that they had been brought into FBI headquarters for private questioning by Chambers in February, 1949, well in advance of the first trial.

Mrs. Pope declared that she had never seen Chambers in Hiss's home. She admitted that she had been ill for a brief period, a time that apparently coincided with the two-night stay that Chambers, under the name of Crosley, admittedly made. Cleide Catlett had been with the Hisses during the later and more



crucial period, beginning in mid-1935 and running through 1938. She testified that she had seen Chambers just once during a short visit he made to the Hisses' P Street home in Georgetown. They moved from this home into a house on 30th Street, Georgetown, on July 1, 1936 and stayed in the 30th Street house until Dec. 27, 1937—a period during which Chambers claimed he was seeing Hiss constantly.

Cleide Catlett, who left the witness stand in the second trial with her testimony unchallenged by cross-examination, insisted that Chambers was never a guest in the 30th Street house during this entire year-and-a-half period. She began by giving an account of her interview with Chambers at FBI headquarters:

> He asked me about the furniture and asked me was it a red rug on the floor at 30th Street, and I told him it wasn't. I told him they had gray rugs on the floor.... He asked me didn't I serve dinner for them on 30th Street, and I told him no, that I never did. He said, "Yes, you are the woman who used to mash the potatoes," and I said, "No, it wasn't me. Of course, anybody can mash potatoes," just like that. I said, "You was never to dinner on 30th Street," and he never was at P Street for dinner.
>
> Q. How about Volta Place [another Georgetown address to which the Hisses moved at the end of 1937]? A. No, indeed, he was never at Volta Place.
>
> Q. Was anything said about his sleeping at 30th Street? A. Oh, yes, he said he slept at 30th Street, he stayed there all night, and I told him no, he didn't because they only had two bedrooms, and I asked him where would he sleep; and he said, "I stayed there"; and I said, "No, you didn't, because there wasn't but two bedrooms, and there was a bed in each room," so he couldn't have stayed there.... There was a back bedroom and a very small front room, just big enough to get a single bed in, and that is all, and put a table, something small.
>
> Q. And who slept in there? A. Their son.
>
> Q. And where did Mr. and Mrs. Hiss sleep? A. In the back bedroom.
>
> Q. Was there ever an occasion when you made up any other beds at 30th Street? A. Never did in my life, and I have taken care of everything like that.

The private FBI-sponsored interview with the redoubtable Cleide Catlett apparently shook Chambers. In a pre-trial deposition in Baltimore shortly afterwards, he confessed that staying overnight in 30th Street was a "point which I was not clear about." At the first Hiss trial, he said he wasn't sure, and at the second one, he admitted: "I have no clear recollection of spending a night there."

"Well, do you have a vague one?" shot back Claude B. Cross, Hiss's second trial counsel.

"I have no vague recollection either," Chambers acknowledged.

THIS WAS as close as Chambers ever came to complete capitulation. The sequence is significant because the net effect, at the very minimum, is to water down drastically Chambers' claims of close intimacy with Hiss during those vital eighteen months from July 1, 1936, to the end of 1937. Before the House committee, Chambers had testified, "I stayed overnight frequently at his home," and immediately afterwards comes this sequence:

> Nixon: When you say "frequently," do you mean twice or more than that?
>
> Chambers: I mean I made his home a kind of headquarters.
>
> Nixon: Mr. Hiss's home was a kind of headquarters?
>
> Chambers: That is true.
>
> Nixon: And you stayed in his home overnight on several occasions in 1936, did you?
>
> Chambers: Certainly, and also in 1937.

The fact that Chambers, confronted with the positive testimony of Cleide Catlett and the undeniable physical limitations of Hiss's tiny 30th Street house, completely abandoned his own earlier positive assertion that he was a frequent guest there certainly must be considered important. Assessed in conjunction with Chambers' apparent lack of knowledge of the near-fatal February, 1937, accident to Timothy Hobson, it is another straw in the wind pointing away from intimacy with Hiss instead of toward it; it is a straw pointing away from the course charted by Chambers, away from the guilty tie that had to exist between the two men if all the rest was to follow.

This discrepancy was not the only one to arise during Chambers' long recitals of his supposed close association with Hiss. In the two trials, Chambers and his wife testified about many trips, many visits between the two families. In building this picture of close inter-family relationships, they sometimes collided with their own prior testimony as well as with that of independent witnesses.

The question of trips that the Hisses and the Chamberses may have made together was first raised in Chambers' secret Aug. 7 questioning before the House committee. Following Chambers' description of the drive past Paoli during which, he said, Mrs. Hiss had indicated to him the family farm down the road, there was this brief exchange:

> Nixon: Did you ever go on a trip with them other than by automobile?
>
> Chambers: No.
>
> Nixon: Did you stay overnight on any of these trips?
>
> Chambers: No.

This seems, certainly, like a categorical answer, but it turned out to be anything but categorical. In November, 1948, Chambers testified in the pre-trial libel depositions in Baltimore that he and his wife had rented a cottage at Smithton, N.J., on the Delaware River during the summer of 1935. Mrs. Hiss, he testified, paid them a long visit there. His testimony was backed up by Mrs. Chambers, who said that Mrs. Hiss had stayed with her for ten days to take care of the baby while Mrs. Chambers did "a little painting along the canal."

The Smithton cottage had been

rented by the Chamberses, then using the name of Breen, from Joseph R. Boucot. Boucot and his sister, Mrs. Norma B. Brown, lived during the entire summer in another cottage just 100 feet away. Chambers, in his Baltimore deposition, testified: "I am quite sure that he (Boucot) met Mrs. Hiss there, and I believe that Boucot's sister, Mrs. Brown, also met Mrs. Hiss." FBI agents, trial testimony showed, questioned both Boucot and Mrs. Brown and found that neither corroborated Chambers. Subsequently, taking the stand in the second trial, Chambers was no longer "quite sure" that the introductions had been performed, but testified on the contrary that he didn't know.

Mrs. Chambers, however, remained positive. She testified that Boucot "would come in for coffee quite frequently."

> Q. He would come in for coffee quite frequently while Mrs. Hiss was there? A. Yes; of course.
>
> Q. As many as half a dozen times, would you say? A. Well, perhaps.

Boucot's testimony clashed emphatically with this. He was asked: "Did you ever meet Mrs. Alger Hiss over there?" He answered: "No."

Boucot testified that, during the entire summer, "I didn't see any two women down there together."

His sister, Mrs. Brown, was equally positive. She testified that she had seen neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hiss until she was introduced to them at lunch just a few minutes before she took the witness stand in the second trial.

EVEN more clearly in the category of a trip involving an overnight stay—something that Chambers originally had told the House committee had never happened—was an account that Chambers introduced in the first trial of a drive with the Hisses to Peterboro, N. H., in early August, 1937. The purpose, Chambers testified, was for him to visit Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Harry Dexter White.

Parenthetically, it should be noted that Chambers had named White as one of his sources of information within the government; White had also been accused by Miss Elizabeth Bentley of being a Communist collaborator. Though suffering from a heart ailment, White had taken the stand before the House committee and testified: "I should like to state at the start that I am not now and never have been a Communist, nor even close to becoming one; that I cannot recollect ever knowing either a Miss Bentley or a Mr. Whittaker Chambers, nor, judging from the pictures I have seen in the press, have I ever met them." Shortly after he gave this testimony, White collapsed and died of a heart attack, and it was not until after he was dead that Chambers first told the story of the trip to Peterboro.

Chambers testified that he first recalled the trip during the spring of 1949 while he was working with the FBI in preparation for the first trial. He said that he had spent the entire working day from 10:30 in the morning to 4:30 in the afternoon, five days a week, for a period of three-and-a-half months, working with the FBI on the Hiss case.

Arrangements for the New Hampshire trip were made with the Hisses by telephone, Chambers testified, and he traveled from his home in Baltimore to Washington, joining the Hisses at their 30th Street house on the morning of Aug. 9, 1937. The first night was spent in a tourist home in Thomaston, Conn., Chambers said, and he believed that he and the Hisses registered there. He admitted that subsequently he had made two trips to Thomaston with FBI agents and that they hadn't been able to locate this tourist home.

Chambers admitted that he never told the Hisses he was going to see White, never gave them any inkling of the real purpose of this 500-mile trip. He said he simply asked them to stop their car outside the lane leading to White's home and that he walked down the lane, talked to White for twenty minutes and returned—all without explanation of any kind to his two chauffeurs.

That night, Chambers continued, he and the Hisses stayed in a tourist home known as "Bleak House," formerly the property of Prof. Samuel Eliot Morrison, in Peterboro. He recalled that he had gone with the Hisses to a summer theatre to see a performance of *She Stoops to Conquer.* Investigation showed that this play had been given in Peterboro. It was virtually the only angle of Chambers' story that stood up under scrutiny.

The Hisses introduced a considerable volume of testimony showing that they were spending their vacation at Chestertown on the Eastern Shore of Maryland at this time. Most graphic was the evidence of transactions in Hiss's Chestertown bank account. It showed a $100 deposit on Aug. 9, the day Chambers said the Hisses were driving him to New Hampshire; it also showed checks cashed in Chestertown on Aug. 9, 10, 11, and 12. Even more conclusive was the testimony of Mrs. Lucy Elliott Davis, who had opened "Bleak House" for tourists on Aug. 1, 1937. She testified that she had lived there twenty-four hours a day and that she always had guests sign her register. She produced her guest book. This showed no registration for a party of three; it showed, in fact, only three guests in the entire period prior to Aug. 13. Mrs. Davis recalled these guests perfectly, and she testified that she had never seen Chambers, nor had she ever seen Mr. and Mrs. Hiss.

SUCH WAS the verdict of independent witnesses on Chambers' accounts of close association with Hiss. Chambers and his wife testified to other trips, other visits, but the time and detail of these were too vague for them to be susceptible of checking. It appears significant that, despite the all-out work by the FBI, the prosecution was never able to produce independent witnesses to corroborate the simple, visual, physical fact of association between the two couples. The only shred of such evidence was the introduction, as a rebuttal witness, in the last minutes of the final trial, of a maid who had formerly worked for the Chamberses.

She was Mrs. Edith Murray. She testified that she had worked full-time for Chambers and his wife, then passing under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cantwell, from the fall of 1934 to the spring of 1936. The Cantwells, she said, lived first at 903 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, and then at 1617 Eutaw Place, Baltimore. Mrs. Murray testified that she had seen Mrs. Hiss in their home four times and Hiss once.

On one occasion, Mrs. Murray testified, Mrs. Hiss came and stayed overnight while Mrs. Chambers went to New York to visit her doctor. She described how Mrs. Hiss gave the baby its bath. She testified that, on the occasion on which she saw Hiss, he had stopped at the Chambers home for about five minutes to pick up his wife.

This testimony was dramatically corroborative of Chambers' contention of intimacy between the two families and may have influenced the jury in the second trial, even though it was dented badly on cross-examination. Mrs. Murray admitted that, when an FBI agent first called on her in November, 1949, her identification of Mrs. Hiss from a photograph was something less than spontaneous. "They asked me did I know this lady," she testified, "and I said it looks like someone I know. It looked like—I thought maybe it was an actress or something. I say it looks like someone I know, but I just couldn't remember at that time."

Neither could she identify a picture of Hiss. She said she told the FBI agent, "I did not know."

But the next day FBI agents drove her to Chambers' Maryland farm. Mrs. Murray admitted that she went in the expectation that, perhaps, the "Cantwells" wanted to hire her again. She visited for about three hours, and it was after this visit that she became positive in her identification. On the opening day of the second trial, she was placed in a corridor outside the courtroom, where she waited with FBI agents until Hiss and his wife appeared. She testified that "right away I knew them."

ONE OF THE major defense criticisms of Judge Henry W. Goddard, a Republican who presided at the second Hiss trial, was that he permitted Mrs. Murray to appear in rebuttal at the last minute. The defense contended that, if she were to testify, she should have taken the stand in the presentation of the prosecution's direct case. The point is, of course, that there is no opportunity to check the credibility of such a witness when a case is ending; the defense is robbed of its chance to defend.

The importance of the principle is indicated by defense discoveries made after the trial was over and the verdict in. In affidavits accompanying the motion papers for a new trial, Hiss's counsel cast considerable doubt on whether Chambers had ever lived at one of the Baltimore addresses cited by Edith Murray, or ever had a full-time maid. One affidavit dealing with the St. Paul Street address pointed out that this was the headquarters of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The top floor apartment was rented in the winter of 1934-35 to a couple with a child, but the man, according to the affidavit, bore no resemblance to Chambers and the couple had no maid.

Even more specific was the affidavit of Louis J. Leisman, custodian of the Eutaw Place building where Chambers lived until December, 1936. "I know from my own observation that Chambers, or Cantwell, never employed a maid," Leisman said. " . . . It would have been so unusual for anyone to have a maid in that house that everybody in the neighborhood would have known it and spoken about it, and if I had even seen a colored girl going in or out of any house in the 1600 block of Eutaw Place, it would have been so unusual that I would have investigated and found out for myself what new was going on in the block."

The prosecution countered Leisman's affidavit by asserting that he had two criminal convictions on his record, that he had lived in forty-seven different residences between 1919 and 1951 and that he was a "totally irresponsible and excessive drinker, if not a confirmed alcoholic. . . ."

THIS IS the showing, on the record, regarding the closeness of association between Hiss and Chambers. The only outside witness to their relationship was Edith Murray, and her testimony, even if accepted at full face value, carries the association only into the spring of 1936 and deals more with Mrs. Hiss than with Hiss himself. Throughout all this testimony concerning trips and meetings and overnight stays, there are discrepancies and downright contradictions; no independent, corroborative testimony supports Chambers; and Chambers himself, by the faultiness of his knowledge on some points, by his own retreat from his assertion that he had spent much time in Hiss's 30th Street home, seems almost to disprove the closeness of the tie he had tried so hard to establish. Strikingly, his claim to intimacy in 1935, when the admitted acquaintance of the two men would seem to make it possible, collides with the testimony of Boucot and Mrs. Brown, who seem to have had no conceivable motive for telling anything but the truth. Later associations are even more nebulous.

For anyone who tries to evaluate Chambers' testimony, there are a couple of other instances of possibly significant error. In detailing his intimate knowledge of the Hiss family, Chambers testified during his Aug. 7 appearance: "Donald Hiss was married, I think, to a daughter of Mr. Cotton, who is in the State Department." Hiss in his book points out that "my sister-in-law's maiden name was Jones," and one is tempted to wonder how Chambers strayed from Jones to Cotton. A possible clue may be found in the testimony of Mrs. Hiss at the second trial. She was asked if any neighbors called during the brief 1935 stay the Chamberses made with them, and she said, yes, she recalled that one neighbor had dropped in at that time and she had introduced her to Mrs. Chambers. The neighbor was Mrs. Joseph Cotton, Jr.

At another point in the Aug. 7 hearing, Benjamin Mandel, a former Communist and director of research for the House committee, dropped a suggestion.

"A picture of Hiss shows his hand cupped to his ear," Mandel said.

"He is deaf in one ear," Chambers declared.

"Which ear?" Hebert asked.

"I don't know," Chambers said. "My voice is pitched very low and it is difficult for me to talk and make myself understood."

When Hiss got access to this testimony, he had his hearing examined by a specialist at the Columbia Medical Center and obtained a certification that the hearing in both ears was normal.

Despite such inaccuracies, the fact remains that Chambers did know many details about Hiss's life. But was his information the kind that could be picked up during a brief, hit-and-miss acquaintance? Or the kind that would only be known were the relationship one of extreme intimacy?

The prize exhibit of the intimacy school of thought has always been the prothonotary warbler. When Chambers first mentioned this rare bird, the logical reaction was that he couldn't possibly have possessed such a unique detail unless he had known Hiss extremely well. But the reverse of that assumption is just as logical. Maybe more so.

Hiss later testified—and that, remember, was before he knew about Chambers' secret testimony—that he had bird books in his home and Audubon prints on the walls. These plainly advertised his hobby to the most casual visitor, and Hiss suggests that the first polite question might have sent him off on his account of the prothonotary warbler. Indeed, his eager confirmation of this detail when first asked about it, his willingness to run on in discussing the bird, might seem to indicate that he would tell anyone he met of his rare find at the drop of a pinfeather. If this is so, the tale of the prothonotary warbler establishes nothing, one way or the other.

There were other facts of a more physical, tangible nature about which Chambers testified that weigh more in the final evaluation of the case. These dealt with the disposition of Hiss's old Ford car, with an alleged $400 loan to Chambers to buy a new car, and with the alleged presentation of a rug to Hiss as a gift from the Communist Party. These form the factual bedrock on which any guilt by association prejudice must rest, if it is to have even the shadow of justification. Let's see just how much was established in testimony.

A Car, a Rug, and $400

Chambers introduced the subject of Hiss's old Ford car at the Aug. 7 session when he was establishing to the House committee's satisfaction that Hiss was the man he had known more than ten years earlier —and that he had known Hiss well. Chambers testified that he was "reasonably sure" the car was a Ford, a roadster, black and "very dilapidated."

"I remember very clearly that it had hand windshield wipers because I drove it one rainy day and had to work those windshield wipers by hand," he testified.

Then comes this sequence in the transcript:

> Mandel: What did he do with the old car?
>
> Chambers: The Communist Party had in Washington a service station —that is, the man in charge or owner of this station was a Communist —or it may have been a car lot.
>
> Nixon: But the owner was a Communist?
>
> Chambers: The owner was a Communist. I never knew who this was or where it was. It was against all the rules of the underground organization for Hiss to do anything with his old car but trade it in, *and I think this investigation has proved how right the Communists are in such matters,* but Hiss insisted that he wanted the car turned over to the open party so that it could be of use to some poor organizer in the West or somewhere.
>
> Much against my better judgment and much against [J.] Peters' better judgment [J. Peters had previously been identified by Chambers as the head of the entire Communist underground in the United States], he finally got us to permit him to do this thing. Peters knew where this lot was and he either took Hiss there, or he gave Hiss the address and Hiss went there, and to the best of my recollection of his description of that happening, he left the car there and simply went away and the man in charge of the station took care of the rest of it for him. *I should think the records of that transfer would be traceable.* [Emphases added.]

The italicized phrases seem almost to leap from the transcript. The first especially strikes one as an unlikely and unnatural parenthetical thought. Presumably, if Chambers is an honest witness and this an honest inquiry, he is bringing Hiss's old Ford car to the committee's attention for the first time. Presumably, this is an absolutely new, unknown detail that could not possibly have been investigated, on which nothing at this point could possibly have been proved. Yet Chambers remarks, referring specifically to the rule banning any but regular trade-ins, "I think this investigation has proved how right the Communists are in such matters." And he concludes this passage of his testimony with the phrase: "I should think the records of that transfer would be traceable."

Do these two passages hint of a secret knowledge going beyond the scope of what Chambers could have possessed had he been the simple, unbriefed, wholly credible witness he was supposed to be? One can never know; one can only wonder.

When Hiss appeared before the committee on Aug. 16, he mentioned for the first time the name of George

Crosley, the free-lance writer whom he said he had met while working for the Nye committee. He recalled that he had loaned Crosley his apartment in the summer of 1935. It is obvious that Hiss, not having had a chance to check leases and records, was badly off in his recollection of some details. For instance, he located the apartment on 29th Street instead of 28th Street, and he was under the impression that he had occupied it until June, whereas actually, according to utility company records, he had moved into a small house on P Street, Georgetown, on April 19.

Hiss recalled the apartment deal this way:

> After we had taken the house on P Street and had the apartment on our hands, he [Crosley] one day in the course of casual conversation said he was going to specialize all summer in getting his articles done here in Washington, didn't know what he was going to do, and was thinking of bringing his family.
>
> I said, "You can have my apartment. It is not terribly cool, but it is up in the air near Wardman Park." He said he had a wife and a little baby. The apartment wasn't very expensive, and I think I let him have it at exact cost.

Hiss added that Crosley's furniture had been delayed in arriving and "we put them up two or three nights in a row."

Then the questioning switched to cars in this fashion:

> Stripling: *What kind of an automobile did the fellow have?*
>
> Hiss: No kind of an automobile. I sold him an automobile. I had an old Ford that I threw in with the apartment and had been trying to trade in and get rid of it. I had an old, old Ford we had kept for sentimental reasons. We got it just before we were married in 1929.
>
> Stripling: Was it Model A or Model T?
>
> Hiss: Early A model with a trunk on the back, a slightly collegiate model.
>
> Stripling: What color?
>
> Hiss: Dark blue. It wasn't very fancy but it had a sassy little trunk on the back.
>
> Nixon: You sold that car?
>
> Hiss: I threw it in. He wanted to get around and I said, "Fine, I want to get rid of it. I have another car, and we kept it for sentimental reasons, not worth a damn." I let him have it along with the rent.

The first thing that strikes one about this passage is Stripling's elaborately casual question: "What kind of an automobile did the fellow have?" If this means what it seems to mean, it is one of the most significant questions asked in the long sequence of hearings and trials.

The point is simply this: Chambers, when he was before the committee, had not been asked what kind of a car he had. No car belonging to Chambers was at issue. Only two cars had been mentioned in the entire case: Hiss's old Ford and the Plymouth which had replaced it. The Ford car was to become one of the largest spikes in Hiss's legal coffin, and it was to become so only through the tactic of ridiculing Hiss's story that he gave the car to Chambers and the endorsement of Chambers' story that he had never had the car, that Hiss had dedicated it to the Communist cause.

In this perspective, Stripling's question was the very opposite of the question he should have asked. His position, if the government's stand was valid, should have been that Chambers never had the car. But, then, why ask Hiss about something that Chambers had never had? If that was so, the question would have been one of the most pointless an investigator could ever ask because it could not possibly have led anywhere. The fact that it did lead directly into the heart of the Hiss car issue, the fact that Stripling evinced no surprise at this but obviously expected it to lead there, seems one of the most graphic early indications that Hiss, not Chambers, was telling the truth—and that House investigators must have known it!

THE second immediately-apparent facet of the car story is the one that the House committee and the prosecution were to emphasize. This is simply that the giving away of a car is not a normal action. Cars are something special to most Americans, and normally one does not just give away a car, even an old and dilapidated car, as long as it is in running order; normally, one wouldn't make such a gift to a close friend, let alone to an almost-stranger such as, according to Hiss, George Crosley was to him.

THIS WAS the point on which the House committee immediately concentrated. One indication of its interest came in this exchange:

> Nixon: You gave this Ford car to Crosley?
>
> Hiss: Threw it in along with the apartment and charged the rent and threw the car in at the same time.
>
> Nixon: In other words, added a little to the rent to cover the car?
>
> Hiss: No; I think I charged him exactly what I was paying for the rent and threw the car in in addition. I don't think I got any compensation.
>
> Stripling: You just gave him the car?
>
> Hiss: I think the car just went right in with it. I don't remember whether we had settled on the terms of the rent before the car question came up, or whether it came up and then on the basis of the car and the apartment, I said, "Well, you ought to pay the full rent."

This story of the transfer of the old car to Crosley was to be the chief source of embarrassment to Hiss at the Aug. 25 public hearing in Washington. Hiss's recollection of the apartment deal with Crosley, to which he said the gift of the car was tied, was that he had lived in the 28th Street apartment until June and that the lease had run until September. Actually, he had left the apartment in April and the lease had expired July 1. This meant that, if the two transactions were simultaneous, the car would have been passed to Crosley in April or May. But Hiss was confronted with motor vehicle records showing that he had not obtained his new Plymouth to replace the Ford until Sept. 7, 1935. Consequently, if Hiss had let Crosley have the Ford at the time he let him have the apartment, he would have been depriving himself of the only car he had.

After Hiss had been confronted with this conflict, Nixon asked: "Mr. Hiss, your recollection is still that you gave the car to Crosley as part of the apartment deal; is that correct?"

"My recollection is as definite as it can be after this lapse of time, Mr. Nixon," Hiss replied. "That as I was able to give him the use of the apartment, I also and simultaneously, I think, although it could possibly have been a little later, gave him the use of the Model A 1929 old Ford."

The questioning about the car continues for pages. At one point, Nixon brought an outburst of laughter in the hearing room when he asked: "How many cars have you given away in your life, Mr. Hiss?"

Hiss replied that he had had only one car in his life worth as little as $25, and "that is the car that I let Crosley have the use of." He emphasized that the car had had a sentimental value to him because it was linked with his marriage and that he had preferred to see it used instead of trading it in for $25 to be junked.

Nixon pressed for a positive statement on the disposition of the Ford, but Hiss insisted he could only say he "gave Crosley the use of the car," that he couldn't be sure whether he gave Crosley the car outright or "whether the car came back" to him from Crosley. It is obvious from reading the record that even the less militant members of the committee found this hard to believe.

Their incredulity was sharpened when the point was made that, since Hiss must have let Crosley have the Ford much later than he had originally testified, he almost certainly had bestowed his car upon a man whom he had reason to believe to be a dead beat. Hiss had testified that Crosley never did pay him for the apartment and that, in addition, Crosley had touched him for small loans, amounting to $25 to $30, that never had been repaid. He had decided finally, he said, that Crosley was a welsher who was abusing his own kindness, and this had led to the termination of their brief relationship.

Nixon wanted to know how long it was after Crosley had moved out of the apartment without paying that Hiss decided he was a dead beat. Hiss couldn't tell him.

"But you think it is possible that you loaned him a car or gave him a car after he failed to pay the rent?" Nixon asked.

"I may very well have given him the use of the car even though he had not paid the rent at that particular time," Hiss replied.

Nixon pressed the point. "Mr. Hiss," he asked, "it is not likely that you would have given the car to Crosley after he failed to pay the rent, is it?"

"I do not recall the details of when I decided he was a four-flusher," Hiss replied. He added that he still might have let Crosley have the car "if I had considered his reasons for not paying were as plausible as his reasons had been for not paying back small loans. . . ."

Hiss's best recollection was that he had both cars for some time, the old Ford and the new Plymouth; that the Ford had been sitting on the street in snowy weather with the tires going down and that he once had been served with a parking ticket for it before he passed it on to Crosley. These details would seem to shove the car deal into 1936, long after Crosley had welshed on the apartment rent; at a time when, according to Hiss's original version, contact between the two men had almost ceased.

HAVING driven Hiss into this tight corner on the car issue, the committee produced records which it had obtained from the motor vehicle bureau. These showed that title to Hiss's old Ford had been transferred on July 23, 1936, to the Cherner Motor Company in Washington. On that same day, the title had been passed to man named William Rosen and a chattel mortgage of $25 had been placed on the car (but, inexplicably, the signature on the ownership certificate is not that of this William Rosen).

The Cherner Company had the largest Ford agency in Washington, but subsequent investigation developed that invoices for the sale of the car had not been recorded in the firm's books in normal fashion. Records were missing that should have contained details of the transfer to Rosen and information about who profited from the sale. Rosen, later located and identified as a Communist who had been expelled from the party in 1929, was a prosecution witness at the second Hiss trial. He claimed the protection of the Fifth Amendment against possible self-incrimination, blocking all effort to get at the truth of how he came into possession of Hiss's old Ford. He did testify that he had never met Hiss and did not know him.

HISS, in his book, notes that Stripling, writing later in triumphant vein about his role in the investigation, conceded that the saga of the Ford in the end proved nothing. "We endeavored to trace the path of the Ford (which Chambers said he never received from Hiss) without too much success," Stripling wrote. "It remained something of a mystery. . . ."

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that the Ford did irreparable damage to Hiss. The inconsistencies in his own story of the passing of the car to Chambers convinced many that he was lying, and the corollary to that was that Chambers must be telling the truth when he described how eager Hiss had been to give the car to a loyal party worker. Rosen's evasiveness and refusal to testify lent strength to the suspicion. Actually, there is no proof that Hiss negotiated the transfer of the car through the Cherner Company to Rosen; it is entirely possible that Chambers, having been given the car by Hiss and having used it for a time, disposed of it in this way. The damaging point to Hiss's case is, and always has been, that his explanation of the motive for the gift and the circumstances under which it was made doesn't stand up under scrutiny.

The illogical involvements in this

entire apartment-car sequence were made to order for the play of the brilliant, sardonic wit of Thomas Murphy, and in his summation to the second Hiss jury, Murphy made devastating use of the material. He pictured to the jurors how "some moocher comes along and says he would like to move into your place, can't find an apartment." Then, said Murphy to the jurors, you give him your old apartment furnished, throw in the utilities and the telephone, get not a cent of cash, and when the moocher says, "Gee, you're swell, mister," you respond: "Don't mention it. I will give you a Ford—I will give you an old Ford with a sassy trunk—give you an old Ford with a sassy trunk. Don't worry about the rent. Just move in."

The impact of this on the jury is not hard to understand, especially when the mystery of the old Ford was reinforced by testimony about another alleged car transaction between Hiss and Chambers. This second car deal was an added starter. There had been no mention of this auto in all of Chambers' lengthy testimony before the House committee. Chambers and his wife had been questioned at great length in the Baltimore pre-trial libel proceedings, and in all of this questioning, there had been no suggestion that Hiss had been connected with a second Chambers car. But, in late January, 1949, at a time when Chambers by his own testimony was working full-time, five days a week with the FBI, FBI agents obtained the full record of Hiss's bank accounts. Subsequently, at the first trial, Chambers suddenly sprang a new detail, a new charge; he testified that, on Nov. 23, 1937, he had purchased a new car with $400 given to him by Hiss.

Chambers admitted that he had never repaid the money, intimated that it had been virtually a contribution from one loyal party member to another in need. Asked when he first recalled this car loan, he replied: "When I was going over this whole history with the FBI, which was sometime in the spring of this year."

Q. 1949? A. 1949.

This testimony was backed up, of course, by the bank records that had been obtained by the FBI before the testimony was given.

The records showed that Hiss and his wife had a joint account in the Riggs National Bank and that on Nov. 19, 1937—just four days before Chambers purchased his new car—Mrs. Hiss had drawn out $400, leaving only small change in the account. The withdrawal, if Chambers' story were true, accounted for almost all of the cash that he had paid on the car. Records showed that he had traded in his old car for $325 and bought the new one for an additional $487.75. The date of the transaction made it vital to the case. If the $400 Hiss bank withdrawal could be linked to the Chambers car, it meant that there had been a close association between the two men in November, 1937, long after Hiss had sworn under oath that they had not even seen each other, and only a little more than a month prior to the passage of the first 1938 State Department documents.

CHAMBERS' testimony about this odd transaction must be considered extremely suspect. It is stretching credulity to the limits that any man, trying to recall all the details he could about his acquaintance with another, would forget such a great favor as a $400 gift that had made it possible for him to purchase a new car. But in Chambers' case, according to his own testimony, he had a far more potent reason than this to remember. He had, he testified, considered a new car necessary for his break with communism. He had tried to get the money from the party and had been turned down. He had told Hiss about this and Hiss had volunteered to give him the cash—an offer that not only made it possible for Chambers to get a new car but helped to make it possible for him to sever his Communist ties and begin a new life. How could any man ever forget such a crucial gift? Yet Chambers, in repeated questioning before the House committee, before federal grand juries and in the pre-trial libel depositions, gave no indications that he had ever received such a sum from Hiss. He came up with this testimony for the first time only AFTER the FBI, with which he was working closely, had produced Hiss's bank records.

This sequence alone is sufficient to throw a dubious shadow over Chambers' testimony, but when one finds that the Chambers' family version of this second-car transaction had been entirely different BEFORE the FBI produced the Hiss bank records, the last grounds for belief practically disappear.

The 1937 Chambers car first figured in testimony in the Baltimore libel deposition. Mrs. Chambers was questioned about it since the new car had been registered in her name. This is the question-and-answer:

> Q. How about the automobile? A. Mother [Chambers' mother] comes in there some place. I don't know. Mother did help us at various times. She probably gave us money for that . . .
>
> Q. Now, you tell me that his mother helped him out. Now, to what extent did she help him out financially? A. I cannot tell you that. I don't know. But in the instance of the car, for instance, she did help on that.
>
> Q. You think she gave him the money for that? A. I think so. I am not certain. These things were taken care of by him, and I don't know. I can only tell you what I know.

As can be seen, Mrs. Chambers left herself an escape hatch, and at the Hiss trials, she quickly availed herself of this. She testified that Chambers had given her the cash to pay for the car and that she had supposed it came from his mother, but obviously she had been wrong.

Hiss and his wife denied the whole story. Mrs. Hiss testified that the bank withdrawal had been made because they were moving at the end of 1937 to a much larger home on Volta Place in Georgetown. They had needed the money for moving, for additional furniture and draperies for the much larger house, she explained. The prosecution countered by showing that, at the time of the bank withdrawal, the Hisses hadn't even signed the lease on the Volta Place house and that an advertisement for the rent of the house had appeared in Washington papers early in December. This testimony in turn was offset by other testimony showing that the Hisses may have had a verbal agreement to rent the house well in advance of the December ad. And there the matter rests.

Hiss in his book sums up his position on this second-car transaction by emphasizing that the $400 bank withdrawal was not unusual in his family and that the only thing significant about it was that it happened to coincide with a date on which Chambers purchased a car. He writes:

> We showed from our bank records other examples of withdrawals of comparable sums from the savings account to meet non-recurring family needs. For example, the following June (1938) we drew out $150, in September 1940 we withdrew another $400, and in January 1942 the amount of $200. We had before this made it a practice to build up a savings account of several hundred dollars for such purposes.

Such is the story of the two cars. In testimony about the first car, Hiss's old Ford, the record contains disturbing nuances which might indicate that Hiss did indeed give the car to Chambers and that it was Chambers, not Hiss, who made the deal by which the car was passed on to Rosen. On the other hand, Hiss's motives for giving the car to Chambers are not clear, and his own testimony on this point is far from convincing. As for the second car, Chambers' account of the $400 loan was advanced so belatedly and under such circumstances that it seems unworthy of a child's belief. But if this is so, if logic seems to indicate that Chambers was testifying falsely here to entrap and convict Hiss, then logic also says that other elements of his story may have been concocted in the same way.

THERE is just one additional physical link between the two protagonists in this national drama of loyalty and subversion. This is the rug given to Hiss by Chambers—given, according to Hiss, as some small repayment for the use of the apartment and gift of the Ford; given, according to Chambers, as a present from the Communist Party to reward Hiss for his loyalty and services.

Strangely enough, it was Hiss who first mentioned the rug. At his Aug. 16 private questioning, after he had mentioned the name of George Crosley for the first time, Hiss testified that he had seen Crosley a few times after the free-lance writer had left the 28th Street apartment:

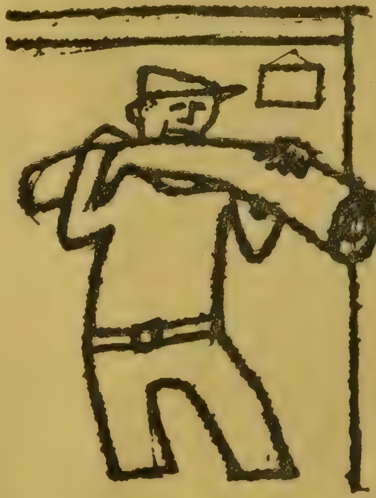
> Nixon: Even though he didn't pay his rent, you saw him several times?
>
> Hiss: He was about to pay it and was going to sell his articles. He gave me a payment on account once. He brought a rug over which he said some wealthy patron had given him. *I have still got the damned thing.* [Emphasis added.]

This rug was to become another major item in the arsenal against Hiss. Subsequently, Chambers told the House committee that the rug represented a token of appreciation from the Communist Party to Hiss. At the trials, the prosecution tried to reinforce the story with documentation. Professor Meyer Schapiro, of New York, testified that, at Chambers' request, he had purchased four rugs from the Massachusetts Importing Company. A cancelled check for $600 showed the purchase had been made Dec. 23, 1936, and a delivery receipt showed the rugs had been delivered to Schapiro on Dec. 29.

Chambers gave a cloak-and-dagger version of the presentation of the rug to Hiss. He said that he had had Schapiro ship the rugs to George Silverman in Washington. He declared that Hiss's rug was transported in Silverman's car to a rendezvous with Hiss at a restaurant on the Baltimore-Washington Road. There it was placed in Hiss's car without Hiss or Silverman ever meeting each other, and Chambers told Hiss what the rug signified, that it was a token of appreciation from the Communist Party for his services.

This testimony by Chambers, if true, would be of vital importance in the case, especially in view of the date of the transaction. The Schapiro check and delivery receipt were documentary proof that the four rugs could not have been delivered in Washington until sometime after Jan. 1, 1937, and so if it could be established that Hiss's rug was one of these four, that simple fact would prove Hiss lied when he testified under oath that he had not met or seen Chambers after Jan. 1, 1937.

Chambers' tale of the rug, however, clashed with the testimony of the Hisses and Cleide Catlett, their former maid. The Hisses testified that they were living at the P Street house, which they left at the end of June, 1936, when Chambers appeared one day in the spring lugging a rug. Hiss declared that, though Chambers didn't specifically say so, he took it that the man was trying to make some small return for the apartment and the Ford. The red rug, he and his wife said, had been spread out in Timothy Hobson's third-floor playroom.



Cleide Catlett corroborated this testimony. She said she remembered the rug on the floor of the P Street house. Furthermore, she was positive it was the same rug because, just before the second trial, she had been taken to Hiss's New York home and shown the rug on the floor of the playroom there.

Murphy, curiously enough, didn't challenge any of this in cross-examination, even though the positive proof of late association between Hiss and Chambers was so important to his case. He didn't ask Cleide Catlett a single question, and in cross-examining Mrs. Hiss, he seemed almost to accept the defense's contention that the rug *was* on the floor of the P Street house.

> Q. You had the rug when you were at P Street? A. Oh, yes.
>
> Q. As a matter of fact, you had it for a number of months prior to that? A. That is right.

Now, obviously, it would have been a physical impossibility for Chambers to give Hiss a rug in the spring of 1936 that he did not receive in Washington until January, 1937, and so, if the unchallenged and uncontradicted testimony of the defense is true, Hiss's rug must have come to Chambers in some other way. It could not have been one of the four purchased by Schapiro.

This is so elementary that one would have thought every effort would have been made to haul the rug into court and show it to the dealer who made the sale to Schapiro. The dealer was there. He testified. But the rug itself was never produced.

In summation, Murphy tried to blame the defense for this. "The thing to do when you are unjustly accused is to come and prove that that is not the rug," Murphy told the jury. "The Government can't go and subpoena rugs belonging to the defendant. . . . Bring it in here. Let us look at it. Let the expert look at it. 'That is one of the four rugs I sold.' Bang. Guilty. No, don't do it that way. . . . He could not bring the rug in because that proves Count II [association with Chambers after Jan. 1, 1937]."

This, of course, is a bit of hocus-pocus unworthy of a federal prosecutor whose dedication is supposed to be, not to get a conviction regardless of the evidence, but to see that justice is done and that only the guilty are convicted. Contending that the government could not subpoena Hiss's rug is almost like contending that the prosecutor couldn't seize the gun in a murder case because it belonged to the murderer. Hiss and his wife had testified in two trials; they had contradicted Chambers and made the rug an issue. Certainly the government had the power to get the rug and bring it into court if it wished—and if it dared. The fact that apparently it didn't dare speaks volumes. It seems to indicate a fear that the expert might possibly have said: "No, this isn't one of the rugs." And then the verdict might have been: Bang. Not Guilty.

In any event, reading the testimony, one finds it hard to believe that the rug represented what Chambers said it represented. Would a man who had received a rug as a gift from the Communist Party—and who wished to disavow Communist ties—volunteer the information that he had received it? Even if by some wild chance he did, would he announce that he still had the rug, the evidence as it were, in his possession? Would he introduce testimony, as Hiss's defense did through Cleide Catlett, that the rug was still in use in his home, thus practically taunting the government to come and get it and prove its case if it could? The answer to all these questions, it would seem, simply has to be an emphatic No.

There is no testimony in this case that Alger Hiss is the greatest fool ever born, but he would have to be all of that to act as he did in this matter if he had any suspicion that the rug represented the wages of guilt and treason as Whittaker Chambers testified that it did.

The Name Is Carl

Throughout Chambers' testimony there runs the refrain that Hiss was a dedicated Communist. He was so dedicated that he accepted Chambers just by the first name of Carl, never inquiring about a last name; he was so dedicated that he snitched money out of his stepson's school fund for the Communist cause, passed his car on to a loyal Communist worker, received a rug as a testimonial from the party and finally committed the ultimate act of treachery by funneling State Department secrets to Chambers.

This is the picture that Chambers painted of Hiss. It was accepted without question by the House Un-American Activities Committee. But how did it stand up in the exacting light of two lengthy trials?

Let's take first the question of the name, Carl, as contrasted with Hiss's recollection of George Crosley.

From the first, from the moment of the private confrontation in the Hotel Commodore, Chambers tried to give the impression that he had never used the name of Crosley. The House committee, in fact, accused Hiss of making up the name to deceive it and the American public, and this charge was another major element in the widespread publicity unfavorable to Hiss.

Prior to the positive identification in the Commodore, Hiss asked Chambers: "Are you George Crosley?"

"Not to my knowledge," Chambers replied.

Hiss then hesitated to make the identification until, after some more sparring, Chambers agreed that he was the man who had spent some three weeks or a month in Hiss's 28th Street apartment. Hiss, after this testimony, acknowledged that Chambers was the man he had known and asked again:

"Did you ever go under the name of George Crosley?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Chambers.

Before the hearing was over, the chairman of the House committee was accusing Hiss of having "built up this Mr. Crosley." Yet, as Hiss points out, there are some indications that the name of Crosley was not entirely strange to House investigators. When Hiss had first mentioned the name at the previous Aug. 16 hearing, Stripling had asked him whether he knew if Crosley's middle initial was "L." This specific question certainly hints of specific knowledge. Nixon also later asked if Hiss didn't know what Crosley's middle initial was. Hiss insisted that he didn't.

Hiss was asked by the House committee if he could name three persons who might have known Chambers as Crosley. He said the only possibility was that some other workers with the Nye committee in 1934-35 might have encountered Crosley, and he suggested three names. Investigation showed one of these persons was dead; the other two couldn't recall Crosley. This failure to find verification for Hiss seemed to the House committee justification for the final judgment it passed in statements and reports that Chambers had been known to Hiss as just plain Carl and that Crosley was a fictional character created by Hiss to postpone the evil day of having to acknowledge Whittaker Chambers.

THIS early build-up of the name conflict, however, encountered some rough going in the Hiss trials. Cleide Catlett, who testified that she had admitted Chambers just once through the door of Hiss's P Street home, declared that he was using the name of "Crosby" or "something like that." She testified that, prior to the second trial, FBI agents brought her in for repeated questioning and that, on one occasion, Murphy himself grilled her closely about the name. She was positive and unwavering in her recollection, however, and Murphy, as has been noted, didn't challenge her in cross-examination.

Samuel Roth, a publisher of pornographic literature, subsequently recalled that he had once published an erotic poem written by Chambers under the name of Crosley. He added that Chambers had used the pen name of George Crosley for some other poems that he had submitted.

These tenuous indications that Hiss may have been truthful from the start in identifying Chambers as Crosley received some further support from Chambers himself in the final Hiss trial. Chambers had no difficulty in recalling the other phony names he had used—Breen, Cantwell, Dwyer—but he suffered an acute lapse of memory about the name George Crosley. His contention that the Hisses had never known him by any name but Carl became slightly incredible, to say the least of it, when Chambers tried to detail trips he had made with the Hisses, and persons to whom he had been introduced by them.

Now, obviously, one does not register at a tourist home, as Chambers insisted he and the Hisses did in Petersboro, N.H., as just plain Carl. Nor is one introduced to perfect strangers as just plain Carl. The use of this first name alone may seem thrillingly sinister as a part of Communist technique, but even Communists have to live in the practical world of every-day and in this world a man without a last name is a decided oddity.

The tight spot in which Chambers had placed himself, of his own volition and without any cross-examining pressure from the House committee, becomes glaringly obvious when one reads the cross-examination in the second trial. Mrs. Chambers, who supported her husband's story loyally down to the last detail, was hard-pressed to explain what name she had used while occupying the Hisses' 28th Street apartment. The problem here was that the Chamberses had testified that they had inherited a maid, Julia Rankin, from the Hisses. The Hisses denied that there had ever been such a person, but the Chamberses insisted that there had and, having so insisted, they were stuck with Julia Rankin. Mrs. Chambers was asked to explain just what Julia called her. She had testified that she was known to the Hisses as just plain Liza. But obviously one isn't known to one's maid as just plain Liza. For six weeks, Mrs. Chambers admitted, Julia Rankin called her something, but what it was that Julia Rankin called her, Mrs. Chambers unfortunately could not recall.

Chambers ran into similar embarrassment in connection with his testimony regarding a woman friend of the Hisses whom he had met while dining in a Georgetown restaurant in 1935. The woman was known by the strikingly odd nickname of "Plum" Fountain, said Chambers, and he was introduced to her. This opened a door to logic, and Claude Cross, Hiss's second trial counsel, walked through the door and engaged in this duel with Chambers:

> Cross: You were introduced to her?
>
> Chambers: That is right.
>
> Cross: And you can't tell what name you used?
>
> Chambers: That is right.
>
> Cross: Well, you know it wasn't Carl, don't you?
>
> Chambers: It certainly was not Carl.
>
> Cross: Was it Mr. Crosley?
>
> Chambers: I don't believe so.
>
> Cross: Well, what name was it?
>
> Chambers: I have no idea, as I have told you.
>
> Cross: You wouldn't say it was not Mr. Crosley, would you?
>
> Chambers: I think it very unlikely.

Chambers agreed that a name must have been used in the introduction. He agreed that the name was not Chambers, that it was not Breen, that it was not Dwyer, and almost certainly it was not Cantwell. But he professed himself utterly unable to recall what it was.

THE NEAREST that Chambers came to a confession—and in view of the transparent phoniness of his story that he had been known to the Hisses only as Carl, it seems near enough—was during his cross-examination in the second trial when Cross demanded what name he had used while living in the 28th Street apartment.

"I have never been able to remember," Chambers said.

Cross asked if the name might have been Crosley, and Chambers conceded: "It may have been."

With the sinister Communist agent Carl thus reduced to human proportions as very probably Hiss's George Crosley, let's see what becomes of the remainder of Chambers' contention that Hiss was such a devout Communist. The absolute proof of communism, of course, lies in the paying of dues to the Communist Party. Chambers was asked about this during his very first appearance before the House committee on Aug.

3. He had testified that the Communist cell in Washington, of which he said Hiss was a member, had met regularly in the apartment of Henry Collins, admittedly a close boyhood friend of Hiss. Then comes this sequence:

> Stripling: When you met with these people at Mr. Collins' apartment, did you collect Communist Party dues from them?
>
> Chambers: I did not, but the Communist Party dues were handed over to me by Collins, who was the treasurer of that group.
>
> Stripling: When he would turn over Communist Party dues, would he turn over any other information to you, any other dues or information other than from these seven people?
>
> Chambers: Well, the dues were not simply from the seven people, I believe. Dues were from the whole apparatus, cells which were headed by these seven people.

Asked how much money he received in this mass collection and whether it was a considerable sum, Chambers replied: "My impression was that it was, and I believe I heard that because at that time the dues were 10 per cent of whatever the individual's salary was."

This testimony makes it clear beyond any shadow of doubt that the dues collected by Chambers were a bulk collection all put in one envelope and given to him by Collins. Now read the testimony that Chambers gave just four days later, at the private session of Aug. 7, when he was detailing his knowledge about Hiss:

> Nixon: Did you obtain his [Hiss's] party dues from him?
>
> Chambers: Yes, I did.
>
> Nixon: Over what period of time?
>
> Chambers: Two or three years, as long as I knew him.
>
> Nixon: Party dues from him and his wife?
>
> Chambers: I assume his wife's dues were there; I understood it to be.
>
> Nixon: You understood it to be?
>
> Chambers: Mr. Hiss would simply give me an envelope containing party dues which I transferred to Peters. I didn't handle the money.
>
> Nixon: How often?
>
> Chambers: Once a month. . . .
>
> Nixon: And once a month over a period of two years, approximately, he gave you an envelope which contained the dues?
>
> Chambers: That is right. . . .
>
> Nixon: This envelope contained dues of Hiss and other members of the group?
>
> Chambers: Only Hiss.
>
> Nixon: You collected dues from the other members of the group individually?
>
> Chambers: All dues were collected individually.

Chambers collected Communist dues in bulk from Collins as treasurer of the group; Chambers collected Communist dues from Hiss individually because Communist dues were collected only on an individual basis. Simplicity itself, isn't it?

The whole picture became even clearer when Chambers testified at the public hearing in Washington on Aug. 25. Just eighteen days before, he had told Nixon categorically that he had collected Hiss's Communist dues from Hiss personally—he had even added that Hiss was "rather pious about paying his dues promptly"—once a month over a period of at least two years. Nixon, who had drawn the once-a-month version from Chambers on Aug. 7, again handled the questioning of Chambers on the same point on Aug. 25. This is the record of the questioning:

> Nixon: Did you yourself have occasion at any time to take dues from Mr. Hiss for the Communist Party?
>
> Chambers: I did.
>
> Nixon: You did?
>
> Chambers: Yes.
>
> Nixon: On one occasion or more occasions than one?
>
> Chambers: At least on one occasion, and I would think on at least three occasions.
>
> Nixon: Could it have been more or less than that?
>
> Chambers: It could have been more than that.
>
> Nixon: Who collected dues for Mr. Hiss generally?
>
> Chambers: Henry Collins.
>
> Nixon: Henry Collins?
>
> Chambers: Henry Collins was the treasurer of that group.
>
> Nixon: Did J. Peters ever collect dues from Mr. Hiss?
>
> Chambers: Yes, he did.

It would seem obvious, reading this testimony, that Chambers had come full circle, contradicting himself emphatically in the process. First, Hiss's Communist dues were all paid through Henry Collins, the treasurer of the group; next, they were all paid by Hiss individually to Chambers because Communist dues were paid only individually, and these payments were made by Hiss to Chambers once a month for at least two years; and, finally, Hiss paid Chambers his dues at least once, probably at least three times, and the rest of the time the dues were paid through Henry Collins, the treasurer of the group.

Though each of the three versions was flatly incompatible with the others, the members of the House committee accepted all three as if each were gilt-edged with veracity. Not a single sharp question was asked Chambers. No member of the committee exhibited the elementary common sense to call a halt and say, "Well, now, look here, how can all this be?"

The postscript to this confused and contradictory testimony of Chambers was written in the second trial. Thomas Murphy, a daring and resourceful prosecutor who boggled at no tactic to convict Hiss, ignored the dues-paying angle. Though proof of Hiss's Communist ties was vital to his case and though no proof could have been more conclusive than the fact that Hiss had paid dues, Murphy did not ask

Chambers a single question on this point. Pretty obviously, he did not relish the task of trying to reconcile Chambers' three versions into one coherent, harmonious story. Singularly enough, since the prosecution hadn't broached the subject, the defense let it rest also, though it would seem that Chambers had left himself wide open to the barbs of a skillful and caustic cross-examiner. This questionable strategy on the part of the defense let the prosecution escape unscathed on one of the most vulnerable points in Chambers' entire testimony, and the jury never got the picture of the accusing witness who told three widely different stories on one simple, basic issue.

One more witness was called by the prosecution to bolster the Communist charge against Hiss. This was Hede Massing, one-time wife of Dr. Gerhart Eisler, the Communist leader. She had been barred from testifying in the first trial by Judge Samuel H. Kaufman because her testimony at best was remote. This action had brought down upon the judge a savage barrage of criticism in Congress and in the press. The judge's impeachment had been demanded, and Nixon and other Congressional leaders plainly implied in their speeches that he had deliberately blocked the conviction of Hiss. In the second trial, Judge Goddard permitted Mrs. Massing to testify.

By her own admission a life-long Communist until she "broke with the Russians in 1937," Mrs. Massing testified to a conversation that she declared she had had with Hiss in 1935. She said she had met Hiss at a party in the Washington home of Noel Field, a State Department employee who later disappeared behind the Iron Curtain. She testified that she had twitted Hiss, saying that she was going to lure Noel Field away from Hiss's organization and into her own. The conversation wound up, she testified, this way: "Either he or I said, the gist of the sentence was, 'Whoever is going to win, we are both working for the same boss.' Now, as I say, I don't remember whether he or I said that, but this sentence I remember distinctly because it was very important."

This one quotation of uncertain origin represented the kernel of Mrs. Massing's story. She admitted on cross-examination that she couldn't recall the dates of her own marriages, but she was positive about that quote, though not positive about who said it. The defense brought out that, at the time she testified, Mrs. Massing was writing a series of magazine articles about her experiences with communism, a literary effort whose value certainly would not be depreciated by her appearance in a star role at the Hiss trial.

THE defense also produced a witness who testified that Mrs. Massing had given him an entirely different version of her one meeting with Alger Hiss. The witness was Henrikas Rabinavicius, a former Lithuanian diplomat who had had to flee from the Russians. He testified that he had met Mrs. Massing in September, 1949, prior to the second trial, at the home of her ghost writer, Eugene Lyons. Mrs. Massing's version then, according to Rabinavicius, was that she had been sent to Washington in the mid-thirties "to contact young men" in the State Department and that she had "carefully concealed" her Communist-spy role from them "because that would have frightened them away from her." Rabinavicius testified that Mrs. Manning had described her efforts to lure Noel Field into an organization to fight fascism. He had told her he already belonged to such an organization headed by a colleague in the State Department—Alger Hiss.

Then Mrs. Massing described her meeting with Hiss in Field's home, told how they bantered with each other, and at the climax of her account, turned to her ghost writer, Lyons, and said: "Gene, what did Alger Hiss say?"

Lyons retorted, according to Rabinavicius, "I don't know what Mr. Hiss said. I wasn't there. You ought to know yourself."

Mrs. Massing explained that she had repeated her story so many times she was getting confused and concluded the account, Rabinavicius testified, by saying that she had predicted to Hiss that she would triumph in the contest for the allegiance of Noel Field because she was a woman. She had made no reference, Rabinavicius asserted, to any remark by either Hiss or herself about working for the same boss.

Rabinavicius testified that he had even tried to question Mrs. Massing about how she could be certain Hiss was a Communist. Had he told her so? "No," she replied. "He did not tell me. He did not have to tell me. I knew that he was."

"How could you know that a man was a Communist or a spy if he did not intimate to you or tell you that he was?" Rabinavicius asked.

"Oh," Mrs. Massing replied, "you don't understand those things. One *apparatchik* [Communist] understands, realizes who is another *apparatchik*."

Such was the monumental testimony of Mrs. Massing, for the barring of which large sections of the American press had wanted to impeach Judge Kaufman. Hiss denied the whole thing, denied he had ever met Mrs. Massing anywhere until FBI agents asked him in December of 1948 if he could identify her.

In his book, Hiss admits that he had known Noel Field in Washington, but points out, in relation to Rabinavicius' version of Mrs. Massing's story, that he had never served in the State Department when Field was there and so he could hardly have headed an anti-Fascist group in the department to which Field belonged. He adds that, after the nature of Mrs. Massing's testimony had been publicized in the press during the first trial, he got a Swiss attorney to contact Mrs. Field, then living in Geneva. She flatly denied that he and Mrs. Massing had ever been in her apartment at the same time. Later, Mrs. Field, too, disappeared behind the Iron Curtain.

This was the extent of the prosecution's effort to establish by direct testimony that Alger Hiss had been a Communist. Two more relevant angles remain to be mentioned.

Chambers had included Alger Hiss's younger brother, Donald, in his accusations. He had alleged that Donald Hiss, too, was a Communist; had charged that he had met Donald frequently at Alger's house; had asserted that he had collected Communist Party dues from Donald as well as from Alger. Donald Hiss flatly denied every tittle of Chambers' story. He testified that he had never even met Chambers, never even heard of the man until sometime in February or March, 1948, when a friend told him that somebody named Whittaker Chambers had said at a dinner party that he and Alger were Communists. Donald Hiss denied emphatically that he had ever been a Communist, ever paid party dues to anyone.

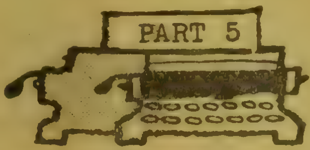
This conflict of testimony was direct, irreconcilable; yet Murphy's cross-examination of Donald Hiss can only be characterized as gingerly. He asked just a dozen questions, all inconsequential. Not one touched the vital parts of Donald Hiss's testimony; not one questioned his complete repudiation of every detail told by Chambers. The result, in effect, is a complete vindication of Donald Hiss and a complete repudiation of Chambers.

Such a conclusion, of course, opens the way to a truly shocking train of thought. For, if Whittaker Chambers' testimony collapsed of its own weight in respect to one brother, what guarantee is there that there is any truthfulness in it with regard to the other?

Perhaps no guarantee at all. Certainly, in one important respect, Chambers' testimony has been contradicted since the second trial by the testimony of Lee Pressman. He, like other members of the Communist group named by Chambers, had claimed his constitutional privilege and refused to testify at the time of the trials. But, in 1950, after the outbreak of the Korean War, Pressman waived this privilege and testified under oath before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

He corroborated Chambers' testimony that he had belonged to a Communist group in Washington from 1934 to the latter part of 1935, a vitally important period because it was just at this time, according to Chambers, that Hiss belonged to the same group, and just at this time that Hiss had committed his first act of treason by passing to Chambers secret documents that came to him in his position as legal assistant to the Nye committee. Pressman testified that the group had existed, but he insisted that there were four, and only four, people in it—Nathan Witt, Charles Kramer, John Abt and himself. Of Hiss, he said:

> Now, I believe it of interest to comment that I have no knowledge regarding the political beliefs or affiliations of Alger Hiss. And when I say I have no knowledge I am not endeavoring to quibble with this committee. I appear here, as I necessarily must, as a lawyer. I am a lawyer. When one asks me for knowledge, knowledge to my mind is based on fact, and I have no facts. And bear in mind, sir, that as an attorney, to be asked to comment on a case now pending in court is a very unusual experience for an attorney, because anything I say undoubtedly may have an impact one way or another on that case, and for that reason I am trying to be very, very precise. I do know, and I can state as a matter of knowledge, that for the period of my participation in that group, which is the only basis on which I can say I have knowledge, Alger Hiss was not a member of the group.



Chambers and the Party

The major stumbling-block to positive conviction about the guilt of Alger Hiss is always Whittaker Chambers. It was Chambers who, by his testimony, convicted Hiss, and it is Chambers who, by this same testimony, clouds with persistent doubt the justice of that conviction. One of the most striking examples of this paradox is to be found in Chambers' changing versions of the date of his break with communism and his clashing testimony regarding the role played by Hiss—his outright denial that Hiss had ever been a spy; his outright insistence that Hiss had been nothing else from the earliest days of their acquaintance.

Just as Chambers' testimony about the collection of Hiss's Communist dues veered to all points of the compass like a weather vane in a williwaw, so does his testimony shift on these basic points that are the crux of the case. Their significance is simply this: If Chambers broke with communism in 1937, as he said repeatedly that he did, he could not have collected documents from Alger Hiss in early April, 1938; if Alger Hiss never engaged in espionage, as Chambers at one time repeatedly swore under oath that he did not, then obviously he could not have been a spy and obviously he could not have passed the Pumpkin Papers to Chambers.

In this, as in so much else in this weird case, one is confronted with the necessity of choosing between two Whittaker Chamberses. In the climate of the times, it was easy to believe that the Whittaker Chambers who condemned and convicted Hiss was the real Whittaker Chambers; but now, when passion has cooled and reason again can assert itself, one has to ask oneself about that other Whittaker Chambers, the original Whittaker Chambers whose testimony would have precluded all the deeds that the second Whittaker Chambers vowed had been committed.

Anyone who tries to weigh the two Whittaker Chamberses in the scale, one against the other, must have first a clear conception of all that was involved in Chambers' break with communism. This, certainly, was the turning point of his life. It was for him a crucial, an excruciating, a daring decision. In his book, *Witness,* Chambers paints the inner drama vividly.

In his opening chapter, he asks and answers the question that, he feels, will come first to every mind. "How did you break with Communism?" he writes. "My answer is: Slowly, reluctantly, in agony."

Later, he returns to the theme and spells out the agony of the wrench in explicit detail. He writes:

> I have reached that point in my narrative at which this book began—the point at which I repudiated Communism and violently broke away from the slaves of the Communist mill. So great an effort, apart from its physical and practical hazards, cannot occur without a profound upheaval of the spirit. No man lightly reverses the faith of an adult lifetime, held implacably to the point of criminality. He reverses it only with a violence greater than the force of the faith he is repudiating. . . .
>
> Julian Wadleigh [one of Chambers' admitted spy contacts in the State Department] has told in a series of reminiscences that he published between the Hiss trials, how, in 1937, he was once complaining to me about his troubles and I answered that I had known trouble that kept me awake all night at my window. I remember that night well. It was the night that I faced the fact that, if Communism were evil, I could no longer serve it, and that that was true regardless of the fact that there might be nothing else to serve, that the alternative was a void. It was that void that I faced throughout the night until the alley below me again took form out of the opacity of a sultry dawn.

Chambers describes the care with which he plotted his break with communism. He wanted a new car to facilitate his getaway (and got it, he says, with Hiss's $400); a place to hide out where he would not be known; a weapon, and a "life preserver" in the form of documents (of which more later). When all was ready, he made the irrevocable break, certain in his own mind that the Communist underground would try to murder him. For a year, he says, he slept constantly with a loaded gun at his side; for a year, when he wrote at night, he worked with a loaded revolver on his desk.

This terror-haunted existence could hardly fail to impress itself indelibly upon the memory of the man. One would expect that any man who has passed through such a tortured convulsion and lived in such fear of retributive violence would have a crystal-clear recollection of exactly *when* the crisis was reached and passed. He might be expected to know almost to the day and the hour the time when he went into hiding and began to sleep with a gun at his side. Certainly, the month and the year could hardly ever be confused in memory, one would think, with any of the lesser, routine events of life afterwards.

Let's see, therefore, how Whittaker Chambers' story of this momentous period developed — and how it changed.

LESS THAN TWO years after his break with communism, Chambers made his first official disclosure about Communist infiltration into government. He went to Washington about Sept. 1, 1939, and there he had a long private conference with Adolph A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State. "He related a story to me that he had been a member of the undercover Communist group from 1934 to the end of 1937, as near as I can recall," Berle testified before the House committee.

Berle had kept a careful memorandum of his conversation with Chambers, jotting down the names of men whom Chambers had accused and the nature of their involvement. The specific acts cited by Chambers, according to this memorandum, all occurred during 1936 and 1937.

Next, Chambers told his tale of Communist intrigue to another writer, Malcolm Cowley. He startled Cowley by making a charge that subsequently faded from his account; he accused Francis B. Sayre, Hiss's superior, of having been a Communist and having headed a Communist cell in the State Department. Cowley testified he challenged Chambers and told him he didn't believe the accusation. Immediately afterwards, Cowley wrote out detailed notes on his conversation with Chambers. The notes were dated Dec. 13, 1940, and contained this statement about Chambers' break with communism: "He resigned about 1937."

On at least two occasions prior to the sensation of 1948, Chambers was questioned by FBI agents. The FBI reports, dated May 14, 1942, and June 26, 1945, were read to the jury at the second trial. According to the FBI, Chambers had stated that "he was a member of the Communist Party from 1924 until the spring of 1937."

Twice more was Chambers questioned by a government official investigating his charges about Communists in government. The official was Raymond Murphy, security officer of the State Department, who preserved memoranda dated March 20, 1945, and Aug. 28, 1946, dealing with his questioning of Chambers. The first memorandum said: "The informant dealt with these people from 1934 to the end of 1937, when he broke with the party." The second memorandum defined the period of Chambers' activity in Washington this way: "My informant entered into the Washington picture in the summer of 1935 and left it and the party at the end of December, 1937. . . ."

The picture that emerges is clear and consistent. In six separate interviews, Chambers never deviated from his statement that he broke with communism in 1937. The only discrepancy appears in the FBI questioning, when he fixed the time as the spring of 1937; all other accounts agree that he set the end of the year as the date. And all accounts agree that Chambers never mentioned any year except 1937.

THIS WAS STILL the pattern when Chambers told his story for the seventh time before the House Un-American Activities Committee. He was asked by Stripling when he had joined the Communist Party, and he said 1924.

> Q. How long did you remain a member of the Communist Party?
>
> A. Until 1937.

It is clear from the transcript that this was a carefully-considered answer. Chambers had come to the hearing with a statement prepared in advance. One sentence of this said: "In 1937 I repudiated Marx's doctrine and Lenin's tactics."

Several other references to this 1937 date dot the record of the first hearing. On his second appearance before the committee in the secret session of Aug. 7, Chambers adhered to the same time element. Asked by

Nixon how long he had known Hiss, he replied: "I knew Mr. Hiss, roughly between the years 1935 and 1937." So well-established did this point appear that Nixon in his subsequent questioning of Hiss remarked: "If as much as possible we can limit our testimony to the years 1934 to 1937, it will be helpful, because there is nothing else at issue."

The first indication that something else might be at issue appears in the record of the Aug. 25 public hearing in Washington. After Hiss had been buffeted on the car issue, Chambers took the stand and was asked by Stripling: "How long were you a member of the Communist Party?" Chambers answered: "I was a member of the Communist Party from 1924 until about 1937 or 1938, early '38."

HERE was the first switch made by Chambers in the vital time element. In eight prior, detailed disclosures stretching over a period of nine years, he had been consistent, as he would be expected to be, about the most crucial single date in his life. Now, suddenly, he shifted the time of his break with communism to "early 1938." The change was made vaguely, without any explanation, and any student of the case, hindsight sharpened by the knowledge of future developments, cannot help wondering what caused this first slight deviation from a well-established pattern.

Even in this Aug. 25 questioning, however, Chambers did not completely dissociate himself from the 1937 date that, it would appear, had been fixed firmly in his mind. For, shortly after he had introduced 1938 into the picture for the first time, he was asked by Stripling: "During what period were you a member of the underground of the Communist Party?" And he answered: "From 1932, roughly, through 1937." A date that still would clash with the dates of the documents in Chambers' future.

Five days after he gave this testimony, Chambers was back on the stand before the House committee, attempting to spell out more specifically the date of his break with communism. He had taken a government job in the fall of 1937. Official records produced at the trials showed that this job terminated on Jan. 31, 1938. Chambers, in his Aug. 30 appearance, testified about this brief period when he was a federal employee. Next comes this sequence with Nixon:

> Nixon: After you left the job, what happened then? Did you leave the party immediately?
>
> Chambers: I think there may have been two or three weeks in between. I have no longer a recollection, but I left very shortly thereafter.
>
> Nixon: In other words, you severed your relationship with the party completely a few weeks afterward?
>
> Chambers: I disappeared.
>
> Nixon: Completely disappeared?
>
> Chambers: Yes, sir.

This testimony would seem to establish that Chambers broke with communism about the third week of February, 1938. Even this adjusted time was still at war with the harsh necessities of the case—the April 1 date on the last of the State Department documents that Chambers produced. And so, in later testimony, Chambers made further shifts.

The first came in his Baltimore libel testimony on Feb. 17, 1949. Chambers, fixing the termination of his spy career by the dates of the documents, said he was sure he had received deliveries from Hiss within a few days of the dates on the papers. The April 1 document, however, hadn't been received in the State Department until 7:45 p.m., and April 1 was a Friday. The indication was that a weekend had intervened and that probably the document couldn't have been delivered to Chambers for several days. Hiss in his book describes the next developments:

> But at the end of the day's hearing, Mr. Whearty, who attended these sessions for the government, remarked that Chambers wasn't allowing enough time [that is, for alleged delivery]. Whereupon, first thing next morning, Chambers said that "after discussing it with counsel" he "should make it perfectly explicit" that the documents "may have been delivered as much as a week or ten days later."

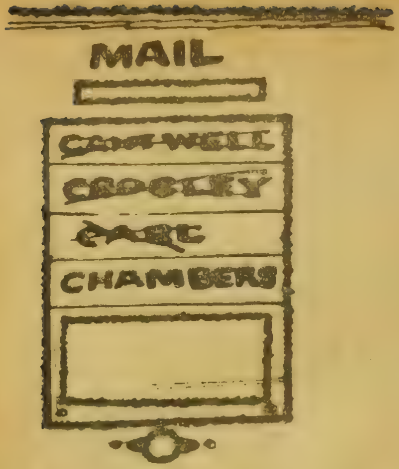
In such manner, Whittaker Chambers shifted the date of the great crisis in his life until, at the first trial, he settled upon a positive date, April 15, 1938, from which he never after was to be shaken. Lloyd Paul Stryker, Hiss's first trial counsel, challenged the process by which Chambers had fixed this all-important date and demanded to know when he had first decided upon it. Chambers replied: "When I began to go over the whole story with the FBI in relation to the documents."

> The Court: What date was that?
>
> Chambers: That was from December until about a month ago, I believe.

Chambers at last had reached safe harbor and picked a date where the testimony he gave would not clash with the documents he had produced. One of the most unsatisfactory elements of the case, however, is that this adjusted testimony was in stark conflict with everything that Chambers had said before—and with significant facts that Hiss's counsel uncovered after the trials.

HISS POINTS out in his book that there were many indications and some solid facts that would seem to show Chambers' original version was correct and that the 1938 date was substituted to fit the documents. He points out that, in 1937, for the first time, Chambers began to drop the Communist aliases he had used and live under his own name. He was listed in the Baltimore telephone directory, his wife obtained her driver's license and registered the new car in the name of Chambers, and she used her right name in applying for a scholarship for her daughter. These are tenuous indications, to be sure, but they are backed up by facts that Hiss's final counsel, Chester T. Lane, uncovered after the second trial.

The lead to Lane's discoveries was provided by Chambers himself in his second-trial version of his break with communism. He testified that, after quitting the movement on April 15, 1938, he moved his family into a room on the Old Court Road near Baltimore and hid out there for a month until he had obtained a translation to do from Paul Willert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CHAMBERS

of the Oxford University Press. The book was *Henri Dunant—The Story of the Red Cross* by Dr. Martin Gumpert. Chambers testified that he saw Willert personally in New York and that, soon after he received the manuscript and the advance, he went to Daytona Beach, Florida, where he "finished the translation and after a month returned to New York."

In preparing Hiss's motion papers for a new trial, Lane saw in this testimony a possible check-point on Chambers' veracity. He contacted Dr. Gumpert, the author; he checked the files of the Oxford University Press in New York and London; he contacted Dr. Gumpert's London literary agents. From all of these sources, he assembled a mass of detail that clearly indicates Chambers had been given the translation to do by about March 1, at the latest.

Dr. Gumpert, in an affidavit, said that a woman had been engaged in December, 1937, to translate his book. Some time afterwards, Chambers was substituted. Dr. Gumpert asked the Oxford University Press whether he could meet Chambers and talk with him, but was told that Chambers "was in hiding from the Russian secret service" and was constantly changing his address so that even the publisher couldn't contact him, but had to wait to be contacted. Dr. Gumpert, years later when his affidavit was made, couldn't establish the vital detail—the date.

But in the Oxford Press files in London, Lane's researchers found copies of correspondence that do fix the date. These show that the London office had heard about the new translator (Chambers) as early as March 3 and had written a letter the following day asking the New York office for a report on progress. A shipping tag in the New York office showed that what apparently was the last batch of manuscript—"extra chapters" to which Chambers himself later referred in a letter—had been mailed to Chambers at his Mt. Royal Terrace address in Baltimore on Friday, March 18, 1938. The mailing instructions were, "Rush—must reach Baltimore Saturday express"—perhaps an indication that Chambers was about to leave for Florida. The clinching bit of evidence, it would appear, was a note in Chambers' own handwriting addressed to Willert in New York and mailed from St. Augustine, Florida, on May 3, 1938. In this, Chambers remarked that he had not been in Baltimore "for more than a month."

THIS closely-linked, cumulative chain seems to permit only one conclusion. Chambers' statement that he had broken with the party and gone into hiding just before he received the translation is reinforced by Dr. Gumpert's statement that he had been told he couldn't meet Chambers because Chambers was a fugitive from Russian terrorists. The London correspondence fixes the time as about March 1 at the latest; the March 18 shipping tag shows conclusively that Chambers must have been at work on the manuscript at that time; and Chambers himself in his May 3 note from Florida adds the extremely significant admission that he hadn't been in Baltimore in "more than a month." The conclusion seems inescapable that Chambers had quit the party and had been in hiding for at least some weeks prior to the vital April 1 date when, by the evidence of the documents, he would have had to have been a still-active spy.

This time-element contradiction of Chambers' testimony is compounded when one adds to it a second significant fluctuation—Chambers' original persistent denials that any espionage had been involved in his relationship with Hiss. From the instant of his first disclosure to Adolph Berle down to the instant that he produced the documents, Chambers had been as consistent in denying espionage as he had been in fixing 1937 as the date of his split with the party. Berle testified before the House committee that Chambers had given him this picture:

> He said that in addition to the New York core, the party policy, the Communist Party policy, had been to try to develop a group of sympathizers who might be of use to them later in the United States Government. This was not, as he put it, any question of espionage. There was no espionage involved in it. He stated that their hope merely was to get some people who would be sympathetic to their point of view. With that in mind, apparently a study group of some sort had been formed of men who were interested in knowing something about Russia and Russian policy and the general Communist theory of life, and so on.

In his subsequent interviews with the FBI and with Ray Murphy of the State Department, Chambers adhered to the position he had taken with Berle. Murphy's memorandum of his second interview with Chambers is exceptionally explicit on this point. After listing the names and connections of all the men in government whom Chambers had accused, Murphy wrote:

> There were other underground Communist groups operating in Washington, but this was the elite, policy-making, top-level group. This group did not exchange secret documents from the Government Departments, but did give sealed reports on the membership of the group and on policy. It was not a spy ring, but far more important and cunning because its members helped to shape policy in their Departments.

It has been suggested that these early denials by Chambers may have been prompted by a healthy sense of self-preservation. After all, if he had accused Hiss of espionage, he would have had to reveal that he himself had been a spy and thus lay himself open to a capital charge. While prosecutors are almost invariably extremely charitable to inform-ants who bring them such vital information, still the possibility existed that Chambers, were he to make such a charge, might fall into the hands of a maverick who would insist on prosecuting him.

The prospect might daunt any man, even a Whittaker Chambers who had discovered the meanings of the words religion and conscience and patriotism; even a Whittaker Chambers who visualized himself as a martyr battling single-handedly against overwhelming forces, struggling single-handedly to alter the course of history by arousing America to the dangers and the horrors of communism. There can be no question that this was Chambers' conception of his appointment with destiny, yet even such a man, in the years immediately after he broke with the party, might have hesitated to lay himself open to a spy charge. The same motive, however, could hardly have influenced Chambers when he took the stand before the House committee in the summer of 1948. After all, there is such a thing in law as the statute of limitations; time had outlawed any belated spy charge against Whittaker Chambers, just as it had against Hiss. Chambers, when he took the stand before the House probers, was in the clear, free to testify to the truth as he knew it, free of all legal hazard unless he should commit perjury on the witness stand. What, then, was his testimony?

Chambers, in his first appearance, told the committee:

> The purpose of this [Communist] group at that time was not primarily espionage. Its original purpose was the Communist infiltration of the American government. But espionage was certainly one of the ultimate objectives.

It is clear that, in this testimony, Chambers has it both ways. The purpose of the group wasn't espionage, he says, but he states that espionage "was certainly" an ultimate objective. It is testimony, like so much that Chambers gave, that seems to say more than it says; but later, on this same day, questioned more closely on the point, Chambers repudiated emphatically the suggestion that he seemed to have thrown out. He was asked whether Harry Dexter White had been "a source of information to the Communist cell," and he replied:

> No. I should perhaps make the point that these people were *specifically* not wanted to act as sources of information. These people were an elite group, an outstanding group, which it was believed would rise to positions—as, indeed, some of them did—notably Mr. White and Mr. Hiss—in the Government, and their position in the Government would be of very much more service to the Communist Party. . . . [Emphasis added.]

Reading such testimony, one finds oneself wondering how it could possibly be more explicit, how it could possibly be changed later to hold that the exact opposite was the real truth. Bafflement deepens as one follows Chambers' conduct in the first hearing and finds that, time and again, he repeated his denial that there had been any taint of espionage in his relations with Hiss.

ONE OF the most graphic of Chambers' repudiations of espionage came on the Aug. 27 *Meet the Press* program, when Chambers shucked off the mantle of privilege and laid himself open to a libel suit by accusing Hiss of having been a Communist. Lengthy excerpts from the broadcast, published in Hiss's book, show that members of the interviewing panel tried hard to get to bedrock. Tom Reynolds, of the Chicago *Sun-Times,* was especially persistent. This is the record of his exchange with Chambers:

> Reynolds: Are you prepared at this time to say that Alger Hiss was anything more than, in your opinion, a Communist? Did he do anything wrong? Did he commit any overt act? Has he been disloyal to his country?
>
> Chambers: I am only prepared at this time to say that he was a Communist.
>
> Reynolds: It seems to me then, sir, if I may say so, that in some respects this may be a tempest in a teapot. You say that he was a Communist, but you will not accuse him of any act that is disloyal to the United States.
>
> Chambers: I am not prepared legally to make that charge. My whole interest in this business has been to show that Mr. Hiss was a Communist.
>
> Reynolds: Would you be prepared, for instance, to put on the record the testimony that you gave during three or four or five interrogations by the FBI?
>
> Chambers: The gist of that testimony is already on the record in the Un-American Committee.
>
> Reynolds: I am not interested in the gist. But I presume that there were assertions that overt acts were committed. Are you willing to put on the record, so that it can be tested in the courts under the laws of evidence, that this man did something wrong?
>
> Chambers: I think that what needs clarification is the purpose for which that group was set up to which Mr. Hiss belonged. That was a group, not, as I think is in the back of your mind, for the purpose of espionage, but for the purpose of infiltrating government policy by getting Communists in key places.
>
> Nat Finney (Cowles Publications): It was not, then, by definition, conspiracy?
>
> Chambers: No, it was not.

This was the broadcast that led to Hiss's libel suit. The suit posed for Chambers the prospect of absolute financial ruin should he lose it. He has written that the sum of $75,000 was "fantastic" compared to his ability to pay. In his book, he concedes that, after the pre-trial hearings started, "I saw that I might lose the libel suit . . ." Certainly a man as astute as Chambers, a man who as a senior editor of *Time* had more than a passing acquaintance with the laws of libel, must have known this from the start. He must have known that, unless he could produce some positive, incriminating evidence against Hiss, he was face-to-face with personal disaster.

Yet, on Oct. 14, 1948, only a little more than a month before he was to produce the documents, Chambers appeared before a federal grand jury in New York and denied that he had any such evidence. The timing helps to make this denial under oath one of the most inexplicable facets of the case. Hiss's dangerous libel suit already had been filed; the Baltimore pre-trial hearings were only a couple of weeks in the future.

This would seem to be the time for Chambers to spring the trap, if indeed he possessed such a trap, because the indictment of Hiss almost certainly would solve all his problems. Yet we find Chambers testifying in this fashion:

> Juror: Could you give me one name of anybody who, in your opinion, was positively guilty of espionage against the United States?
>
> Chambers: Let me think for a moment and I will try to answer that. I don't think so, but would like to have the opportunity to answer you tomorrow more definitely. Let me think it over, overnight.

After his night's meditation, Chambers resumed his witness role before the grand jury the following day. This is the sequence:

> Chambers: I assume that espionage means in this case the turning over of secret or confidential documents.
>
> Juror: Or information—oral information.
>
> Chambers: Or oral information. I do not believe I do know such a name.

Again, it would seem, no testimony could be more specific. Chambers' position at the time was that, not only did he not know anyone who had passed along secret documents, he did not even know anyone who had ever given oral information. It is significant that, by this testimony as by his previous testimony before the House committee, Chambers laid himself wide open to a perjury charge. The picture that emerges in his testimony and in *Witness* is of a man who attributes to himself the highest patriotic motives, who feels that he is engaged in a religious war against a demoniac ideology that would destroy all religion; a man who could testify freely without personal danger to himself, who should be motivated so to testify by the strongest kind of personal and religious motives — but who, instead, deliberately lies under oath, thus exposing himself to a possible perjury indictment and thus, too, casting a protective cloak over the very demoniac forces that he feels menace both God and country.

Whittaker Chambers' only explanation of this fantasy in contradictions is that he personally possessed such nobility of soul that he could not bear the thought, until driven to the final extremity, of wreaking irreparable damage to the character and life of another. Not even though that other, Alger Hiss, was suing him for a ruinous $75,000!

In *Witness*, Chambers slides over the direct question-and-answer sequences that are so revealing and concentrates on the subjective, on an analysis of his mind and motive. Writing of his plea for time to consider on his first day before the grand jury, he says:

> Why did I ask for time to consider? What was there to think about? Whether or not I would destroy with shame and suffering people most of whom would gleefully destroy me? I did not believe that the Government had the slightest intention of proceeding against any of them . . . That second day, the grand juror repeated his question about espionage. I knew that there was no other way than by answering no that I could possibly jeopardize myself before the law. I answered: no.
>
> My no to the Grand Jury stands for all men to condemn. I will say only this about it. No man can have watched his brother die a spiritual death by inches, or have dragged him, half-dead, across the frozen ground, or have heard his mother scream as she learned that her son was at last dead, or have listened to her tears choke her in sleep as she lay beside his corpse, or have stood at night beside his brother's grave and listened to a rioting world smash a flask against a cemetery wall—no man can have known these things without feeling for all humanity, in its good and evil, an absolving pity that becomes the central mood of his life. . . . I have always seen all life first with pity. . . . It is that which has always whispered to me that, if a man can perform a saving act for others, and feels within himself the strength to bear the penalty of the act, he must perform it. . . .

Chambers was forced from his high pinnacle of pity by the exigencies of the situation. In the period between his grand jury appearance and the taking of the libel depositions, one other incredible event happened: Truman defeated Dewey for the Presidency. This meant that the Democrats retained control of the Attorney General's office for another four years. Chambers says in *Witness* that he had never had any faith in the government prosecuting Communists, though, he admits, the event proved him wrong. Could it be possible that a man filled with such distrust might have felt that Truman's victory posed for him a double threat—not just the loss of the libel suit but possibly punitive criminal action for his self-contradictory Hiss testimony? If this were so, could it perhaps follow that an espionage charge would become an almost essential step in self-preservation because certainly the one thing that no government could ignore, whether that government was dominated by Democrats or Republicans or sheer Mugwumps, would be one of the most heinous crimes known to man—treason?

WHETHER this is so, whether Chambers was impelled by such motivation or not, the fact remains that the libel suit by itself subjected him to intense pressure. William L. Marbury, Hiss's counsel, demanded at the start of the pre-trial hearings that Chambers produce any letters or papers he had received from Hiss or Hiss's family. Chambers didn't produce any papers, and when Marbury renewed his demand, Chambers' attorney explained that Chambers had "not explored all the sources where some conceivable data might be." Privately, Chambers says, his attorney warned him that "if I did have anything of Hiss's I'd better get it."

This advice led Chambers to hunt up a packet of papers that he had squirreled away at the time of his break with communism. According to Chambers, he had "put by" some documents to be used as "a life preserver." He had reasoned that, if the Communists tried to kill him, he "might have an outside chance of using [them] as a dissuader."

It would seem hardly debatable that a man who has been so prescient as to provide himself with such a hole card would know exactly whether he possessed an ace or a deuce. Yet Chambers, in *Witness*, asks us to believe two completely unbelievable things. He asks us to believe that his mind was an absolute blank regarding the nature of the documents he had stored, and he asks us to believe that, if he had remembered them earlier, he probably would have destroyed them out of his solicitude for others. As if a man who takes care to provide himself with a life preserver that could be used only at the expense of others would destroy the preserver to protect those others before his own ship sinks! Yet now, after telling how he had given his precious packet to his wife's nephew, Nathan Levine, of Brooklyn, to hide for him, he writes:

> This much is certain: if during the last six or seven years of that decade, anyone had asked me, "What is your wife's nephew hiding for you?" I should have answered, "Two or three scraps of Alger Hiss's handwriting and perhaps something of Harry White's." The heap of copied State Department documents, the spools of microfilm, had sunk from my memory as completely as the Russian regiments in World War I sank into the Masurian swamps.

Chambers describes how he drove to Levine's home during the mid-November weekend while the pre-trial hearings were recessed. He asked for his cache, and Levine took him to his mother's house and to a second-floor bathroom, where "a small window opened into a dumbwaiter shaft that had long been out of use." Levine reached inside and pulled out a bulky package "covered with the clotted cobwebs and dust of a decade." Chambers continues:

> In surprise, for I had supposed that the envelope was a small one, I carried it to the kitchen, which was at the end of the hall, and laid it on a white enamel table top . . . In his [Levine's] absence, I opened the envelope and drew part way out the thick batch of copied State Department documents. At a glance, I saw that, besides those documents, and Hiss's handwritten memos, there were three cylinders of microfilm and a little spool of developed film [actually two strips]. By a reflex of amazement, I pushed the papers back into the envelope. Then I held on to the edge of the table, for I had the feeling that the floor was swinging around me and that I was going to fall to it. That passed in an instant. But I continued to grip the edge of the table in the kind of physical hush that a man feels to whom has happened an act of God.
>
> I was still standing there—it had taken only a few moments—when Levine came back . . . and asked me, as nearly as I remember, if I had found what I was looking for.
>
> My answer was more to myself than to him. "Good God," I said, "I did not know that this still existed."

Back home in Baltimore, Chambers recovered from his amazement at the contents of his own "life preserver" long enough to study the documents. He at once realized their significance. "They meant," he writes, "that there had been given into my hands the power to prove the existence of the Communist conspiracy."

The "Immutable" Witnesses

There can be no question that, without the documents, there would have been no case against Alger Hiss. The fact that Whittaker Chambers was able to produce *documents* seemed, to the newspapers and the public, conclusive proof of the charges he had made. The circumlocutions of Chambers' testimony could be forgotten. He may have lied before the House committee, he may have lied before the grand jury. His reasons for doing so were unfathomable but, anyway, they didn't matter. All that mattered was that he eventually told the truth. Obviously, he did. He had the documents, didn't he?

Such thinking influenced the entire course of the case. It is patently obvious in many official actions. The grand jury, without the documents, refused to indict Hiss; the grand jury, after the documents were produced, indicted Hiss. Murphy in the first trial concluded his opening statement to the jury with an admission that doubtless sounded more bald than he intended. "When you have heard all the testimony," he told the jurors, "... if you don't believe Chambers, we have no case under the Federal perjury rule." Stryker hopped on the admission and made it his battle cry. In the second trial, Murphy carefully avoided a repetition of the blunder; he under-played Chambers and cast in the starring role the documents and the typewriter—the "immutable witnesses," as he called them, to the crime that he said had been committed by Alger Hiss.

It's important, therefore, to see just how "immutable" were these witnesses—and just how credible was Chambers' testimony regarding the passing of documents by Hiss.

There are two major strands to this testimony. The first involves Chambers' flat assertion, made after he produced the documents, that Hiss had been a spy from the earliest days of their acquaintance and that Hiss, in 1935 when he was counsel to the Nye committee, had passed Chambers State Department secrets. According to Chambers, Hiss had volunteered for this spy role. Chambers testified:

> Mr. Hiss told me that he had the opportunity of using his position in the Nye investigation to obtain confidential documents from the State Department dealing with some angle of the munitions investigation. He

> asked whether or not I wished him to bring out these documents or to try to get them—I should have put one before the other—and I think that would be—well, I answered that I would have to consult J. Peters.

Chambers said that Peters gave the green light to the project. Shortly afterwards, Hiss began to bring out documents, and Chambers himself photographed them. Chambers was positive that he had done some of the photographing on the third floor of Hiss's P Street house. Pressed for details about the contents of the documents, he could only offer the obvious—that "they dealt with some phase of the munitions traffic, as nearly as I can remember." His impression was, Chambers said, that the documents were "original State papers with seals and signatures on them."

This testimony was susceptible to independent check. And because it was, this is what happened to it:

Joseph C. Green, of the State Department, who had been in charge of the department's dealings with the Nye committee, spelled out the procedure by which documents were taken from the files and passed along. He said that the Nye committee had delegated a girl expert in international law to work with the State Department. She examined files and picked out documents that she felt would be pertinent to the inquiry. These were then studied and cleared by the department. Once they had been cleared, *copies* of them were made. At no time did Hiss personally request or receive documents; at no time were *any* original documents given to the Nye committee; at no time were any *secret* documents given to the Nye committee. All of the thousands of documents released to the committee were released for publication, and all, with the exception of about twenty that were withheld not for "security reasons but for reasons of international courtesy," were actually published in committee reports, Green declared.

No collision of testimony could be more drastic. Chambers' tale of espionage in the days of the Nye committee is shattered by Green's testimony, if this be true. One of the most singular features of the second trial is that the government did not contest the point. Green's testimony stands unchallenged, and Murphy, in cross-examining Hiss on this spy charge, exhibited again that singular gingerliness that seems almost like a confession of weakness. Murphy asked Hiss just four questions, and all that these established was a point about which there was no dispute—that Green did supply the State Department documents to the Nye committee.

IN HIS challenging book, *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss,* the Earl Jowitt, former Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, writes perceptively of the significance of this abject collapse of a major Chambers charge:

> If it is established that Chambers was lying in this particular matter, his evidence of the turning over of the other documents can only be accepted with great caution.

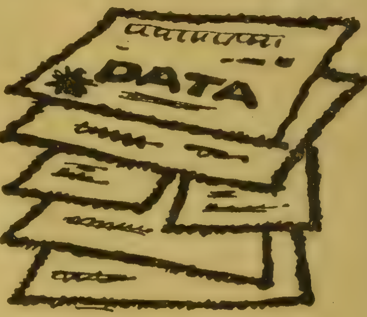
He points out that Chambers attributed to himself an almost Godlike compassion for others; that this, indeed, was his only excuse for having denied under oath that he ever had documents like those he later produced. But, says the Earl Jowitt:

> There would be nothing godlike in fabricating a case against an erstwhile friend by representing him as being guilty of treachery in handing over secret documents, if the truth turned out to be that that friend had done no more than supply copies of documents which were intended to be available to any and every journalist. Is this the true view? If it is, the consequences are indeed far-reaching. The reference to the "god of mercy" stands revealed as the most rank and revolting hypocrisy. But much more is involved, for where would a man who was capable of such conduct think fit to draw the line?

This first spy charge that failed forms the background to the second spy charge that succeeded. This second charge rested, of course, upon the documents that Chambers did produce.

First there were four memos in Hiss's handwriting. These were brief notes on incoming State Department cables received on Jan. 28 and on March 2, 3 and 11, 1938. Chambers' explanation of the notes was this: "From time to time Hiss also gave me small handwritten notes. These notes were about documents which had passed under his eyes quickly, and which for some reason or other he was unable to bring out, but which he thought were of some importance."

Hiss's explanation was this: One of his duties as an assistant to Sayre was to scan all incoming cables. The important ones, he sent directly to Sayre; the less important, he read himself, jotting down notes on the points of greatest interest so that he could later give Sayre an accurate oral report. Sometimes, Hiss testified, his original brief notation was so sketchy that, on re-perusal, it didn't make much sense even to him, and so he would clarify it with a further notation before reporting to Sayre.



The internal evidence of the memos seems to support Hiss. On three of them, extremely cryptic notations in either blue crayon or blue pencil at the top are elaborated in pencil underneath. All of the memos had been neatly folded across in the middle, as might be the case if they had been shoved into a man's pocket.

If Chambers told the truth about these memos, one is staggered by the monumental stupidity of the supposedly brilliant Alger Hiss. A man would have to be a near-idiot, one would think, to entrust to others handwritten notes that, if discovered, would be damning proof of treason. Of course, there is always the possibility that Hiss was so dedicated a Communist (even though there is no credible proof that he was) that he put blind trust in his confederates; but normally it would seem more logical to suppose that his personal memos might have been stolen by someone else and passed on to Chambers. Such a go-between would have had no concern about what might happen to Alger Hiss; his would not have been a deed of self-incrimination.

Logic suggests also a second consideration which Hiss stresses in his book. According to Chambers, the Hisses were working industriously on the old Woodstock, copying secret documents. Wouldn't they inevitably, in that case, have typed out more fully and intelligibly the brief office notes that Hiss had made? What would have been the sense of passing along a note headed by gibberish like "30 Potez-63, A lightest type, light b p" when a few strokes of the typewriter could have made all clear while at the same time eliminating the self-incrimination feature of handwriting? Why, indeed, wouldn't this have been done unless the notes were, as Hiss says they were, personal reminders to which he referred for his oral reports to Sayre?

A THIRD significant point in connection with the memos is that none dealt with vital secrets. They do not seem to fall into the category specified by Chambers, messages of such import that Hiss had only fleeting access to them and so could not bring them out. One of the memos, for example, dealt with a sensational and widely-publicized case of an American couple in Russia to whom American officials had first been denied access; the other three stressed neutrality and disarmament matters, subjects on which Sayre specialized and on which he was consulted frequently by superiors. Of these last three, one memo, the second in the series, seems more startling for what it doesn't say than for what it does.

This was the memo that began with the "30 Potez-63" gibberish. Hiss had added a pencilled elucidation. "About March 2," he had written, "U. S. Embassy in Paris cabled that although France was permitting shipment of military supplies to China via Indo-China only to fill existing orders, it was understood that this restriction was being liberally construed. For instance, the Military Attaché had learned that China had recently placed an order in France for 30 Potez-63 planes, one of the latest French types, a light bomber-pursuit."

The note, as can be seen, dealt only with a neutrality matter that fell within Sayre's special sphere. It made no mention of another paragraph in the original cable that would have been of intense interest to Russia—a paragraph of such significance that it would seem impossible for the most stupid Russian spy, let alone a man of Hiss's mental attainments, ever to have missed it. The paragraph read:

> The Japanese Army chiefs realize that today the Japanese people are worked up to a pitch where they will accept any sacrifice in prosecution of war; that if this patriotic fervor is allowed to subside it will be extremely difficult to whip it up again; and that therefore advantage should be taken of this situation to strike against Russia. Furthermore, these military chiefs are convinced that they will be able to wage a successful war against Russia while holding the Chinese in check on their flank with little difficulty.

Can anyone possibly believe that Hiss, were he the dedicated Communist, the dedicated Russian spy that Chambers pictured him to be, would have ignored such a sensational passage dealing with an imminent threat of war between Japan and Russia?

In his book, Hiss says that this paragraph, which was NOT in his memo, which Chambers and the Russians did NOT get, "was the one passage of vital interest to the Russians" in the entire list of State Department documents that either were summarized or reproduced in Chambers' collection.

JUST AS THE handwritten memos strain logic, if one is to accept Chambers' version of their meaning, so does the much more voluminous sheaf of fifty-eight typewritten pages. Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of investigative techniques can hardly fail to be impressed by the oddity of the entire typing procedure. Standard practice virtually outlaws such typing in undercover work for two reasons: photography is much faster and unquestionably more authentic.

Our own military intelligence in the years prior to World War II used photographic techniques that enabled documents to be microfilmed almost as rapidly as one can flip the pages of a book. These were not secret techniques; they could be employed by any highly-skilled, adequately-equipped commercial photographer. The Russian spy ring, according to Chambers, had two photographic studios available to it, one in Washington and one in Baltimore. And it is significant that, for years, the ring did use these facilities.

Henry Julian Wadleigh, the State Department employee who testified at the Hiss trials that he (Wadleigh) had filched documents and passed them to Chambers and to another courier named Carpenter, always brought out documents to be photographed. He testified that it was never suggested to him that he should type up documents for transmission. It seems peculiar that one active spy would bring out documents for microfilming; that a second, operating at the same time, if Chambers' story is true, would be asked to use his own typewriter.

Chambers' explanation was that his superior in the spy ring, a Colonel Bykov, had suggested the typewriting process. Chambers said that he had been visiting Hiss once a week or once every ten days to pick up documents, but that Bykov was dissatisfied with the amount of information that was being produced. As a result, on a trip to New York, Chambers testified, he took Hiss to a Brooklyn theatre and introduced him to Colonel Bykov. It was at this meeting that Bykov suggested that he "increase the flow" of documents by putting his typewriter to work copying extra papers in the intervals between Chambers' visits.

There seems to be no adequate explanation why a professional spy like Chambers couldn't make more visits to pick up more documents for more microfilming if a step-up in quantity was desired, but Chambers insisted that the new method was instituted and that Mrs. Hiss volunteered for the job of typist, glad to do her bit for the party. After this, Chambers said, he would call at the Hiss home, gather the typed pages and drive to Baltimore to have *them* microfilmed. He would then destroy the typewriting, giving Bykov just the photos.

The extra and seemingly unnecessary step of typing documents that were going to be microfilmed anyway would appear to have served no logical purpose except, ultimately, to incriminate Hiss. Aside from this implausibility inherent in the scheme, the defense managed to pick holes in some of the details. Chambers insisted that he had visited the Hisses' Volta Place home regularly while the last deliveries of documents were being made, but he admitted he didn't know how he got in. He couldn't recall whether he had a key; he couldn't recall whether he had to ring the bell or knock, or indeed whether the house was equipped with a bell or a knocker.

These gaps in recollection about a residence so often visited may seem strange to a skeptic. Other points made by the defense are even more clear-cut. One of these dealt with Chambers' testimony in the Baltimore libel depositions about the mysterious Colonel Bykov. According to this testimony, Chambers himself had not met Bykov at the time that, in his revamped trial testimony, he pictured himself as introducing Bykov and Hiss. The defense also showed that, in his 1945 FBI questioning, Chambers described how he went to a Brooklyn theatre and was introduced to Bykov. In this recital, he had made no mention of Hiss. In his book, Hiss suggests that maybe Chambers met Bykov only once in the darkened Brooklyn theatre, since Chambers' description of Bykov and Wadleigh's description of the spy-ring superior, unquestionably Bykov, do not mesh. Wadleigh testified Bykov had only one arm; Chambers had pictured him as a whole man with two arms.

Such is the background against which one must try to assess the validity of the typed documents. One of these stands out from the rest as a most curious exhibit. It takes up twenty pages of typing, almost one-third of the total of sixty-five pages, and is a verbatim reproduction of a State Department paper entitled *Economic Development of Manchukuo*. The report included complicated columns of figures setting out shareholdings in a new company. Defense testimony showed that the report had languished in Sayre's office, where Hiss could have had access to it, from Feb. 16 to March 11, 1938—a period of almost a month during which, had Chambers been calling for documents every week or ten days, it would have been infinitely simpler to film its intricate details than to copy them.

This laborious typing of a lengthy report of infinitesimal value wasn't the only odd circumstance brought out by the defense in connection with the typed and photographed documents. A majority of these were shown to have gone to Sayre's office, where Hiss might have obtained them, but there was a disturbing minority that did not fit into this pattern.

MANY OF the photographed documents, which took up fifty-eight pages, dealt with negotiations for a trade agreement with Germany. One of these was in German, which Sayre did not read—a circumstance which makes it seem unlikely that it would have been sent to his office without, at least, an English translation. Other photographs were of carbon copies of originals that had been typed up in the Trade Agreements Section, but it was shown that the apparently invariable practice had been to send the originals, NOT carbons, to Sayre's office. Finally, at least one of the photographed documents apparently never went to Sayre's office at all, but was kept in the files of the Trade Agreements Section.

A similar contretemps arose in connection with the typewritten documents. Chambers had infinite difficulty trying to explain his source for Exhibit No. 10, a report prepared by the Military Intelligence Division of the War Department. Testimony showed that this Document had NOT been typed on Hiss's Woodstock, but on some other machine. Furthermore, testimony showed that this particular document went only to the Far Eastern desk of the State Department. Sayre's office never had it, and so Hiss, it would seem, could never have had it.

Chambers was grilled closely about this incongruity. First, he insisted that he had received the document from Hiss; next, he said he might have gotten it from White, who was in the Treasury Department and, it would seem, could not possibly have had access to it; and finally, he switched back to his original story: Hiss had given it to him.

Wadleigh, who had worked in the Trade Agreements Section where many of Chambers' documents originated, was cross-examined on the theory that he had supplied Chambers with some of the papers attributed to Hiss. Wadleigh said that he "could not be certain" that he hadn't given Chambers the Manchukuo report, and he picked out some half-dozen other official papers as documents that he might have turned over. He agreed that he might also have passed along the microfilmed trade-agreement documents that came from his section.

This testimony lends some weight to the supposition that Wadleigh, not Hiss, may have been Chambers' source, but obviously it is not the complete explanation. Wadleigh's departure for Turkey on March 11, 1938, made it impossible for him to have furnished the later documents dated up to April 1. These must have been supplied either by Hiss or by some other confederate of Chambers inside the State Department.

There is no direct evidence that Chambers had such a confederate, but there are cogent reasons for believing that the typed documents could not have been prepared by Hiss and his wife as a part of a regular spy routine. These reasons were spelled out by Lane, Hiss's final counsel, in his futile battle for a new trial for Hiss. Lane finally had had the documents submitted to close expert examination. This disclosed, as he told the court, that the documents produced by Chambers fall into two distinct categories. The paper on which one batch was typed evidently had been cut down to size, approximately 8 by 10½ inches, after the typing was done. Even more significant, there was a distinct difference in the aging of the paper; one batch of documents had aged much more than the other.

But how could this be? If the documents had all been obtained from Hiss over a three-month period, if they had all been typed as they were procured, if they had all been hidden away in the same envelope for ten years, they should all have aged to the same degree. The fact that one group of documents hadn't aged as much as the other is certainly one of the most provocative elements in the entire case.

A further fact, not mentioned in Lane's motion papers but which his office insists the scientific evidence discloses, is that the dividing line between the two sets of differently-aged documents is the date of Wadleigh's departure for Turkey. Just one document, one which the defense contends was not secret and might have been obtained at the time from any of a number of sources, falls outside this neat time division. It is the only thing that breaks up a pattern that might seem almost suspiciously pat.

The scientific analysis of the paper led Lane to make one more startling charge—"that none of the Baltimore documents can have been kept in the envelope" in which Chambers swore he found them. The documents, Lane declared, are "devoid of the stains and pressure marks which they would have had to show if they had been in the envelope." Furthermore, said Lane, the envelope was of such size that it could not possibly have contained all that Chambers had testified it contained. If this is so, it might suggest that Chambers' original recollection that he had only limited material of little value was, indeed, the true recollection.

THIS entire line of evidence, which suggests inescapably that Hiss was framed, was not developed, unfortunately, until after Lane got into the case, and so it has never been subjected to the acid test of trial which alone could determine its validity. In the two long courtroom battles, the defense appears to have accepted the basic factual premises of the government's case and to have tried to combat them only by an analysis of the contents, and history, of the documents. This, as far as it went, was effective. How much more effective it might have been, had it been reinforced with reliable scientific testimony, must always remain a matter of conjecture.

As it was, defense counsel Cross made one of his strongest points, in summing up to the jury in the second trial, in a carefully-reasoned analysis of the intrinsic nature of the documents:

> I call your attention to Exhibit 11. Exhibit 11 is a summary or excerpt from sixteen underlying State Department documents. In other words, you had to have sixteen documents, or information copies of sixteen different cablegrams, to have written the four pages that make up Baltimore Exhibit 11. No. 2 on this list did not go to Mr. Sayre's office. Now, if No. 2 did not go to Mr. Sayre's office and wasn't available to Mr. Hiss, how in the world could he have typed the full four pages of Exhibit 11? Whoever did it had to have all of the underlying documents. . . .
>
> I will take another one, Exhibit 42. Forty-two is only two paragraphs. The second did not go to Sayre's office, did not go to Hiss; he did not have it. . . .
>
> And there are still others about the typewritten documents showing that at least five of them never went to Mr. Sayre's office, which would mean, if you count up the underlying documents, I think about twenty out of some seventy-two.
>
> Now the significant thing about this schedule is that an information copy of all these documents that form the basis of these Baltimore typewritten documents either went to Trade Agreements, where Wadleigh was stealing papers, or FE [the Far Eastern Division] where we know the Baltimore Exhibit 10 was stolen. . . .

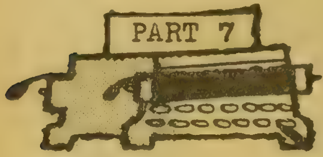
By contrast, one examines Murphy's closing speech in vain for any penetrating analysis, any counter-explanation. Murphy did not analyze. Ridicule was his weapon. Wittily, breezily, he skimmed the surface. He hammered hard at the indisputable fact that many of the documents were dated after Wadleigh's departure for Turkey; he stressed the view that Hiss's four handwritten memos were themselves a factual condemnation of Hiss; he made the typewriter, sitting there in the courtroom, practically a living witness against Hiss. The typewriter, tied to the documents by the typing, condemned Hiss, didn't it?

The jury evidently thought so, for ultimately it convicted Hiss. Only after the trial was over and the verdict in did one other strange tidbit of information come to light in Stripling's and Chambers' books dealing with the case. These disclosed that, at one point, it had seemed as if Chambers' photographed documents were about to backfire on him—and on the House committee.

The microfilm on which the documents had been recorded was submitted to an Eastman Kodak representative in Washington. After checking with the home office in Rochester, he shocked investigators by asserting that this particular piece of film hadn't been manufactured until 1945. An hour and a half later, of his own volition, the representative telephoned the House committee and said he had made a mistake; the film had indeed been manufactured in 1937—a finding that fit the requirements of the filmed documents.

The brief interval between this first and second verdict by the Kodak man, it is generally agreed, was a bad time for all engaged in prosecuting the case. Stripling wrote subsequently that he "felt like taking a dive out the nearest window." Nixon, he said, telephoned Chambers to demand an explanation, and Nixon's voice was "harsh."

And what was Chambers' explanation? A man who *knew* with absolute certainty how he had obtained these documents, and when, would certainly be expected to insist that the expert *must* be wrong, that he *had* to be wrong. But Chambers, according to Stripling, told Nixon merely: "I have nothing to say except that Fate is against us." Chambers' own version is that he told Nixon: "God is against me."



Woodstock No. 230,099

One of the most famous typewriters ever built is an ancient Woodstock machine bearing the serial number 230,099. This is the machine that is still in the custody of Lane, for one of the ironies of this fantastically-tangled case is that it was Hiss who produced the machine—and the government who used it to convict Hiss.

Just as there could have been no conviction of Hiss without the documents produced by Whittaker Chambers, so there could have been no conviction of Hiss without the typewriter Hiss himself produced—the machine that tied the documents to him.

In the rash of heavily-weighted newspaper headlines in which the Hiss case was fought, this fact was virtually obscured. In the final trial, Murphy's brilliant forensics, completely outclassing the more sober and plodding talents of Claude Cross, worked an amazing transformation. The typewriter, which the defense had produced, became the government's prize exhibit; and under Murphy's handling, the anomaly of the guilty man bringing into court the instrument that would establish his guilt never registered with the jury or the public.

How did Murphy work this miracle? Simply by contending that the deep-dyed traitor, Hiss, had been helpless to do anything else.

In his summation, Murphy pictured the Hisses as debating what they should do when they learned that Chambers had broken with communism. Recognizing their danger, they would take every care to cover their traces, Murphy argued. Then he plunged into this imaginary conversation between Hiss and his wife:

> "The only thing remaining to get us into trouble other than his word [Murphy had the Hisses saying to each other] is the typewriter. If they find those instruments we are sunk." So what do they do? If they sold the typewriter they might be traced. If they brought it over to the bridge going to Roslyn and dropped it into the Potomac, somebody might see them. Guilty knowledge. So they give it to their trusted maid's children, knowing full well that they didn't type, that it would be put to abuse and gradually disintegrate, gradually.

It is a full measure of Murphy's oratory that such arrant nonsense could be made to sound persuasive.

Does anyone seriously doubt that, in ten years, Hiss couldn't have found a better way to dispose of the typewriter if he knew it to be an instrument of guilt? A few blows of an axe would have smashed up the type faces beyond recognition; the machine certainly might have been flung into a deserted woods, on a garbage dump, into a lonely lake or river anywhere between Washington and Vermont, where Hiss spent the summers. Does anyone seriously question that, once Hiss had divorced himself from the typewriter in any of these ways, it could hardly ever have been found and traced back to him? Does anyone seriously question that the surest way to make certain that it *would* be traced would be to dispose of it to a "trusted maid" in his own household?

In these circumstances, the true history of Woodstock No. 230,099 becomes the final and the most crucial single element in determining what weight should be given to the prosecution's case, what interpretation should be made of the prosecution's motives. This, then is its history—or at least this is the history (there is considerable doubt that the two are the same) of the Woodstock machine that, indisputably, the Hisses once possessed:

In the early 1930s, Hiss's father-in-law, Thomas Fansler, retired from his Philadelphia insurance business. He gave his daughter, by then married to Hiss, his office typewriter. Mrs. Hiss used the machine for several years; it was in the Hiss household during the short time that the Chamberses admittedly stayed there in 1935. Several letters written on the machine by Mrs. Hiss later were uncovered by the FBI in a nationwide search. The latest in date was a letter typed by Mrs. Hiss on May 25, 1937, applying for admission to the University of Maryland's course in inorganic chemistry.

The next step in the history of the Hisses' Woodstock is clear except for one transcendent element—time. The Hisses, during one of their Washington changes of residence, gave the old machine to Cleide Catlett, their maid, for the use of her two boys. Hiss insists in his book that "by 1948 my wife and I had completely forgotten how we had disposed of the old Woodstock and didn't even recall its make."

In the spring of 1949, one of Cleide Catlett's sons, Raymond (Mike)

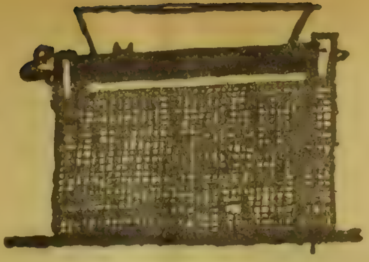
Catlett, came to Donald Hiss in Washington. He said he had heard that there was a hunt on for the old typewriter and that he thought he knew where it was because it had been given to him and his brother, Perry Catlett, when they were children. Following this lead, one of Hiss's attorneys, Edward C. McLean, traced the machine through several transfers of ownership to a truckman, Ira Lockey, who had received it as part-payment for a moving job. McLean paid Lockey $40 for the machine and so, just six weeks before the first trial, the defense secured possession of Woodstock No. 230,099, which it introduced in evidence under the supposition that it was the Hiss machine.

One of the most fiercely-waged and inconclusive battles of the trials dealt with the all-important date of the transfer of the old Woodstock from the Hisses to the Catlett boys. Hiss and his wife weren't of much help, and their testimony sounded, or was made to sound, evasive and implausible under Murphy's scathing cross-examination.

The Hisses admitted that, when they were questioned before the grand jury before the machine had been found, they testified that they had given the Woodstock to the Salvation Army or some junkman in 1938. Hiss admitted he had told the grand jury he had a "visual recollection" of the typewriter in his Volta Place home, to which he moved on December 29, 1937. If this was so, the Hisses might well have had possession of the typewriter at the time the documents were typed.

This was, of course, a dangerous admission, and the Hisses, in the trials, altered their testimony. They insisted that their memories had been refreshed by the details related by the Catletts and that they were now certain the typewriter had been given to the Catlett boys at the time of the move to Volta Place, not afterwards.

At the second trial, Perry Catlett testified that the typewriter had been given to him "during the time they were moving; between 30th Street and Volta Place." The prosecution showed, however, that three days before the trial Perry had given a statement to the FBI in which he said he had received the typewriter "during the period" of the moving. This statement would have agreed with his trial testimony except for the added remark ascribed to him in the FBI document: "I can't remember whether they gave it to me before they moved or after they had moved to Volta Place. They could have lived on Volta Place for several months before they gave it to me."



Confronted with this discrepancy at the trial, Perry, who was then working for the War Department, repudiated this section of his FBI statement. "I did not tell him [the FBI agent] that they gave it to me after they moved in Volta Place," he insisted. "That is a mistake. He wrote that hisself."

The natural tendency, in such a clash of testimony, is to disbelieve the witness and to believe the FBI. Perry Catlett's disclaimer of his own FBI statement, and other involved and confused testimony about efforts he had made to get the Woodstock repaired, undoubtedly backfired upon the defense. The jury may well have gotten the idea that here was a son of a former servant loyally doing his best to help the Hisses. In the final analysis, however, the prosecution was never able to prove conclusively that the Hisses had the typewriter during those critical early months of 1938, nor were the Hisses ever able to prove conclusively that they didn't have it.

During this drawn battle, there emerged a secondary thread which was merely confusing at the time of the trial and did not assume significance until later, when the defense began to examine critically and scientifically the "immutable witnesses" of the prosecution. This secondary testimony dealt with the condition of the old Hiss Woodstock.

Murphy's handling again cast an aura of evasiveness about Mrs. Hiss's testimony. She insisted the Woodstock had become so unworkable she gave it away, but she had trouble explaining just what ailed it. The keys stuck, the ribbon didn't flow right, she said. These seem relatively minor flaws, and Murphy wanted to know why the Hisses hadn't had the machine repaired. Mrs. Hiss didn't seem quite able to tell him.

While this testimony, standing alone, has a suspicious cast to it, one of the points on which there seems to have been general agreement, curiously enough, is that the Hiss Woodstock *was* virtually a wreck. Perry Catlett testified that the keys jammed up so badly the machine was hardly usable when he got it. A Sergeant Roulhac, who boarded with the Catletts, testified that the machine was kept in a kind of junk room. The Catletts gave frequent parties, and sometimes, he said, the celebrants banged on the machine for kicks. The sergeant testified that Perry used to pound on it, so did Perry's girl friend, and so did he himself at times. From the Catletts, the much-abused typewriter passed through other hands until finally it came into the possession of Lockey, the truckman. He testified that, when he got it, it was sitting in a backyard in the rain.

"Well, after I got it, it was in such bad condition that I didn't think it was worthwhile to have it repaired," he said, "but I got it for my daughter to type on because at that particular time she was taking typing."

Later, Lockey's son took the typewriter for his little girl to play with, and as Lockey testified, "that is just where it stayed because no one ever used it—it was in such bad condition."

In the light of this uncontradicted line of testimony, it is amazing to find that Woodstock No. 230,099, when it was brought into court, proved to be a pretty perky old machine. An FBI expert demonstrated that it was still perfectly workable by typing on it with relatively little difficulty, and the jurors in the first trial, their minds evidently intrigued by the mystery of the machine, tested it out for themselves.

There seems to be an obvious and inexplicable conflict between the testimony and the visual demonstrations. One would expect, from the testimony of prosecution and defense witnesses alike, that Hiss's discarded Woodstock would not have performed at all the way Woodstock No. 230,099 did in court. One might almost be tempted to wonder whether the witnesses and the demonstrators were dealing with the same machine—except that the FBI testimony, unchallenged at the trial, seemed to establish this beyond doubt.

For years, it was an aphorism of criminal deduction that the typing of a particular typewriter was as identifiable as a fingerprint. The accepted principle was that typing could be traced to the one machine on which it was done, and such a thing as forgery by typewriter was not supposed to be even remotely possible. So well-established were these premises that Hiss's defense accepted them without challenge in the course of two trials.

The evidence seemed without question to link the typed Baltimore documents directly to Hiss's old Woodstock. Ramos C. Feehan, an FBI agent and a specialist in document examination, testified that he had compared the so-called standards, the letters admittedly typed by Mrs. Hiss, with the copied State Department documents. He demonstrated from photographic enlargements the similarity of imperfections in the two sets of typing.

The defense, obviously, was baffled for an explanation. The best that Cross could do in summation was to suggest that somehow Chambers had gotten access to Hiss's typewriter after Hiss had discarded it; that perhaps Chambers had sneaked into the Catlett home and banged away on the old machine, manufacturing the documents that later would convict Hiss.

It was a rationalization, offered without a shred of evidence, that exposed Cross and the defense to the devastating wit of Murphy. The prosecutor, in one of his broad, slapstick impersonations for the jury's benefit, pictured a "confederate" of Chambers coming up to Cleide Catlett's house wearing a cap marked, "Woodstock Repair."

He says to Cleide, "I'm the repair man to fix the typewriter."

Murphy continued:

> Then Cleide says, "Well, which one do you want? The Remington, the Royal, the L.C. Smith? Which one?"
>
> "No. We want the Woodstock."
>
> "Oh, that's over in my boy's house, over at P Street."
>
> And then the next scene, it is the middle of one of these dances. And you see Chambers sneaking in at night, mingling with the dancers, and then typing, typing the stuff, holding the State Department document in one hand—
>
> Oh, Mr. Cross, you've got to do better than that.

While there can be no doubt that the defense had called down upon itself this telling ridicule, Murphy was not content to stop there. He went on in his summation to inject into the case an entirely new proposition, one that went far beyond the bounds of any suggested evidence and was so obviously prejudicial to the defense that it seems to speak volumes about the prosecution's ethics. To appreciate fully the ethical issue, one has to understand the background.

Two weeks before the trial, Cross had sought permission to inspect any material typed by Chambers or Mrs. Chambers in an effort to see whether a scientific study of the vagaries of the typing might help to identify the typist. Murphy had blocked the attempt, submitting to the court an affidavit in which he stated that "it strains one's imagination to see how that would tend to prove who the operator of the Woodstock was. It can hardly be claimed that an expert could tell what individual typed a certain instrument by having a specimen of his typing. . . ."

Yet now, in the closing minutes of the case, the evidence in, the defense helpless to reply, Murphy called upon the inexpert jury to attempt the very feat he himself had protested was impossible even for an expert. He called upon the jurors to "look for a similarity of mistakes" in the typing of Mrs. Hiss's personal letters and the typing of the Baltimore documents. Ignoring the fact that FBI experts had not attempted to draw any conclusions about the identity of the typist, Murphy pictured these relatively common mistakes—the striking of r for i, f for g and f for d—as showing that the two sets of documents had been typed by the same hand.

This tactic, unjustified by the evidence, drew no rebuke from Judge Goddard. The suggestion was allowed to stand, and there is some indication that it may have influenced the jury. For after the panel had received the case and retired to the jury room, it called for the documents, indicating that it may have been trying to make just the kind of comparison Murphy had urged.

SUCH IS the evidence on which Hiss's conviction was based. It wasn't until after the second jury had returned its verdict that Hiss raised the issue of forgery by typewriter, and Lane set out to prove that this was possible.

The lawyer's first step was to try to show that a typewriter could be built that would duplicate exactly the typing of Woodstock No. 230,099. Martin K. Tytell, a New York typewriter expert, agreed to try. Tytell, in an article in *True* in August, 1952, told the story of his experiences in building a Woodstock typewriter to match the samples of typing Lane had given him from No. 230,099—a machine Tytell had never seen.

The task required the canvassing of out-of-the-way typewriter shops for old Woodstock type of a vintage to match that on the supposed Hiss machine. On one occasion, after a long search, Tytell came across a Woodstock branch store in Newark, N. J. It was a lucky discovery, for the store had a number of old Woodstocks with the kind of type Tytell needed. In his *True* article, Tytell told of a conversation he had with the store proprietor as he selected the machines he needed:

> Then, just as I began gathering the machines upstairs to load into my Plymouth suburban, [the proprietor] leaned casually against one

> wall and said haltingly, "Say, Tytell, do you know who you remind me of?"
>
> My wife answered, "No, tell me."
>
> "You remind me of the FBI," he said. I ignored that, but he continued talking to my wife. He put his hand to his head.
>
> "Now what was that case they were working on?" He paused, then blurted, "Oh, I remember. The Alger Hiss case. When we had our office down on Halsey Street a couple of FBI men came into the office and they went through everything. Right in that office they found what they were looking for."
>
> I pursued the subject no further. All I wanted was some type. And I had my type.

This was only one of the odd things that happened to Tytell. As he rebuilt and tinkered with type and perfected his phony Woodstock, peculiar and seemingly inexplicable incidents—experiences such as he had never had in his quiet life before—began to occur around his office, his home, his neighborhood. This is the way Tytell described them in *True*:

> Once, early in June, a girl from Lane's office met me in the street in front of my shop. She was returning some samples of specimens I had taken off the forgery job. I put the samples in my outer coat pocket, went upstairs and, as was my custom, hung the coat in a small outer room at the head of the stairway leading to my shop. The stairs go straight up two flights from the street. A few minutes after I sat down at my desk, I heard footsteps running up. This happens all day long, and I looked for a customer to walk in. But no one came in, and I heard footsteps running down very fast. I walked out to look around. I looked in the outer room. My coat was gone.
>
> A number of suspicious incidents around my home cropped up. A telephone repairman got by the maid to take care of some complaints—but I had never made any complaints. A mysterious inquisitor tried dating my neighbor's maid after asking her if she could tell him all she knew about the Tytells and their habits.

Such experiences involving members of his own staff subsequently led Lane, using the restrained language dictated by legal propriety, to make a bold and important charge. "Significantly," he told the court in his motion papers asking for a new Hiss trial, "my investigation of the authenticity of No. 230,099 is the only phase of my investigative activity which to my knowledge has invoked Government surveillance."

Despite this surveillance, Lane's typewriter researches produced results. Tytell succeeded in creating a machine whose typing, according to affidavits Lane filed with the court, was virtually indistinguishable from that of Woodstock No. 230,099. Affidavits of reputable experts asserted they would not have suspected that two machines did the typing had they not been told in advance of examination that this was so. Their analyses also showed that, on the basis of the limited appraisal of certain letters—the technique used by Feehan at the trial—they could not have detected the forgery.

This showed, of course, merely that the State Department documents produced by Chambers *could* have been forged, not that they *had*.

To prove that forgery had indeed taken place, Lane tried to trace the history of Woodstock No. 230,099 to determine whether it was really the Fansler-Hiss machine or another machine that had been substituted. Once he touched this apparently sensitive subject, Lane found every conceivable roadblock thrown in his way. He detailed many of these roadblocks in his affidavit. They constituted his major reason for requesting a public hearing to compel unwilling or scared witnesses to testify and to compel the FBI to produce sequestered information. Judge Goddard refused to entertain the motion.

While this refusal probably blocked for all time the kind of final determination to which both Hiss and the public seem, in retrospect, to have been entitled, Lane's circumscribed researches turned up some highly disturbing facts:

A Woodstock bearing the serial No. 230,099 would have been manufactured about August, 1929—certainly no earlier than the first week of July, 1929.

Yet Woodstock No. 230,099, as exhibited in court, had a type face used only on Woodstocks manufactured in 1926, 1927, 1928 and possibly the very early part of 1929.

The machine that had belonged to the Hisses had been in use in Fansler's office as early as July 8, 1929—and so could not possibly have been Woodstock No. 230,099, which would not have been coming off the factory assembly line, *at the very earliest*, until about that time.

THESE WERE startling official disclosures made by Lane to the court. To any American interested in the fair and even administration of justice—the vital ingredient of democracy—Lane's affidavit detailing the official pressure that sealed lips and kept essential information from the defense must remain forever one of the most shocking aspects of the entire case.

Originally, inquiries at the Woodstock factory in Woodstock, Illinois, produced information that Woodstock No. 230,099 could not have been manufactured before August or September, 1929. A Woodstock official mentioned without elaboration that his company "had helped the FBI find the typewriter in the Hiss case." An attempt by Lane subsequently to get an affidavit covering these points was turned down; a formal request for permission to inspect the records was rejected.

Lane's investigators tried to question Harry L. Martin, who had been associated with Fansler in the Philadelphia office of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. Prior to the discovery of Woodstock No. 230,099 by the defense, a defense investigator *had* questioned Martin, who had said that the Fansler machine had been purchased in early 1928. Later, when Lane tried to establish this essential point beyond possibility of challenge, Martin refused an interview and said, according to Lane, that "he would not discuss the matter under any circumstances without the formal consent of the Agent in charge of the FBI in Philadelphia."

Attempting to establish the identity of the Fansler-Hiss typewriter by another method, Lane's investigators interviewed O. J. Carrow, who had been a Woodstock branch manager in Philadelphia from 1927 to 1938. Carrow had been questioned by the FBI in late 1948 or early 1949. He recalled that he had told FBI agents that the machine they were interested in would have been sold in Philadelphia about November, 1927, allowing for a six-month margin of error—an estimate that agrees perfectly with Martin's original statement to Hiss investigators that the machine *had* been purchased in early 1928. Carrow thought that the machine the FBI questioned him about bore a different serial number than 230,099, but he could not be positive about the number because the FBI had taken all his records and never returned them.

One final effort to establish a positive check-point on the Fansler-Hiss machine was made at the headquarters of Northwestern Mutual in Milwaukee. The insurance company at first refused to cooperate, citing possible ire of its stockholders, but finally granted permission to Donald Doud, a document expert, to study photostats of letters typed to the head office in Milwaukee on the Fansler machine. Doud's examination showed that a letter typed on July 8, 1929, agreed in type-face pattern and exhibited the typing characteristics later noted in Mrs. Hiss's letters and the Baltimore documents. This particular typewriter model, Doud reported, was manufactured from 1926 "until some time in the latter part of 1928 or early 1929." It could not possibly have been manufactured as late as July or August, 1939, when Woodstock records indicated No. 230,099 had been made. But Doud, having come to these conclusions in letters which Lane presented to the court, refused to sign an affidavit.

Lane summed up the issues at stake in this pungent paragraph in his affidavit:

> It is the handicaps surrounding the investigation which most require the Court's attention. We search for records—the FBI has them. We ask questions—the FBI will not let people talk to us. We request access to ordinary documents in corporate files —corporate officials fear the wrath of their stockholders. We ask people to certify information in files they have shown us—they must consult counsel, and we hear no more from them. We pay experts to give us opinions—and they decline to back them up in court because they "cannot subscribe" to anything which might support the conclusion we believe the facts point to.
>
> And, even worse, honorable and patriotic citizens who have wanted to help have been deterred by the appearance—whether or not it is reality—of official surveillance and wiretapping, and others who have labored to gather information for us in the interests of justice are afraid to come forward for fear of personal consequences which might result to them from public association with the defense of Alger Hiss.

This is probably as close as any attorney has ever come in court to accusing the FBI of Gestapo-like methods, of creating the atmosphere of a police state which is the very antithesis of democracy.

THE barriers that had confronted Lane in attempting to establish by records the identity of the Woodstock did not stop him from making one final attempt to prove the same point through a scientific, metallurgical examination of Woodstock No. 230,099. If the machine had been altered, Lane reasoned, evidence of the tampering might be discovered in its type faces and mechanism. Again Lane had difficulty finding an expert willing to aid the unpopular cause of Alger Hiss, but finally Dr. Daniel Norman, director of chemical research of the New England Spectrochemical Laboratories, of Ipswich, Mass., a man long distinguished in the field of metallurgical analysis, agreed to undertake the task.

As a result of his investigation, Lane subsequently declared flatly in another affidavit to the court:

> . . . I no longer just *question* the the authenticity of Woodstock No. 230,099. I now say to the Court that Woodstock N230099—the typewriter in evidence at the trials—is a fake machine. I present in affidavit form, and will be able to produce at the hearing, expert testimony that this machine is a deliberately fabricated job, a new type face on an old body. This being so, it can only have been planted on the defense by or on behalf of Whittaker Chambers as part of his plot for the false incrimination of Alger Hiss.

Dr. Norman's examination, Lane asserted, showed that "a majority of the types on Woodstock N230099 have been soldered onto the typebars in a careless fashion, quite unlike the kind of soldering job done at the Woodstock factory or in a regular repair operation; that the solder used for the replacement types has a different metallic content from that used on the types which apparently have not been altered and from that used on other contemporary machines; that the type-face metal in almost half the types contains metallic elements not present in Woodstock type metal until the date of machines of substantially later serial numbers than N230099; that the altered types show tool marks which indicate deliberate alteration of the striking faces of the letters, as well as peculiar finish or polish quite unlike that on types which have worn or aged normally."

Lane declared that these discoveries, reinforcing the Tytell experiment showing that a machine *could* be faked, proved conclusively that Woodstock No. 230,099 *had* been phonied. "Clearer evidence of the plot to incriminate Alger Hiss falsely could scarcely be desired," he declared.

ON STILL another point, Lane combatted the premises of the prosecution. Picking up Murphy's last minute injunction to the jury to study the typing as a clue to the identity of the typist, Lane had the Baltimore documents studied by Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, a skilled documents expert. She concluded that the documents had been typed by at least two persons "whose work varied sharply in evenness of pressure, typing skill, mechanical understanding and control of the machine, style habits, and other similar respects. No one person's work could exhibit such differences."

Miss McCarthy added that the typing characteristics exhibited by Priscilla Hiss in the letters she admittedly wrote varied greatly from the typing of the documents and that "Priscilla Hiss did not in my opinion type any of the Baltimore

Documents." She insisted that the Baltimore documents "contain at least fifty typing errors of a kind which do bear on the personality of the typist and which do not appear anywhere in the standards, while on the other hand nine errors of that nature appearing in the standards never occur in the Baltimore Documents."

The typed pages produced by Chambers contained one further important clue to their own validity—a number of pencil corrections. Were the papers legitimate, they presumably would have been typed and corrected at various times over a period of three months. Miss McCarthy found, however, that the corrections "give the appearance of having been made in one continuous operation rather than at separate times when the separate pages should have been typed. The corrections and proof-reading marks were made with a soft, grayish-black pencil, in approximately the same condition of wornness and bluntness throughout, and are quite inconsistent with the idea that the same or different pencils were used at a number of times over a three-months period."

Perhaps, from the standpoint of simple logic and credibility, this is the most important of all of Lane's scientific discoveries. Expert testimony on complicated points can always be contested by other experts, so much so that juries are sometimes baffled as to which expert to believe; but the use of one blunt pencil in a continuous operation, where there should have been several pencils in several operations, is so elemental a sign of fraud that it seems impossible that any expert worthy of the title could be in error about it.

The new defense case drew a countering barrage from the prosecution. Myles J. Lane, who had succeeded Murphy as U. S. Attorney in New York, seized upon the Tytell typewriter experiment as a means of ridiculing the charges as "a combination of a Grimm's fairy tale with a bit of a Rube Goldberg twist." He declared that the machine hadn't proved its point because even defense experts admitted that, after they had been warned and had submitted the typing to exceptionally minute analysis, they could detect slight variations. Myles Lane, who is no relation to Chester Lane, also stressed that it had taken Tytell, a typewriter expert, many months to create his fake machine, and he asked how Whittaker Chambers, who was not a typewriter expert, could have phonied a machine in only a fraction of that time.

ON THE all-important question of the time relationship between Chambers' break with the party and the document-passing, the government made what, from the standpoint of logic, must be considered a truly startling concession. It admitted that Chambers had "erred by a few weeks in fixing the time of his obtaining the translation" of the Gumpert manuscript. The government belittled the disclosure as of insufficient gravity to warrant a new trial and clouded the issue by affidavits showing that Chambers' rent on the Mount Royal Terrace apartment in Baltimore had been paid through April 30. No extraneous affidavits, however, can really blunt the significance of the "few weeks error" admission. This is the heart of everything. More than a mere translation date is involved in the discoveries made by Lane in the Oxford University Press files; the unanimous testimony of Chambers and others—one of the few points that elicits general agreement—is that Chambers was a fugitive from Communist vengeance, and had been for some time, when he obtained the translation. Hence an admitted error of a few weeks—an error that means he was a fugitive at the time he would have had to be receiving documents from Hiss if Hiss were truly guilty—is one so monumental that, in effect, it vitiates the entire government case.

In other affidavits, the government combatted the scientific testimony offered by Hiss. One agent denied the FBI had any information about "any other Hiss Woodstock machine other than the trial exhibit" and said that the FBI had not sought any Woodstock except No. 230,099 after May 14, 1949—a date that seems inappropriate to the issue, since the defense information was that a machine with a different serial number had been sought by the FBI long *before* that date. In fact, May 14 was about a month *after* the defense had found and produced the controversial Woodstock. Obviously, if there were two machines and one was planted on the defense, the search and discovery would have taken place before the planting—not afterwards. On still another point, the government came full circle, back to Murphy's original position, asserting—contrary to what Murphy had asked the jury to do in his closing speech—that the identity of a typist cannot be revealed by typing.

FROM A STRICTLY legal, technical standpoint, the government's strongest argument probably was that there was little in the defense's plea for a new trial that was really new, that all of the scientific arguments could and should have been raised at the time of trial had the defense used "due diligence" in preparing its case.

This argument was echoed in Judge Goddard's ruling refusing a hearing on the debated points and refusing a new trial. The judge, like the prosecution, concentrated heavily on the typewriter, standing in isolation, without much regard to the supporting mass of evidence that Lane had cited in his motion papers. Judge Goddard ruled that there was "absolutely no evidence to support" the charge that Chambers had constructed "the alleged duplicate typewriter" and that "there is not a trace of any evidence that Chambers had the mechanical skill, tools, equipment or material for such a difficult task."

A postscript to the celebrated "forgery by typewriter" issue was written this spring following the publication of Hiss's book. Senator Mundt sent FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover a letter asking whether the FBI had ever compared samples of typing to prove that the Baltimore documents came from the Hiss machine. Hoover replied, as he must have been expected to reply, that the FBI had indeed made such a study.

In his answer, Hoover cited a letter from James McQueen, son-in-law of the truckman, Lockey, applying for a federal job. The letter was dated July 26, 1947, just a little more than a year before Chambers first publicly accused Hiss. FBI laboratory experts, Hoover said, ruled that "the same typewriter" that typed this application typed the Baltimore documents. The McQueen letter, Hoover pointed out, is significant because it establishes a link in time and shows that the Hiss Woodstock was in use in Lockey's household a full year before Chambers accused Hiss.

Newspapers hopped upon this disclosure. Their stories gave the impression that the evidence was new and settled for all time the "forgery by typewriter" issue. Actually, the McQueen letter was old hat. It had been introduced in evidence as Exhibit 45 in the first trial, and McQueen himself had taken the stand. Peculiarly, McQueen had testified that he could not remember ever typing the application, or signing it even though he recognized the signature as his; nor did he remember filing the application. Over defense protests, the document was admitted into evidence at the first trial; at the second, the government made no reference to it.

THIS indisputably inconclusive testimony of McQueen seems to contrast sharply with Hoover's contention to Mundt that the McQueen letter is conclusive. In addition, Hoover's letter gives no clue to the scientific processes by which FBI experts determined that "the same typewriter" was involved. Defense evidence would indicate that forgery by typewriter is possible and that the methods used by the FBI at the trial never would detect a skillfully-altered machine. Hence the possibility that there *actually were two* machines still cannot be outlawed.

A basic point that seems to have escaped the press is that the defense did not contend that Lockey never had the original Hiss machine. Certainly, he had it and certainly McQueen could have typed the 1947 job application on it if the machine were workable; otherwise, it would not have been possible for the defense to follow the trail of the Hiss machine to Lockey. This is not the point.

The real issue involves the possibility that government investigators may have followed the trail to Lockey first—and that a switch may have been made, with a forged and highly workable machine on which the Baltimore documents had been produced, being substituted for the one in Lockey's possession. If this were done, it would have had to be done before the defense "discovered" Woodstock No. 230,099. In the light of all the evidence amassed by Chester Lane in his after-trial researches—and especially in the light of all the barriers put in his way in those researches—these are possibilities that, it would seem, simply cannot be ignored. Certainly they demand more positive refutation, if they are to be refuted, than the citation of a dubious letter that James McQueen could not remember typing in applying for a job that he could not remember applying for.

If You Believe Hiss Guilty—

Such are the issues raised by the trial and conviction of Alger Hiss. There was other trial testimony that may have influenced the jury, but which hardly seems of significant weight in any final evaluation of the case. There was conflict between Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Hiss on whether Dulles had offered Hiss the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace when they were both on shipboard going to Europe; there was disagreement between them as to whether Hiss had offered to resign his State Department post after Chambers' accusations were made. The defense put psychiatrists on the stand in an effort to prove that Chambers was a psychopath, incapable of differentiating truth from falsehood, and the maneuver boomeranged when Murphy, in a brilliant display of courtroom technique, made it seem that the psychiatrists, by their own definition, were more psychopathic than Chambers. These were sideshows that may have had some influence, but the basic truth of the Alger Hiss case pivots about these central issues: the duel of credibility between Hiss and Chambers; the documents; the typewriter.

The most fundamental of these, of course, is credibility. Murphy's incautious pronouncement in the first trial that, if the jurors didn't believe Whittaker Chambers the government had no case, still holds true. Belief in Whittaker Chambers is essential to belief in Hiss's guilt, for only Whittaker Chambers directly implicated Hiss and, if he testified falsely, then an entirely different interpretation of the meaning of the documents and the typewriter is not only possible, but indeed inevitable.

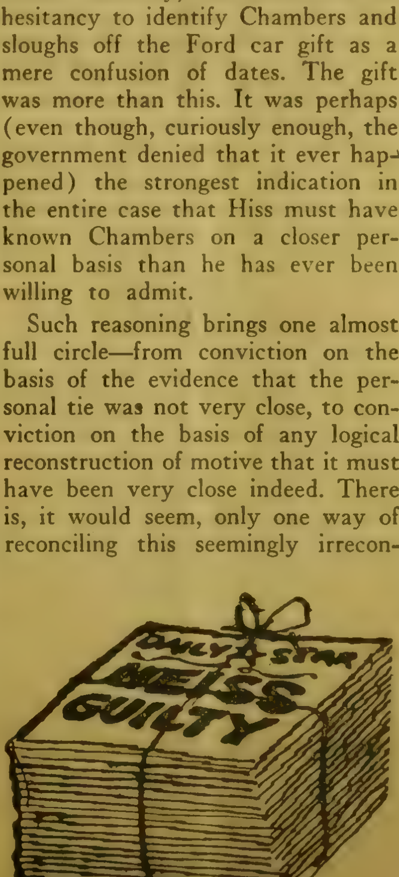
Strangely enough, it is Hiss, not Chambers, who seems to win the duel of credibility, yet it was Chambers who won the final battle. Hiss's testimony was not perfect, but it was never disparaged, never utterly routed as was Chambers' on many positive assertions of fact—for instance, the myth of Carl, the one-name man; the refutation of his accounts of inter-family intimacy by independent witnesses like Boucot and Mrs. Brown and Peterboro's Mrs. Davis; Chambers' own revealing retreat from his emphatic declaration that he had lived in Hiss's 30th Street house; the contradiction of his own testimony by his own testimony on the collection of Communist Party dues from Hiss; the collapse of his charges against Donald Hiss; the collapse of his charge that Alger Hiss was a spy at the time of the Nye committee investigation.

One cannot help but be intrigued by the fact that a witness, proven so unreliable on so many points, could be judged reliable on the main point. How could this happen? There can be no doubt that Hiss fought his battle for vindication from the start in a hostile atmosphere. The mere fact that the House Un-American Activities Committee cross-examined only one witness, Hiss, and accepted without question the obvious conflicts in the testimony of the other witness, Chambers, is graphic proof that the scales were weighted against the defendant before, officially, he became a defendant. They were weighted, too, by a heavily partisan press which accepted without question, without attempt at dispassionate inquiry, the official pronouncements of the House committee regarding Chambers' reliability and Hiss's evasiveness. It is hardly arguable that Hiss was convicted in the headlines before he was convicted in court.

FORMIDABLE as was this combination, it is not, however, the whole explanation. While Hiss's testimony emerges from the test of trial much less shaken than Chambers', there was inherent in it a basic implausibility that defied full acceptance. Hiss pictured his relationship with Chambers as one of the most brief and fleeting nature, and in so doing he deprived himself of any rational explanation for the deed that he still insists Chambers committed—the framing of Alger Hiss. For, obviously, one does not go to infinite trouble and take infinite risks to frame a brief and casual acquaintance; obviously, if Whittaker Chambers framed Hiss, Whittaker Chambers must have had some over-riding, personal compulsion.

It was the basic weakness of Hiss's position that, by denying the possibility of such a motive, he deprived himself of any rational explanation; he left the jury and the public with no alternative except to credit Chambers, to believe Chambers' charge that Hiss had been a Communist collaborator and, so, a spy. This was the fundamental flaw in Hiss's position at the time of trial; it is still the flaw. In his book, he still fails to convey an impression of complete candor. He says that, when he was first told that Chambers was going to accuse him of Communist ties, he paid little attention because the charge was so preposterous he felt no one could believe it. It strains belief that, in the atmosphere of the times, a man of Hiss's intelligence could have taken so cavalier an attitude toward an accusation that he must have known would menace his entire future career. Similarly, Hiss minimizes his hesitancy to identify Chambers and sloughs off the Ford car gift as a mere confusion of dates. The gift was more than this. It was perhaps (even though, curiously enough, the government denied that it ever happened) the strongest indication in the entire case that Hiss must have known Chambers on a closer personal basis than he has ever been willing to admit.

Such reasoning brings one almost full circle—from conviction on the basis of the evidence that the personal tie was not very close, to conviction on the basis of any logical reconstruction of motive that it must have been very close indeed. There is, it would seem, only one way of reconciling this seemingly irreconcilable paradox. The possibility remains that the secret tie, which one feels must have existed if Hiss is truly innocent, may not have been a personal tie of his at all.



THIS feeling is supported by a subconscious, almost subterranean thread that seems to run through the testimony of Chambers and his wife. Time and again, they seem more preoccupied with Mrs. Hiss than with Hiss himself. There are two facets to this odd phenomenon. One, emerging from Chambers' original testimony, is that he was generally more accurate in speaking of Mrs. Hiss than he was in dealing with her husband. He knew details about Mrs. Hiss, her former marriage, her family home, the nature of her ex-husband's job, quite accurately; there appeared no such glaring gaps as he revealed when he turned to Hiss's side of the family and disclosed his ignorance of the true status of Hiss's sister, his ignorance of the right name of Donald Hiss's wife. Later, in the trials, the Chamberses exhibited the other half of this strange fascination with Mrs. Hiss. Time and again, in attempting to demonstrate their intimacy with Hiss, the tie they stressed was his wife. It was Mrs. Hiss, according to Chambers, who showed him the road near Paoli down which "the family farm" lay; Mrs. Hiss who made the long visit to the Smithton cabin; Mrs. Hiss who stayed in Baltimore to care for the baby while Mrs. Chambers went to New York; Mrs. Hiss who, according to Edith Murray, visited the Chamberses several times and Hiss who came just once—and then, primarily, to pick up his wife. One cannot be certain about what all this means, but there is no denying this continuous thread that runs through the Chambers' own accounts. Sensing it, one cannot help being curious about this incongruity—that it was Hiss who was supposed to be the spy and Mrs. Hiss through whom, in so much of their evidence, the Chamberses seemed to try to prove it.

Whether the key to the riddle is to be found in such speculation or not, the fact remains that any real belief in Hiss's innocence must rest upon the assumption that there is something still untold, something still hidden. This is a major hurdle to complete acceptance of Hiss's cause. Another lies in the unwillingness of Hiss to reveal himself.

Chambers in his House testimony described Hiss as an exceptionally fine and gentle person. In this, at least, he did Hiss more justice than Hiss has done himself. One reads his book in despair trying to find any clue to the nature of the man. Friends insist that, in personal relationships, Hiss is warm and sympathetic and intensely human; in his book, he is a man standing off in a corner, holding the public at bay while he argues a lawyer's brief. Friends say that they have urged Hiss to abandon this attitude, but that he feels he has been deprived of everything except his privacy, his family life, and this he intends to keep inviolate. There may be personal stature in this determination, but the hard fact is that it does not fit the need of Hiss. He is a man who asks for acceptance, for belief in his cause—and then withholds himself. The public cannot be expected to become aroused about a man it can never hope to know.

Perhaps a key to Hiss's character and to some of his self-created difficulties may be found in an anecdote told by one of his attorneys. "We were talking one night about Alger's cautious legal mind," this attorney said, "and one of his friends remarked: 'You can't ask Alger a simple question and get a straight and simple answer unless he's fully turned it over in his mind and considered it first from all angles. If you asked him, for instance, 'Is it raining outside?' he would either go to the window and look out to see, or he would say, 'Well, it wasn't raining five minutes ago when I came in.' Later I started to tell this story to Alger, but when I reached the part about his walking to the window and looking outside, he interrupted me and said with a grin, 'Or I would say it wasn't raining when I came in.' "

The man who would want to satisfy himself beyond the shadow of a doubt about such a simple and obvious fact as the weather very well could be the man who wanted to assure himself about the condition of Whittaker Chambers' teeth.

IN THE final analysis, it would seem that, if one is to believe Alger Hiss guilty, this is the very minimum that one must believe:

To believe Hiss guilty, one must believe that he was a Communist—even though Chambers' testimony on the collection of Communist dues circled in a maze of voluntary contradictions.

To believe Hiss guilty, one must believe that there was a close and continuous association with Chambers until mid-April, 1938—even though Chambers backed away from a key angle of his own testimony, even though he is further discredited by independent witnesses.

To believe Hiss guilty, one must believe that Whittaker Chambers erred at least eight times in saying he broke with communism in 1937—and that his final testimony, arrived at after the documents were produced, arrived at after many adjustments, was the true testimony.

To believe Hiss guilty, one must believe that Whittaker Chambers was a virtual saint who would risk perjury on the witness stand to protect a former friend by denying he had the documents he had.

To believe Hiss guilty, one must believe that he passed the documents to Chambers as Chambers testified that he did—despite the implausibility of the typing, despite the evidence that he could not have had some of the documents.

To believe Hiss guilty, one must believe that he would have been such a fool as to pass to Chambers his own handwritten memos, such a fool as to hunt and find and produce the typewriter that would prove his guilt.

There are many, many other details that one must accept merely on Chambers' word, and one must be able to ignore entirely the researches of Chester Lane into the identity of Woodstock No. 230,099 and the internal evidence of fraud in the documents. If one can do all this, then one can believe Hiss guilty. But, if one cannot, one is virtually forced to the conclusion that an innocent man was convicted.

EVEN THIS is not the end. If one concludes that an innocent Hiss was found guilty, one has to ask the inevitable questions: how could this have happened? Could Whittaker Chambers, alone and unaided, have deceived the FBI and the U. S. Attorney General's office? Or must he have had, perhaps on several levels, official collaborators in the perfection of his story and the completion of his deed?

This remains the vital question for America, for if Alger Hiss is innocent, his conviction—a verdict that triggered the Republican battle cry of "Twenty Years of Treason" and that slimy twin, the "Truman-Acheson-A.D.A. Conspiracy"—stands exposed as the most callous outrage ever perpetrated for base political advantage in America.

This is the inevitable, ultimate meaning of the issue of Alger Hiss's guilt or innocence. And while that issue remains, conscience cannot rest.

Russian History After Stalin

RUSSIA SINCE 1917: FOUR DECADES OF SOVIET POLITICS. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 508 pp. $6.50.

RUSSIA REVISITED: A NEW LOOK AT RUSSIA AND HER SATELLITES. By Louis Fischer. Doubleday & Co. 288 pp. $4.

RUSSIA IN TRANSITION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Isaac Deutscher. Coward-McCann. 245 pp. $4.50.

THE NEW CLASS: AN ANALYSIS OF THE COMMUNIST SYSTEM. By Milovan Djilas. Frederick A. Praeger. 214 pp. $3.95.

Robert D. Warth

THE AUTHORS of the books here reviewed should be reasonably familiar to readers who take more than a perfunctory interest in Soviet affairs. Frederick L. Schuman, professor of government at Williams College, has been a long-time contributor to *The Nation,* while Louis Fischer, veteran journalist and author, contributed regularly in the twenties and thirties. Isaac Deutscher, a journalist-turned-historian, is best known for his masterful biographies of Stalin and Trotsky. Milovan Djilas is a latecomer to the ever-growing "science" of Soviet expertise; and by virtue of his credentials as one of Marshal Tito's former comrades, as the ex-Vice President of Yugoslavia and a certified martyr to Communist tyranny (now serving a three-year sentence because of an article he wrote last November for the *New Leader*), he seems likely to outstrip his rivals in publicity and sales, if not in profundity.

Diverse in background, method, style and interpretation, the four have at least this common denominator: varying degrees of partiality in the past to the "Soviet experiment"—if one might use an antique phrase which has since disappeared down the memory hole. It would be accurate but somewhat misleading to say that three, and possibly four, have since become estranged, for none quite conforms to the stereotype of the professional ex-Communist steeped in the bitter gall of a lost utopia. Only two—Djilas and Deutscher, the latter of more seasoned vintage—were party members, and they have retained much of the Marxist *Weltanschauung* and an affinity for democratic socialism. Fischer, who was alienated some twenty years ago, never wholly lost his independent judgment even in the pre-Stalinist era when it was easy to give the struggling Soviet state the benefit of a doubt. It is perhaps no coincidence that Schuman, the least emotionally involved of the four, has not entirely jettisoned the ideological baggage which his more splenetic critics have long identified as Soviet apologetics.

Schuman's *Russia Since 1917* represents in many ways the summing up of the story for a generation of liberals which was nourished more than two decades ago on the Webbs' *Soviet Communism.* Attracted more than repelled by the drama of a whole nation under forced draft, appalled by the crisis of capitalism and democracy alike during the Great Depression, buoyed up once more by the Grand Alliance against fascism during the Second World War, the non-Communist but pro-Soviet liberal was not intellectually oriented to a new age of cold war and Red hunts. In his earlier work, *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* (1946), Schuman epitomized this viewpoint, sometimes naively but with logic, artistry and conviction. His publication date unfortunately coincided with the Great Change in international affairs, and events since then—most notably the Khrushchev speech on Stalin—have not dealt kindly with a number of controversial matters which he resolved in favor of the Soviet Union.

His new book, to a much greater extent than he concedes in his preface, is in its earlier chapters a condensed version of *Soviet Politics.* There are, of course, major changes in emphasis and interpretation. Stalin has been drastically downgraded; the Opposition, especially Trotsky, has not precisely been upgraded, but at least the Moscow trials are no longer taken at face value. The role of political repression and terror is acknowledged in more realistic terms; and the pervasiveness of the forced-labor system under Stalin is not dismissed as an anti-Soviet propaganda fantasy. In short, there is a more skeptical attitude throughout toward Moscow's motives, intentions and actions.

OF THE new material on the past decade disproportionate space is devoted to world affairs in what purports to be a political history of Soviet Russia. There are, however, no glaring omissions in the story of internal developments, and one must concede that for both the United States and the USSR the cold war has been a crucial factor in molding the domestic scene. Despite a somewhat ambiguous "plague on both your houses" approach to the intricacies of East-West relations, Schuman has succeeded in executing a deft and vivid sketch of the international power struggle. It is "objective" without being detached; but, needless to say, it does not conform to the apocalyptic version popular in the United States—as in Russia—of a struggle between the Forces of Light and the Forces of Darkness.

Were it not for Georg von Rauch's *History of Soviet Russia,* published in translation earlier in 1957, it would be safe to say that *Russia Since 1917* has the field to itself. As it is, the two books complement each other well. The German scholar's more thorough acquaintance with the sources and his ill-concealed rancor toward the Soviet regime is balanced by Schuman's more sympa-

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ROBERT W. WARTH, Assistant Professor of History at Rutgers University, is the author of The Allies and the Russian Revolution.

thetic account and by unrivalled powers of organization, synthesis and style. It is indeed the latter's ebullient prose, the hallmark of his prolific writings, which should commend the book to a large audience of non-specialists. For old Russia hands, especially of the academic variety, the judgments may seem overly glib and the diction too racy; these are advised to find solace in the somber and considered pages of von Rauch.

THE OTHER volumes under review are less ambitious in scope: they do not, at any rate, purport to deal with Soviet history in a systematic fashion. Fischer's *Russia Revisited* is the most ephemeral. Yet it is informed and readable journalism. The impressions gleaned from a twenty-day visit to Moscow in 1956 would not ordinarily justify a published work, but the author's qualifications are exceptional. As a close student of Soviet affairs (his two-volume study of Russian foreign relations in the twenties is still the standard guide on the subject), and as an almost continuous resident of Moscow from 1922 to 1938, his recent experiences were hardly those of a tourist. His personal narrative after an eighteen-year absence —essentially the first half-dozen chapters—is a warm human interest document drawn with skillful discernment. The rest of the material is less "popular" since it is not drawn from on-the-spot observation.

The core of the book is a condemnation of current Soviet policy as refracted through the prism of the revolutionary upheavals in Poland and Hungary in 1956. While there is little in his account of these dramatic events which is original either in fact or in interpretation, it is a convenient summary for those who lack the time and inclination to plow through the already extensive documentation. Fischer appears to accept the conventional Western verdict that the satellite uprisings were an outgrowth of intolerable Soviet exploitation and oppression. If that were so, revolt would have been endemic in Stalin's day. It is no accident that the unrest spread after and not before his death. Historically speaking, and contrary to popular opinion, revolution is not the product of poverty and tyranny but of uncertainty, timidity and ineptitude in the ruling class combined with mass discontent catalyzed by half-measures of reform (or war) and expressed through a politically sophisticated leadership.

These classic ingredients for a revolutionary situation—most obvious in the case of the French Revolution—were all present in altered form under the radically different circumstances of the post-Stalinist Russian empire. But Hungary's "Bastille Day" ended in an orgy of bloodshed because spontaneous uprisings cannot succeed when armed power remains loyal to the *status quo* and the old order is unwilling to abdicate. The irony of the Hungarian tragedy lies in the fact that "revolution" could and undoubtedly would have been victorious had it been confined to the permissable limits of the Polish experience. The perpetual cry of lost causes everywhere—"too little and too late"—was for Hungary a case of "too much and too soon."

Fischer is unwilling to concede that the Soviet monolith has mellowed in recent years. Look at what happened in Hungary, he says in effect. That it occurred precisely because of that mellowing will seem too absurd a paradox to those who have committed themselves unalterably to the proposition that a totalitarian society cannot by its very nature sow the seeds of its own dissolution. That it can and that it probably would in the case of the Soviet state was the daring thesis of a brilliant *tour de force* written by Isaac Deutscher within a few weeks of Stalin's demise in 1953 and published under the title *Russia: What Next?* His predictions were greeted with derision in many quarters and found particular disfavor among cold-war crusaders, very likely because the mere thought of a housebroken Russia in the international community would be treason to carefully nurtured preconceptions.

DEUTSCHER has now brought together his leading essays and reviews of the past nine years in *Russia in Transition.* Except for the addition of three essays and the excision of two others, it is identical with the English edition published in 1955 as *Heretics and Renegades.* This collection of his shorter pieces confirms the opinion which I have held since his *Russia: What Next?* — that Deutscher has no peer among the hordes of commentators upon the Soviet scene. He is, moreover, that rare curiosity among his genre—a live Marxist who has openly proclaimed his heresy. But his philosophic predeliction rests lightly upon him, and his work is sustained by its own virtues: facility of expression, a solid grounding in Russian and Soviet history, a profound distrust of the accepted shibboleths of Sovietica, and a healthy conviction that Soviet communism is a rational phenomenon capable of being under-

Prelude

I fear the man of undistinguished mien
whose empty eyes are pennants of disgust,
his job a bore, his barren wife a grouch,
his purse an insult and his thinning years
a rout along the stations of defeat.
I see him where the sights and sounds are fused
in a revolving mirror which returns
wails to my laughter, laughter to my grief.

I dance—he mimics with ungainly step.
I love—he leers like grinning skull.
I bid for peace—he reaches for his gun.
We walk together on our separate stars
each planning details of a desperate act.
I note his habits, haunts and set routine.
His silence is an echo of my guilt
and mocks the simple logic of my love.

WILLIAM PILLIN

stood on the same terms as other historical data.

The lead article, dated January 1, this year, was written especially for this volume and is one of two which have not previously appeared in print. In it the author now maintains that the USSR is living through the "twilight of totalitarianism." That the process is as far advanced as this seems most questionable. De-Stalinization is, after all, not necessarily the equivalent of progressive reform, as Deutscher implicitly admits: "Of Stalin's successors it may be said that they drive Stalinism out by Stalinist methods." Nevertheless, whatever the methods of the present Kremlin oligarchy and whatever the pace of the change, Soviet society is groping fitfully toward a solution to the great dilemma of the Stalinist legacy: economic progress and educational opportunity manacled to the dead weight of intellectual and bureaucratic obscurantism. Yet it would be illusory to suppose that a revolution meaningful to the Russians would ever produce the liberal, parliamentary, capitalist society of the West.

The other essays are a disparate group, though half of them concern recent Soviet developments. The remainder are either more remote in point of time ("Marx and Russia," "Trotsky on Stalin," etc.) or relate to topics not readily classifiable. Their pungency must be sampled to be appreciated. I would suggest as a bare minimum and as subjects of general interest the neat dissection of the "Ex-Communist's Conscience" and the devastating commentary on George Orwell's "Mysticism of Cruelty"—*1984.*

DJILAS' *The New Class* is an ambitious and not unsuccessful attempt to analyze the political, social and ideological structure of contemporary communism. As an anti-Communist tract of the times, a warm welcome is already assured. As a sober, reasoned and essentially philosophic discourse, it deserves an examination on its own merits.

Few analogies to this work spring to mind. Although there is no shortage of memoirs by the disillusioned, few have attempted an impersonal treatise of this type. Of disaffected Communists of Djilas' stature, only Trotsky is vaguely comparable. His *The Revolution Betrayed* was a full-blown attack on the Soviet "Thermidor" as perpetuated by Stalin, yet it staunchly defended communism as such. Djilas draws no fine distinctions of this order. Not the man (or the times) but the system is important to him, and there is a tendency to blur the differences among the Soviet Union, China, Yugoslavia and the satellites as if they were inconsequential. His passionate conviction certainly rivals Trotsky's and is the more effective for his evident lack of personal ambition and an absence of polemics. Still, there is disappointment in the externals of his presentation: a Marxist aridity, a plodding repetitiveness and a painfully frugal style. These defects alone will militate against an enduring popularity for the book. The deliberate decision to exclude the personal element (an autobiography is reported to be underway) was probably not wise.

It is scarcely possible to summarize a work in which almost every passage invites a critique. There is much deadwood that an able editor might have pruned under normal circumstances. The author takes pains, for example, to demolish the old Marxist chestnut about the "withering away" of the state. On the other hand, there are flashes of insight into the inner workings of party and state that only one of Djilas' background could have crystallized. He is, in general, overly preoccupied with the problem of power, though not always explicitly, and sees in it the "essence of contemporary Communism"—a unilateral approach which Western observers have also stressed of late.

His most original idea is his concept of the Communist as a member of a new ruling class comparable to the feudal aristocracy and the capitalist bourgeoisie. Within limits, this is a useful device. Every society generates its own ruling group or "class." To say that the party combines the economic and political functions of the historic ruling classes is a half-truth which neglects the role of the intellectual and managerial elite in Soviet society, only a portion of which is Communist. The ordinary party member remains well outside even a broadly defined "power elite."

Perhaps the book's major weakness is the implicit assumption that communism stands solely for a static, bureaucratic society held in the vice of numb conformity. The expanding economy of the Soviet Union is acknowledged, but considered wholly in political terms, never for its social impact. That the new generation of the Soviet intelligentsia is no longer satisfied with the "primitive magic of Stalinism" (to borrow Deutscher's phrase); that the Communist world is in a state of flux from which there can be no retreat to the stilted orthodoxies of the past—all this, the very meat and drink of the social analyst, is ignored for what would be a reasonably familiar indictment were it not cast in the sectarian mold of Marxian disputation. Within his own terms, Tito's Yugoslav heretic has made a distinctive contribution to the literature of anti-communism. Whether it will have more than transitory validity will depend upon how far and how fast communism evolves from the Stalinist prototype.

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Goya, Malraux and Modern Despair

SATURN: AN ESSAY ON GOYA. By André Malraux. Translated by C. W. Chilton. Phaidon Press. 184 pp. $10.

Harold Clurman

I FOUND this book an exciting experience. I say this at once because it is the kind of book about which one could easily take either side. One could speak of it, as Edmund Wilson did of the same author's *Psychology of Art,* as a masterpiece, or belittle it as shrewdly as Lincoln Kirstein did. All depends on what one seeks.

Saturn is both an esthetic appreciation and a poem apropos of Goya which bears witness to the dilemma of André Malraux' soul. Actually—though Malraux warns us that he assumes the reader already knows the life and work of Goya—there is sufficient concrete statement in his book to be illuminating in the way of objective critical analysis. Yet the manner of Malraux' writing, in which sentences often carry more freight than they can bear, forces one to reread many of them several times to determine their (not always exact) meaning. His latest book abounds in what might be described as surrealist aphorisms.

It took Goya forty years to become Goya. He began as a consummate eighteenth-century court painter in whom flattery and charm were generally subservient to a rather mocking observation. Then from about 1789 through to the early years of the nineteenth century, Goya did the work—most of which became public posthumously—that gave him his unique place in the history of art.

He renounced allurement and became, to quote Malraux, "the greatest interpreter of anguish the West has ever known." His work stands "halfway between reportage and nightmare. In a century which set its heart on consciousness and logic, Goya introduced the unconscious. [He] drew a language from the darkness."

GOYA "foreshadows the whole of modern art. . . . [He] abolished decoration . . . The Golden Age, like the age of Louis XIV, accepted the world; and Venice as well. Goya rejected it, and meant to give his rejection the strength and brilliance that the West had achieved by its acceptance." Goya's work is in part "an indictment of God . . . our greatest poet of blood." "I have said elsewhere," Malraux continues, "that for an agnostic a possible definition of the devil is that which in man aims to destroy him. This is the devil which fascinated Goya."

Goya, according to Malraux, was a forerunner of the moderns in another—presumably less ideologic—sense. "This is what our contemporaries call Painting," Malraux says: "a Painting which discovers its own individual being in the preeminence of the resources peculiar to painting over those of representation—the right to draw and paint not to achieve an illusion or to express a spectacle in the strongest possible way, but so as to express painting itself."

The last statement would seem to ally Malraux with the "pure" esthetes. But the body of the book shows that Malraux is largely attracted to Goya as a religious (albeit a satanic) artist. There is a contradiction here which offers a clue, I believe, to the nature of Malraux as an artist and as a representative European of our time.

It might have been expected that Malraux would take a line on the Spanish painter similar to that of Klingender's *Goya and the Democratic Tradition*—a Marxist interpretation. For there is no denying that a great part of Goya's work was directly inspired by the corruption of the Spanish monarchy under Charles IV, the horrors of the Napoleonic wars in Spain, and the brutal reaction under Ferdinand VII. After all, did not Malraux fight Franco, and was he not for a while sympathetic to the Communist movement? Yet Malraux says of Goya that he "was in no sense of the word a preacher of plebeian values. . . . Not popular, but artistic, values guided him."

I believe the "artistic values" Malraux speaks of embrace the "plebeian" values of the Marxist critic, just as Malraux' lyric sallies embrace craft problems. But his book does not argue this, it reveals it—as a poem frequently reveals far more than it consciously aims to.

MALRAUX is a typical French intellectual of our day: iconoclastic, with no systematic philosophy, dissatisfied with society, febrile in sensibility, mentally brilliant, adventurous—seeking an outlet in positive action. He looks for answers in exotic sources, he hopes for vindication through socialism. Disillusioned with this, he continues to fight tyranny wherever he finds it. He discovers a new hero who thinks in the grand manner—de Gaulle; and again he is disillusioned. He becomes modest in his political expectations (he nods towards Mendès-France) but now his inner turmoil can only be assuaged by immersion in the world of art. Here he strains toward some super-rational salvation in a quasi-mystic vein with a special appetite for that art which emphasizes man's martyrdom. Since even this is a little too close to a fixed position, Malraux ends by becoming partisan to a revised form of art for art's sake.

His style here tells all. It teems with frantic apothegms; he takes arabesque-like plunges into turbid waters of emotion and metaphysics where defining transcends definition and where it is hoped some spiritual essence will somehow be retrieved from the deep.

The sum of all this sometimes sounds like nervous but flashing salon talk because Malraux is a Frenchman and not a Dostoevskian Russian, but his work for all that mirrors a genuine torment, an authentic struggle with despair. Though there is sometimes the temptation to think of such criticisms as dilettante, it is nevertheless significant.

The book is well translated and beautifully illustrated. It is more valuable on the last count than hundreds of volumes which reputedly explain art inch by inch.

The Word "Beautiful"

Long, glossy caterpillar
with softest feet
of audible and inaudible vowels;

dewberry head so black
it's silver;
nippered lip, and fluent rump;

who moves by the T
at his tifted middle,
a little locomotive hump.

His ripple is felt
by the palm ashamed,
and we are loath to name him;

hairs of his back
a halo's paint
we daren't put round objects anymore.

He's tainted,
doomed to sloth, like those
other lunar insects such

as Velvet,
that we must not touch,
or Rose, or Gold.

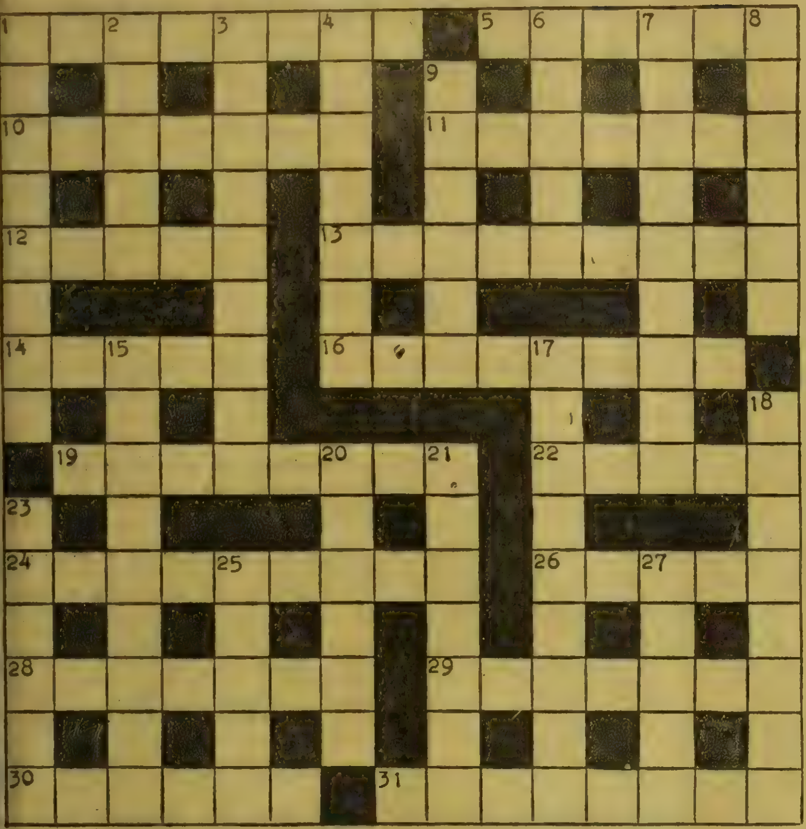
His destiny—
a myth or moth—still glows
inside the skull,

although his creep is blue,
the untrusted phosphor
of our sleep.

MAY SWENSON

Crossword Puzzle No. 738

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 School in time to use a primer? (8)
5 The temper of the trip is changed. (6)
10 He might be interested in beauty of the places the teacher pointed out. (7)
11 Without much 5. (7)
12 The time Noyes suggested we go down to Kew. (5)
13 See 2 down
14 Seneca said the best ones are common property. (5)
16 You should consider one a pure continental type. (8)
19 One couldn't say it wasn't fixed! (8)
22 Certainly seems to be a well-balanced turner! (5)
24 It might make one get it a sort of pass. (9)
26 Some people use it either raw or burnt. (5)
28 The price of a bird, as a way to measure concentration. (7)
29 Confine a rigorous combination. (7)
30 1 across and 24 have the same. (6)
31 Heeded. (8)

DOWN:

1 Such plans seem to call for a river tartan. (4-4)
2 and 13 across Evidently the boat-train's late, which makes one pass up the drinks. (5, 9)
3 The unsuccessful might be admonished by cues on sex. (2, 7)
4, 21 down, 23 down and 27 down The metal fabric, given enough rest and shade, perhaps, will make for a rather unfortunate lot. (3, 4, 3, 4, 3, 3, 5)
6 Has upset father about the creation of a title. (5)
7 Would such a person seem to be in a rather sorry state? (9)
8 Do ruts make for a relatively successful line? (6)
9 A common face for one who makes light contacts. (6)
15 Do elegant letters seem rather drawn out? (9)
17 It might be a vaudeville turn (or perhaps a trifle more arty!) (9)
18 Certainly not given amateur standing! (8)
20 Rouse. (6)
21 and 23 See 4 down
25 A disturbance of 13 is baseless in sequence. (5)
27 See 4 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 737

ACROSS: 1 SHORTCOMING; 9 GRENADES; 11 DOG'S-EAR; 12 EYELETS; 14 RECANT; 15 BADLANDS; 17 FREEHAND; 20 TEDIUM; 22 OMELETS; 24 MONOCLE; 26 ARABIC; 27 NOBLEMAN; 28 TAKE-HOME PAY. DOWN: 2 HONEST ABE; 3 REDRAFT; 4 CASK; 5 MONEYED; 6 NATAL; 7 CREOLE; 8 BOLTED; 13 ABODE; 16 ANDROMEDA; 18 REMARK; 19 ATTACHE; 20 TROUBLE; 21 UNLOAD; 23 LIBYA; 25 and 10 INTONATION.

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THE NATION

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Little Rock: POWER SHOWDOWN

by Robert McKay

AROUND THE U. S. A.

Epitaph for a Landmark

BY DAVID RAY

Chicago

THE ADMINISTRATION of Lawrence Kimpton, who succeeded Robert Hutchins as the University of Chicago's Chancellor, has been noted as conservative and property-minded. Extensive campaigns to erase the public image of the university as a hotbed of queers, communism and great books have helped to assure the public that it is a wealthy, right-minded institution. As a part of this project, major drives have been launched to protect the university's property from encroaching slum conditions. The university has continued to acquire land near its campus, and has made definite efforts to reduce the neighborhood's population and to restrict it to higher-income groups. Such efforts, which have been aided by the South East Chicago Commission, differ from those in other decayed parts of the city. This part of Chicago has not been demonstrated as requiring such extreme rebuilding as that proposed; it is by no means one of the city's most degenerate neighborhoods. Yet it has seen a flurry of condemnation and relocation.

Among other projects, the university's expansion program calls for construction of prodigious new dormitories and apartment buildings for students. This was no problem as long as the structures were put up on vacant lots or on condemned residential property the university had succeeded in acquiring. But recently the Chicago Theological Seminary, which is affiliated with the university, decided to build a new apartment building for married students on, of all places, the lot now occupied by the historically important Frank Lloyd Wright building, Robie House. The seminary plans to raze the house, although it owns other nearby and available sites. Even the South East Chicago Commission and the Hyde Park-Kenwood Committee, which share the university's desire to improve the area, have resented the seminary's re-zoning of the block to accommodate the proposed apartment building. The re-zoning makes the neighboring property less valuable—except to the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Robie House, built in 1909 as a private residence for a Chicago manufacturer of that name, still strikes many people as almost excessively modern—even in comparison with much contemporary architecture. As an example of Wright's early work, many feel that the university should help preserve it for posterity's students of art and architecture; they point out its significance as a precursor and as a source of imitation for later developments (e.g., much of the work of Mies Van Der Rohe). Historically, Robie House was exported as the American contribution to world architecture. "The Robie House is one of the monuments of our time," wrote a group of Hamburg professors, "That this monument should now give place to a barracks . . . !"

Wright himself, swinging his cane toward the wide balconies of Robie House, said, "It looks just as good as it ever did. To destroy it would surely never be permitted in Europe. It could only happen in America, and it is particularly sad that professional religionists should be the executioners."

ITS DEFENDERS also stress the cultural responsibility of the owners. "With its acquisition," said Ludwig Bachhofer, chairman of the university's art department, "the Chicago Theological Seminary assumed a responsibility to the cultural heritage of the nation. This work must be preserved for future generations, who would interpret its destruction as inexcusable vandalism." But the seminary's business manager simply answers blithely, "We are in business to educate ministers, not to support a national shrine." He also adds his layman's judgment of its artistic value: "It's not constructed properly . . . and it is badly designed." Whether a part of architectural history should be "proper" or "correct" threatened to invade the issue.

Despite such an opinion, an *Architectural Record* panel last February chose Robie House as one of the two most significant buildings of the past fifty years. Chicago architect Fred Keck has stated: "If the Robie House is torn down, the most important cultural landmark in the Midwest will be demolished." Alderman Leon Despres proposed a city ordinance to make funds available to preserve the building and ironically cited the fact that the architect who is to plan the demolition of the house and construction of the apartment building had once spoken up to defend the structure. Questioned, the architect had conveniently forgotten any such statements.

Students from the University of Chicago's art department yelled "Barbarism!" in letters to editors: "It would be unfortunate if the U. of C. were to be involved in such a cultural barbarism. What steps are the trustees, administration and Chicago Theological Seminary

(*Continued on page 196*)

DAVID RAY, who teaches in Chicago, is the editor of the Chicago Review.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Desegregation, New Phase

Governor Faubus has unwittingly moved the desegregation issue into a new phase. Specifically, his ignoble *putsch* has had these effects:

1. Put Southern liberals on the spot in a new and painful manner. At no time in his career, for example, has the silent Senator J. William Fulbright had so many editorial fingers pointed directly at him, nor has he ever appeared in a less attractive light.

2. Sharpened the clash between segregationists and integrationists in a strategically important state. Former Governor Sidney McMath and Little Rock's Mayor W. W. Mann must now attempt to capture control of the Democratic Party in Arkansas. Should they succeed, they will emerge in control of the first Southern Democratic Party which has disavowed white supremacists.

3. Precipitated an open rebellion against federal authority in a state and setting in which the outcome cannot be in doubt. Better that the test came in Arkansas than in Mississippi or South Carolina; better, too, that it occurred in a setting in which the alleged need for state troops to maintain order can be so massively refuted.

4. Put Democratic "gradualists" and "moderationists" back on the griddle from which Senator Lyndon Johnson had sought, through enactment of the civil-rights bill, to rescue them. As *The New York Times* points out, Faubus has knotted "the civil-rights" albatross firmly around the neck of the entire Democratic Party."

5. Shocked and dismayed Southern conservative opinion (as we predicted it would in an editorial which appeared in the September 14 issue). The Nashville bombings, which came in its wake, caused extensive and costly damage to a valuable school property. The implications of such incidents do not need to be emphasized to Southern conservatives.

6. Undermined the position of the White Citizens Councils and other obstructionists. Both in Little Rock and Nashville, the reaction against these elements has been impressive.

7. Brought the challenge which was implicit in the Dixiecrat Manifesto of March 11, 1956, into the open. The Administration has no alternative now but to meet the challenge head on.

8. Finally, it has stiffened the national resolve that the Constitution be enforced throughout these United States. Where Northern opinion was once wavering or indifferent, it is so no longer. The photographs of Negro children being barred from tax-supported public schools by National Guardsmen and of Negro children being heckled and harassed by screaming crackpots and hoodlums, have had a tonic effect on national opinion. Once again the South has made the mistake of drawing its sword first; no longer will well-meaning citizens, North, South, East or West, be intimidated by the "federal troops and bayonets" argument.

All this is not to imply that we are grateful to Arkansas's Governor for his action; quite the contrary. But this is not the first time that a self-seeking demagogue has appealed to the "better angels of our nature" by overplaying his hand. Nor do we imply approval of the President's handling of the issue. Apparently the President felt compelled to grant Faubus an interview at the behest of Representative Brooks Hays, but a more fitting reply would have been to tell the Governor to comply with Judge Davies' order first. Nor is it, as we have pointed out before, that we advocate the use of "federal troops and bayonets." The use of force is implicit in any court order or decree; the only real issue is what kind of force, how much, when and where applied, by whom, and for what purpose. We have never thought that it would be necessary to use federal troops to secure compliance with the Court's order; nor do we think so now. The President has ample powers; faced with the kind of challenge that has arisen in Little Rock, his authority clear (see article on p. 188). But no more than any Chief Executive should the President say, as he has said, that he would *not* use federal troops, for it is quite apparent that he would use them —that he must use them—if other means fail. Nor are we impressed by what the President has said about morality and law; legislative power has been used not once but many times to change the *mores*. The "morality" of the desegregation issue was settled nearly a century ago; the terms of the settlement are embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment. No one expects the

President, or Congress for that matter, to change the morals of the South; but the President cannot permit final decrees of the Supreme Court to be flouted without violating his oath of office.

Do We Need the National Guard?

The action of Governor Faubus in calling out the National Guard to defeat implementation of a federal court decree, raises a significant collateral question, namely, what is the function of the National Guard today? Reports from Washington quote "ranking Guard" officers as saying that they consider Governor Faubus' action as a "terrible misuse" of the Guard. The fact is, of course, that the "regulars" in the Pentagon despise the National Guard and acquiesce in its continued existence only because it commands measurable political support. But in an age of guided missiles, do we need it at all? If we do, should it not perhaps be re-trained as a kind of mass sanitation corps, useful in times of floods and other great natural disasters—as well as in the ultimate disaster of nuclear war?

Since 1930, the Guard has fought four wars against the United States: (1) in the 1930s, the Governor of Texas called out the Guard to frustrate the execution of an order of a federal administrative agency limiting oil production; (2) in 1934, the Governor of Arizona called out the Guard to stop a contractor who was building Parker Dam under contract with the national government; (3) in 1938, Governor Kraschel of Iowa mobilized the National Guard of his state to halt hearings of the National Labor Relations Board at the Maytag plant; and (4) in 1940, Governor Phillips of Oklahoma called out Guardsmen to halt construction of a federally-financed dam at Grand River.

The difficulty with the National Guard arises in part from the fact that Congress, impressed by the political support which the Guard can mobilize, has been willing to permit it to be used in peacetime as a kind of private constabulary, or political plaything, by irresponsible state executives. Isn't it time that Congress took a good, long, hard look at the National Guard as an institution?

Civil Defense Is Dead

Last February 9 we ran an article by Gene Marine entitled Our Stupid Civil Defense. The title and article were apt enough then, but as of a few weeks ago both became obsolete. The Soviet claim of having achieved a successful intercontinental missile has blown into limbo not only our present concept of civil defense, but the whole civil-defense idea.

The reasoning that writes *finis* to civil defense is neither lengthy nor complex. It would take about six hours for the fastest existing airplane of bomb-delivery size, using the Russian base nearest to us, to reach the American mainland. With so little warning, civil defense, based on wholesale evacuation or shelter-taking, may seem *fantastic*—we called it "stupid"—but given absolute cooperation by all and no major accidents, it would, in some areas at least, be physically *possible.*

An ICBM, however, launched from almost anywhere in Siberia to almost anywhere in America, should arrive in approximately thirty minutes. To make a civil-defense concept workable, we would have to spot the missiles (there would be more than one); estimate the targets (if we can't, what do we evacuate?); set in motion the whole involved apparatus of warning and, finally, accomplish the removal or protection of the populace in the target area—all in the space of thirty minutes.

Civil defense is dead, as of right now. And to all the people who have been worrying because the stumbling procedures of the Federal Civil Defense Authority left them uncertain and unprepared, the ICBM brings a paradoxical note of cheer: You don't have to worry any more.

They Didn't Want Experiments

Bonn

Chancellor Adenauer's victory in the West German elections must be ascribed to several factors.

For most voters, the Chancellor was Mr. Prosperity. In eight years, new homes have been built for about one-third of the population, who now eat well, dress well, and are so fully employed that the country is on the threshold of a labor shortage. Since 1950, average per capita consumption has increased five-fold. Already the world's third biggest steel producer and second largest shipbuilder, West Germany has made a spectacular comeback. *"Keine Experiment!"* cried Adenauer during the campaign. The voters solemnly agreed.

The Chancellor has transformed West Germany from a nation of untouchables to a member of the Union League club. He has helped his countrymen to achieve respectability as well as economic well-being. If the previous object of the German cult of personality supplied therapy for the *fuehrer* complex, the popular Herr Adenauer placates the Germans' grandfather complex.

But the Chancellor owes his success at the polls to more than his vivid authoritarian personality and the boom. He is also indebted to his Socialist opponents, who tossed overboard their program of the past seventy-five years. They dropped their demand for nationalization of the coal and steel industries. They approved private enterprise. In foreign policy they began by suggesting, if given governmental power, they would withdraw from NATO to compensate Russia for agreeing to German unification. When they discovered that this formula alarmed the Eisenhower Administration, they dropped it. They made their improbable exit from NATO contingent on the previous creation of a new security system in which a unified Germany would participate. The Russians were uninterested.

Finally, the Soviets undoubtedly contributed to Adenauer's victory. Khrushchev gave no sign whatever that the Socialists could expect better Russian terms for unification than could the Catholic Chancellor. German voters put no credence in the Socialists' claim that they could make more headway with Russia than had Adenauer.

The election results are disquieting because they reveal little, if any, popular support for the Socialists' drive against conscription or for their opposition to storing nuclear weapons in Germany or equipping German forces with them.

Will the increased power which the electorate gave Adenauer make him easier or harder to deal with? The Allies insist that the Germans are contributing much less than a fair share toward the maintenance of the five U.S. and four British divisions garrisoning the Federal Republic. Adenauer demands the last word as to when and where Allied forces conduct maneuvers in Germany. On such secondary controversies, Adenauer may now become more accommodating.

However, on major issues he is expected to stiffen his attitude. He will probably fight more vehemently than ever against any moves in the suspended London disarmament talks to shackle West Germany militarily or to neutralize her.

Backing Into the Future

American policy on China remains, of course, unchanged; our aim is still to boycott and isolate 600,000,000 Chinese. *Yet:* an American and a Chinese Ambassador have been meeting regularly in Geneva since August, 1955. . . . American newsmen may now enter China (a select few, that is). . . . presumably Chinese newsmen will soon be permitted to visit this country (a select few, that is). . . . Chinese athletes will be permitted to participate in the 1960 Olympic winter games in California, and they will not need to be fingerprinted (negotiations over this point were concluded in Bulgaria, which we do not recognize, by Mr. Avery Brundage, head of the Olympic Committee, who was given special permission to use his passport to attend the Sophia meeting and was there, so to speak, by the grace of John Foster Dulles and the Bulgarian government). We will not, of course, trade with China. *Yet* all the world knows, if Mr. Dulles doesn't (the news was featured in the *Wall Street Journal* of August 30), that many American firms are now conducting a thriving trade with China through Japanese firms which they partly own or control.

From these strange tidings the future of Chinese-American relations may be confidently predicted. We will continue to boycott and isolate the Chinese; at regular intervals Messrs. Dulles and Robertson will emphatically reaffirm our resolute determination not to recognize the Communist regime. *But* more Americans will visit China each year, tourism will flourish, trade will prosper (clandestinely, of course), cultural missions will be exchanged, Chinese athletes will visit this country and, conceivably, the New York Yankees will tour China. *Yet,* all the time we will continue to recognize only the Chiang Kai-shek regime at the cost of a steadily increasing drain on American resources. In the meantime, of course, the Americans still sojourning in Chinese jails will grow old, die and be buried in Chinese soil. *But* our policy will not have changed, we will not have given an inch, we will still be technically at war with China.

The Hand That Wants to Be Bitten

When John B. Hollister resigned as foreign-aid chief —he was director of the International Cooperative Administration—he left behind a kind of posthumous declaration of independence which blew the State Department into a furor of denials and explanations. Mr. Hollister's document, released nine days after he left office, seemed to set American foreign-aid policy against any aid to government-owned, or "Socialist," enterprises; i.e., much of India's current Five Year Plan, for instance. But this isn't so, cries the State Department; Mr. Hollister didn't clear his pronouncement at highest level, and anyway United States foreign-aid policy remains what it always has been (as ambiguous a statement as we have ever seen).

Whatever our policy is (or was), one thing is certain: Mr. Hollister was against it from the first. "At the time he came to the I.C.A.," writes *The New York Times*, "his antipathy for the foreign-aid program was so deep that he was jocularly referred to as 'the admiral who hates the sea.'" It would seem that the Administration has been partial to this kind of practical joke since 1952. At one time or another, we have had a Secretary of the Interior who believed that public resources were invented for private exploitation; a federal-housing chief who was dead set against federal-housing; a tariff commissioner who operated as if the last word on the tariff problem was uttered by McKinley; a director of the Commodity Marketing and Adjustment Division of the Department of Agriculture who believed that a large part of his job could be handled by private industry. We still have a Secretary of Agriculture who thinks that the laws of supply and demand will do better for the farmer than anything he can think up.

May we make a suggestion? The so-called civil-rights law, enacted in the closing sessions of the last session of Congress, calls for the establishment of a Civil Rights Commission. We nominate Senator James Eastland (D., Miss.) for chairman.

Little Rock: POWER SHOWDOWN . . *by Robert McKay*

> *May 17, 1954*: We conclude that in the field of public education the doctrine of "separate but equal" has no place. Separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.
>
> *May 31, 1955*: Full implementation of these constitutional principles may require solution of varied local school problems. Social authorities have the primary responsibility for elucidating, assessing, and solving these problems. . . . Because of their proximity to local conditions and the possible need for further hearings, the courts (should) enter such orders and decrees consistent with this opinion as are necessary and proper to admit to public schools on a racially nondiscriminatory basis with all deliberate speed the parties to these cases.

Thus, with dignity and quiet eloquence the Supreme Court abandoned the outworn doctrine of "separate but equal" and decreed that the change-over should be made "with all deliberate speed."

September, 1957, marks the beginning of the fourth school year since the original decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *School Segregation Cases.* Each September has seen additional thousands of Negro children actually in attendance at formerly all-white public schools or in so-called "integrated situations." There are now about two million whites and 350,000 Negroes who have to date been directly affected by the principle of equality without discrimination. The District of Columbia schools are fully integrated; four formerly completely segregated states have now desegregated more than half of their school districts (Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri and Oklahoma); and five states have partially desegregated (Arkansas, Delaware, North Carolina, Tennessee and Texas). Thus only seven states have not yet begun desegregation (Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia). But even here the breach has commenced: In Louisiana and Virginia Negroes are admitted to state schools at the university level.

As the area of uncompromising resistance inescapably narrows, new measures of recalcitrance are sometimes demonstrated. In this situation lie the seeds of a crisis in constitutional power, germinated in Little Rock, but significant far beyond that episode and that community. For the first time since the *School Segregation Cases* were decided in 1954, a state governor ordered out local units of the National Guard to prevent enforcement of a federal court desegregation order.

IT was surprising, indeed, that this form of drastic action should first occur in Arkansas, where it seemed out of keeping with the state's moderate tradition and with previous indications of the sentiments of the state's chief executive, Governor Orval E. Faubus, who had opposed and defeated the violently segregationist elements of the state only the year before. To be sure, one might have expected the Governor and the state alike to be moderately opposed to enforced integration; but resistance to the Little Rock school board's own plan, as supported by a federal court order, was quite a different thing. After all, the University of Arkansas and other state-supported schools had already been integrated, beginning as long ago as 1948 when the state law school at Fayetteville was opened to Negroes without any threat of litigation. Moreover, several public-school systems had been successfully integrated in Arkansas prior to 1957, while others—Fort Smith, Ozark and Van Buren—commenced integration without incident at the same time that the Little Rock episode was building up.

The facts of that controversy are simple. For more than two years the Little Rock School Board has been working on a plan of gradual desegregation. The board plan, while concededly devised in good faith, at first brought more satisfaction to segregationists than to the Negro parents in the city. It called for an eminently gradual program, beginning with a change-over in the high school in 1957, then working gradually through the other grades over a six-year period. The sufficiency of the plan in light of the *School Segregation Cases* was challenged by Negro parents, but upheld in the federal district courts in 1956 and on appeal in April, 1957. In late August, 1957, a suit was brought in state court by a white parent seeking a stay of the high school desegregation. Although not a party in that proceeding, Governor Faubus testified as to the likelihood of bloodshed and mob violence, and the state court judge ordered discontinuance of the integration plans. This was immediately upset by Federal District Court Judge Ronald N. Davies who, in effect, enjoined the state court from entertaining such actions; but of course it had no directly coercive effect upon the Governor as a basis for contempt citation for his subsequent action.

THE DAY before classes were to begin the Governor made explicit his fears of violence—he spoke of "caravans" of segregationists converging on Little Rock and of Negro purchases of knives and called out the National Guard to "maintain order." If any uncertainty remained as to the troops' mission—preventing Negro enrollment—that doubt was dispelled when he said: "The inevitable conclusion is that the schools must be operated as they have in the past."

Thus the desegregation controversy entered a new phase. For the first time troops were called out ostensibly to prevent violence which had not yet occurred, and the threat of which was denied by the very people most likely to know—the mayor of the affected community and the school board. The troops did what was expected of them. The 270 National Guardsmen on duty the first day of school, and smaller numbers thereafter, permitted the white children to enter the high school and prevented the admission of nine Negro

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ROBERT McKAY is professor of law, New York University Law School.

students who sought to enter. Similarly, the federal court did what might be expected of the local representative of the supreme judicial authority: Judge Davies ordered school officials to disregard the troops and permit Negroes to attend. Indeed, later when the school board itself began to waver and sought a temporary stay of the order, Judge Davies called their petition "anemic" and reasserted his order for immediate admission of the students.

It is hardly surprising that a few days after Governor Faubus' prediction of "violence, bloodshed and mob riots," a disorderly crowd assembled at Little Rock's Central High School. Such a prophecy, of course, tends to become self-fulfilling. The Governor's prediction had the effect of a call to violence. However, the mildness of the local temper on the issue was demonstrated by the fact that the Governor's action summoned no more response than a small crowd of townspeople more given to noisy curiosity than to riot. Undoubtedly, if the Governor had remained silent, the prediction of Little Rock Mayor Woodrow Wilson Mann would have been fulfilled and the integration would have proceeded without event. As the Mayor put it, the Governor called out the National Guard to "put down trouble where none existed." And he added, "If any racial trouble does develop the blame rests squarely on the doorstep of the governor's mansion."

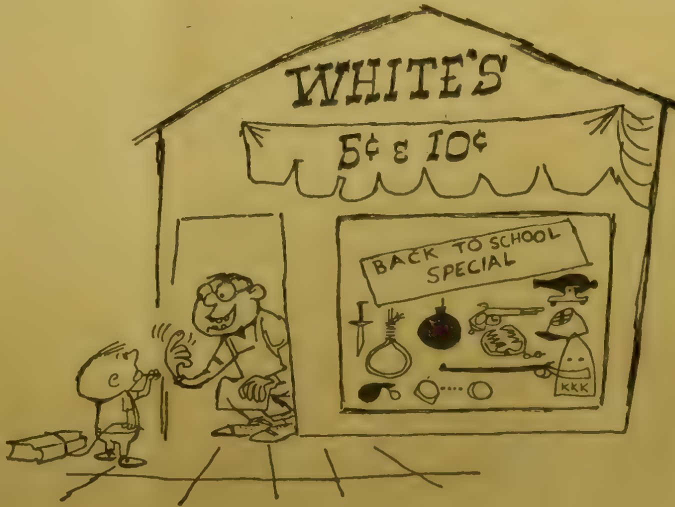
In examining the course of action pursued by Governor Faubus, the legal problems are not difficult. A governor is no less subject to the law of the land than any other person; for any violation of those principles which he is sworn to uphold, he is subject to the same restraints and penalties as other individuals. In short, to the extent that he acts in excess of his constitutional authority, he is not protected by sovereign immunity. The central issue is one of determining Governor Faubus' authority, whether he acted in excess thereof, and, if so, what sanctions may be imposed.

It is, of course, axiomatic that matters of local order are within the police-power jurisdiction of the state. Within the state, it is normal for matters relating to a particular community to be handled by the local authorities of that community, including the police. State assistance is ordinarily given only as needed and requested by the local authorities. This, for example, is the way the Clinton disturbances in 1956 were handled. When the local officials of that small community found that they were unable to cope with the disorder, they called on the state for assistance, which was promptly supplied by Governor Clement in the form of National Guard troops. There, however, the troops were used to ensure *compliance* with the desegragation order; the troops themselves became instrumentalities in the enforcement of the rule of law. How differently the somewhat parallel situation in Little Rock was handled. Where the local authorities, after careful preparation over a two-year period, found no evidence of disorder beyond their capacity to handle, the Governor, over local protest, ordered the National Guard into action. Even more objectionable is the fact that the troops were not employed to *implement* the valid court order, but to prevent compliance with its terms.

An instructive parallel is found in the only instance in which the Supreme Court has decided the merits of a controversy involving the use of the National Guard to prevent enforcement of a federal court decree. As Chief Justice Hughes put it emphatically in that case, *Sterling v. Constantin,* 287 U.S. 378, 404 (1932):

> If it be assumed that the Governor was entitled to declare a state of insurrection and to bring military force to the aid of civil authority, the proper use of that power in this instance was to maintain the federal court in the exercise of its jurisdiction and not to attempt to override it; to aid in making its process effective and not to nullify it; to remove, and not to create, obstructions to the exercise by the complainants of their rights as judicially declared.

LANGUAGE more directly relevant to the action of Governor Faubus can scarcely be imagined. His use of troops to prevent enforcement of the court order thus makes irrelevant any discussion of the Governor's "good faith" fear of disorder. He used the troops for what was necessarily an unlawful purpose—defeating the federal court order. To say the least, studied disregard of law is scarcely good-faith action in support of law. It seems clear then that the keeping of troops at any school, Little Rock or elsewhere, to prevent the enforcement of a federal court desegregation order is an interference with federal supremacy. Accordingly, a show cause order in such circumstances could be decided in only one way, for there is no legal justification for such a course of action. Following the issuance of such an order, any failure to comply with the injunctive requirements would, of course, subject any violator, governor, troop commander, or other person made subject to the order, to the possibility of a contempt cita-



tion. And in the circumstances postulated there appears to be no doubt that a contempt order would be sustained by the Supreme Court. The result could scarcely be otherwise under a federal system in which the national authority is, as it necessarily must be, supreme.

Even though the ultimate rights are clear in this type of situation, a central problem of some delicacy is involved in the proper selection and timing of the control devices by which the proper end result can be assured with a minimum of dislocation along the way. The ultimate source of executive authority rests upon the President, and the responsibility for decision must necessarily be his. Fortunately or not, solution of these matters can be sought in several different directions, both along avenues of strict legal authority and by way of persuasion and prestige. Each choice deserves discussion.

THOSE WHO are committed to the prolonging of school segregation have repeatedly demonstrated strong imitative ability. Whatever device, stratagem or law proves useful as a technique of delay in one situation may be expected to be duplicated in other places. Thus, to the extent that observers might believe Governor Faubus has developed a "gimmick" that will make integration come harder, variants on that scheme may be anticipated. This, then, is the aspect of Little Rock that carries the greatest long-range significance. Somehow it must be made very clear to would-be imitators that this is not a scheme likely to succeed. The school board, the Mayor, and the local federal court has each performed adequately and in the best traditon. But they need the support that can come perhaps only, and certainly best, from a popular national figure such as President Eisenhower. Perhaps, as many urge, he should have taken a much more vigorous stand in favor of early desegregation than he did. Perhaps he went along too readily with a "gradualism" that has often meant no movement at all. But surely now that he has seen "deliberate speed" distorted into "deliberate evasion" in all too many instances, the time

Integration With a Difference

by Louis E. Lomax

Columbia, S.C., Sept. 16

ANDRE TOTH is a twenty-three-year-old, lantern-jawed Hungarian refugee whose aversion to rain is exceeded only by his love of freedom.

It was raining that night early in 1956 when Communist police imprisoned him for his role in the Budapest rebellion. There was a slight drizzle the day, last October, Toth walked out of prison and fled his homeland. It rained in Paris the night Toth and his mother said goodbye near the Eiffel Tower as he prepared to sail for the refugee camp at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.

It is raining here and now—Monday, September 16, 1957—as André Toth and I walked across the campus of Allen University, where he has incurred the wrath of segregationalists as the first white student to enroll at this eighty-seven-year-old institution of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The controversy began here last month when Dean Arthur D. Green announced that five scholarships had been allotted to Hungarian refugee students upon the request of the United States Department of Health, Education and Public Welfare, acting in concert with the Institute of International Education and the World University Service. The request had the blessings of the State Department.

Asked about the admission of the white students to the hitherto all-Negro campus, South Carolina State Attorney General T. C. Callison said: "The state cannot prohibit the admission of white students at Allen University as it is a private school. However, such admissions will be deemed against public policy."

Because of the controversy, there was doubt that the Hungarians would accept the scholarships, but on Saturday, September 14, Toth registered in the College of Fine Arts. And this morning—as the United Nations Assembly headed for a show-down over fixing blame for the Hungarian uprising and its consequences—the five-member South Carolina State Board of Education voted unanimously "in the public interest, to withhold the certification of Allen University graduates."

"I am still a visitor in America," Toth tells me as we stroll along, "and I have no right to comment on your internal affairs. But," he continues in halting English, "you can say I believe in freedom; that all people are the same; that injustice is not confined to any one country. I am happy here and intend to remain."

The home of university president Dr. Frank Veal is quiet. He has had his last say on the matter: "State officials, as you know, withdrew our certification. This means our graduates will not be able to get teaching certificates in this state. Our only comment is that Mr. Toth will remain with us."

A small crowd of white gawkers has gathered peacefully near the campus, but Toth is unruffled. "The world University Student Service gave me my scholarship and I had a complete briefing on the racial situation. I was afraid that some students would be upset because of the uproar, but they've been very nice."

By noon today it was clear that the segregationists' threat had failed.

"Our students have not been frightened," registrar William Perguese said, "registration is normal, if not above. We had approximately 900 students last year and I expect to match that this year."

As we continue across the campus, André shrugs off mist questions concerning race and integration.

"I want to get on with learning," he comments, "I have always wanted to paint and study the history of art. *That* is what I am here for. I might try out for one of the athletic teams. I don't know yet."

"I hope you don't mind making this interview short," he adds pleasantly, "my room mate arrived late last night. I was asleep and didn't get a chance to know him well. I'm anxious to get back to my room and see what kind of fellow I'll have to put up with for the year."

In the center of down town Columbia is the state Capitol building and South Carolina's double motto is etched in the cornerstone: "*Animus opibusque parati. Dum spiro spero.*" That is to say, "Prepared in minds and resources. While I breathe I hope."

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has come when he must take a more forthright stand. An appropriate step in this direction was the President's telegram to Governor Faubus, informing the Governor that the President intended to uphold the Constitution "by every legal means at my command." Regrettably, however, the impact of this statement was diluted by the conference between the President and the Governor at Newport, Rhode Island. The statements issued by the parties following that conference gave the unfortunate impression that the Governor's use of troops was a matter for negotiation and bargaining between the President, sworn to uphold the Constitution, and the Governor whose actions had amounted to a flouting of the same instrument. If repetition of the Little Rock situation is to be effectively discouraged, the President must make clear his determination to act promptly in the future to prevent interruption of orderly desegregation undertaken in pursuance of judicial determination.

THE President's once-expressed intention to use "every legal means" at his command recalls that there is an adequate arsenal of Presidential authority. In the unlikely event that in some future situation a state official should refuse to withdraw National Guard troops even after a contempt citation, the court itself would have but one additional enforcement device, and that one of doubtful utility under the circumstances. By law the district court can summon to its aid a so-called *posse comitatus*, consisting of a body of local citizens armed to enforce the court order. The unlikelihood of the adoption of this technique suggests that responsibility for enforcement of the law would then rest squarely with the President. He would be under a clear mandate to secure compliance with the law as declared by the federal courts. By the same token, negotiation of a "settlement" would be clearly inappropriate. In view of the President's obligation to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution," he might find it necessary to resort to force of some kind in the event of adamant resistance. Some time ago the President indicated that he could conceive of no circumstances which would justify calling out federal troops. In light of his telegram to Governor Faubus and the subsequent developments in Arkansas, the earlier statement must now be understood as an appropriate reluctance to resort to armed force. Despite that reluctance, he surely could not long abide state use of National Guard troops in defiance of federal authority. After all, the National Guard units are equipped at the expense of the Federal Government, and, according to Article II of the Constitution, the President is commander-in-chief of those units "when called into the actual service of the United States." Indeed, he has express statutory authority to do just that (10 U.S.C. § 332):

> Whenever the President considers that unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages, or rebellion against the authority of the United States, make it impracticable to enforce the laws of the United States in any State or Territory by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he may call into Federal service such of the militia of any State, and use such of the armed forces, as he considers necessary to enforce these laws or to suppress the rebellion.

Thus, the President could call directly into federal service National Guard troops being used by state officials to thwart enforcement of federal law. Alternatively, the President could dispatch units of the regular United States Army to any affected area, with orders to take command and restore compliance with law.

Obviously, these are drastic measures which would be unlikely to ease the way to desegregation. But state defiance of lawful federal authority may not be tolerated. This would no longer be state sovereignty but state anarchy.

Housing Snafu: Paradox or Portent? . . *by Murray B. Meld*

WITH LIGHTS and clatter like those of a pin-ball machine, the scoreboards of American prosperity continue to rack up ever more impressive totals. The latest bell rung by the economy is the unprecedented output of goods and services. Midsummer saw the nation's Gross National Product reach $433.5 billions—a four-billion increase over the first quarter. Jobs, at 67.2 million, also set a record. To top it off, personal income reached $324 billions, the highest per capita amount ever attained in the United States.

There seems, however, to be an off-beat note to the steady sound of the spinning wheel of fortune. The discord is struck by the housing situation. Somehow, in the vast outpouring of goods, services and personal income, the housing promise has not paid off. For millions of American families, the dream of decent shelter, let alone the vine-covered cottage, simply hasn't come true. At the peak of America's wealth and power, "one-third of the nation" is no longer "ill-fed" or "ill-clothed," but it is still appallingly housed.

Last May *Architectural Forum* pointed out that "there are just about as many unsanitary, congested and dilapidated homes in the United States as there were in the middle of the Depression—probably with more people living in them." This conclusion is obvious to anyone who looks closely at the

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festering heart of most of our large cities, or glances along the tracks leading to his presumably insulated community, be it suburbia, exurbia or superbia. For try as they may to shut off the vision of the slum, those who are themselves comfortably housed are beginning to find that the "begonia belt" itself is not immune to blight.

A survey just completed by the Westchester Council of Social Agencies reported, for example, that some of the worst slums in the New York metropolitan area are to be found in this wealthy suburban county. The extent of sub-standard housing was "shocking," the report said, with 18,000 dwellings in "deplorable condition."

Genteel Greenwich, just over the Westchester line in Connecticut, admitted the problem in a more circumspect way. Finding that good salaries were insufficient to draw needed school teachers into town because of the lack of satisfactory, moderate-cost housing, civic-minded people and P.T.A. groups in the community set up housing committees. With luck, someone comes up from time to time with a converted barn, an ex-caretaker's cottage, or an attic conversion at Aunt Min's.

Meanwhile, in Stamford, a neighboring Connecticut town, the vacancy ratio has stood at a half of 1 per cent for almost ten years. Three per cent, say real estate people, is a more normal figure, the kind of elbow-room that growing families and new arrivals require. A model community in most other respects, Stamford found from a recent survey that 10 per cent of the housing units in its downtown area had no bathroom or were dilapidated, overcrowded or otherwise below Bureau of Census standards.

Connecticut, ironically, has the second-highest per capita income of any state in the country. Elsewhere the housing situation is equally tragic. In most cities, including Washington, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans and those on the West Coast, millions of people are crowded into inadequate space equipped with substandard facilities. Substandard units run as high as one-fifth of all those available. Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and other minorities are six times as overcrowded on the average, as whites. Here is the legacy of those who inherit the deserted "heart" of the city.

Shortage, particularly for income groups where choice is limited, has always co-existed with slum. Shortage today makes a mockery of most slum-clearance and urban-renewal programs. In the absence of any other shelter, where can the dislocated families go while the bulldozer and wrecking ball are doing their work? Local authorities cannot enforce building codes, it is said, when to shut down an offense to decency often calls for an offense against humanity — placing helpless occupants out on the street.

Thus, shortage and blight continue together in the midst of prosperity. As long as the hunger of those who have no shelter blinds them to the disrepair, the hasty partitioning, the improvised lighting and plumbing, the owners of substandard properties can't be expected to invest in improvements. With a tax value of only $1,970, one such building in Columbus, Ohio, was reported in the 1955 *Housing Yearbook* to have brought its owner an annual rental of $7,260 from its eleven tenants—a return of 368 per cent of tax value. The shortage, the lack of enforcement, the hunger for shelter, continue to make the slum a profitable investment.

But wasn't public housing supposed to reduce our slums and provide for people of lower incomes? The fact is that public housing has never amounted to more than a small fraction of all residential construction. At its height in 1941, it accounted for 12 per cent; in the last few years, less than two per cent. Some idea of the relative proportions involved can be drawn from this comparison: In the twenty-two years since the federal-housing program was begun, it has produced no more housing units than private builders have constructed in any one of the last few years. Publicly-aided housing, state as well as federal, has been responsible for only 650,000 of the fifteen million new homes built since 1934.

Nor has privately-built housing, for all the Levittowns, Park Forests and interstitial suburban developments, satisfied the need for American homes. Like poor Alice who had to run fast in order to stay where she was on the treadmill, private builders have hammered with might and main. *In proportion to the increase in housing requirements, however, the net gain has been virtually nil.*

THERE ARE several reasons for the basic shortage of housing. And until the shortage itself is overcome, solutions to related problems like neighborhood decay, or *de facto* segregation in Northern cities, will make little headway. Political and labor groups might well consider "zeroing in" on the central target in their concern for some of these peripheral issues.

The most important reason for the housing shortage is the pressure of population growth. In the first half of this century, the country's population has doubled. By 1960, it will have risen above the 180 million mark. The pressure is intensified by the fact that most of the gain is taking place among urban and semi-urban families, rather than on the farms.

Housing demand has been further sharpened by the mobility which has taken hold of Americans since World War II. Following job opportunities, a desire for travel and recreation, retirement to more favored climates, or merely because they've grown tired of their present quarters, one out of every five American families changed its place of residence last year. Since many of them converge upon new areas at the same time, and some leave behind them dwelling units which are removed from the market, acute imbalances occur in various parts of the country.

The population is not just bigger and more mobile; it is also more "spread out"—that is, made up of more and smaller household units. For a given number of people, a greater number of homes seems required today, mostly because of the high marriage rate during the last ten years and the increased number of older people who want homes of their own for retirement.

Paradoxically, the rising standard of living has added to the problem. Not just home-ownership, but the single-family detached house is what people want; and it takes a lot more material and labor to construct such a house, especially if a "rumpus room," den for daddy and bedroom for each child is part of the bargain.

Quality aside, however, the hard reality is that the 15,000,000 housing units built during the last two decades have been more than balanced by (a) the nearly one million new families that have formed each year, and (b) the 300,000 dwelling units that have been destroyed annually, on the average, through public-works construction or slum clearance. The country has never caught up with the hiatus created during World War II, when housing starts dropped to one-tenth the present level. Someday, perhaps, this deprivation will be counted as part of the price of victory.

IN THE FACE of this unsatisfied hunger, the construction and marketing of housing should show no signs of letting up. Not, at least, according to the classical formula of supply and demand. The fact is, however, that the number of housing starts in the first quarter of this year dropped more than a third below that of the corresponding period in 1955. It is now estimated that the total number of new units to be constructed this year will reach no more than 880,000. The total for last year was over a million and that for 1955 was 1,310,000.

The drop is taking place while personal consumption and total productivity are at a peak. Here, then, is another side of the paradox of shortage in the midst of apparent plenty.

New York State offers an example of what has been happening in many other parts of the country. By August of this year, residential construction had slumped for the twentieth consecutive month to a decline of 30 per cent from the previous year. State Housing Commissioner Joseph P. McMurray has been quoted in *The New York Times* as calling for action "before the home-building situation collapses completely."

With new housing starts across the country at their lowest figure since 1948, Congress and the Administration have joined builders in decrying the "creeping paralysis" which has been devitalizing the industry.

Why aren't Americans buying as many houses now as they did two years ago? The need for homes is greater than ever—but builders and investors have been looking skyward rather than earthward for buyers. Houses started in the last few years have been beyond the price reach of the population strata which need housing most. The National Housing Conference, which since the thirties has been contending for increased public and private housing for low-income groups, surveyed one-family dwellings near eleven large cities and judged their median price to be "well beyond the means of five out of six families in the United States."

The suggestion that pay-dirt lies in low-cost housing and lower-income groups quickly draws fire from organized home-builder and real estate groups. Conceding that a "desperate shortage of inexpensive homes exists," and acknowledging that a house under $10,000 could be built and financed, builders nevertheless express "no intention of putting up less expensive houses," according to *The New York Times* (September 1, 1957). "Such a house," builders were quoted as saying, "would not sell because the consumer who feels he can afford to pay even that much for a home nevertheless has a standard of living that would lead him to regard a $10,000 home—if he could find one— as unfit for habitation."

If this is true, it would indeed seem that Americans have been "oversold" by the dream world of color-lithography. At any rate, there appeared to be no suggestion from the builders that imagination, resourcefulness and lessened profit margins might somehow produce a $10,000 house that people would consider worth buying.

The average home builder undoubtedly prides himself on being a "practical man," not overly given to social psychology and motivational research. He is a small entrepreneur, by and large, building an average of four or five homes a year, according to the Department of Commerce. For him, the problem often seems to boil down into one of insufficient credit. Lending institutions are reluctant to advance the credit or arrange a mortgage for what seems to him to be a perfectly good prospect.

Seemingly aware of home-town sentiment and the let-down in business among building-material suppliers as well as builders, Congress was moved within recent weeks to authorize new regulations by the F.H.A. permitting banks and other lenders to grant mortgages based upon lower down payments and higher interest rates. The latter, rather than the former, were expected to provide the impetus for new construction, government housing officials argued before Congress.

Opinion has been sharply divided as to the effect these changes will have. Since the new regulations went into effect on August 6, F.H.A. spokesmen have been expecting "quite an upturn," although they concede that it will take four or five months for anything significant to happen. The National Association of Home Builders, on the other hand, maintains that on the basis of a quick poll of its members, "the lenders haven't made any more money available" than they had heretofore.

Among the lenders themselves, there were some misgivings about the new regulations. The president of one of the Midwest's largest savings and loan associations said publicly that the lower down payments and higher interest rates will increase inflationary pressure, raise the cost of home ownership, reduce the incentive for builders to lower costs and will bring families with inadequate cash resources into the home market far too prematurely for their own good. While the bill was being debated, Senators Neuberger and Sparkman had argued similarly.

Whether more housing will reach those whose need is greatest remains to be seen, but the likelihood is slim. The new regulations merely *permit* rather than obligate lending institutions to make mortgage money available. In general, banks and other investors will continue to put their money into those channels which offer the best return.

For some time, anyway, interest rates agreed to by the home-purchaser and the lender have often been higher than F.H.A. minimum requirements. This situation may make a fiction of the presumably "liberalized" terms the new regulations permit. It has come about through the stratagem of "discounts" on mortgages financed under F.H.A. and G.I. terms. A "discount" of 1 per cent, for example, means that the borrower on a $10,000 mortgage actually receives only $9,900, but must pay interest on, and pay back, the full $10,000. Discussion of this "extra," legal though it be, is usually not brought into the conversation until closing papers are being drawn on the purchase. The point is that "discounts" are permitted to continue under the new regulations.

All of these considerations make it clear that home-building and home-financing are inextricably woven into the nation's economy. Housing represents an investment equal to two-and-one-half times the total assets of the country's 500 largest corporations. In terms of credit, the amount of outstanding mortgage debt on small homes stood at $88 billion at the end of 1955—double the amount five years previously.

The present crisis in housing may indeed be no more than an interesting aberration in an otherwise healthy economy, a paradox which would be merely puzzling were its social consequences not so serious. On the other hand, housing's inability to keep up its post-war pace in construction and marketing, its "overshooting" of the potential buyer, may have a deeper significance.

No other purchase a family makes is as meaningful as that of a home. It represents a "binder" on the future, an expression of the family's long-term outlook.

When the housing industry finds itself increasingly unable to attract investment capital, when the availability of investment money continues to shrink generally, when the breadwinner becomes less optimistic about next year's expected raise taking care of this year's increased indebtedness, one begins to wonder: could housing be less a paradox and more, perhaps, a portent?

ESCAPE from the NUTCRACKER

A Professor Demands Parity Plus . .

John D. Garwood

THE WORLD has turned over many times since Caesar and his Roman legions, armed to their respective teeth, stood at the Rubicon. His eagle eyes scanned the uneasy horizon. His hawk nose, which he scratched tentatively but authoritatively, sniffed the chill moist air. It was in this manner that he arrived at the momentous decision to cross over.

Fellow professors, members of self-perpetuating committees, we do not stand at the Rubicon today. My friends, we stand in it. We are caught in the stream of life. Our purchasing power has been decimated by an interaction of two economic phenomena: (a) low salary scales; (b) high prices. We are in the nutcracker; we are being forced to shell out.

We need and, unless I mistake the temper of the times, we demand bold, persistent experimentation. The writer would propose a solution as American as mom's apple pie, Listerine's glorious triumph over halitosis, or Errol Flynn's heroism and self-sacrifice.

The solution about to be advanced here is so simple, so understandable, so straight from the shoulder, that the reader will wonder that it had not occurred to him. Friends, our problem can be solved completely

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and without cost to anyone through the media of government price support for professors' salaries, plus certain other minor concessions.

I cannot forecast the course of Congress on such a proposal. Its action is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma which has only of late been bared in Harry Truman's *Memoirs*.

Our case is a strong one. Let us proceed in a methodical fashion as good logicians to present the facts. Let us go first to the farm situation and draw the parallels.

Parity means equivalent or equal in purchasing power. It measures the relationship between the prices a farmer receives and prices he must pay for goods and services.

The need. What we professors need is 90 per cent of parity. At the present time we are getting no more than 65 per cent of parity. If we take 1910-1914 as a base, 1925-1929 as a base, or 1935-1939 as a base, we arrive at a figure of from 60 to 65 per cent of parity. If we use the McGraw-Hill figures which take 1940 as a base, we see that by 1954 physicians had improved their dollar position by 80 per cent, lawyers by 10 per cent, industrial workers by 48 per cent, and faculty members were down by 5 per cent.

Our cause is just. Of course it is.

The curious parallel to the farmer. It is said that the farmer produces a necessity—food—and must be rewarded fairly. Let us point out that by the same token our product is a necessity—we provide food for thought. We are both cultivators: the farmer the soil, we the mind. Certainly it would be just as bad to have our children ill-educated as ill-fed. We must be democracy's arsenal.

Further, a soil bank for tired academicians is sorely needed. The increased enrollments with the concomitant enlarged classes have worn us out at a distressing rate. What we need is an opportunity to lie fallow for a couple of years or until we get our strength back. This could be fitted into the program nicely.

We could be paid for not teaching for a time. Certainly this would have the warm support of those students who have fretted themselves with the quality of the product now being produced. We could lie fallow in California, Florida, Yellowstone Park and other areas specifically stated by law. This particular point would need to be worked out and clearly stated, lest through the inadvertence of some minor government official, some one of us lies fallow in International Falls, Minnesota, during the long winter months.

Congress has passed a bill which provides that a farmer may obtain a refund of 2 cents a gallon on all gasoline he uses in his tractor on his farm, this being the amount of federal tax on gasoline.

We may draw a parallel for coffee as our source of strength and succor in time of need. Our tongues loosen as we drink deeply from the stained mugs in the students' union building. We spark, we backfire, as we attain our full powers of perception again. Our minds altered, our bleary eyes now clear, we mount the podium full of purpose, our hands holding the lecture notes for the day.

Let us ask for a federal subsidy for our coffee. In the time-honored tradition, let us ask for coffee and donuts and then compromise for coffee. It would cost the government but a few million per year and as more coffee would be consumed this would stimulate the growing of coffee in Brazil which would give Brazilians more buying power which in turn would increase their capacity to buy from us. This would give us an excellent opportunity to dump our surplus harmonicas upon them (they do need them) and thus afford a musical opportunity for some poor Brazilian waif.

But this is not all. Our plan, with its subsidy features, is based upon the principles laid out by the founding fathers and ardently followed since then by countless other patriotic red-blooded Americans. Let us emulate them by being redundant with *e pluribus unum.* Let us make our case even stronger by examining other sectors of the economy.

Our postal department has gone in the red this past year to the tune of $500,000,000. That's right, $500,000,000. This is just equal to the amount we have given to India since 1950.[1] Magazines are delivered by the postal service for less than cost of delivery. This is a subsidy of a considerable amount to magazine publishers. Why not give the professor a 3-cent franking privilege? For the itinerant professor, permit him to mail his application blanks and credentials free of charge. This has long been needed; indeed, it is a *must* for an egalitarian society.

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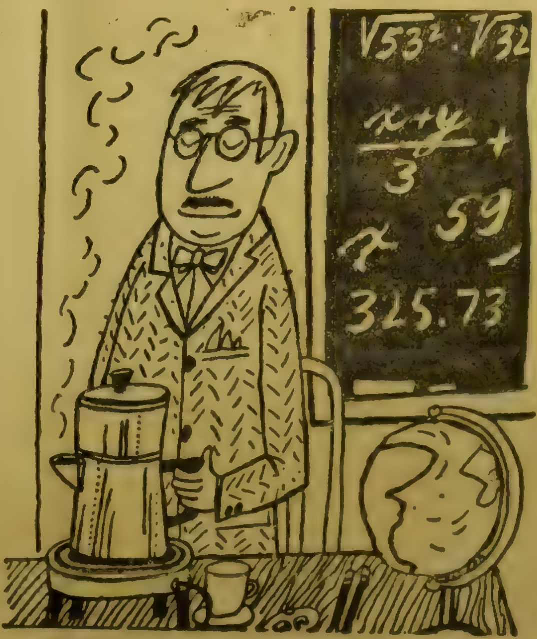
[1] How do the Indians feel about this? They want to turn Formosa over to Communist China. They want to get Red China into the United Nations.



Countless numbers of entrepreneurs have combined the factors of production secure in the knowledge that they would be protected from foreign competition. Were goods allowered to flow across our boundaries freely, our economy would be prostrated by the cheap foreign labor. We have fought this un-American situation by levying tariffs which prevent our consumers from buying goods at lower prices, a practice un-American to the core.

In the faculties of some major education institutions in the United States, as many as one out of every five full professors is foreign-born. He has been imported and has driven down our price. The addition of Einstein to the Princeton faculty, for example, meant one less job for some red-blooded American. Clearly, we must stand firm on imports.

In 1955, American Airlines was paid $18,632,000 in subsidies. The wage cost of operating a C-2 cargo ship, privately owned, of the United States Merchant Marine is $24,000 per month. The federal government pays $19,500 per month per ship.

Evidently these carriers of goods are deemed essential for the public weal. Are we not, my friends, bearers of The Truth? Do we not carry forward, generation after generation, those ideals our society holds dear? Are we not entitled to some remuneration?

Boxes of avocadoes placed in the faculty lounge in the union building would not be unwelcome. Fruits in season might be added. The federal government could easily make this possible. Our national productivity in this area is tremendous.

World War II brought the use of elaborate depletion allowances for business in computing its income-tax load. And the use of liberal expense accounts also lowers the corporation tax. The Korean War brought the discharge of General MacArthur and the continued use of features in the corporate-tax structure which lowered the tax a corporation pays.

The tax load of the professor is too high. It has taken him eight years to complete his college preparation. It would seem only right and in the American tradition of fair play to permit him to deplete himself at the rate of 12½ per cent per year. Certain expenses attendent to the profession should be deductible from the income tax. Thus, shoe soling (limit of five per shoe), tickets to the girls' physical-education annual carnival, glasses, all scholarship pins, etc., should be classed as legitimate business expenses. (These are obvious items. The reader may supply others for himself if he wishes.)

Some may cry government interference, government expense, aye, even socialism. We may not achieve our goal without opposition of the most vicious and insidious nature. We must fight it where we find it. De shall fight them on the beaches. We shall fight them on the landing fields. We shall fight them in West Texas or Northern Montana. We shall fight them in front of the post office. We stand at Armageddon. We battle for all those things we hold dear, our homes, our families, our television sets.

Our crusade, our quest for justice, is fraught with peril. I can only promise blood, sweat and tears. We are in the twilight. The lamps are going out over all campuses. Let us, at this late hour, take the bull by the tail and look the situation squarely in the face.

The lowliest instructor on any campus, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. From portal to portal, from Orono, Maine to San Diego, California, let us cry "You shall not press down upon the brow of mankind this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify us upon a cross of gold certificates and commercial paper and/or government bonds."

Let us hold fast to our Ph.D. robes. Let us remind them that had we chosen another field of endeavor we would have been captains of industry, titans of finance, engineers in leather boots throwing bridges over vast chasms. Aye, possibly even oligopolists or duopolists.

Too long we have waited in the outer room. We have petitioned and our petitions have been scorned. We have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded. We entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them. Our wives are working, we will never starve.

Epitaph for a Landmark

(*Continued from inside cover*)

taking to preserve the building? Have they enlisted the aid of interested outside individuals or groups to raise funds? Perhaps it could be used as a Frank Lloyd Wright museum!"

What these students overlooked is the University of Chicago's disavowal of responsibility in the decision to destroy the house. Dean Strozier of the university insists that while the Chicago Theological Seminary is connected academically with the larger institution, it has an independent fiscal policy. "We can advise, but we have no veto power," he says. Few persons, however, can conceive of the seminary acting on such a matter without the University of Chicago's approval. Defenders of Robie House have, quite properly, brought the issue of a "responsible university" into the discussion, and point out that, at long last, an architectural landmark has joined racial and low-income groups as "undesirable."

Most loyal defense of the building has been organized by William B. MacDonald, an educational-TV broadcaster who has formed a committee for fund-raising and for planning alternatives to demolition. MacDonald is by no means convinced, as the seminary is, that the house is worthless: "Robie was designed to be lived in and could, ideally, serve as a guest house for the use of distinguished visitors to the university, and provide office space for some of the small organizations which cluster about the campus." MacDonald also points out that while the seminary has estimated that it would cost $100,000 to repair the building, plus an operating trust to assure repairs for five years or more, Wright's own estimate is $15,000.

MacDonald, though he is growing desperate as the months roll by and demolition plans become more definite, hopes to save the house, one way or another. Wright may find a way of taking it over himself, turning it into an architectural library. A fraternity has offered to trade its house for Robie: a cooperative arrangement between Wright and the fraternity could be effected. If Wright can save the building temporarily, or if the seminary were not in such a hurry, the government might prevent its demolition through a law providing funds for the preservation of historic monuments. But Chicago Theological Seminary has shown itself obstinate and relentless in its plans to see a bright new apartment building on the corner.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Odor of Absurdity, Ha!

THE SQUARE PEGS. By Irving Wallace. Alfred A. Knopf. 314 pp. $5.

THE LUNATIC FRINGE. By Gerald W. Johnson. J. B. Lippincott Co. 248 pp. $3.95.

David Cort

THE KIND of eccentric personality that can accommodate new and "absurd" ideas, the unpredictable relations between the personality and the idea, and the impact of both together on a stunned society: this is a great subject that throws a strange diagonal lighting on both human society and the dynamics of ideas. Certainly the eccentrics are noticed by their contemporaries. But their intellectual specific gravity is too rarely re-measured; and today we have an opportunity to examine such a re-measurement of twenty-two so-called eccentrics on the past American landscape. This must be a review of some visceral lives, not of two books, because the books do not avow the job they do, nor do the job they avow.

The splendid joke about these twenty-two people is either on their own outrageous behavior or on the laughing mob that failed to recognize a truth that was soon to become a commonplace. Yet these are both the same joke, for the latter incites the eccentric to the former. Even the little child on the sidewalk who said that the emperor had no clothes on must have had a bad moment or two before everybody began laughing at himself—a very unlikely event outside a fable. But it is typical of our time that the authors of these books, while defending the butts of the mob's joke, still tacitly imply that the mob was not entirely wrong.

The eccentrics celebrated by *The Square Pegs* will give you pause, if you are thinking of being an eccentric. There is Harden-Hickey, royalist Fascist, sometime Catholic, Buddhist and Theosophist, who at 39 formally claimed kingship of an empty, treeless south Atlantic island. There is George Francis Train, self-made millionaire, who at 41 gave Jules Verne his big idea by traveling around the world in eighty days. (Don't look now, but the author of the other book thinks Verne gave the idea to Train.) The blackmailing prostitute-suffragette, Victoria Woodhull, was reformed at 45 as the bride of an English banker. The California forty-niner, dazed by bankruptcy, was 40 when he crowned himself Norton I, Emperor of the United States. The citizens of San Francisco played it straight for twenty years, giving their Emperor free lodging, uniforms, transport and dinner at the best restaurants. The Yankee spinster lecturer, Delia Bacon, decided at 41 that Shakespeare had been Bacon and six other people, and ruined her life and mind to prove it. The War of 1812 hero, Captain Symmes, resolved at 38 that the Earth is hollow with gaping holes at both Poles. The frontierswoman, Anne Newport Royal, widowed at 44, was done out of her just inheritance and turned into a scourge of every variety of scoundrel. The Newburyport speculator, Timothy Dexter, made his fortune at 40 by buying for cash the worthless Continental scrip which Hamilton after some anxious suspense redeemed at face value. His famous book, *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, and his bizarre menage including the authentic Molly Pitcher, came later.

Some of these were mad; all lived painful lives. The price of non-conformism is made to seem very high, even if one cares about the world, the truth and virtue. We get an impression of impotence and absurdity.

And yet to take only George Francis Train, before he developed his attention-mania, he had ordered the building of the famous Flying Cloud clipper ship, anticipated prefabricated housing, introduced bowling to Australia and shipped home a stranded Edwin Booth, promoted the original of the Erie Railroad, introduced track streetcars to England and the Continent, defended the Union cause in England at a crucial time, exposed English blockade-running, promoted the financing of the Union Pacific Railroad. This took a combination of brains, guts and flair. And he also created the dilettante sport of setting speed records around the world, now a monopoly of government.

THERE seems to be a critical age at which all these people stopped kidding and went seriously to work at their crotchets. It was about 40. An apparent exception is Victoria Woodhull, who was raised as a mountebank. But for her, the eccentricity was a rich, respectable marriage. If you are near 50 and not yet an eccentric, you are evidently safe; if you are a conformist under 40, look out.

Most of the radical ideas for which the nine made themselves ridiculous are now sober orthodoxy. It will be useful only to examine two that are still considered absurd: the hollow earth and the Shakespeare fraud.

The queerest thing about the Shakespeare controversy is that the suspicion should arise at all, and should not die out. Delia Bacon's Bacon is perhaps the wrong alternative, but Calvin Hoffman's recent candidate for the plays, Marlowe, has some remarkable qualifications.

As to who is crazy about the Earth, the crazy opinion is the current orthodoxy, taught in the schools, that the pressures inward at the center of the Earth are 23,000 tons per square inch. Since the Earth is a revolving sphere, its center is almost certainly turbulent and thrusting outward centrifugally. Einstein's last hypothesis was to the effect that gravity is electro-magnetic in nature operating in fields of force, not a magic peanut at the center

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of the Earth that pulls everything to it. This can be interpreted to say that at the center of the Earth there is only a hole.

Hatred of such heresies derives from mankind's need to think it knows, especially when it does not and cannot know.

Indifference usually asks the sensible question: what difference does it make? The answer to this is that we never know how much difference it may make when we find the truth instead of the myth, and that it usually makes quite an astonishing difference. For example, the peculiar mental state of England around 1600, not unlike America's today (now Communist renegades, then recusants, and always accusation and suspicion), is never related to Shakespeare but is tragically related to Marlowe's life.

Hawthorne wrote of Delia's proposition: "From the scholars and critics of her own country, indeed, Miss Bacon might have looked for a worthier appreciation . . . But they are not a courageous body of men; they dare not think a truth that has an odor of absurdity. . . ."

TO DARE to be a little absurd: why is this so difficult? To make jokes of these tragic lives is to disguise the truth that every life is in some way a joke.

The thing goes too far when the author takes his keynote from Henry Morton Robinson, as follows: "Eccentrics . . . get far away from the good, the true and the beautiful, substituting for this dour trinity the rarer qualities of the rare (sic), the cuckoo and the courageous." This crass sentence, turning formerly decent words into jargon, succeeds in standing the truth squarely on its head and making a bedlam of this difficult and important matter. Indeed, it is precisely the eccentric's devotion to the good, the true and the beautiful that gives him the odor of absurdity, to which Robinson, once a frustrated poet, now prefers outright Philistinism. This is not a bad joke either.

The great eccentrics, those who mysteriously synthesize a previously non-existent summary of the true, are such as Buddha, Jesus Christ, Socrates, Euclid, Montaigne, Beethoven, Jefferson, Thoreau, Lincoln, Freud—and on a much lower, contemporary level, Jimmie Durante. Joe E. Lewis, Henry Morgan, Jackie Gleason—and back on the high level, numbers of saints and inventor-discoverers. Only the eccentrics have saved us from the caves.

ANOTHER reason for writing about eccentrics, given in the second book, *The Lunatic Fringe*, is to make us more tolerant of political aberrants today. This approach, since the death of Senator McCarthy and the appropriation of the Fifth Amendment by super-patriot labor leaders, is strangely and gratifyingly dated. However, once Mr. Johnson has chosen his thirteen subjects, one would expect him to defend them. On the contrary, he cannot conceal his dislike of quite a number of them. This is as confusing as anything the Red Queen said. For half the book, the style has a pseudo-Mencken cynicism without voltage, as if we were all far, far above the battle. Since we are not, nor is Mr. Johnson, confusion is compounded.

Johnson's subjects move us into some new levels, with Theodore Roosevelt, Tom Paine, Horace Greeley, the same Victoria Woodhull, Henry George, Governor Altgeld, Carry Nation and Tom Watson. Such a lineup reminds one of those conversations in heaven or hell, once a literary fashion, where Martin van Buren flirted with Cleopatra. The author is too much interested in the Populist movement, which ultimately gave us Bryan, to hold me. He can safely be said to ridicule Roosevelt, Greeley, the Grimké sisters, Mrs. Woodhull, Ignatius Donnelly, Sockless Jerry Simpson, Mary Yellin Lease and Carry Nation.

But when he comes to Henry George, he suddenly stops kidding, as if he were right down in a battle too important to lose. This is a noble chapter that might become required reading in the schools. Eighty pages later, the same thing happens again with John Peter Altgeld, and some of the nobility carries over to Tom Watson, of whom the author naturally disapproves.

The question puts itself to both these authors: why were these particular champions of non-conformism chosen for a demonstration that was meant to be favorable? Less appropriate examples of fringe lunatics could hardly be found than Roosevelt, Henry George and Governor Altgeld; they were out to solve the same problems as everybody else; they simply had somewhat different solutions. One must suspect Johnson of choosing people he already knew something about, and adding a few suggested by his editors. In the other book, all the people were perfectly fitted to the holes they chose; they were anything but square pegs. In fact, a true eccentric will rarely end up in anything but a suitable hole, once he gets serious, possibly around the age of 40, per-

Memento Mori

Seaweed in its looking-glass lagoon,
the burrowing whelk, the curious long-necked crane
astutely eyeing us must surely pass
and death be spoken, though the mood remain.

Some night let us dissemble and defy
our incorruptibility—steal back
into this cove where predatory tides
regurgitate the silt, where marsh hens clack—

weightless, above the tangled, unkempt green
while children sleep, and only lovers walk,
who, if they hear us whispering, assume
it is the shaken breath in lovers' talk.

Truant from Remoteness, stooping here
to watch the fiddler crabs shift stealthily,
we may relate no transmutations seen
as mystical as this star-ridden Sea.

SARAH HOWARD

haps a little sooner, perhaps ater.

In some such sense, the basic thinking about people and ociety in these two books is dismall blind; and much groping confusior results. A reader will get from then what he brings to them in exper nce and knowledge of life. To qualified reader they are very fr itful; and obviously would be to a reader of this particular magaz e. As for others, I don't know; his material might even be subvers e and spawn a dreadful crop of p seurs such as the young Whittak Chambers, a pat subject for a s ilar book fifty years from now.

Can these often sad, often horrible stories persuade anybody to be a non-conformist? Johnson in fact tells you that you are lost unless you have exactly Johnson's opinion of his subjects; Wallace happily has no opinion. A sensible person would avoid non-conformism like a hair shirt after reading these books. This would be the proper conclusion if he cared nothing for the truth, were still kidding and well past forty. If we all ever agree to kid one another, we will all infallibly go down together to our extinction. As against the splendid jokes reviewed here, this at last is no joke.

Like a number of the Japanese and other translations in this volume, these three poems are indeed poems of *fact* in all its irreversibility, that fact which the poet's preface calls "the only answer, the only meaning of present or presence." But Rexroth believes also that the poet must be a "prophet, in the Biblical sense," and not confine himself to the role of impersonal aesthete purportedly assigned him by the "corn belt metaphysicals and country gentlemen." I shall not quarrel with this way of putting things, or with Mr. Rexroth's repetitious way of pushing "professors" and "neo-conservatives" and, indeed, almost all intellectuals not in his particular boat all into one other boat, and that a shoddy, smelly one anchored in the Central Park lagoon.

Rexr th: The Fact and the Fury

IN DEFENSE F THE EARTH. By Kenneth Re oth. New Directions. 93 pp. $3.

L. Rosenthal

Never
Give up t s savage religion
For the b od-drenched civilized
Abstracti s of the rascals
Who live y killing you and me.
Sword in a Cloud of Light

KENNET REXROTH is the strongest of the W t Coast anarchist poets because he s a good deal more than a West Co anarchist poet. He is a man of wide ltivation and, when he is not too bus shocking the bourgeois reader (who ld like nothing better, except that he ow wants his shocks in saturation-bc ing dimensions—and preferably a hock and no meaning), a genuine p . If fate had made Rexroth a Morr or a Rhode Island Republican lawy he would still be able to write excell t poems.

An ng the geographical and political trans ntables of *In Defense of the Eart* are some remarkable pieces. First amc them I would place "The Mirror in Woods." The mirror of the title has hung in an abandoned summer ho , then fallen to the floor. The sp ker finds it and puts it up in his da hter's room. The succession of silent mi r images—"undersea shadows" of veg ation when it was on the wall, an occ onal wood rat it reflected when it lay the floor, and now the "ronds, escartes, relevés and arabesques" the girl performs—makes a concentrated and graduated series of impressions of the brighter and darker surfaces of life. What might be only whimsy in many writers becomes a beautifully ordered poetic conception.

Comparable are "Blood on a Dead World" and "Our Home Is in the Rocks." The former begins as personal reminiscence; the poet and his wife await the moon's eclipse with their four-year-old daughter, to whom they have tried to explain it. She, for her part, though she cannot understand the scientific interpretation, feels the mystery and the terror more immediately than they. "The earth's shadow is like blood," she says, and

> "Is it all the blood on the earth
> Makes the shadow that color?"

This "savage" relation to truth is what Rexroth advocates. "Our Home Is in the Rocks" is something of a reply to Richard Eberhart, to whom it is dedicated. Eberhart's poems of death are sometimes—witness the justly famous "The Groundhog"—all but overwrought in their anguish. Rexroth's treatment has a certain Anglo-Saxon hardness and melancholy realism that jibe readily with his secular rationalism. The poem argues wryly that we *can* be immortal—that is, "moderately" so. Its evidences?—the undecayed remains in Egyptian graveyards, the brave epitaph of a Spanish Civil War veteran, the dense luxuriance of physical life despite the stench of fresh death and the "faint effluvium of dry death" that are never far away. The two facts, of life and death, are continuous, as his description of a dying mountain beaver shows.

HE CAN strike a hard blow and draw blood with it, all right, but too often the blows are swathed in overblown rhetoric or *mere* discursiveness (which is an altogether different kind from the classical discursiveness of Martial with which he compares his own work). Thus, "Thou Shalt Not Kill: A Memorial for Dylan Thomas" has a magnificently passionate and bitter beginning whose power carries over to, and is taken up by, the later *ubi sunt* stanzas which call the roll of the modern poets who have died, sickened, given up, been imprisoned, or gone mad; it carries over still further to the passages on the suicide of Hart Crane and the murder of the Bodenheims. Yet the poem as a whole is sacrificed to the self-indulgent pleasure

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M. L ROSENTHAL, poetry editor of The N ion, *is now working on a book of mod n poetry.*

Stormy Reception

The lightning's broken fences fall
against the wires of the wind
and crackle where De Forest found
a way to trap the verbal skies.
Blue glimpses came into his mind
(though space barked like a rabid wolf),
the volume low, the treble high.
He boxed them neatly on a shelf
with room for angels, cooks, and spies.

The evening light is swift and sly,
embellishing the polished cage,
but sound is fickle, troubled by
the sudden burning of a wave
an inch away from hearth and home.
We listen to ourselves alone.

Above the crooner's soft lament,
preceding songs and psalms to cars,
the fruit that our first mother prized
swings like a bird upon the wind
and falls, tooth-marked and shrill,
across our silent, silent lives.

Adrien Stoutenburg

of the poet in love with his own oratory. Our Dylan (he shouts) is dead! Who killed him? The bosses killed him! The warmakers killed him! The crucifiers of Jesus killed him! The lawyers killed him! The U. N. killed him! The psychoanalysts, the publishers, *The Nation* and the *New Republic,* the scientists, *everybody*—Einstein, Eliot, Oppenheimer, Hemingway—everyone and everything but Kenneth Rexroth and Allen Ginsberg killed him! And then the critics and the professors "crawled off with his bowels to their classrooms and quarterlies."

So be it. We are all slain by this universal blunderbuss, and meanwhile the poet has accidentally killed his poem with its butt.

And yet, though I would have it *re*written, I would not have this poem *un*written. Like some of the others in this book—for instance "The Bad Old Days" and "For Eli Jacobson"—it has the pure, self-intoxicated revolutionary spirit of, say, the selections in Upton Sinclair's *The Cry for Justice.* In that anthology of social prophecy and recurrent moral anger at the "marks of weakness, marks of woe" which have been the lot of the oppressed through the centuries, we breathe the same headily self-righteous atmosphere of the "liberated" mind which Rexroth, the fearless mountain-climber and (at fifty-one) the hoary sage of the army of the untrammeled, has always about him. Of course, Sinclair's whole bent was toward organization and activism, and Rexroth has moved toward a mixture of personalism, quietism and individualistic prophetics.

Too, Rexroth gives us a number of touching and rather sentimental insights into his feelings for his wife and daughter, but muddies the picture somewhat through his "Bestiary" and "Mother Goose" pieces. Many of these, trying to be tough-minded and simple at the same time, achieve rather cheaply brutal effects; many are simply vacant where they would be amusing. Rigorous self-criticism is not one of this poet's virtues. For example, he entitles one of his pieces "They Say This Isn't a Poem" —and (to rephrase Catullus) it really *isn't* a poem; not a *good* poem, anyway. It says some things worth contemplating, it has a certain incantatory appeal and it contains a creed worth living by, but it seems to me as yet only a fine preliminary statement for a poem to come. Well, that is worth reading, too. Almost everything I have ever read by Rexroth has been worth reading, even when he was indulging himself, even when the piece was only half-finished, and even when he was being both wrong and wrongheaded. But the springs of his thought and style are still too clear, and the man himself is still too young, for even the most sympathetic reader to agree with him —simply to avoid an argument—that all criticism of his tendency to be loose and expansive is "parochial."

Theory and Therapy in Freud

MYTH AND GUILT. Theodor Reik. George Braziller, Inc. 432 pp. $5.75.

ART AND PSYCHOANALYSIS. Edited by William Phillips. Criterion Books. 552 pp. $8.50.

Herbert Marcuse

THE development of psychoanalytic theory after Freud shares certain features with the general positivistic trend of our era; it eliminates philosophy. Or it might be more appropriate to say that it eliminates metaphysics, speculations that are unverified and unverifiable in accordance with accepted scientific standards. With a few notable exceptions (such as Roheim, Rank, Reik) the orthodox as well as the revisionistic schools have waged a valiant and successful struggle against the Freudian metapsychology and metabiology, against the disturbing hypotheses and "exaggerations" of *Totem and Taboo, Beyond the Pleasure Principle, Moses and Monotheism.* This scientific purification is perhaps intended to adjust the theory to the requirements of therapy and technique, but the development has had another quite different effect. The hypotheses and exaggerations which are being eliminated are precisely those which oppose the smooth incorporation of psychoanalysis into the established system of culture and its smooth functioning as a socially rewarded activity. If taken seriously, the metaphysical ideas might suggest a critique of society incompatible not only with the therapeutic objectives of psychoanalysis but with the very notion of psychoanalysis. Because the "disease" to be cured would then be diagnosed as the history of mankind itself, and psychology would turn into social and political theory.

The two most disturbing of Freud's hypotheses are those of the Primal Crime and the Death Instinct. Theodor Reik's *Myth and Guilt* deals with the first. The subtitle, "The Crime and Punishment of Mankind," shows the extent of Reik's transgression beyond the framework of psychology as discipline and technique. Following Freud's idea that beneath all individual guilt feeling lies a common guilt of mankind and that this is derived from the prehistorical killing of the father-chief of the horde, Reik interprets the biblical story of the Fall and the crucifixion of Christ as mythological evidence of the Primal Crime. The "tree of knowledge," from which Adam eats the forbidden fruit, is identified with the "tree of life," and the tree is taken as the totem symbol of the god. Eating from the tree is thus eating the god. This interpretation requires the elimination of Eve and the serpent as belonging to a different mythological tradition. The tree-symbol then provides the link between the story of the Fall and the Passion of Christ. According to ancient stories, a beam from the "tree of life" was used for the cross on which Jesus was crucified. "One single story" unfolds in the Fall and in the Passion; the second Adam takes upon himself the crime of the first and the punishment for it. The crucifixion thus appears as the re-enactment and atonement for the crime.

REIK'S reinterpretation contains numerous other new elements. We mention only the idea that the linking of Adam's crime with sexuality is a "side-tracking" and concealment of the real nature of the crime. Its "primal meaning [the killing of God-Father] was such that it would necessarily have endangered and even annihilated the foundation of Jewish and Christian belief." The result of this "side-tracking" was an alleviation of unbearable guilt feeling. Mankind avoided admitting the "full gravity of the original deed" and salvation could be obtained.

Reik is concerned, not with history, but with mythical figures and events. If we accept his position, there remain two principal criteria for judging the validity of the interpretation: (1) is it compatible with the attained level and results of comparative mythology? and (2) does it shed new light on historical facts and trends? This reviewer is not competent to discuss the first question but would like to offer some suggestions as to the second.

The hypothesis of the primal crime

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may elucidate the problem of the origin and persistence of the domination of man by man, or in Hegel's terms, the dialectic of Master and Servant. These implications are not elaborated in Reik's book, but they are clearly indicated. Reik says:

> The first sinners—we include Christ also in this group because He himself, though sinless, took the original sin on his shoulders—have thus a double function within the myth and the following legend tradition. They are rebels against the highest gods, the fathers, whom they defy and whom they want to replace and they free mankind in teaching them all that is worth knowing or achieving.

In this double function, the biblical figures are linked to the great culture heroes of the pagan world, such as Prometheus, whose deed and punishment have a similar character. Liberation is a crime because it destroys the sanctified powers whose domination led man to the point where liberation becomes possible. It is a necessary and beneficial crime because without it progress in knowledge would be impossible. The "double function" continues to manifest itself in the ambivalent attitude towards domination—the killing of the Primal Father is followed by guilt feeling, atonement, and by his deification. It is not difficult to see traces of this subjective and objective ambivalence in the historical attempts at liberation, in their apparently unsurpassable limits, their defeats and in the restoration of domination at a "higher level."

But the application of his notions to history takes us beyond the scope of Reik's discussion. It remains within the framework of psychoanalytic mythology. Reik's book deserves high praise as one of the ever-rarer attempts to keep alive the great philosophical insights of Freudian theory and to counteract the decline of psychoanalytic theory into the anxiously guarded domain of technical specialists. It is at some places marred by the author's efforts to write in a humorous and collegiate vein, and to present his analysis in the style of a detective story, quoting Sherlock Holmes and others.

PERHAPS in no other field has psychoanalytic theory made so little progress as in the field of aesthetics. Here, the interrelation of the subjective and objective factor, the individual artist and the work of art, presents a most complex problem. It was only natural that psychoanalysis, like psychology, should have focused from the beginning on the subjective factor; only natural, therefore, that art was interpreted in terms of the artist. Whether this approach can adequately determine the specific presence of the "universal in the particular," which is the central problem of aesthetics, cannot be discussed here. In any case, it is a fact that the psychonalytic exploration of art has not really benefited (again with such notable exceptions as the early work of Otto Rank and Marie Bonaparte) from the great achievement of Freudian theory—the establishment of the unity of individual and group psychology. Freud's work revealed the extent to which the particular fate of the individual *is* the universal fate of mankind. In the realm of art, the relation between the universal and the particular fate manifests itself in a unique and yet representative form. Moreover, the history of art offers numerous examples which corroborate and clarify Freud's theory of the dynamic of the primary drives, Eros and Death Instinct, as socio-biological forces. It can hardly be said that the psychoanalysis of art has made a serious effort to elaborate these ideas.

In the anthology, *Art and Psychoanalysis*, William Phillips has collected twenty-seven representative articles: one ("Dostoevsky and Parricide") by Freud himself; the bulk by psychoanalysts of the orthodox as well as revisionist camp (Franz Alexander, Marie Bonaparte, Erich Fromm, Ernest Jones, Ernst Kris, Otto Rank, Theodore Reik, Géza Roheim, Fritz Wittels and others); and some contributions by non-psychoanalysts, notably Thomas Mann's essay, "Freud and the Future." Of the three sections—studies on single works of art and artists, theoretical essays and literary pieces—the theoretical section is the smallest. In point of fact it is difficult to decide which contributions are the theoretical ones. The section on single works of art and artists includes some technically excellent papers; others, of laborious irrelevance, are little more than a catalogue of the unconscious or subconsious affects, wishes, attitudes, etc. expressed (or implied) in the work of art.

It is no real wonder that the article which really raises the problem of

The News Photo

This idiot had suffered his own faults,
but since it was this country
and he had done a thing beyond himself,
by the axe, and since it was an act
that could be called public,
in the interest of the public to be known,
he was to be shown in this act,
in its way instructive: they had been his parents
and he had tried not to,
shouting at them to beware, as they slept;
he had wept, and since in this manner
he had cleansed himself,
he could grin for his picture.

David Ignatow

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"psychoanalysis and art" is the one contributed by the artist—Thomas Mann's essay. The problem is succinctly stated in William Phillips' introduction; "how a view of the world that has been warped, if only partially, by neurosis can be said to be truthful, objective or morally stimulating." However, in his brief discussion of the problem, the "objective" element of art, its truth value, is immediately associated with the "pressure, from many different sources, to enlist the arts in the service of some higher aim or some larger truth." This phrasing evades whether such "pressure" is not that of art itself, its inner life and development; whether the artistic "neurosis" or "messianic madness" is not a specific historical mode of reason. That the notions of art as neurosis and art as truth are not simply (as Phillips states) two "myths" would have become clear if the volume had included more "literary pieces." This reviewer is thinking mainly of the manifestoes of surrealism, the writings of Walter Benjamin, Gaston Bachelard, George Bataille, Henri Michaux, Paul Valéry. What about a second volume collecting the testimony of the artists?

JAZZ SCHOOL

John S. Wilson

SLIGHTLY more than forty years ago, Freddie Keppard, a cornetist who might have become one of the more luminous legends of jazz if he hadn't been so pigheaded, rejected an opportunity to make what would have been the first jazz recording. He complained that other cornetists might steal his "stuff" if he put it on a record.

Twenty years ago, jazz musicians were less suspicious but scarcely less illuminating about their art. When the question, "What is jazz?" was put to Fats Waller (or possibly Louis Armstrong—variations of the riposte have been attributed to both), he replied, "If you have to ask what it is, you'll never know."

Today, however, John Lewis, a pianist and leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who holds a position in current jazz comparable to that of Keppard in pre-World War I jazz or to Armstrong or Waller in the thirties, can announce with pride after teaching a short, concentrated course for fledgling jazz musicians, "We have broken down this mysterious mystique business about jazz. It's just a matter of working hard."

The breaking down process took place in August at the first session of the School of Jazz, a three-week course given on the grounds of the Music Inn in Lenox, Mass., near Tanglewood. The mere fact that there should be such a thing as a School of Jazz suggests that something has changed since the music first burst out of Tin Type Hall and the deadfalls of Storyville in New Orleans or as it flared and spluttered through its later stages in Chicago, Kansas City and New York.

That music was created in the heat of inspiration by musicians who, as often as not, could create in no other way. It was something that either came naturally or not at all. The idea of deliberately trying to teach anyone to produce something like Louis Armstrong's solo on "Potato Head Blues" or Dizzy Gillespie's on "Groovin' High," to have the inventive conceptions of Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington or Charlie Parker was, on the face of it, ridiculous.

What could possibly be taught at a school of jazz?

As it turned out, there was plenty to be taught—so much that students at Lenox were turning up for just one more lesson a day after the course had been completed; so much that, as one young saxophonist put it, "I'll be working over things I've been told here for the next year or two."

The idea for the school grew out of a series of round table discussions held at Music Inn a year ago at which jazz musicians of all stripes—Dixieland, swing, bop, conservative modern and far out modern—sat down together to talk out their problems as jazzmen. In the past decade there has been practically no communication between these splinter areas of jazz. Dixielanders automatically bared their fangs if bop was mentioned, while no self-respecting member of the modern clique could be shaken from the conviction that Charlie Parker invented jazz. But the musicians gathered at Music Inn found that they were really all of a piece, that there was continuity from the deepest roots of jazz to its farthest extensions.

This was exemplified when, at a late-hour jam session, two clarinetists—the West Coast modernist, Jimmy Giuffre, and the Chicago traditionalist, Pee Wee Russell—were urged to play together. Russell was extremely reluctant.

"How do I know what he'll do?" he asked dubiously.

It was suggested that they go to work on that most basic of jazz sources, the blues. After three or four choruses of feeling each other out and finding, to their mutual amazement, that they spoke the same language, albeit with different accents, they settled back and stimulated each other to what, in the view of those who heard it, was one of the great moments of jazz improvisation.

THESE meetings proved so exciting that it was decided to extend and continue them in the form of an annual three-week school at which this same broad viewpoint and pool of knowledge could be passed on to younger musicians. The school was organized with John Lewis as executive director and a faculty designed to bug the eyes of any young jazz enthusiast—Gillespie, Giuffre, Oscar Peterson, Max Roach, Milt Jackson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Marshall Stearns and Bill Russo.

Now came the crucial question. What was this faculty to teach? For jazz historian Stearns there was a specific, specialized job—filling in the background with a course on the history of jazz. But for the performing musicians on the faculty there was no such clear path.

Lewis determined to make this a school of jazz techniques and performance in which the teaching techniques would be drawn from jazz itself rather than from the conservatory. (There are music schools which offer courses in jazz, some taught by well-known jazzmen, but in almost all cases the traditional conservatory approach is used.)

The ultimate goal of the school, according to Lewis, is the achievement of the thing that has lain at the heart of jazz from the very start—making possible an improvised performance. Several of the things which contribute to such improvisation can be taught, and around these Lewis built his curriculum:

(1) Reading in jazz terms, a very different matter from simply reading written notation.

(2) The use of what Lewis calls "the most economical means" of overcoming some of the problems of playing together in small and large jazz groups, primarily the problem of subordinating oneself to the whole without suppressing one's own personality.

(3) An understanding of composition. "Unlike the traditional European musician," Lewis points out, "a jazz musician is not simply an interpreter of a part. . . .

JOHN S. WILSON reviews jazz for The New York Times *and* High Fidelity.

He is as much a composer as the man who wrote the tune he is playing."

Obviously this was no elementary course, so capability on an instrument was a prerequisite for the twenty-six performing students who attended the first session this summer. Ten non-playing students—auditors—were also admitted and, as it turned out, all of them were competent on an instrument.

They dove into a daily schedule in which mornings were devoted to rehearsals by five small ensembles (instructed by Brown, Peterson, Roach, Gillespie and Giuffre) and by an all-inclusive big band conducted by Russo. Afternoons were taken up by Russo's course in composition and arranging, Stearns's history course and private lessons given by all members of the faculty. After dinner there were lectures on specialized subjects by visiting authorities—on the problems of jazz recording, jazz in television, the music of Africa, management and booking of jazz, the impact of personalities on jazz, the place of jazz in American culture, functions of the critic in jazz. On three occasions the lectures were replaced by concerts by Mahalia Jackson, Wilbur De Paris and the Oscar Peterson Trio, abetted by Gillespie and Roach.

Officially, the student's day began at 9 a.m. and ended at approximately 11 p.m. But his day was far from done by then for the lectures and concerts were invariably followed by jam sessions and by bull sessions at Wheatleigh, the one-time summer home of the Countess de Heredia, where students and faculty lived and worked together.

ALL this was as new an experience for the faculty as it was for the students. Lewis had improvised an overall approach to teaching jazz, and the practicing jazzmen had to improvise means of carrying it out. The methods they adopted were as varied as their personalities. Oscar Peterson, a meticulous, systematic pianist whose technical prowess is almost unmatched in jazz, was fulfilling a long-time hankering to teach. He kept a detailed, lesson-by-lesson file on each of his students.

"Within twelve bars," one of his awed students reported, "Peterson could find out what you wanted to play and could understand your conception. Then he sat down at the piano and played your way and for the first time in your life you actually heard what you wanted to be. This sort of thing scares you."

Peterson approached his small ensemble with the same emphasis on detail, spending most of four three-hour sessions on the subject of the D flat blues. In bassist Ray Brown's ensemble, on the other hand, the concentration was on individual improvisation and, as one of his students put it, "knowing what you're doing."

To some of the members of his group, Dizzy Gillespie, the brilliant trumpeter who was once the clown prince of bop, seemed at first to have no system at all.

"We just blew and had a ball," one of them said. "Then, after a while, he began to stop us to set something right over here, something else over there. It was trial and error. When you were through, you realized that he made sense without being academic."

In the early days of the course, some of the students were glassy-eyed with hero worship. At the same time, the members of the faculty tended to huddle together in an aloof clique. But with the bull sessions, the jam sessions and the informality of living and working together in one building, these barriers crumbled. The students came to know the resident jazz stars as approachable human beings; the teachers became so engrossed in the progress of their charges that by the time of the faculty-student concert they were clucking nervously around the edges of the band platform.

There were no featured soloists at this graduation concert. There were, of course, brief solo passages in the performances by the five small groups and the big band, but there was none of the extended virtuoso "blowing" that is the common coin of much present-day jazz. This was as it should be for, as Lewis had pointed out, the purpose of the school was not to produce virtuoso improvisers, but to make sound improvisation possible.

Both in theory and in the experience of the first three-week course of the School of Jazz, this would seem to be the only valid approach to "teaching jazz." The nub of the problem is that, whereas jazz itself cannot be taught, an approach to jazz can be. Presupposing some feeling for the music on the part of the student, whatever talent he has can be molded and given direction. But each jazz musician has to fly on his own wings today just as he did fifty years ago in New Orleans. A tightly organized three-week course in the Berkshire hills may not give a youngster quite the same running start for his flight that he might have obtained from months of "sitting in" at the Lincoln Garden in Chicago or at Minton's in Harlem, but in these days of restrictive union regulations and limited possibilities for personal contact, it is a form of balanced, horizon-widening stimulation that is badly needed.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

GLEAMING white in the Hollywood sun sprawls a gigantic reminder of the early hopes and dreams for television. Covering some eleven acres—next to the Farmers' Market and a ball field—is CBS's Television City, completed in 1952. Within its streamlined walls are complete facilities for the production of live TV shows—all under one huge roof. When it was built, CBS hoped to eliminate, on the West Coast, the tribulations that plague them in New York where facilities for set-building, rehearsal, costuming and studios are scattered

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all over the city. Television City has everything: four huge studios with movable walls, audience bleachers and dressing rooms on wheels. There are carpentry shops, paint shops, curtain rooms for the sets, a costume department, prop shops, make-up rooms, even a school room for the child stars. Technical operations are on a grand scale; 2 million watts (enough to light up 275 night ball games) flood the studios over 530 miles of electric wire. And in second-floor offices, executives make and take 4,000 phone calls a day, get 25,000 pieces of mail, keep eighteen janitors (to whom they give the elegant title of "sanitation engineers") busy emptying waste baskets.

But the great dream for Television City seems to have turned into a permanent cat-nap. When I walked through the halls of this colossus a few weeks ago, there was a muted feeling, an almost eerie peace in its air-cooled perfection. Here and there a painter touched up a set, a blue-uniformed page delivered a message or laconically answered the phone, but the atmosphere was not exciting. Even the long line of visitors, clutching wilted tickets to the Bob Crosby Show, stood as silently as a placid herd of cows. Geared to turn out twenty-eight half hour shows a week, it is being used to about a quarter of capacity; of the sixty-five hours per week of live programming which CBS claims for the upcoming season, only a few—*Playhouse 90, Climax, Art Linkletter, Red Skelton* and perhaps some others—will come from this West Coast factory.

BUT out on the Hollywood plains, down in the valley, in dusty Culver City—wherever you find the movie studios—things are mighty different. Filmed series—the dependable, saleable backbone of TV programming—are being stashed away "in the can" as fast as possible. In one of the strangest paradoxes of this paradoxical industry, TV has become the new patron of the movie lot, renting every inch of available working space and thus putting money in the bank of their one-time competitors.

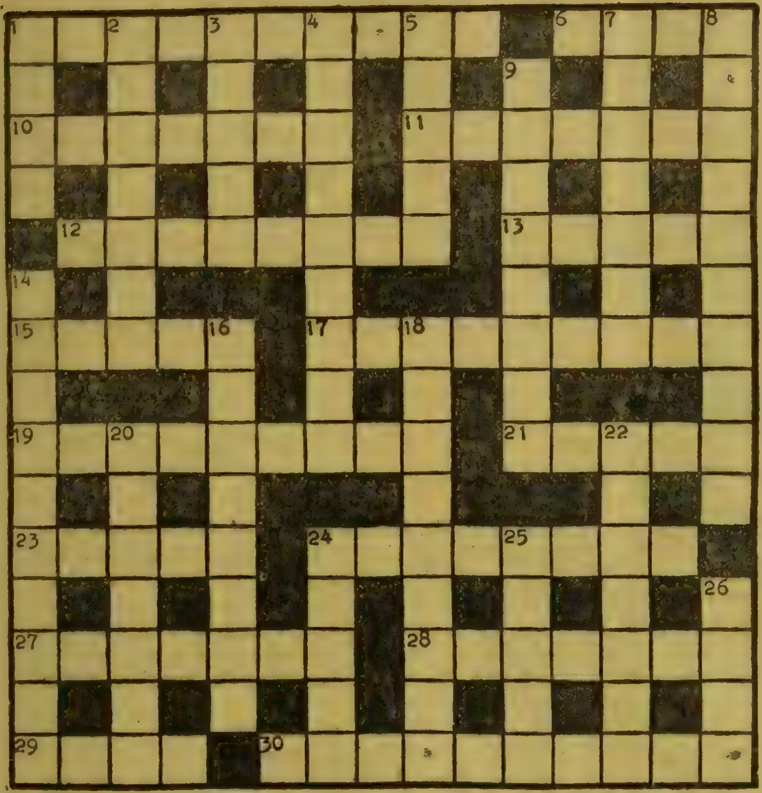
Old-time motion picture pros resent finding themselves in this poor-relation orbit with the brash newcomer. A gatekeeper at one of the studios I visited—where three CBS film series were in production—scorned our network guide's credentials. "You'll have to do better than that to get in here." Only high-level interference from a desk at Television City opened the way. In preparation are some twenty hours of film shows which CBS admits to for the fall season. The familiar Western street scene—complete with hotel, corner saloon and hitching post—was pressed back into service for *Gun Smoke*, and *Have Gun, Will Travel,* CBS's new adult Westerns. On another lot, the kids of *Leave It To Beaver* were going over and over the action of a one-minute school room scene. This show requires two days rehearsal and three days shooting for each half-hour installment, a typical schedule for TV films. It is a much faster process than either a movie or a live TV show.

WATCHING the two principals of an Alfred Hitchcock thriller backed up against a tiny set of a farmhouse kitchen (it couldn't have been more than four feet wide) while the camera ground inches away from their faces, I discovered the reason for my long-time aversion to TV filmed shows. The one-camera technique, borrowed from the movies, limits the movement of actors to the mobility of one machine. Live TV uses two or three cameras simultaneously, each shooting from different angles. The director chooses which shot will appear on your screen, switches from one to the other with ease while the action is in progress. Thus the viewer may see a conversation between two people from a distance, from a close-up of one face or the other, all while the scene is being played out. In a film show, or a movie, this would involve shooting the same scene three times to allow the camera to shift positions. TV films cannot afford the luxury employed by expensive movies; the result is a flatness which has little of interest to offer the viewer.

Although most viewers enjoy watching old movies on their home screens, shows filmed for TV often bore them. Few people can tell you why they have this vague restlessness, but it is a widespread reaction. It has not gone unnoticed in the industry. The Desilu Motion Picture Center, for example, is attempting to use the multi-camera TV technique for all filmed shows. The rash of Westerns which will have TV sets jumping with cowboys and Indians this fall shows signs of fading away into the sunset as producers attempt to recapture the interest and attention of viewers. It is not clear whether the answer will be a new kind of film, or more live programs, or a combination of both. The viewer's dissatisfaction is the determining factor. His postcard carries more weight in the television business than a lawyer's brief in court; certainly it gets faster action.

Crossword Puzzle No. 739

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One of those you shouldn't trust in Paris? (Although it might keep a gal on her toes!) (6, 4)
6 and 24 down What might check the record? Wait and see! (9)
10 Obviously a rather tidy attendant. (7)
11 It should be easy to see through his work—he loses his head and becomes even less industrious! (7)
12 Should be marked with degrees in any case! (8)
13 The evidence may be good if you do, but not necessarily sufficient. (5)
15 See 1 down
17 Reasonably proficient at digging up the dirt. (9)
19 10 Downing Street and 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, or what might be delivered there. (9)
21 But a flier isn't shot down by one, usually! (5)
23 It might be necessary to take up slack around the middle. (5)
24 Lumbering might not be an exact example, as such things are usually made in turn. (8)
27 Title spelled by the legal profession with one "t". (7)
28 Propeller holder, perhaps. (7)
29 Marks might be simple with this first. (4)
30 Objected to what's altered about the wrong measure of cloth? (10)

DOWN:

1, 15 across and 25 down Not comparatively well-directed. (4, 3, 2, 5)
2 3 down always does. (7)
3 What can't be this is supposed to be 2 down. (5)
4 They're supposed to be more proficient in sunshine, and are sometimes hung on contestants. (9)
5 Bird possibly associated with the seal. (5)
7 Speaker connected with baseball, etc., when wrong, shows how to take a few cuts. (7)
8 Deadly combination when a good score is not experienced. (5, 5)
9 Quite the reverse of 16 as a projection of bad feeling. (8)
14 One can get such things to make Bob late in a peculiar situation. (10)
16 Does it imply too much suspense if one does? (8)
18 Those who individually take part, alternatively use unction to provide a remedy. (6, 3)
20 It's the odd star that shouldn't seem very bright! (7)
22 How far a horse might be expected to go and hide for an extended period? (7)
24 See 6 across
25 See 1 down
26 You might on the bottom of 18, like a runner. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 738

Across: 1 DETONATE; 5 SPIRIT; 10 ESTHETE; 11 INSIPID; 12 LILAC; 14 IDEAS; 16 EUROPEAN; 19 CONSTANT; 22 ROTOR; 24 NEGOTIATE; 26 UMBER; 28 TITRATE; 29 ASTRICT; 30 ENDING; 31 ATTENDED. Down: 1 DEEP-LAID; 2 and 13 TOTAL ABSTAINERS; 3 NO EXCUSES; 4, 21, 23 and 27 THE LAME, THE HALT, AND THE BLIND; 6 PASHA; 7 REPENTANT; 8 TUDORS; 9 KISSER; 15 ELONGATED; 17 PIROUETTE; 18 PRORATED; 20 AWAKEN; 25 TRAIN.

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THE NATION
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HISS
NEW PERSPECTIVES on the STRANGEST CASE of OUR TIME . . by Fred J. Cook

"Remarkably Fine"

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Dear Sirs: The ultimate resolution of the Hiss case must await the inauguration of a President with the courage to appoint an Attorney General who will direct the FBI to reinvestigate the evidence and, even more important, to investigate its own files and conduct. Until then, there is no hope for following up the many provocative leads suggested by Fred J. Cook's remarkable study in your September 21 issue. What really is the fact about the Eastman film on which the Pumpkin Papers were microfilmed? What are the real facts of the metallurgic structure of the typewriter? Physical evidence leaves tracks. It remains there in the Hiss case waiting for its secrets to be unlocked...

Until this is fully done—and it seems an easy thing to do—a lot of us will continue to be troubled about the state of the administration of justice in the United States.

ROBERT W. KENNY
Former Attorney General, State of California

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook's analysis of the Hiss case is a remarkably fine piece of work. He pulls together the innumerable pieces of the story, unfolded to the public over a period of many years, in a sharply written and relatively brief account. In making available this estimate of the most baffling case of our time, Mr. Cook and *The Nation* have done the American public a great service.

I do not see how anyone can read Mr. Cook's analysis and not feel the gravest doubt that justice has been done. More than that, it is clear that the American conscience cannot leave the matter where it now stands. The lawyers for Mr. Hiss were not able to explore fully new avenues of information, in large part because they were blocked by the government itself. This is a national scandal...

The courts have refused to reopen the formal case, but there remains one avenue of official inquiry—the legislative investigating committee... Such a check by the legislature on what amounts to a prima facie case of abuse of executive power would be in the classical tradition of our constitutional system.

THOMAS I. EMERSON
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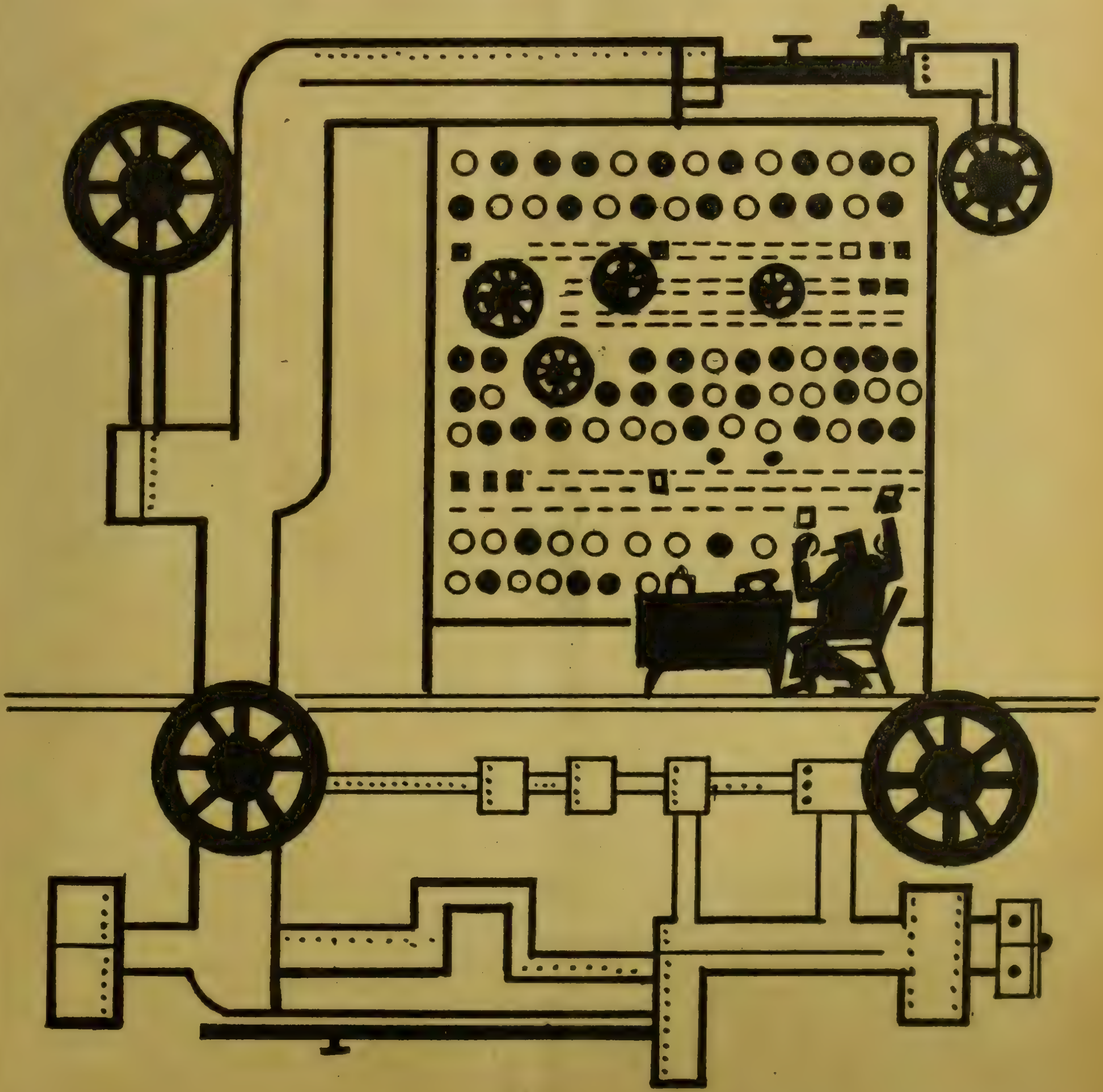

AUTOMATION'S BRAVE NEW WORLD

by Bernard Karsh

LETTERS

The Hiss Case

Several paragraphs have been extracted from each of the following letters on the Hiss case (The Nation, *September 21), and appear separately on the back cover of this issue.*—EDITORS

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook seems to feel, as do many people, that there was something outré and bizarre in the celebrated defendant's having asked to look at Mr. Chambers' teeth.

I worked briefly for Whittaker Chambers when he was book review editor of *Time*—I think that it was in the summer of 1942—and at that time his teeth were utterly incredible. As I recall, they were jagged and yellow and dark blue, rather like a stormy winter sunset, and while they would have passed without comment in a French waterfront movie, they were astonishing in Rockefeller Plaza.

The second point: If there is one place in Mr. Cook's excellent piece that seems a little uncertain and unjelled, it is the section dealing with the Ford which Mr. Hiss said he gave to Mr. Chambers. It is hard to find much that is amusing in the Hiss case, but there is nevertheless a certain piquancy in hearing—as I sometimes have—people with whom it is a commonplace to lose $500 at canasta or $1,000 at poker shake their heads disapprovingly because Alger Hiss let a $25 jalopy slip through his nerveless fingers without extracting payment.

What Mr. Hiss seems to have been up against, in that particular instance, is an unconscious national attitude toward the internal-combustion engine that borders on the fetishistic.

MARGARET HALSEY
White Plains, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Even those already familiar with the record will learn new things from Mr. Cook's article. I was most impressed with his account of the way in which the original and the supplementary proceedings for a new trial were undermined and frustrated by the activities of the FBI. Undoubtedly consideration of length prevented a discussion of another aspect of the case which fortified doubt of the validity of the conviction. This is the enormously prejudicial atmosphere in which the case was tried, an atmosphere which was the product not only of the swirling passions of the time but also of the illegal and partisan efforts of the House committee. Fortunately, Hiss's book contains a full discussion of this phase of the trial.

As we all know from history, nothing is more difficult than to persuade a government to admit its mistakes in a criminal case which has become intertwined with larger political questions. Mr. Cook's article cannot be viewed as an abstract discussion of an important event in recent history. Its implications are too serious to be ignored. Certainly neither the passage of time nor the finality of judgment should serve as a barrier to Hiss's vindication. As the United States Supreme Court has recently held in *United States* v. *Ohio Power Company*, "The interest in finality of litigation must yield where the interests of justice require it." Mr. Hiss's case is neither a dead nor a lost cause. Mr. Cook's article should disturb the complacent and revive in all of us the hope that a way can be found in this calmer time to lay the doubts which haunt this case.

FRANK DONNER
New York City

Dear Sirs: Among a host of others, one key problem in the Hiss case remains. How did Mr. Chambers, who said over and over for nine years that he broke with communism in 1937, and who is shown certainly to have been fleeing from the Communists by the beginning of March, 1938, obtain a document which reached the State Department on April 1, 1938? It is hard to reconcile these facts with Chambers' claim that this document, and the others, came from Hiss, but it is just as difficult to suppose that the fleeing Chambers obtained it from Wadleigh or some unnamed confederate. Neither those who believed Mr. Chambers, nor those who believed Mr. Hiss, have yet offered a theory which explains all the known facts, of which this discrepancy in dates is perhaps the most important.

The tangible, if shaken, evidence of the typewriter and the documents is enough to put the burden of proof on those who believe Hiss—but Mr. Cook does useful service in showing that the case is still a puzzle, and that no explanation of it has yet been conclusively proved.

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT
Associate Professor of Law,
University of Texas
Austin, Texas.

CORRECTION: In the article, McClellan: The Grim Prober, which appeared in the issue of September 14, certain facts concerning Senator McClellan's tragic loss of two sons were inadvertently misstated. Max McClellan, a son by a first marriage, died in North Africa; some years later, while Max's body was being returned to the United States for burial, John L., Jr., a son by a second marriage, died as the result of a car accident.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

This Is No Tragedy

The President has acted firmly, wisely, and in fulfillment of his constitutional responsibilities in ordering federal troops into Little Rock to uphold the authority of the federal courts. Sooner or later the President would have had to face this direct challenge, if not in Arkansas then elsewhere. For the country now knows, if it did not know before, that a large section of the South has long been nurtured on the misconception that compliance with the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments is a matter of local option. (The Jackson *Daily News*, in an editorial of September 25, comments: "To the President — Nuts!"). The President met the Little Rock crisis in the only way he could meet it; he said what needed to be said and did what needed to be done.

Over a year ago (July 7, 1956), in a special issue on the theme, "Time to Kill Jim Crow," we said in these columns that there was ample precedent for the use of federal troops and that the President should use them, if necessary, to secure compliance with decrees issued pursuant to the Supreme Court's ruling. In the same editorial, we pointed out that the repeated assurances, official and otherwise, that federal troops would not be used had the effect of encouraging Southern officials to resist the inevitable. In retrospect, it is amazing that so many responsible leaders should have acquiesced in the proposition that force should never be used under any circumstances whatever to obtain compliance with federal district court desegregation decrees. Even the President—and he was supported by Adlai Stevenson—encouraged the South to believe that force would not be used. But *any* President, Republican or Democrat, must use force, if necessary, to uphold the Constitution. The President should have made it clear, throughout the period subsequent to May 17, 1954, that he would use whatever force was necessary to secure compliance. But whatever the President's sins of omission, the Senators who signed the Dixiecrat Manifesto were more grievously at fault; they encouraged a form of insurrection. What has been needed all along has been strong executive and legislative leadership in support of the Supreme Court's ruling. Now that the President has acted, a new climate of opinion will form which should make it possible to proceed "with all deliberate speed" to enforce desegregation as a national policy.

Of course there will be "incidents" and "disturbances"; hoodlums will howl and hysterics will rant. Teen-age girls will scream, "Oh, God, they let the niggers in!" Ignorant mobs will shout, "two, four, six, eight, we ain't gonna integrate." Photographers will have their cameras smashed. Senator Byrd's blood pressure will continue to rise. Talmadge II will rumble imprecations throughout Georgia. Klansmen will light fiery crosses in the dead of night. Spinsters will faint. And, here and there, troops may be needed, for short periods of time, to maintain order—but only in those communities where local "law and order" has connived at violence. The conservative South will not rush headlong into open rebellion; already these elements are preparing the way for a reluctant but gradual capitulation. Racial demagogues always use the threat of "bloodshed" and "violence" to intimidate the majority of law-abiding citizens who, of course, abhor physical violence of any kind. But it is folly ever to yield to such threats. If the liberty of an individual is to be suppressed because the granting of that liberty may incite others to violence, then the effect is to make the least educated and most intemperate citizens the arbiters of what shall or shall not be permitted. The precondition to the solution of the so-called "race problem" in the South has always been the equal enforcement of the law and of every right sanctioned by the Constitution.

As amazing as the blindness to this obvious truth has been, even more amazing is the somber tragic note which echoes in most of the editorial and other comment on Little Rock. "Tragedy in the Sunshine," writes Stewart Alsop; "a national disaster," intones Adlai Stevenson; "The Tragedy of Little Rock," sighs the *Wall Street Journal*. One learns from a story in the New York *Post* that the career of Virgil T. Blossom, Little Rock's Superintendent of Schools, has been "wrecked" by "the great, great tragedy" that has taken place. (Our impression, from this distance, is that Mr. Blossom's career has not been blighted but that, overnight, he has acquired an enviable national reputation.) In some of this comment, the Supreme Court is accused of having "changed" the settled law of the land—query: when was the Fourteenth Amendment repealed?—and of having "legislated" a policy of desegregation. "The tragedy begins," comments the *Wall Street Journal,* "with nine men who decided to remake the country"—that is, a unanimous court reversed a decision that nine out of ten law school deans would now agree misinterpreted and largely nullified the historic purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Then in what sense and in whose eyes is the use of federal troops in Little Rock a matter of tragic national concern? In a sense, of course, it is tragic when some of the citizens of a democracy exhibit an incapacity for self-government. No one likes to see American citizens, however few in number, held back, at the point of bayonets, from assaulting Negro children. And admittedly there is cause for some concern over the consequence that may arise once the troops are withdrawn. But we have managed to escape the tragedy that would have ensued if the President had not acted as he did; in fact, we narrowly averted a disaster, in terms of world opinion. Little Rock is surely no tragedy for the gallant Mrs. L. C. Bates who heads the NAACP in Arkansas, nor for the Negro children now enrolled and attending Central High. In fact, there is no cause for any of us to weep, as though a vast tragedy had engulfed the nation, over those front-page photographs of the Negro children walking up the *front* steps of Central High flanked by federal troops. The real tragedy, if tragedy we must find, is that Negroes were not admitted there long ago, without troops.

The "battle" of Little Rock is over. Casualties: three minor injuries, one accidental. The appearance of federal troops and bayonets, *The New York Times* correspondent notes, did not have an inflammatory effect; it had a sobering effect. In a city of 117,000 (20,000 of them Negroes), agitators could not draw more than 1,500 whites to the school area. "The vast majority of Little Rock citizens went about their normal business. Downtown was quiet." So brush aside those crocodile tears; let's weep no more for Jim Crow.

The Brothers Dulles

How often do the brothers Dulles—Allen W., director of the Central Information Agency, and John Foster, Secretary of State—meet and what do they talk about when they do? Recently Allen W. has given us one of his rare public appraisals, based on the latest C.I.A. intelligence, of Soviet affairs. His major conclusions: radical changes are taking place in the Soviet Union and more are in the making; the Soviet leaders do not dare to let their peoples "have knowledge of the facts of life"; these same leaders are frightened by the prospect of more Soviet citizens visiting the United States; new technical and managerial elites are demanding more freedom from Khrushchev and his colleagues; unrest among students and intellectuals confronts the authorities with a troublesome challenge; finally, and for Moscow the most vexing of its problems, any relaxation of tension at home or abroad only makes it the more difficult for the Soviet leaders to control the tides of unrest at home. If these conclusions are sound, then American foreign policy in relation to the Soviet Union is not calculated to exploit Soviet weaknesses. A policy based on the conclusions of Allen W. would include: greater emphasis on cultural and technical exchange missions; mutual trade fairs; efforts to encourage the flow of East-West travel; propaganda emphasizing this country's pacific intentions; an intensification of straight news and information programs beamed at the Soviet audience; a suspension of nuclear-bomb tests and similar actions calculated to assure the Russian people that international tensions are relaxing; and great stress on the basic freedoms, individual, political, intellectual, enjoyed by citizens of the West.

Perhaps the next time they meet, the brothers Dulles will hold a joint consultation on American policy and on the premises on which it rests.

Diddling the Subconscious

Unless we are much mistaken, the next phrase that is going to be on everyone's tongue is "subliminal advertising."

Subliminal advertising, like so much in that trade, is the hybrid spawn of psychology, Yankee know-how and economic enterprise (greed). Briefly, it has been shown that the human animal's thought processes can be influenced by repeated sensory stimuli, each of such short duration that the sense organs do not register the signal in the conscious area of the brain. In practical terms, this means that you can superimpose on a movie or a television broadcast some such slogan as "Don't choke; have a coke!," repeating the message every five seconds for, say, a fiftieth of a second. The audience won't "see" the message, but pretty soon it will begin to hack and cough and beat a line to the nearest icebox or bottle dispenser.

How do you like that? How would Tom Paine or Oliver Wendell Holmes or Clarence Day's father have liked it? The advertising people are reassuring. They say that this sort of suggestion won't work on people not disposed to accept the advice. You can't flash a slogan that will make people swig household ammonia or turn a convinced teetotaler into a beer sot. At least, this year you can't. But who wants to be diddled subconsciously into doing even those things he rather likes to do, and how do we know someone can't persuade us to mortgage our insurance and buy a sports car with the ill-gotten cash? We like sports cars.

We trust the gentlemen on Madison Avenue as implicitly as we trust their brothers in Washington.

But advertising and politics had better be kept on a conscious level or we shall turn off the set and stay away from the polls. If an ad agency can massage our subconscious into thinking that another nice, cool glass of beer is just what we want, still another kind of agency might tickle our egos into thinking that it would be fun to annex Mexico or show the Russians who's boss.

In recent months this magazine has forborne from viewing with alarm and crying "outrage," but we allow ourselves the indulgence of saying that subliminal advertising is the most alarming and outrageous discovery since Mr. Gatling invented his gun.

Limited War, Unlimited Confusion

In an article in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs,* Mr. Dulles appears to have abandoned "massive retaliation" in favor of the "limited war" thesis. As always, his reasoning is ingenious. If the Soviets were to over-run Europe with conventional forces, the retaliative use of megaton-type weapons with large fission fall-out would endanger "the friendly peoples of the area." Naturally these self-same friendly peoples would not be markedly enthusiastic about the prospect of eventual liberation through massive retaliation. Besides, the moral onus of having been the first to use nuclear weapons would then necessarily fall upon the Western alliance.

But now that "clean" nuclear weapons can be used tactically, without the risk of "vast destruction and widespread harm to humanity," our allies may be counted upon to demand only the best in weapons. So equipped, they could probably check a Soviet assault by conventional forces no matter how badly they might be outnumbered. Under these circumstances, then, the Soviets would be faced with the necessity of withdrawing or of initiating full-scale nuclear war. Thus, concludes Mr. Dulles, the tables would be turned in the sense that the non-aggressors would not have to rely upon all-out nuclear retaliatory power for their protection, while the aggressors, unable to rely upon success by conventional forces, would have to weigh the consequences of invoking nuclear war.

But would this necessarily be the case? Suppose the Soviets respond to the tactical use of nuclear weapons by using nuclear weapons tactically? How long would such a war remain limited? In *The Nation* of August 31, the fantasy of limited war was critically examined by Matthew Josephson. Now Colonel Ephraim M. Hampton, a leading Air Force theorist, in an article in the *Air University Quarterly Review,* points to the same fallacies in the limited-war argument. The distinction between "total" and "limited" war, in Colonel Hampton's view, simply does not exist in fact; at best it is "a hope . . . an escapist device . . . a case of candy coating the bitter truth." At high levels, therefore, there would seem to be almost unlimited confusion about limited war.

Watching the Leaves Turn

On the morning of September 24, the New York *Herald Tribune* devoted a little less than one-fourth of the 1,000 words it daily allots to editorials to a small essay that began "According to official notices, autumn arrived at 3:27 a.m. yesterday" and ended, "For the moment there seems to be nothing better to do than to sit back and watch the leaves turn."

That was the morning after President Eisenhower issued his proclamation to the citizens of Arkansas, and the paper did carry an editorial on the mob rule in Little Rock. But it was also the morning after the President had warned the International Monetary Fund that inflation might cause a world depression and after the Canadian Prime Minister urged the U.N. Assembly to work for a suspension of intercontinental-weapons research. The *Herald Tribune* preferred to comment on pay TV and the use of dogs by city police.

On the day when Pope Pius XII stated that the Catholic Church "shows a preference" for widows and widowers who do not remarry, the *Herald Tribune* carried an editorial on how the crew of a subway train had rescued a boatload of fisherman from Jamaica Bay. Perhaps the editors decided that the Pope's somewhat stunning message fell into the area of private conscience, but they might have considered the news (carried on the front page) that Russia had closed Vladivostok Bay to foreign shipping, that Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler had read the riot act to his Southern members, or that the air force was about to fire a space missile from a balloon 100,000 feet above Eniwetok Atoll. And when is the news of the world so dull that a metropolitan daily must run an editorial beginning "A grey squirrel is never a creature of sluggish motion"?

This folksiness is not a peculiarity of the *Herald Tribune.* It runs through the whole of American daily journalism and every editorial room has at least one old retainer with a gift for whimsey. The superstition is that the public loves it, but the fact is that the editorial page is the one that most frequently goes under the dog's dish. These nature notes and human interest amusements are really a paper's way of filling space in which it might otherwise have to take an awkward stand—and the more tricky the news the more often they appear. It may be good diplomacy, but it is not good journalism. A reader who is alarmed or excited by what he reads on page one and who turns to the editorial page to see what the newspaper thinks, is not apt to be amused by his favorite journal's sudden concern for the safety of squirrels crossing the street.

Automation's Brave, New World . . *Bernard Karsh*

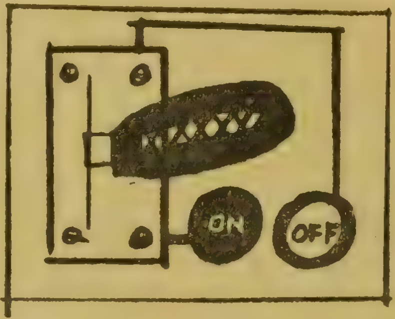
IT SEEMS clear that automation, aside from its economic implications, will have profound social effects. Just as the industrial revolution — the rise of the factory — impressed its rhythms on society, so the rhythms of automation will give a new character to leisure, to work and to living. Affected will be not only the relation of the worker to his work, but his relations with other workers and with his employers; and, beyond this, significant changes in working hours and a redistribution of factories, in a geographic sense, could set up additional profound pressures on the present patterns of our society.

Automation is defined in various ways, but it may be summarily defined as the accomplishment of a work task by an integrated power-driven mechanism entirely without the *direct application* of human energy, skill, intelligence or control. Automation is more than simple mechanization, and it is advancing on at least two levels of technology. One level is the so-called *continuous-flow automation* which is typified by machines that replace men's muscles, eliminate physical effort and substitute electricity for manpower, and which are coupled to devices eliminating human judgment in the administration or direction of the control of the machine. This has sometimes been called machines to run machines. The automatic mechanism watches what the machine is doing, makes sure it follows the instructions and automatically corrects mistakes.

Another phase of automation is sometimes called *business automation*. This is the use of computing and decision-making machines, so-called "electronic brains," which hand out administrative, statistical and clerical policies. Conceivably, an entire plant can be operated under the administration of these types of machines. Doing so would involve analyzing sales reports, ordering and checking the flow of materials, scheduling and controlling the operations, making out invoices, recording payments, and so on — all by machine.

Experiments are now going forward at an increasing rate to combine these two phases into a single computer-run system. Whether this technology is old or new is not relevant for our purpose here. Its most important consequences will be felt and are now being felt as a result of the tremendous pace with which it is being developed and put to use.

First, automation may change the basic composition of the labor force, creating what Daniel Bell calls a new "salariat" instead of a "proletariat," as automated processes reduce the number of industrial workers required in factory production. In the automobile industry, for example, the number of production workers declined by 3.5 per cent from 1947 to 1956, while the number of workers engaged in the processing of information increased 24.3 per cent (*Business Week*, April 20, 1957).



Changes of similar magnitude have occurred in the aircraft and farm-equipment manufacturing industries. And changes of even greater magnitude have occurred in the same period in the chemical and oil-refining industries. These industries are among the leaders in the adoption of automated equipment. A few specific examples of the impact of automation on production manpower requirements may suffice to give some indication of the direction in which manufacturing industry is headed.

Fourteen glass-blowing machines, each operated by one worker, now produce 90 per cent of the glass light bulbs used in the United States and all the glass tubes (except picture tubes) used in radio and television sets. In the radio and television industry, new machines etch or stencil on a board what were formerly hand-wired circuits; once the components are fed into the machines, complete radio sets can be produced. On one radio-assembly line, turning out 1,000 radios a day, two workers now produce more than 200 workers did with the old methods.

In the automobile industry, the non-automated engine plant has disappeared for all practical purposes. In the Ford Cleveland plant, built in 1952 and now being modernized because of obsolescence, one man runs a transfer machine performing more than 500 machine operations, whereas conventional methods required thirty-five to seventy men. Formerly 400 workers took forty minutes to turn out one engine block; now, under automated methods, forty-eight workers complete a block in less than half that time. Automation has been applied in the handling of bulk materials in fertilizer plants. The continuous-flow industries — oil refining and piping, chemicals, plastics, paint, beverages, rubber, electric power, etc.—all have been undergoing radical changes in manufacturing processes in the last decade.

THESE TECHNICAL changes may have several effects. With automated processes doing the work of large numbers of human workers, management may no longer have to worry about a large labor force. This means that new plants can be located away from major cities and closer to markets or sources of raw materials and fuels. It is often cheaper to build a completely automated factory from the ground up than to automate piecemeal an existing factory. Thus, there is an impetus toward constructing new plant facilities either on the peripheries of large cities or away from them altogether. This, in time, may leave the giant, sprawling,

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industrial metropolis as a dwelling place for human beings instead of a location for unsightly factories. The radio-manufacturing, chemical and automobile industries are already developing along these lines. And since automation involves the continuous flow of materials and information in a highly integrated and coordinated fashion, it can be more efficiently applied in single-story factories which have been specifically built for the purpose. Thus, space allocation tends to be more efficient and factories of smaller size.

When the myriad of special-purpose production machines, each tended by a single worker, is replaced by a single, huge, multi-purpose, punch-card or tape-controlled machine, communication among workers, as well as the formation of work groups, becomes more difficult. At least one British union, for example, has already asked for "lonesome pay" for workers overseeing automated processes. Trade-union solidarity is fostered, at least in part, by the intimate relationship between workers thrown closely together in the wor
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becomes the major cost. Labor is cheap in relation to the tremendous cost of an automated machine. Workers can be laid off when they become unproductive, but it is enormously expensive to permit the machine to be idle. To write off the big capital investment, more and more of the automated plants may expand shift operations in order to keep the plant running twenty-four hours a day. And so more and more workers may find themselves working odd hours. When this occurs, the cycles of sleeping, eating, working and social life become distorted. Thus friendship patterns change sharply; moreover, when the wife and children follow a "normal" routine while the man sleeps through the day, home life becomes disjointed.

It is often said that the era of automation represents a "second industrial revolution" in the sense that a computer or a feedback-c lled
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Post reported the experiences of a Ford worker as told to a Senate subcommittee:

> Then there are workers who can't keep up with automation. Such as Stanley T ck Tylack, sixty-one
> and

since the machine-tender and dial- and light-watcher can be replaced by other machines, and this is happening very quickly.

Here is where there may be a real social gain for these new processes. Diebold and Drucker have pointed out that automation requires workers who can think of the plant as a whole. The locus of attention is shifted from the machine to the whole plant and the individual "cut-and-fit" method of production gives way to a continuous-flow process which eliminates the contribution of the machine-tender or batch-mixer. There is left, on the one hand, the unskilled worker, the broom pusher, whose job may be too menial to automate and, on the other, the highly skilled worker who designs, constructs, repairs and programs the machine. There is less trivialization, less [illegible] [illegible]zation of func- [illegible] more [illegible]

tank become the foremost need. It becomes necessary to know the drill and the finish grinder and to relate their jobs to each other.

The skills required in this new setting are altogether of a different order than before. The increased professionalization required by automation suggests that some of the loss of status attending earlier technological changes may be regained. Thus, there may be in the making a reversal of the historic trend toward ever greater specialization of function with its trivialization of work, and the reintegration of labor may begin to emerge.

Also very important may be the elimination of systems of work measurement in manufacturing and data processing. Modern industry, says Bell, began not with the factory but with the measurement of work. But under automation, with continuous [illegible] 's worth can no longer [illegible] oduction units. [illegible] based on [illegible] th at

automation the human worker w be concerned with non-systemat work activity and will stand outsi direct production activity. Highl skilled workers will be more con cerned with adapting the produ tion system to special situation and this is an activity whose val can be measured neither by produ tion units nor by the time units, as Adam Abruzzi points out in *Work, Workers and Work Measurement.* Hence, incentive plans, with their involved techniques, may vanish.

Abruzzi suggests that a new work morality may arise in place of a morality based on a unit-worth concept. The "one best way" definition of worker worth will give way, the stop watch and the slide rule will disappear as instruments for the measurement of worth, and fractionalized time or production units will no longer be useful measures. Worth will be judged on the basis of organization and planning and the continuously smooth functioning of the operation.

The individual worker loses his importance and is replaced by the [illegible] greater value is placed on [illegible] as a whole. [illegible] *ion Man* may [illegible] itional in- [illegible] terized

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asking the U.N. to declare in favor of a pull-back of foreign forces from the East-West demarcation line and by supporting India's demand for full debate on the question of Chinese membership. Canada's Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker, in an emotional departure from his prepared text, even offered to withdraw from the U.N. disarmament subcommittee if it was thought that would help promote an agreement.

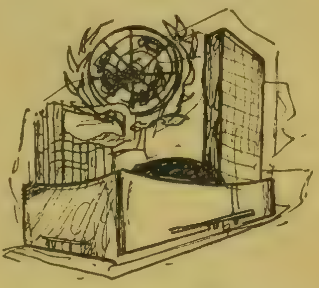
Clearly, this is a worked-up Assembly. It is also a changed Assembly, the first to feel the consolidation of voting power within the twenty-eight-member Afro-Asian bloc. An early test came in the little noticed but highly significant vote to elect the eight vice-presidents. By tacit agreement, five of these posts customarily go to the permanent members of the Security Council and the other three are split amongst Latin America, Europe and the Afro-Asians; this year, however, the Afro-Asians decided to try to capture the European seat for Tunisia and they succeeded in beating Spain by four votes. The same sense of newly-acquired power was discernible in India's attempt to force a floor debate on the Chinese representation issue.

THESE circumstances inevitably tended to favor the Russians and to put the United States on the defensive. What was unexpected was Mr. Dulles' failure to overcome this handicap on the one hand, and Mr. Gromyko's shrewd exploitation of his advantage on the other. Neither made the slightest concession in basic policy position; Mr. Gromyko, indeed, was exceedingly blunt in stating his terms for Soviet military withdrawal from Eastern Europe, in rejecting aerial inspection as the key to disarmament, and in warning that Russia would meddle in the Middle East just as long as the West did. But if it was the same old Soviet speech, it was by a different speechwriter; his tone was conciliatory and his argument unusually realistic. The general reaction was that it was the best Soviet statement ever heard at the U.N.

Against this, Mr. Dulles was harsh and overly self-righteous. One can find, on a close reading of his text, some effort to compromise; he did not, for example, charge the Soviet Union with violating U.N. principles in the Middle East; he said only that it "appeared" to be doing so. Similarly, he said, Soviet policy was "perhaps unwittingly" leading to dire consequences, and he deleted on delivery a suggestion that Turkey was being threatened by a "possible Soviet pincer movement" from North and South. But his general thesis and his language were straight out of the Dulles creed: that the status of the Soviet Union and of communism in the world is the status of outlawry, and that the U.N. must render a judgment between the just and the unjust.

MR. DULLES has always looked upon the U.N. as nothing more than a propaganda forum (just as the Soviet Union has), and one should not expect him to change his spots overnight. But it may be questioned whether this is any longer a very profitable attitude, first because the voting balance of power is now held by the neutralist bloc, and secondly because the world organization has become, for all practical purposes, nothing more than a propaganda forum. If this seems to be stating the obvious, it should be remembered that up until recently, propaganda was only one of the functions for which the U.N. could be used. It is only a few years ago that such U.N. leaders as Dag Hammarskjold and Lester Pearson were warning of the "trend" towards klieg-light diplomacy and the "tendency" to turn the U.N. into a depository for issues so frozen and non-negotiable that there was nothing to do but make propaganda out of them. And it is only a year ago that the middle and smaller powers, faced with a Middle East crisis which the big powers created but could not solve, assembled the U.N. Emergency Force. But the "trend" and the "tendency" have now been realized, while the experience of the Emergency Force, so far as establishing precedents for the future is concerned, has been so unhappy that the only proposal Hammarskjold has been able to draw from it is that its record be "studied."

For the Soviet Union, the reduction of the U.N. to a speech rostrum is a welcome development because, in the final analysis, the Soviet Union is dedicated to co-existence on the basis of an East-West status quo, and it will be appealing to a court of world opinion in which the controlling minority is rather inclined to feel the same way. But the United States cannot be satisfied with this development because the United States is, essentially, dedicated to non-acceptance of the status quo on the East-West issue; it was for liberation and it is for reform. So when it appeals to the U.N. to endorse reform (that is, when it seeks to exploit the U.N. for propaganda purposes) it can get a favorable vote if the issue is non-negotiable, as in the case of Hungary; but no such response is likely to be forthcoming on negotiable matters, because the controlling minority is really not interested in reform but in the relaxation of tension and the achievement of settlements, no matter how compromising they may be. From the American point of view, the U.N. today is almost antagonistic to the attainment of American policy objectives.



A quick look at disarmament will show why this is so. The Western — i.e., the U. S. — proposals presented at London are in themselves eminently sensible offers: they are complicated, conditioned and obscure enough to be, in short, negotiable. But that of necessity makes them bad propaganda, and if one has to find reasons to justify them in public, those reasons will almost certainly sound phony and rather silly. There is not the slightest doubt, for example, that the United States is willing to stop nuclear testing providing the price is right — that is, providing the Soviet Union will stop making atomic bombs. This is a perfectly legitimate subject for diplomatic negotiation, but it is one thing to try to strike such a bargain in private and another thing to explain the offering of it in public. One is automatically forced on the defensive: hence, Mr. Dulles' dialectic about "discriminating" bombs.

THIS IS NOT to say that the Soviet proposal for an unconditional suspension of tests should not be accepted as the best we can do at the present time. The reason why we are unable to do better is because the United States decided, when it proposed the Eisenhower "open skies" scheme at Geneva in 1955, to adopt the Soviet tactic of using propaganda as a bargaining weapon in the disarmament negotiations. But it is fatuous to expect to do better by intensifying the factor which has already gotten us into trouble — the use of the U.N. as a sounding board in the hope that it will come down on our side. There is surely some significance in the fact that the two *ex parte* proposals which have been made on disarmament in the assembly at this writing are the Indian proposition to make the disarmament commission and subcommittee more "representative" of world opinion and the Japanese resolution to suspend testing very much on the lines of the Soviet position.

Similarly, on the Middle East, there is a good deal to be said for dumping that situation into the U.N's lap in a way which recognizes that the Soviet Union is going to have to be consulted in any settlement. That would be a proper use of the U.N. for conciliation, and it is still not beyond the realm of possibility that this is what Mr. Dulles really has in mind. If so, he is going to have to be forced into it because he has started off in just the opposite direction. His initial tactic, apparently, is to try to persuade the U.N. to pronounce some kind of declaration against subversion and indirect aggression (he is willing to have it addressed to all countries and not just the Soviet Union) and thereby plug the gaps in the Eisenhower Doctrine. Now, whatever one may think about this doctrine, it has manifestly tended to divide the countries of the Middle East and to accentuate the big-power struggle there, so if the neutralist rulers of the Assembly are asked to pronounce upon it, they are likely to frown rather than favor.

All this is obviously very tentative; it is intended as a description of the sense of the twelfth General Assembly, not a prediction of the votes. It is a signpost, not a road map. Our great difficulty, indeed, is that the U.N. is moving into an entirely new situation and no one can see very far ahead with any certainty.

The alarming thing is that Mr. Gromyko seems to have done his diplomatic homework, while Mr. Dulles has not. At the risk of oversimplification, one can say that the logical end-point of current trends is a U.N. in which American influence has been greatly diminished, and in which the votes on the great issues will go against the United States. It would seem to be elementary prudence for Mr. Dulles to take preventive action now, even though it may involve unpleasant compromises, rather than risk having to deal with the awesome problem of trying to keep the United States in an organization in which American interest can no longer be achieved.

U. S. IN LATIN AMERICA

POLICY of the SUCTION PUMP . .

by Betty Kirk

Mexico, D. F.

THE FOREIGN economic policy announced by President Eisenhower in his first inaugural address was rooted firmly in the nineteenth century and revealed the full intent of his government to turn the clock back. Its application has resulted in the United States losing friends and alienating people around the globe, as nation after nation resists the effort to impose imperialism and colonial exploitation upon them again. Over-riding this resistance, the policy was reiterated at the second inaugural and remains the official party line. Both at home and abroad it is called Good Partnership.

President Eisenhower spelled out the program when he said that our foreign policy would recognize the importance of profitable and equitable world trade. To promote this, he advised, along with other measures, "doing whatever our Government properly can do to encourage the flow of private American investment abroad. This involves, as a serious and explicit purpose of our foreign policy, the encouragement of a hospitable climate for such investment in foreign nations."

In the same address the President spoke of "partnership" at home when he said, "The best natural-resource program for America will . . . involve a partnership of the States and local communities, private citizens and the Federal government." Like so many of the Eisenhower slogans, this "partnership" was kept purposely vague, but it was soon defined in action. In the bill drafted for development of the John Day power site on the Colombia River, the federal government and a private utility put up approximately equal shares to build the project. In the division of properties which followed, the government was left holding fish ladders, navigation locks and flood-control gates, all producing no income. But the private company re-

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ceived for half a century the electric energy that produces profit. "Partnership" was thus defined: It meant the use of public funds—the taxpayers' money—to develop natural resources, also belonging to the public, for gain by a private utility, for whose electricity the public must once again pay the bill. It is a "50-50" deal made up of half a rabbit and half a horse.

It is, of course, legitimate for the federal government to turn over the properties of its own citizens to private business, if that is what the citizens want. They make their decisions at the polls and if they want Eisenhower economics they vote for them. *But for the federal government of the United States to use public funds—the taxpayers' money—to foot the bill for overthrowing other governments, putting puppets at their head, and then changing their laws to deliver their natural resources and wealth into the hands of a few American private corporations, reflects no conceivable democratic process. It is simply economic imperialism on a world-wide scale.*

THIS IS the pattern we have pursued in Latin America since 1953. It is the reason that there, today, is a continent in flames — its economy corrupted, its governments undermined, its wealth rapidly being monopolized by "Yanqui Imperialists." Much of this has been accomplished under the guise of "anti-communism" — and during a time when the United States continued to prate piously against "colonialism" in other parts of the world.

"It is not communism that separates us, it is economic anarchy," Ezequiel Padilla charged almost three years ago. The Americas — Saxon and Latin—are pulling apart, warned Mexico's wartime foreign minister who, more than any other single individual, was responsible for the inter-American unity that followed Pearl Harbor. Neutralism would increase, Padilla forewarned, and today we find it spreading from Canada to Cape Horn. Neutralism reached its peak at the failure of the recent Buenos Aires Conference, just as the Soviet Union was announcing the successful launching of the first Inter-Continental Ballistic Missile.

The consequences of Mr. Eisenhower's reversal of foreign policy *vis-a-vis* the Americas were also clearly foreseen by a group of able men in Washington, many of them Republicans, who had helped to create the Good Neighbor Policy. That policy, in the belief of serious students, was the most enlightened we have ever practiced. Therefore, when challenged to abandon it and to subscribe to the false promises and premises of "partnership," they resigned.

The first to get out was John Moors Cabot, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. A year after Eisenhower took office, Cabot resigned to become Ambassador to Sweden, and did not return to the Latin American field for over three years. Cabot's resignation was followed by those of Dudley W. Figgis, regional director for Latin America of the Foreign Operations Administration, and of Merwin L. Bohan, economic adviser on Inter-American Affairs to the State Department. Nelson Rockefeller's resignation as special assistant to Eisenhower is attributed to disagreement over Latin American policy. And Henry Holland, after two years of trying to make "partnership" work, became the second to resign his post as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

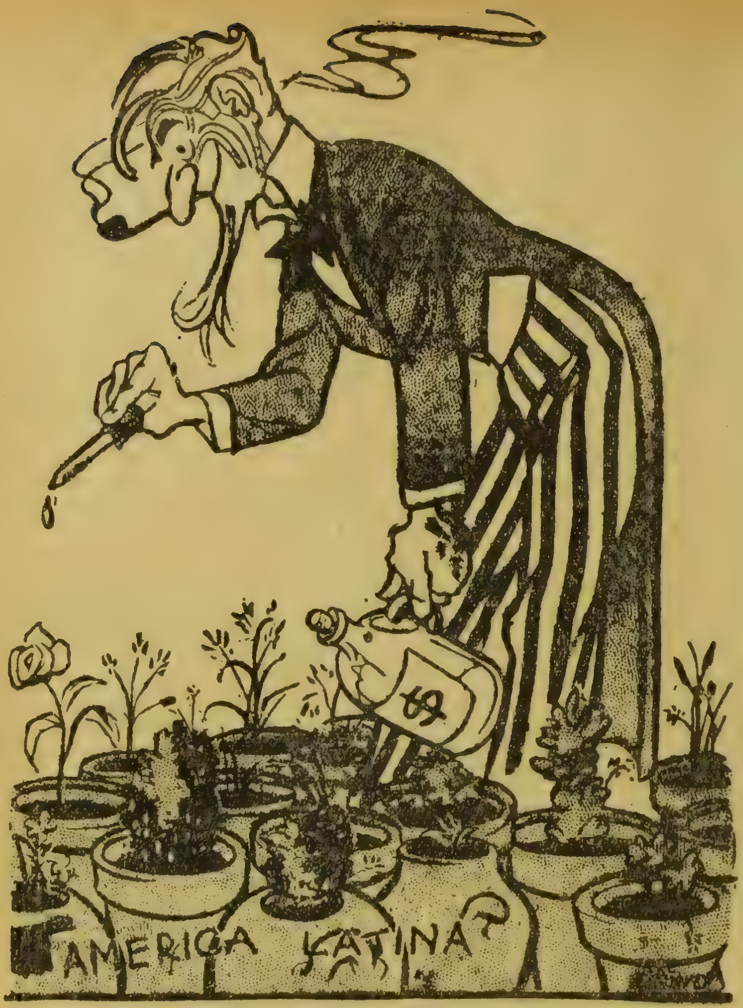
The Good Neighbor Policy was defined by Franklin D. Roosevelt in another inaugural in 1933. "In the field of foreign policy I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the Good Neighbor—the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and because he does so, respects the rights of others." Its purpose was "to wage peace in this hemisphere," Secretary of State Dean Acheson later explained. Its three principles were: (1) security of the nation and the hemisphere; (2) encouragement of democratic representative government (Mr. Acheson elaborated upon this point to say that it did not mean maintaining the *status quo*, but rather, "We oppose aggression; we do not oppose change. Indeed, we welcome and encourage change where it is in the direction of liberty and democracy."); and (3) positive economic cooperation to help attain the first two. Of the three points, the last was considered the most important.

One of Roosevelt's first acts was to withdraw the marines from a seven-year occupation of Nicaragua as a testimony of good faith. This meant that Dollar Diplomacy and the Big Stick ruled no more, that fair treatment and an end to exploitation would begin. Yet Latin American statesmen smiled courteously and refused to believe that any real change would take place. Talk of equal treatment was merely fine rhetoric, they thought, until the policy was proved in Mexico in 1938.

THE TEST CAME with Mexico's expropriation of foreign oil companies after a conflict lasting for twenty years. The immediate issue was refusal of the companies to obey Mexican law. The Mexican government then declared them "in rebellion" and their properties nationalized. Notes were exchanged between the two governments, but no gunboats were sent. The United States recognized Mexico's right to expropriate and Mexico acknowledged her obligation to pay. And though enormous pressure was brought to force a change, official Washington stood squarely behind the policy.

It was the absence of both marines and economic sanctions that brought conviction to the other nineteen republics that a new era had dawned. And when three years later a settlement was reached with Mexico not only of the oil dispute but of all problems outstanding since 1910, followed by a program of economic cooperation, a new faith was born even among the skeptics. "This marks a change in the foreign policy of the United States, not only toward Mexico but toward all of the countries of America," Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla declared upon signing the agreement.

The most dramatic use of the policy to correct previous mistakes and to wage future peace came after its signing. When the United States recognized the principle of nationalization, so long as payment was made, Mexico regained (1) her national



Bernal in Excelsior (Mexico City)

Eyedropper Economics

sovereignty, the right to require obedience by foreigners to her laws, and (2) her economic independence through control of her oil. In the subsequent provisions, a new basis for economic cooperation and a new role for the functioning of foreign capital abroad were defined. These provisions included: Mexico's payment of all outstanding claims for revolutionary damage and agrarian expropriations dating from the past; negotiation of a reciprocal trade agreement; stabilization of the peso through United States Treasury purchases of silver at a fixed rate, and the opening of credits to Mexico through the Export-Import Bank. On these terms, the mottled slate of the past was wiped clean for the first time in thirty years.

Even more important, for the first time in its history the Mexican government was to receive long-range economic assistance that would permit the long-delayed development and integration of her economy, her politics and her people. The loans made were inter-governmental, for long terms at low interest rates, and they were applied chiefly to public works, occasionally to pump-priming a needed industry, such as steel. But such public financing automatically created a widening field for genuine private enterprise and capital, since once a dam was built or a port improved, private business opened about it like a fan.

Another remarkable result of Good Neighbor economics was the education of the United States business community in Mexico. It is the largest colony we have abroad and, I venture to say, the most enlightened, for it learned well the lesson taught by the oil expropriation. This is that cooperation pays higher dividends than exploitation, for it permits both business and its clients to operate in peace. And it is unfortunate that the wisdom of these men is not used more often in Washington, for any one of them could instruct Secretaries Dulles and Anderson in the facts of foreign economics and trade.

ANOTHER fundamental aspect of the program for waging peace was that, regardless of how much pump-priming went on, no suggestion was made for maintaining the *status quo* or bending Mexican laws to conform to our own. At no point did Mexico limit her great program of social reform as a condition for our aid. Through twenty years of close harmony with the United States, she continued her aggression against feudalism on all fronts. Lands were divided and given to the peasants, credits and machinery provided to enable them to work it. Labor's rights and duties were constantly emphasized. The fight against illiteracy never ceased. Far indeed from stopping such reforms, technical-aid missions were sent from Washington to assist in the improvement of health, crops, the breeding of livestock, sanitation and diet. So successful were these missions operating in Mexico and other parts of Latin America that they became the models for the Point Four Program later launched by President Truman on a world-wide scale.

Our immediate rewards from this far-sighted diplomacy were military. By creating a strong ally, we insured protection of our Southern flank for the duration of World War II. The Mexicans not only defended their own land, they sent an air squadron to the Philippines. Of inestimable value was Mexico's blocking of Axis-promoted Fifth Column activities. From our loyal neighbor poured forth enormous quantities of strategic metals to feed our war machine. Yet at war's end Mexico firmly refused our offers of military assistance, including arms, because she had no use for them. Proud of having achieved civilian government, she wanted no return to militarism.

Our ultimate rewards were manifold. Political cooperation between the two governments increased and when the United Nations began to function in the post-war years, Mexico collaborated with us in the great task of building the first successful world organization. Economically, the rewards were equally gratifying, for exports to Mexico, which in the year of oil expropriation amounted to $62,000,000, had by 1956 increased to $840,000,000. As the result, on our part, of a mild but consistent pump-priming for a little more than a decade, and on her own part of a brilliant and unrelenting attack upon national problems, Mexico was converted into our biggest customer in Latin America, our third largest purchaser in the world.

THE CONTINENTAL significance of the Good Neighbor Policy, as stressed by Ezequiel Padilla, was quickly grasped by our sister republics, for the peace made with Mexico, and its radiant aftermath, were soon to be shared by all. And although Mexico remained the "show window," the whole of Latin America became its proving ground. There then followed the era of greatest harmony yet known between the Americas, North and South. When the Southern nations discovered that they were not only free to seek their own solutions to their own problems, but that they were even assisted in doing so, the foundations of permanent peace were laid for the first time in their turbulent lands.

The greatest tribute paid by the twenty Republics to the spirit of the policy came at Rio de Janeiro in the grim wartime spring of 1942, when they pledged a united front behind the United States for the duration. The majority of them had less reason than Mexico for this act of solidarity, for they were yet to feel the full benefits of the pump-priming plan. Nevertheless, they channeled their raw materials to our waiting ships and kept their ports and oil wells and mines free of Axis saboteurs. They sent their products, though they could not buy from us until victory was won. Thus it was not until 1946 that they could obtain, with their accumulated credits and the forthcoming loans, the great quantities of goods which they needed and for which they were not equipped to pay.

THE METHODS tested in Mexico of furnishing public loans, usually to the planning department of a government, were applied. To the funds of the Export-Import Bank were added those of the World Bank; yet between 1942 and 1953 the total sum of this credit was only $1,827,214,179. Even more important, *in Latin America there was no "Giveaway."*[*] Every single loan was made on solid business terms. "They hired the money," to use Cal Coolidge's phrase; they paid interest on it, and they are paying it back. Far from footing their bills at any point, the North American taxpayer was reaping from these loans legitimate profits and an expanding market for his goods. Contrast this sound business arrangement with the tens of billions given away elsewhere during the same period!

Nor was this modest sum the major factor in the rising tide of Latin American investment, for it represented but a small fraction of the total being spent by the nations themselves. The important contribution for this credit was in the *character* of the loans. Except in rare instances, they did not represent ownership capital, the buying up of industries and resources by our citizens in foreign lands. They were working dollars that went abroad, opened up trade and returned to home base. They earned interest, not dividends. They left the native sources of wealth in the hands of Brazil, or Peru, or Mexico—wherever they worked—but these native owners turned to us to buy our goods. As a result, our exports to Latin America rose from a half-billion dollars in 1938 to $3,851 million in 1956, and the Southern Republics had become our greatest trade area in the world.

On the political front, the terms "imperialism" and "colonialism" were being erased. By aiding countries to build their own industries, we were helping to release them from the bondage of producing only cheap raw materials and having to buy back expensive finished goods. The results of this enlightened policy were published in the 1953 report of the United Nations' Economic Commission for Latin America. Between the end of the war and 1953, it said, governments in a number of Latin American countries undertook vast programs of development and industrialization, with the result that the rate of investment was rising by 18 per cent annually. Industrial income rose by 6.5 per cent, production by 7.7 per cent, and per capita gross income by 4.2 per cent annually. The extraordinary expansion beginning in 1946 lasted through 1952, in spite of the fact that loans tapered off in the last years of the Truman regime. Their decrease was due to the Korean War, but compensation was found in greater exports of strategic materials at favorable prices.

IT IS FOR the above reasons that when in 1953 the Eisenhower regime challenged the Latin American republics to turn the clock back, many refused. The result has been the creation of the greatest division in the inter-American front in more than a quarter of a century. Yet holding to the faith that some day the Good Neighbor Policy will be revived—that it is a tool for the future, as well as for the past—a trio of the three most liberal governments has kept it alive. This trio—Mexico, Costa Rica and Uruguay—has continued to vote in hemispheric councils and at the United Nations in defense of Good Neighbor ideals. In so doing these nations oppose Dulles Diplomacy, which is supported in Latin America only by the dictator states.

The Good Neighbor Policy was revolutionary in the sense that it not only welcomed, but inspired, change. Good Partnership is counter-revolutionary in that it seeks a return to the *status quo ante* McKinley, an era in Latin America when public utilities, communications, mines and oil were owned by foreign interests, and profits made therefrom travelled to absentee landlords overseas. Governments were helpless to improve the chronic poverty of their peoples or to alter their economic destinies, for if a regime wanted to survive it had to accept this dependence. Any chief of state who challenged such conditions didn't stay in office very long. If his political ideas happened to interfere with our private property, there was always the Big Stick to be wielded by gunboats or marines. This was known as Dollar Diplomacy. Its modern version has two variations. Instead of sending marines, native mercenaries are hired; and modern industries have been added to the list of profitable enterprises over which the foreigners seek control. Today Dollar Diplomacy is called Good Partnership; and abroad, as at home, the Eisenhower government is using the taxpayer's money to pay the bill.

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[*] Although technical-aid contributions might appear to be gifts, they were for mutual protection and benefit and were always matched by counterpart funds. By 1956, in their fifteenth year, our contributions of $524,000,000 amounted to only 35 per cent of the total, the other 65 per cent coming from other American states.

THE *PUTSCH* staged in Guatemala set the pattern which, with minor adaptations, has been followed since. Choosing the Arbenz government as its whipping boy, the Good Partners intervened with money, guns, mercenaries and planes flown by United States pilots, to oust Arbenz (*Time*, July 12, 1954). After first setting up a *junta*, they imposed Castillo Armas, a pitiful puppet who has since been slain by his own people. In so doing, we violated the non-intervention principle of the Organization of American States and undermined the authority of the U.N. Security Council by blocking an investigation of our coup. Mr. Dulles called the results "a glorious chapter in the great tradition of the American States," but Clement Attlee named it "plain aggression" in the British House of Commons.

This Soviet-type of subversion was propagandized as a victory over "communism." On the record, I have spent more than two decades in opposing, to the hilt, both communism and fascism, but I object when these labels are mis-applied to obscure the real facts and to mislead public opinion. The fact is that the Arbenz administration did have some Communist influence in it, but there were only four party members in the Congress, and none in the Cabinet. The reform program which both his and the preceding Arevalo governments had been carrying out was basically Social Democratic, and was modelled on the one Mexico had successfully applied to convert a feudal state into a modern one.

THE MISTAKE that Arbenz made was in ordering arms from behind the Iron Curtain. This act had two obvious implications. One was brash defiance of the "pro-Communist" smear campaign that Washington had been carrying on for months. The other was Washington's continued refusal to sell arms to Guatemala for self-defense, even though it was flanked on the South by the hostile powers of Honduras and Nicaragua (the latter armed to the teeth by the Pentagon). The arms shipment was seized upon as provocation for purging Arbenz and installing Colonel Armas. Accompanied by hysterical propaganda about the "threat of $10,000,000 worth of Communist arms" to the Panama Canal—almost 1,000 miles distant—the Eisenhower government succeeded in its "glorious" mission.

This "adventure" in Guatemala sharply exposed the shape of things to come, for hardly had poor Castillo Armas been placed upon the presidential chair before he changed the country's oil laws to suit his "partners." Abolishing the constitutional provision that 51 per cent of any company exploiting oil must be nationally owned, and that only refined products could be exported, his new Petroleum Code threw the industry wide open to foreign exploitation. Thus the real "crime" of Arbenz proved to be, not friendliness to communism, nor even unfriendliness to United Fruit, but in refusing to provide a more "hospitable climate" for United States investors. This "climate" has cost the North American taxpayer approximately $90,000,000 in loans, guns and subsidies within two years and has "liberated" the Guatemalan people back to an anti-labor, anti-agrarian, pro-foreign business era, such as existed under the Ubico dictatorship.

This record explains why there was a wave of protest against our Guatemalan intervention throughout Latin America. The other republics knew that the real stakes in Guatemala's "civil" war were control of the nation's oil reserves, because many of them were suffering the same kind of squeeze. In essence, the "partnership" policy was: Wherever a government had control of its oil, pressure was exerted to make it change its laws to favor foreign capital. Nations which yielded include Panama, Nicaragua, Bolivia, Cuba, Costa Rica and Castillo Armas' Guatemala, all of which have been rewarded with loans, arms, free advice and medals. To the three nations that dared to hold out—Argentina, Brazil and Mexico—a different treatment was applied.

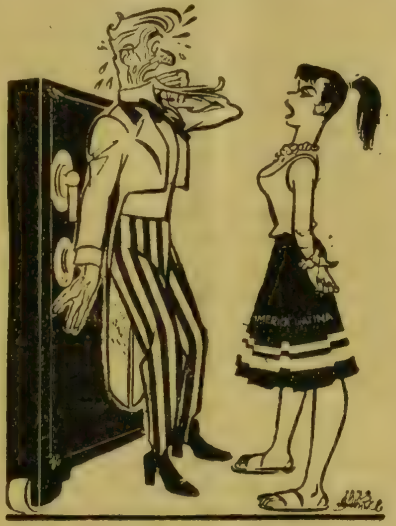
THE METHOD used in areas where military intervention was not feasible was to apply the "starve-and-strangle" credit policy that had proved so successful in the United States. It was done by changing the operations of the Export-Import and World Banks and by creating a third agency, the International Finance Corporation, to strengthen the offensive. The objective was to break the control which other governments exert over their economies by blocking inter-governmental loans and throwing the enormous power and billions of dollars of credit represented by the international banks behind the expansion of free, private, foreign enterprise. This policy was clarified as recently as September 12, 1957, when retiring Director John B. Hollister of the International Cooperation Administration announced that even the I.C.A. would slash all grants for industrial or mining enterprises undertaken by other governments. Its objective was "to encourage private U.S. investors to go into newly developed countries." (*A.P.*, Washington). All of the funds of the Export-Import Bank and of the I.C.A. are provided by John Doe; a part of the funds of the World Bank and the I.F.C., both agencies of the United Nations, also come from his taxes, but it is neither John Doe nor Juan Fulano who will receive the profits therefrom.

This combination of public and private funds, mostly from the United States, is being used to buy up the resources and industries of other nations. And this squeeze play by the Eisenhower government against both friend and foe alike is euphemistically referred to in the U.S. press, not as economic imperialism, but as "foreign aid."

By changing the character of the loans, the Eisenhower government converted the pump-priming credit of the Good Neighbor years into an insatiable suction pump. The first change was made in the Export-Import Bank, which shut off development loans formerly made to governments for public works. From March, 1953, to date all Export-Import Bank loans made in Latin America have been limited to the purchase of United States goods, to financing private enterprises—almost wholly North American—or to subsidizing United States exports. Funds administered by the World Bank in Latin America have not only taken on the same character of underwriting our enterprise, but are being used or withheld to exert political pressure. This is brilliantly illuminated in the change of policy toward Brazil.

DURING the Good Neighbor years, Brazil was being built up as a model sister state, receiving more loans and technical aid than any other Latin American nation. Diplomatic relations between Brazil and the United States were the friendliest on the inter-American scene, and spokesmen for both nations contrasted this mutual regard to the strained relations both entertained for the Argentinian dictatorship. All of this changed in 1953. Unlike some sister states, Brazil would not change her oil laws, which require national ownership and management and forbid foreign investment in the industry. Not only has Brazil refused to change these laws, she has made them even stronger.

Since Brazil stubbornly resisted suggestions to change her own "climate," it was soon changed for her. Although she had previously received almost a half-billion dollars in development loans from the Export-Import and World Banks, this credit was suddenly switched off. Between 1953 and early 1957, she has not received a single *development* loan from the Export-Import Bank. She has received a $140,000,000-loan specifically earmarked for the purchase of United States goods, and $118,000,000 in agricultural surpluses, proceeds from which must be spent on our exports. She was given, in addition, a curious "loan" within a month after the Eisenhower inauguration. This "loan" of $300,000,000 was made to the *Banco do Brasil* to pay off debts, long in default, owed to U.S. creditors. By this maneuver, the United States government assumed responsibility for the bad credits of United States private interests and, in the words of a Mexican economist, this $300,000,000 "was not applied to develop the Brazilian economy but to improve the economy of a few fortunate banks and creditors in the United States."



Bernal in Excelsior (Mexico City)

"Don't kid me, young man, I want loans — not gifts."

Policies of the World Bank toward Brazil have been even more severe. Although between 1947 and 1953 this bank made to Brazil ten development loans totalling $194,000,000, without requiring her to change her constitution, not a single loan has been made since. In an article on the World Bank, President Eugene V. Black wrote in *Time* of June 25, 1956: "When a country gets off the beam, the World Bank is as touchy as any other banker. Currently the bank is on strained terms with both Brazil and Turkey." After reporting the earlier loans, *Time* adds, "All went well until 1953 when . . . the bank reluctantly decided to make no further loans until the economic climate cleared."

It was shortly after this that the price for Brazilian coffee began to drop and the country became hard-pressed for dollar exchange. This hit the United States export trade drastically, for whereas Brazil was once our biggest customer in South America, her imports from the United States dropped by 63.7 per cent between 1947 and 1955. Since then they have picked up a bit, as they are now heavily subsidized by the Export-Import Bank and the taxpayers of the United States.

A TOTALLY different policy was used for a brief time in Argentina where Juan Domingo Peron, our long-time foe, was converted into a friend. "There is probably no phase of United States policy toward Latin America that has aroused so much controversy as the openly and strongly pro-Peronist attitude of the State Department and the United States Embassy in Buenos Aires," Herbert Matthews reported to the *N.Y. Times* on April 9, 1955. Although a more friendly attitude toward Argentina had been started by Truman's Ambassador, Albert F. Nufer, in 1952, it was Dr. Milton Eisenhower who consolidated the conversion, Mr. Matthews reports:

> Vice President Alberto Teissaire said recently that the real turning point came with the visit of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, to Buenos Aires in the summer of 1953, and General Peron has also said as much.

It was from that date that a reversal occurred in the policy toward the dictator, who up to that time was named North America's Enemy

No. 1 in this hemisphere. He began to receive loans and infusions of private North American capital to bolster his sagging economy, and in mid-April, 1955, he announced that he would de-nationalize Argentina's oil and throw it open to foreign exploitation. On June 12 he gave a contract to Standard Oil Company of California and when, four days later, some of its terms for extraterritorial privileges became known, the first revolt against Peron occurred. And even before the usual loans, medals and advice arrived, he was driven from the nation which he had held in the palm of his hand for almost a decade. The contract with Standard was never confirmed, the present Aramburu government firmly defends its nationalized oil, but it suffers unrelenting pressure to force a change, including pressure from Juan Domingo Peron.

WHEN Latin American statesmen at the recent Buenos Aires Economic Conference pleaded for a return to the Good Neighbor loans, they were sternly reminded by official Washington that "Uncle Sam is not Santa Claus." The spokesmen were correct. Uncle Sam today has returned to the role of Uncle Shylock. Ownership of other nations' wealth was converting the greatest creditor nation in the world from a capital exporter into a capital importer and profits made abroad were creating a bonanza in the United States. The triumph of this policy was greeted as early as October, 1955, in two articles in *Fortune*. The first stated:

> It is sometimes assumed that the U. S. is investing abroad far more than it gets in return. This, however, is not the case. In 1954 total private investment abroad went up by nearly $3 billion, but a large part of this came from an increase in short-term loans and in the amount and value of foreign securities held by Americans. The value of direct investment went up by about $1.4 billion, or considerably less than earnings. . . . The era of big government handouts is drawing to a close. The normal forces of Capitalism are taking over.

In the second article, *Fortune* reported:

> Not since the roaring Twenties has Wall Street been so concerned with opportunities abroad. The rise in short-term and medium credits represents the lending activity of big U. S. banks, which have been falling over themselves to make money available to the foreign borrower. . . . Another notable development has been the avidity of bankers to take up portions of loans initiated by the World Bank. By early autumn they had signed up for some $214 million of such loans. While this is still small compared with the World Bank's total portfolio of $2.4 billion, the trend toward such participation is steadily rising. This delights the heart of World Bank President Eugene Black and *represents a quiet revolution in its operations.* [Italics added].

Proudly the World Bank could announce at its annual board meeting in 1955 that in Latin America its investors actually withdrew a half-billion dollars more than they had invested the previous year. Most North American investments are in extractive industries like oil and mining, which contribute less to local prosperity than investments in manufacturing, it was pointed out.

BY 1956 the suction pump had increased its power, as noted by the Economic Commission for Latin America:

> The profits sent out of the country [Latin America] from foreign investments amounted in 1955 to $750 millions and continued exceeding by a large amount the entrance of long term foreign private capital.

This year the United States Department of Commerce reported 1956 as another "boom year" for North America. In 1956 our private foreign investments increased by $3.9 billions to a total of $33 billions; dividends of more than 10 per cent on same had paid profits of $3.4 billions into American pockets. The department estimated, moreover, that the 1957 increase would amount to $4.4 billions, swelling the totals to $37.4 billions, and a kitty for the suction pump of $3.7 billions.

The biggest share of the increased 1956 private investments poured into Latin America, where the profits are most rewarding. It amounted to $1.8 billions. The richness of the rewards was conveyed by another Department of Commerce survey, published in January, 1957. The total of United States private capital in the area is more than $9 billion; of this sum, $2.5 billion represent banking investments in securities, and $6.5 billion represent private enterprise. From this last sum, enough was earned in one year to pay $1 billion in wages and salaries, $1 billion in taxes, and still show a profit of $1,115 million. This profit was divided to reinvest $600 million in expansion and to pay United States stockholders 10 per cent dividends, amounting to $555 million.

But the Latin American side of the coin contrasted sharply; there was no bonanza for Americans in the South. Wages were down, farm production had slumped, export prices were lower and living costs up. Economic progress for the area as a whole, which is measured by gross product and gross income, had fallen until it barely kept pace with the population increase. Industrial output rose in 1956 by only 3 per cent, as compared with 6 per cent in 1955 and 7 per cent in 1954. Perhaps most important for the peace of the area, living standards were going down. The per capita income, which had risen by 4.2 per cent annually between 1946 and 1953, had fallen to 2 per cent by 1954, to 1 per cent in 1955, and by 1956 had sunk to .1 per cent.

The observation of *The Times*, London, made after the failure of the Buenos Aires Economic Conference, is appropriate. After stating that others shared with the Latin Americans their disillusion with the results, *The Times* commented:

> This rich area will continue being the land of opportunity, but, ironically, more for the foreigner than for the native.

IN CONCLUSION, the swiftest way to appraise the contrast between Democratic and Republican policy below the Rio Grande is to inspect the two countries to which each party pointed as a model. During the New and Fair Deals, Mexico was the "show window" of the Good Neighbor Policy. Under the current administration, Venezuela is praised as the "Cinderella" of Latin America.

Rarely has any nation, in Latin

America or elsewhere, received official approval equal to that bestowed by the Eisenhower government upon Venezuela. President Eisenhower has decorated Venezuela's military dictator, General Marcos Perez Jimenez, with the Legion of Merit for his "sane economic policy." General Perez has decorated Dr. Milton Eisenhower with the Order of the Liberator. The dictator, in addition, made Arthur T. Proudfit a Knight Commander of the Order of the Liberator when he retired as president of Creole Petroleum Corporation, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey. "Behind him, Oilman Proudfit left an organization that in thirty-three years had pumped $1 billion in investments into Venezuelan oil, in return had pumped out as much as $500,000,000 a year in black crude," *Time* reported on Nov. 22, 1954.

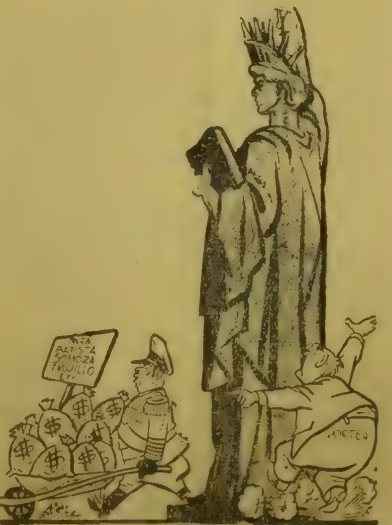
A SHORT time later *Fortune* could proudly report that "Creole is the brightest jewel in Jersey's crown," and quoted President H. W. Haight as saying, "We should have a modest growth. . . ." Upon which statement *Fortune* commented: "A modest growth in a company like Creole, already earning 33 per cent on sales and roughly the same on invested capital, should be enough to satisfy anyone." Since then, the dictator has shown that he knows how a Good Partner should continue to act by opening to foreign exploitation 200,000 acres of the national oil reserves.

It is not only in economics, however, that he cooperates. After the Guatemalan "civil" war, he sent Venezuelan experts to help re-write the nation's Petroleum Code. He was, appropriately, decorated by Castillo Armas. Today he gives genial hospitality to Juan Domingo Peron, who plots from Venezuela his return to power in Argentina. The unanswered question about Peron is: If he again became president in Argentina, would he again de-nationalize the oil and open it to foreign exploitation?

Contrasting with the fervent praise lavished upon General Perez by the Eisenhower officials, some voices of discontent are heard both inside and outside of Venezuela. Among groups which have found fault with life in Cinderella Land are: The American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations in the United States; the Canadian Labor Congress; the Inter-American Regional Organization of Labor, and the International Organization of Free Trades Unions. They have found fault because, under the dictatorship, all free trade unions, except one controlled by Communists, have been dissolved and in their place a government-dominated union organized. More recently Archbishop Rafael Arias, highest ranking prelate of the Roman Catholic Church in Venezuela, has added his voice to theirs. In a pastoral letter last May, he said:

> Continued political interference in Venezuelan union organization has turned it from its primary function and deceived our workers. We do not hesitate to exhort our workers to unite in freely organized unions.

But Archbishop Arias did not stop there. He further charged the dictatorship with "maldistribution" of the nation's petroleum prosperity, said unemployment was growing and wages were too low while profit on invested capital increased "unbelievably." Others than the prelate have protested the abolition of civil liberties, censorship of both press and mail, the driving of hundreds of patriots into exile, and living costs that are among the highest in the world.


PARA BATISTA SOMOZA TRUJILLO ETC.
PORTER

Bernal in Excelsior (Mexico City)

Congressman Porter: "And all in your shadow!"

It is against this background that elections will be held in Venezuela on December 15. During the last elections, General Perez was outvoted eight to one at the polls, but "won" the Presidency. In preparation for the forthcoming plebiscite, he has attempted to silence Archbishop Arias. His efforts failed and the Church remains firm in its opposition to him. Students and news men have not fared so well. When pamphlets demanding a free election appeared on the campus of Caracas' Central University, 100 students were arrested and an entire class in engineering suspended for a year; the campus has been encircled in a mesh fence, topped by barbed wire, and political police patrol its gates. Members of the press, meanwhile, have been threatened with imprisonment if they publish anything but official political reports.

Yet this Cinderella Land and its methods have been officially and publicly endorsed by Eisenhower's Secretary of State and his Secretary of the Treasury. In the spring of 1954, Secretary Dulles told members of the Organization of American States, meeting at Caracas, that if their nations wanted to do business with his government they should imitate Venezuela. In the fall of the same year, Secretary Humphrey emphatically repeated Dulles' advice to delegates attending the Inter-American Economic Conference at Rio de Janeiro!

Mexico also has Presidential elections coming up, in July, 1958. Mexico also has suffered the same kind of financial squeeze as was applied to Brazil. It is natural, therefore, that her people should be preoccupied with the future of United States foreign policy. This was expressed in varied greetings to the new Ambassador, Robert C. Hill, when he arrived, but the most graphic challenge came in a cartoon. It showed Josephus Daniels as the smiling representative of the Good Neighbor Policy and Henry Lane Wilson, clutching money bags, symbolizing Dollar Diplomacy. Ambassador Hill was shown walking between them, and the caption read: "Choose Your Path, Mr. Hill."

Mr. JUSTICE ARTHUR KROCK . .

by David L. Weissman

IT WAS FLAUBERT, I think, who said that there is the soul of a poet in every notary. Flaubert was, of course, exaggerating; he was thinking of the few poets, novelists and painters whose gifts enabled them to escape from the drudgery of the law to find fulfillment in art. But there is this much truth in Flaubert's saying: the lawyer without literature, as Sir Walter Scott put it, is a mere mechanic.

Something of the same can fairly be said about the journalist without law who ventures into that field. Most lawyers do not recognize their own cases from the reports of them in the press. The run of such reports can be depended upon for no more than the names of the parties, the court where the case was decided and the winner.

Mr. Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* is a journalist of a different species; there is the soul of a notary in this pundit. I do not know where Mr. Krock gets his law, but he certainly seems to have it. His writings, particularly since he gave up the burdens of heading the Washington bureau of the paper, deal increasingly with legal matters, and his knowledgeability in the field is impressive. He cites chapter and verse, and evinces a shrewd grasp of the issues involved. He really knows what he is about.

AS BEFITS one of his gravity and learning, Mr. Krock dwells almost exclusively on the highest jurisprudential level. To paraphrase Chief Justice Marshall slightly, it is the Constitution he keeps expounding, though from time to time he does descend to more earthly matters, such as, for example, his discovery that the Justice Department was trying to sneak over Title III of the Administration's Civil Rights Bill on the President and the Senate, a really remarkable discovery in the light of the fact that the bill had previously been widely publicized and thoroughly examined in the House. It would be pleasing, if the space and time were available, to make a detailed survey of Mr. Krock's legal writings, something in the manner of what has been done with the opinions of Holmes, Brandeis and others, to discover the mind and faith that have produced them. But, perhaps, such a detailed survey is not necessary, for Mr. Krock has recently (September 10 and 12) contributed two columns to his paper which are sufficiently revealing.

THESE TWO columns dealt with the constitutional issue raised by Governor Faubus' calling out of the Arkansas National Guard. Since the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, the Governor acknowledged that the desegregation order made under it, pursuant to the ruling of the Supreme Court, is paramount to the laws or wishes of Arkansas and must be obeyed. He denied that in calling out the National Guard he intended to frustrate the order or that he was opposing integration. He claimed that he was acting to safeguard public security which was, he said, threatened by the proposed integration. Now this could be true or a mere dodge, a maneuver for evading federal supremacy; and if the latter, and it were allowed to prevail, it would render meaningless the constitutional guaranty of equality in education. The heart of the legal matter is, therefore, whether the Governor seized on a pretext to nullify the Constitution. Though the facts of the situation are new, the ruling principles have long been established by the Supreme Court.

In *Sterling v. Constantin*, 287 U.S. 378, decided in 1932, the Governor of Texas, declaring that a state of insurrection, tumult, riot and breach of the peace existed, called out the National Guard to enforce a limitation of the production of oil which the Federal court had declared unconstitutional. Governor Sterling insisted that he was not acting to limit the production of oil, but because he believed "from reports brought to" him that unless he limited production, a state of war would ensue. The lower court found no warrant in the evidence for the declaration or the belief, and issued an injunction restraining the Governor and the officers of the National Guard from enforcing any restrictions of oil production. The Supreme Court affirmed and, speaking through Chief Justice Hughes, wrote:

> If this extreme position [that the Governor's declaration had "the quality of a supreme and unchallengeable edict"] could be deemed to be well taken, it is manifest that the fiat of a state Governor, and not the Constitution of the United States, would be the supreme law of the land; that the restrictions of the Federal Constitution upon the exercise of state power would be but impotent phrases, the futility of which the state may at any time disclose by the simple process of transferring powers of legislation to the Governor to be exercised by him, beyond control, upon his assertion of necessity. Under our system of government such a conclusion is obviously untenable. There is no such avenue of escape from the paramount authority of the Federal Constitution. . . .
>
> In the present case, the findings of fact made by the District Court are fully supported by the evidence. They leave no room for doubt that there was no military necessity which, from any point of view, could be taken to justify the action of the Governor in attempting to limit complainants' oil production, otherwise lawful. . . .

The applicability of these principles to the *Faubus* case is apparent. In a column which appeared on September 12, Mr. Krock stated that he had read this case before his first column on the subject appeared two days earlier. But he did not cite or refer to it in that first column. Instead, he cited, discussed and quoted from a case decided in 1909, some twenty-three years before the *Sterling* case (*Moyer v. Peabody*, 212 U.S. 78). In that case the president of a miners' union sued the former Governor of Colorado and officers of its National Guard for having detained him by military order as a leader of

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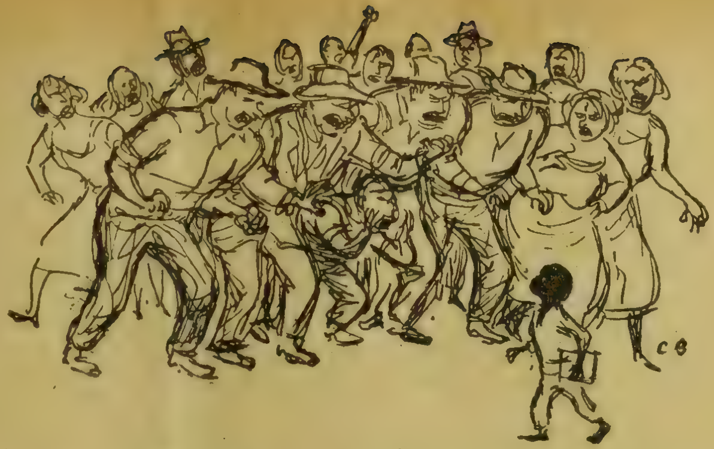

an outbreak in a county which the Governor had declared to be in a state of insurrection. An actual insurrection was accepted as a fact by the court, and the opinion discloses no challenge to the *bona fides* of its existence. The Supreme Court, speaking through Justice Holmes, said that so long as such arrests are made in good faith and in the honest belief that they are needed "to head the insurrection off," the Governor is the final judge and cannot be sued on the ground that he had no reasonable basis for his belief. Speaking of the language in Justice Holmes's opinion, which could be taken to mean that the Governor's belief that an insurrection actually existed was beyond challenge, Chief Justice Hughes remarked in the later *Sterling* case:

> In that case it appeared that the action of the Governor had direct relation to the subduing of the insurrection by the temporary detention of one believed to be a participant, and the general language of the opinion must be taken in connection with the point actually decided.

Yet, it was around the earlier case, involving a situation basically different from the later *Sterling* and *Faubus* cases, that Mr. Krock built his defense of Faubus' position.

IT WAS inevitable that someone would call to the attention of the *Times* readers that Mr. Krock was riding the wrong horse in the wrong direction. In fact, on the same day that his first column appeared on September 10, Thurgood Marshall, counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, dispatched a letter to the *Times,* stating that "Mr. Krock's legal advisers completely overlook the later case of *Sterling v. Constantin*" and quoting substantially the three excerpts from Chief Justice Hughes's opinion given above. In his second column, on September 12, Mr. Krock set out a portion of Mr. Marshall's letter, adding that it contained three extracts from the *Sterling* opinion without quoting them; stated that he had read the full text of the Hughes opinion days before the N.A.A.C.P. counsel made his comment and, therefore, had not overlooked it when he wrote his first column; insisted that "in this instance" he was his own legal adviser; and undertook to show that somehow the earlier case was still applicable. The *Times* published Mr. Marshall's letter in its entirety, including the extracts from the *Sterling* opinion, on September 13—after Mr. Krock had taken the opportunity to explain his failure even to mention the later case.

Mr. Krock's explanation is a fascinating performance, but I am afraid that a detailed examination of it would be too boring to the reader. One of his points, however, bears so directly on Mr. Krock's legal scholarship that the reader will, I hope, indulge my saying a few words about it. Contrasting the situation involved in the *Sterling* case (restricting the amount of oil to be taken from the wells) and the *Faubus* case (preventing Negro children from entering integrated schools), Mr. Krock says, "Incidentally, the 'individual rights' involved in that case, unlike the 'right' to attend unsegregated schools, are stated explicitly in the Constitution." Actually, both situations fall within the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment, the first under that portion which guarantees that no state shall "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law," and the second under that portion which guarantees that no state shall "deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." The Amendment contains no explicit reference to the right of an owner of oil-lands to exploit them free from restrictions any more than it does to the right of Negroes to attend unsegregated schools. But even suppose the first were explicitly mentioned and the second the result of the Supreme Court's interpretation of a general clause, does not Mr. Krock know that both rights would nevertheless have the same high constitutional standing? Mr. Krock's point reminds me of the ancient gag about the hard-pressed lawyer who attempted to distinguish his case from the authority cited by his opponent on the ground that in his case the trespass was committed by a cow, while in the authority cited the trespass was by a horse.

THERE IS the story of the defeated candidate for a judgeship in a Southern county whom his successful opponent always greeted as "Judge" during the ten-year term of the election. When they met on the morning after the ten-year period, the defeated candidate was surprised to find himself addressed as "Mr." and asked the reason for the shift in the form of salutation. "Ah, my dear Sir," replied the other, "are you not aware that today your term would have expired?" I'm afraid that those two columns have put too great a strain on the courtesy of Judge Krock's legal following. So far as I'm concerned, the jurisprudential career of the *Times*' elder statesman is at an end; I do not intend to allow myself to be instructed or amused or exasperated by him in the future.

Good-bye, *Mr.* Krock.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Fiction in the Magazines

Webster Schott

FEW EDITORS these days will write to a relatively unknown writer, as H. L. Mencken did to James Joyce in 1915, asking for the fiction "other editors balk at." And they are growing fewer. They themselves may soon be a suitable topic for fiction.

Since 1952, *New-Story*, *Merlin* and *Points*, all published in English in Paris, have ceased publication. *Story*, *American Vanguard*, *Cross Section* struggled with postwar fiction but failed to find an audience. *Discovery*, Simon & Schuster's (Pocket Books) eager paper-back, arrived in 1953 to "at last fulfill the terms of the American writer's perennial vision of a magazine: large audience, fair pay, and the freedom to write as he pleases." Edited at first by the novelist Vance Bourjaily and the critic John W. Aldridge, later by Mr. Bourjaily alone, *Discovery* lasted six issues. A "change of concept" had befallen *Discovery*, said Mr. Bourjaily. Freeman Lewis, executive vice-president of Pocket Books, implied the concept was quite stable. "The venture was dropped because it was unprofitable."

Doubleday first tested the paper-back audience for quality short fiction about five years ago with *New Voices: American Writing Today*. Recently Doubleday published two volumes of *The Anchor Review*, but its only fiction has been an expurgated version of Nabokov's novel *Lolita*. And apparently the fate of the magazine itself is in doubt.

The fatalities continue. *Perspectives*, the Ford Foundation quarterly, designed to prove American literacy to intellectuals abroad, discontinued publication earlier this year. This summer *Zero*, the magazine (later a hard-cover book) which Themistocles Hoetis published first in Paris, then Tangier, and finally New York, was suspended.

In many cases these failures or near-failures were publishing the same writers and the same kinds of fiction that the survivors are publishing now. I know of none that discontinued from lack of material. Young editors could no longer afford to spend annuities without return. Big publishers would not continue to risk capital in losing or break-even ventures.

POSSIBLY the loss of *Discovery*, *Story* and *New-Story*, three of the magazines which published Terry Southern, Herbert Gold and Samuel Elkin early in their careers, would not be so severe if American magazines of quality were not turning farther away from new fiction.

The Dial and *The Little Review* had run their course by 1930. But in the late 1920's *The Atlantic*, *Harper's* and *The Smart Set* were publishing three or four stories an issue from writers of the stature of Ernest Hemingway, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, Bernard DeVoto and Conrad Aiken. *The Atlantic* and *Harper's* are still hospitable to new fiction. But they prefer safe new writers, and together they publish less than half the amount of fiction they did thirty years ago.

A few years back both *Mademoiselle* and *Harper's Bazaar* were making interesting discoveries: Carson McCullers, Doris Betts, Truman Capote. And the *New Yorker* in the recent past has pushed forward several new writers: J. D. Salinger, Shirley Ann Grau, J. F. Powers and Shirley Jackson.

The slicks are carried along in the tide, but the main currents of the new fiction are felt in the quarterlies, many of them published by or at universities, and in a small number of publications in the United States and Europe which survive on subsidies or as marginal adjuncts to larger publishing operations.

By these I mean the New American Library's *New World Writing*, *The Paris Review*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *Chicago Review*, *Perspective* (St. Louis), *The Hudson Review* and the *New Directions* anthologies. *New World Writing*, only mass-circulation publication in the group (150,000) has probably published more significant new American writers in its twelve issues since 1952 than any magazine after *Story*.

Perhaps one should include *Accent*, *The New Mexico Quarterly*, the Grove Press's new *Evergreen Review* and John Lehmann's *London Magazine*, although they are not publishing as many new writers or as many stories as the others. *The Sewanee Review*, *Kenyon Review* and *Partisan Review* seldom publish new writers; they adhere to a stylistic and philosophic orthodoxy confirmed by the New Criticism which tends to keep non-believers out. Their canonized inflexibility, by the way, suggests the danger awaiting American short fiction should it become the property of the academics.

WHO ARE the new writers? What are they saying? What distinguishes their work?

They are writers like Gina Berriault, Evan S. Connell, Pati Hill, Walter Ballenger, Jack Kerouac, James Purdy, M. M. Liberman, Daniel Curley, Shirley Ann Grau, Marvin Schiller, James Moffett, Alfred Chester, Daphne Athas, Robert Gerety, Clay Putnam, M. R. Kadish, Peter Matthiessen, Jack Matthews, Donald Winks, Robert Kreiger, William Fain, Ben Morreale, Eugene Walter, Leonard Uhr.

And they are the somewhat older or more widely published writers like Harvey Swados, Herbert Gold, Terry Southern and R. V. Cassill.

After reading seventy or eighty of these writers' stories consecutively you become wary of the generalizations used to describe their work. Terms like "The Silent Generation," "The Beat Generation," "Literature

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WEBSTER SCHOTT reviews regularly for the Kansas City Star, *St. Louis* Post-Dispatch, *Louisville* Courier-Journal *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

of Disaffiliation," or "Revolt Against Revolt" are not inclusive enough to be representative. The image of an avant garde, committed to leadership toward one or more goal or system, with a schematic plan for achieving these objectives, is as useless today as is the proposition that literature occurs by generations. Neither of them demonstrates.

In several ways the newest fiction seems peculiarly out of touch with the major concerns of the day. The young writers discuss the terrifying possibility of atomic extinction in their correspondence. But it does not figure overtly in their work. Political conformity, mass culture, suburban provincialism, middle-class competition for status are not factors in their stories. Few of the new writers seem to have heard of or read C. Wright Mills or David Riesman. The humanizing elements of humor, comedy and satire are seldom found. And when they do occur, as in Alan Harrington's Dale Carnegie-type satire "The Revelations of Dr. Modesto" (which also became a novel), these qualities are vaguely impressionistic.

In other respects the serious new fiction does reflect the society from which it comes. New writers like Owen Dodson, Frank London Brown and Ellsworth Chunn examine the ethnic ties binding American Negroes together and the explosions which occur as white society assimilates fragments of Negro culture while barring the race from social amalgamation. Many of the writers—Richard Clay in "Maria Gardner," Evan Connell in "Arcturus," Herbert Gold in "Paris and Cleveland Are Voyages," Daniel Curley in "That Marriage Bed of Procrustes," James Purdy in "Don't Call Me By My Right Name"—explore the pathology of matrimony. Many of them have made soundings in the phenomenon of religious revivalism, which they view with real hostility.

Some of the new writing is strongly socially oriented. Harvey Swados' "Herman's Day" and his more recent "Joe, the Vanishing American," a study of the grinding monotony and the impersonal brutality of the assembly line, show a high awareness of what capitalism and industrialization mean in human experience.

The stories by the writers whom Kenneth Rexroth calls the Beat Generation are socially negative, but the evidence is everywhere that they do characterize a segment of modern society. Jack Kerouac's hopheads and Michael Rumaker's derelicts race from kick to kick. They devour experience. A few steps up from the underworld, these hedonists reject prevailing intellectual and commercialized-culture standards with a howl and a marijuana smoke ring. They respond unsystematically—all or nothing at all. Remotely they bear a resemblance to the Hemingway hero at odds with the system. But they recognize no challenge the system can provide. They had no illusions to lose. Individually these heroes are incapable of tragedy, but together their romantic total social rejection seems to predict tragedy. Rejection is all they have. And a story like Walter Ballenger's recent "When The Saints Go Marching In," written in the new jazz argot, shows how essential a prop rejection is to the force of this kind of fiction. It cannot be turned to affirmation.

IT IS demonstrably risky to deal in absolutes when considering the unsettled work of new writers, but the historical line of loneliness, isolation and acute personalness that has been running through American fiction since the mid-Nineteenth century does seem to have widened and lengthened in the new writing. Physically, the new writers have frequently retreated to what the British call our "outposts of observation"—the circus, the university, North Africa, Paris, a mountain shack, a bar in Chicago or San Francisco. Spiritually, they have often retreated into their own private experiences, finding narrow meanings there but few relevant to broader issues. The typical hero (in James Leo Herlihy's "A Summer for the Dead")

> . . . automatically withdrew . . . from any relationship not directly involved with earning his livelihood. And he nurtured this isolation with the loving care of a mother for a child, for within it he was at peace.

A White Spiritual

It was not an afterthought:
This is what the teacher said.
Everything we did was taught,
We knew black and white and red,
And we went where we were led.

Take it easy for a spell;
We can all go back to bed;
Let the niggers die in hell:
This is what the statesman said,
This is what the students read.

Alligators in a drouth—
Nothing much to see instead;
Children beaten on the mouth,
Preachers beaten on the head.
This is why the South is dead.

YVOR WINTERS

Much of the new fiction is laid abroad, and occasionally a story like Ben Morreale's "Hate" conveys a wider understanding of cultural forces operating in a foreign environment. But more often the sounds and smells of Spain or India or Mexico are used to intensify the feeling of isolation and to further restrict communication.

What an incident—the shooting of a turtle, the wearing of an ill-fitting blue serge suit, the near-drowning in a lake, the surrender in a bordello, the drawing of chalk figures on a sidewalk—may actually mean to a character appears only obliquely. But there is never any doubt that it heightens his self-awareness, and to achieve this effect it appears necessary for many of the new writers to deal in the bizarre, the mysterious, the surrealistic. When they do attempt a larger concern, as Peter Matthiessen does in "A Replacement" and as Richard Yates does in his labor story "A Wrestler With Sharks," they trail off inconclusively into a limbo of fantasy.

THIS constriction of view in the new writers seems to be accompanied by an expansion in technique. New writers like Evan S. Connell, Marvin Schiller and Terry Southern are unusually versatile. Pati Hill in her new novel *The Nine-Mile Circle* immerses her characters in immediacy. She is a direct, untutored descendant of Joyce and Faulkner. Because of the complexity of their characters and their interest in psychology, the newer writers demand more of English and are more imaginative and inventive in its use than their predeces-

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sors. They are experimenters with language if not with ideas.

In our culture in our time one of the surest defenses against overwhelming external pressures for the sensitive and searching young artist may be to turn inward to find the qualities of individuality. But the writers we read in *Perspective, The Paris Review, New World Writing, Chicago Review* and the others are headed for private repetition unless they discover themes with wider possibilities. The writers who last will probably be those who, like Harvey Swados and Herbert Gold, find ways of privately viewing a broader field of human activity. As Mr. Gold wrote to the editors of *Story* five years ago, "Any activity which pays off so little in cash should at least have the virtues of a commitment to events and words . . . to the recognition that life on earth isn't very nice and never was, but it's all we have, and besides, it's got kicks if we know how to get them."

Sweating Out a Birthright

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. Edited by John C. Thirlwall. McDowell, Obolensky. 347 pp. $5.

Katherine Hoskins

I HAVE never read the formal autobiography of William Carlos Williams, and I doubt now that I ever shall. For this volume of letters builds to a spiritual autobiography of such high stature and integrated structure as to make any other seem irrelevant. With no wisdom of hindsight, no moralizing on the event, these letters present a life while it was being lived, informed by the knowledges and ignorances of the moment. It is as if during all those years Dr. Williams had been composing a masterpiece with his left hand, in counterpoint as it were to his official occupations. He tossed out the chapters at large and with no guarantee that they would ever be assembled. Yet, like the mysterious swallows, here they are back at their birthplace. And though many and beautiful ones are no doubt missing, like the swallows, it is the aggregate that counts. The meaning is in the assembly.

They are not letters to be picked up at random and savored for a bit of gossip here, an aphorism there. They should be begun at the beginning and read through to the end. In that way the reader may have the extraordinary experience of watching a life build, stone after difficult stone, to nobility.

The drama is made the more accessible to us by a remarkable job of editing on the part of John C. Thirlwall. The stages of the doctor's life as man are presented in blocks of related letters—from college to his mother and brother, then to his young wife, then to his sons, first at school, later in the armed forces. And through these, from start to finish, thread letters to his friends and acquaintances, most of them fellow writers and editors. Sometimes a name will appear but once, others weave in and out of the whole life, as to Marianne Moore, to Kenneth Burke, and the involutions of a friendship are adumbrated. In a letter to his mother in 1904, he mentions his new friend Ezra Pound and adds a brief characterization of him that stands up wonderfully through the years. Throughout there are letters to Pound, mention is made of him and the last letter in the book is to him.

THE RECURRENCE of Pound acts like a fictional device to point up the intense Americanism of the Williams story. Whatever may be the truth of our presidents, the American artist has, until very lately, been born and reared in a cultural log cabin. He has been self-made and has missed few of the advantages and disadvantages the phrase connotes. He has been, he has had to be, lonely, cantankerous, obstinate. He has had to waste motion and to direct and tutor his originality with very little aid from the outside. And he has had to earn his living in the market place. It is a tough proposition. But those who have evaded or escaped it have seemed doomed to expatriation and that has often proved in the end to be even tougher.

Clearly, Dr. Williams never regretted this American fate of his, though he often regretted its barrenness, wished like any artist that he could enjoy, just for a little, green lawns and noble friends and a life ordered to his high-

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KATHERINE HOSKINS has recently received a grant from Brandeis University for her volume of poetry, Villa Narcisse.

est capabilities. He "embraced his lion" and if his insistence on Americanism was folly, he at least pursued it to where he joins the classical line of men of action plus letters, of Chaucer, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Stendhal, Flaubert. Though it takes the extremes of the new country and the new era to demand that a man deliver two thousand babies in addition to being a poet. Surely, none of the old masters was quite so driven. Still, as one considers this line, the career of pure man of letters looks new and decadent when it doesn't look hieratic and hermetic. And it is hard for an American to remember that the priest and decadent are also invaluable to our poetic economy. In 1932, Williams wrote, "Let us once and for all understand that Eliot is finally and definitely dead —and his troop along with him." Twenty years later, he writes, "I'm glad you recognized my affection for Pound and saw what I intended to make known of him. He too was an orchid in my forest, he had no interest, really, for my trees, no more than did Eliot. They both belonged to an alien world, a world perhaps more elevated than mine, more removed from my rigors. I have always felt as if I were sweating it out somewhere low, among the reptiles, hidden in the underbrush, hearing the monkeys overhead. Their defeats were my defeats, I belonged to them more than to a more mobile world. . . .

"Eliot could have saved me many years . . . had he been willing to remain here and put his weight behind the working of the thing out. [i.e. a new poetic line] Pound helped at the beginning and has, it must be said, not weakened. Both Pound and Eliot. . . . are top men in the craft. But I must go beyond that."

Lost though he may have seemed in the underbrush, Dr. Williams emerges triumphant, having done what he set out to do. He gave the local an airy habitation and a name; and, for his own needs at least, arrived at a new and satisfactory metric. These are immense achievements. And one must add to them such humane virtues as the courage with which he sustained his many, many years of insuccess, years when often even his colleagues scorned him; his unfailing kindness to young poets; his sensitivity to work for which he had little temperamental sympathy. Perhaps his great strength shows best in his ability to meet and incorporate change. For years he berated the "academies"; lately he writes, "we are ignorant, we British ex-colonials" and suggests that a generation of formal schooling in poetry may not hurt us after all. Change is for him an enriching, an including, rather than a shift from one attitude to another. And so he can write wisely, as in 1951 to Marianne Moore: "It is inevitable that, in the end, individuals, brothers though they be and closely allied as they have lived, will finally arrive at the place where their separate individualities are revealed and they will find themselves strangers. That will be the moment when their love and their faith is most tested. Let it be so with us."

When one sees how an American can "make himself" on all sides and on his own terms, one is likely to be seduced into crying, Viva the log cabin. But I think that what one really means is, Viva William Carlos Williams.

LETTER from DUBLIN

Thomas Parkinson

DUBLIN in late summer is crowded with the products of a new Irish industry: tourism. Beginning with the August Bank Holiday and continuing through Horse-Show Week on to the middle of September, the crowds on Grafton and O'Connell Streets are swelled by visitors, mainly from the United States and England, and as the hotel rates go up, the size and splendor of the automobiles outside the Shelbourne and the Russell increase. The weather remains intermittent: rain, sun, overcast. But sometimes for an entire day the sun is beneficent, and in the evening the city basks in indolent calm. The Liffey glitters in the late light, the back streets ring with the voices of young men loitering in doorways, the Pro-Cathedral is crowded with deeply pious men and women for evening benediction. The brief period of its glory quite forgotten, the old Parliament Building stands with its blind niches opening out on the swirl of traffic past

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THOMAS PARKINSON is professor of English at the University of California (Berkeley) and the author of W. B. Yeats, Self Critic. ***He is spending the next year in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship.***

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Trinity College, and over the flowing crowds on O'Connell Street, the monuments to O'Connell, Parnell, and the other cheated dead are set in dusky relief. The violence in the North, capped by the curfew imposed on Newry after the post office, the canal locks and the office of the electrical company had been destroyed by bombs, the bigotry of North and South, evident in the boycott at Fethard-on-Sea—all these seem remote. In this soft light the visual loveliness of Dublin is clearest, and one searches his memory for a city—Bordeaux?—that can equal this sombre eighteenth century dignity.

Dublin seems numbed by the nightmare of its own history. A few hundred feet from the fashionable squares, one is approached by one amiable beggar after another, children, able-bodied men, entire families often including an unborn child, asking for a penny or sixpence, and the women often adducing their ten children as warrant. The sale of contraceptives is forbidden by law, and they must be smuggled—along with copies of *Ulysses* and *Lucky Jim*—from England. Irish farm families often contain as many as twelve children; only one can inherit the land, perhaps another can enter the priesthood, and the remainder must live on, single and purposeless, on the farm or go to Dublin where thirty per cent of Eire's population now lives. There they find unemployment, or with good luck they find a job paying half what an equivalent job in the United Kingdom would pay. Some make out in Dublin, but many drift on to Liverpool or Glasgow, or to Australia and Canada; about 40,000 a year emigrate, most of them young and able-bodied.

SOUTHERN Ireland—and Northern Ireland no less—is an economic void. Frequent conferences are held on the economic problems of Eire, but the experts are reduced to statements favoring higher morale and greater efficiency. Without raw materials, Eire cannot industrialize on any significant scale, and as long as British agriculture is ridiculously subsidized, Eire will not get a proper price for its agricultural products.

Eire is not getting the most out of its possibilities. For example, the Waterford glass industry is at present being revived, but the designs are stolid and unimaginative. A good industrial designer could make Waterford glass a delight to live with and a commodity in high demand in the United States, but it is hard to venture capital on new designs when one's immediate market is small and diminishing. The same argument applies to the invincible ugliness of the tweed used in furniture in Eire. Irish tweed is one of the finest clothing stuffs in the world, and it seems to have improved in texture and color since my last visit to Eire, but the one store featuring any attempt to adapt Irish tweed to contemporary furniture displays a model room of furnishings that is most charitably described as uninhabitable. Yet, with the spectres of unemployment and emigration constantly present, the Irish may be forgiven if they do not act with the perfective energy one finds in West Germany or the United States. There is plenty of energy in the country, but most of it goes into talk, writing and political violence.

Along O'Connell Street or outside Croke Park on a Sunday, one will see dozens of young men selling the *United Irishman*, the organ of Sinn Fein (a legal political party) or the Irish Republican Army (an illegal military organization). The I.R.A. has since last winter carried on extensive terrorism in Ulster. In spite of repression by the police and by units of the British Army, power stations are still bombed, barracks gunned, barges blown up, post offices burned, booby traps set for the Royal Ulster Constabulary. At Newry, a border town that is about ninety-five per cent Nationalist in persuasion, a curfew was imposed after a particularly bold raid that destroyed a power station, a post office and a set of locks. The office of the Newry police is protected by awesome barbed wire and is heavily sand-bagged, and although the destruction of the locks ruined thoroughly the already depressed trade of the town, the population seems generally much more annoyed with the government than with the rebels.

Although partition is a political issue clouded by nationalist piety, the activities of the I.R.A, have reached such a pitch that De Valera, much against his own natural impulse, has jailed some two hundred members. He is probably the only political figure in Eire who could survive such an action, and it is a great testimony to his courage. Almost daily, some act of violence is reported. Meanwhile, Sinn Fein enters more elections, and one is struck by the fact that the people taking up collections for the political prisoners and selling the *United Irishman* are quite young: Sinn Fein may be an anachronism, but it is not a movement limited to a handful of unregenerate nationalists.

Neither Catholic nor Presbyterian in Ireland has ever been notable for spiritual generosity, and the problem has been intensified by economic interests. At Newry and elsewhere in North Ireland I was constantly told that the Catholic is the first to be let go by a Protestant company in time of stress, and one Catholic lawyer said without bitterness or self-pity that he did very little corporation work because he was born into the wrong religion. Protestants point to the same tendency in Catholics and use as example Fethard-on-Sea.

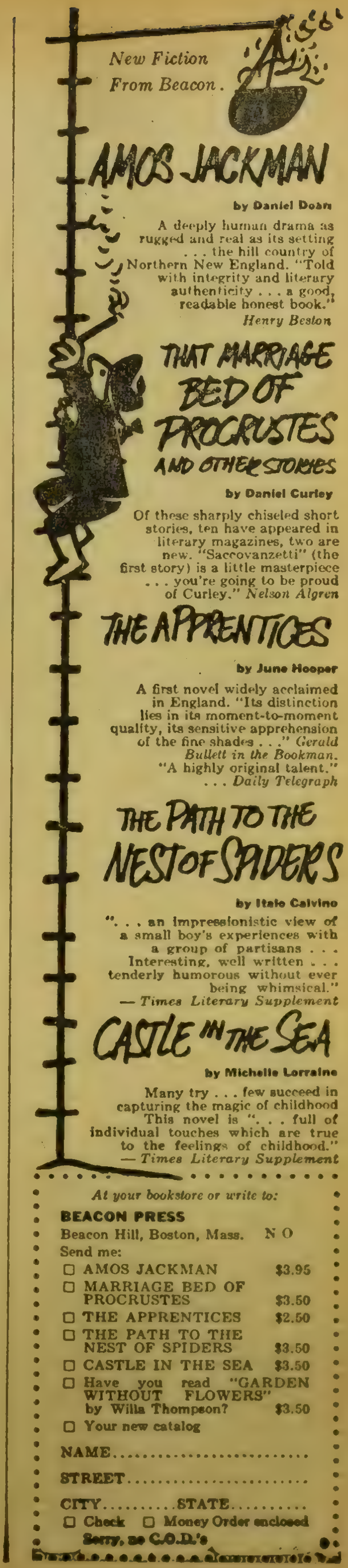
Mrs. Sheila Cloney (a Protestant) disappeared from Fethard with her two children and sent from Belfast a set of demands upon her Catholic husband. She asked that he sell his farm, go to Canada or Australia with her and the children, agree to their being brought up as Protestants and consider changing his own religion. When this became known in the village, the parish priest suggested that Captain Boycott had known how to deal with such problems, and the two Protestant shopkeepers found their trade disappearing. The roar over the boycott has been heard in Ireland for months, and even a public apology by the father of Sheila Cloney has not settled the rage. Behind the scenes elaborate negotiations were undertaken, as if the two religious establishments were states at war rather than institutions primarily concerned with sin and grace.

IN Fethard and in Newry, the bigotry and folly of contemporary Ireland are plain, and even the most casual observer must be struck by the poverty and economic stagnation. What saves Irish life is the quality of private conduct. Whatever the conditions of national life, the individual Irish remain gentle, kind and generous beyond any need. In the face of adversity they maintain a formidable adaptability and persistence, and though—as they often ruefully say— their chief export is brains, the young writers are energetic, alert, responsive and intelligent. The *Irish Times* is one of the better newspapers in the English language, and every Saturday it publishes a page of reviews and one feature poem. *Irish Writing* tries to come out quarterly and keep up with the latest productions of Irish writers. *Threshold,* published quarterly in Belfast, represents *belles lettres* in the north, but beyond these publications and *The Dublin Magazine*, the young writer looks to England or the United States. The liveliest academic publication is *Studies*, where Dennis Donoghue and Donald Davie publish essays that would not seem out of place in *Kenyon* or *Hudson*. Davie's presence in Dublin provided the city with what is probably the best young critical voice in the British Isles, but Davie has left Dublin for a year in the United States to be followed by a permanent appointment at Cambridge. A fine poet as well as a distinguished critic, he represented the voice of the current English "movement" (Kingsley Amis, Philip Larkin, John Wain, Charles Tomlinson, *et al*) and so acted as a point of reference and argument.

His departure is unfortunate, for outside of Dennis Donoghue—who writes criticism only—he was one of the few voices that could speak with conviction on the international scene. The best Irish writers have also been the most European, and one of the chief dangers of Irish letters has been parochialism encouraged by the interest in the Gaelic language. The two best older Irish poets are Patrick Kavanagh and Austin Clarke, and neither of them has escaped the blight of limitation imposed by the insularity of the country. Clarke is an extremely talented poet, and through the *Irish Times* and Radio Aireann he has exercised influence on thought about poetry in Ireland. Both he and Kavanagh are very anti-modern in attitude, and though they both write with an unflinching independence from fad, Clarke's preoccupation with Gaelic techniques and Kavanagh's consistently anti-literary pose have combined to block serious consideration in Ireland of all the major experiments of the twentieth century. I do not mean that the two men alone had that effect, but their attitudes are symptomatic.

The most recent anthology of Irish poetry (1948) included the work of thirty-seven poets, and one made now would probably include about the same number. It would not be a very imposing book, partly because of the general fuzziness of the writing. Generally speaking, the technical level is low, the shadow of past glories darkening effort, and the lack of any real attention to possibilities revealed in other literatures keeping the verse from any adequate achievement.

IRISH fiction, on the other hand, is often very good. The older fiction writers are already well known in the United States—Elizabeth Bowen, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor. In his compendious survey of the contemporary Irish novel (1950), Benedict Kiely listed some sixty Irish novelists. Among the younger writers of fiction, Kiely himself is perhaps the most distinguished, and he is certainly the most vocal. He is an Ulsterman, and his works



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center on small town life in Tyrone. He writes very well indeed, his only difficulty being a tendency to over-elaborate, as if he were in desperate fear of leaving anything out, so that effusion and exuberance often obscure the rich quality of life and thought in his work. It is now more than forty years since the early achievements of Joyce, his sparseness, his discipline, but these seem not to have affected many of his successors. Kiely suffers from the same rhapsodic motivation that often stifles the considerable talent of O'Faolain. Elizabeth Bowen and Frank O'Connor have evaded this trap, but Kiely remains in it. However, unless the extraordinary talent of Brian Moore continues to develop as it promises to do, Kiely will be virtually alone among the younger Irish novelists worthy of international attention.

In drama, the main facts are that the Abbey has become a bore and that the little theatres—especially the Pike—are active. A playwright has a good chance of getting a play produced on the stage or over Radio Aireann, and the Lyric Players at Belfast are resourceful and ready to try anything. Austin Clarke's verse plays are done frequently in Dublin and Belfast, and Brendan Behan has had an enormous success with his randy, sad, witty *The Quare Fellow*. He has written a new play to be performed in London this year, and he is a formidable and occasionally amusing character. One visiting American, to my great alarm, said that Brendan reminded her of Dylan Thomas; if she and her like bring Behan to America as Dylan's avatar, it will serve everybody right.

Even now, there is a change in Ireland. The curfew at Newry was lifted the other day, and at this time of year I am constantly saying goodbye to Irish writers, going to London, going to Barcelona, going to New York. Troy Kennedy Martin has just finished a novel, Sean O'Criadin has had his novel accepted for publication, the Dolmen Press has issued a book of poems by Richard Weber, Anthony Cronin is writing a book on Joyce that should be good, John Montague has written a fine review of Waggoner's book on Wyndham Lewis and has a book of poems almost ready for press, Pearse Hutchinson has published more of his translations from the Catalan. So it goes. Politically, religiously and economically Dublin lives in a void of irrelevant memories and deferred hopes, but the materials of life remain open to fresh contemplation and an honest appropriateness of speech. All around one are the scenes rendered in permanently commemorative manner by Yeats, Joyce, George Moore; the current works of Frank O'Connor and Samuel Beckett are reminders of literary attainment that need not be unique and final. An island may be isolated, a place for withdrawal, but Ireland opens out on the wide world, and from this island may come a young writer with the capacity for revivifying experience. That, at least, is the recurrent dream of the Dublin poet, dramatist and novelist.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I WOULD have preferred to see Langston Hughes's *Simply Heavenly* (Playhouse) where it was first presented—in an impossible little room in the unlikely West Eighties. I do not mean that I took no pleasure in it on Broadway, but the crude charm of this "musical folk comedy" seems to go with an informal atmosphere—a little threadbare, almost sleazy, yet cordial and homey.

Melvin Stewart's Simple is very true to the play's feeling and manner, while Claudia McNeil as a down-on-her-seat realist has an enviably rich voice and a "big" personality. I might argue that the show is spotty or uneven (although practically the entire cast is pleasing and Simple's sayings are generally genial), but I must indicate a difference between myself and most other reviewers: these friends of mine usually give the impression that if a show is good for one hour and a half and weak for a half hour, it is not worth seeing. I am delighted with even a half hour out of two—if that half hour is fun. *Simply Heavenly*, a neighborhood *Everyman*, provides more than that half hour.

MR. T. C. JONES (John Golden Theatre) is a very nice girl. There is nothing invidious in this remark: I like the

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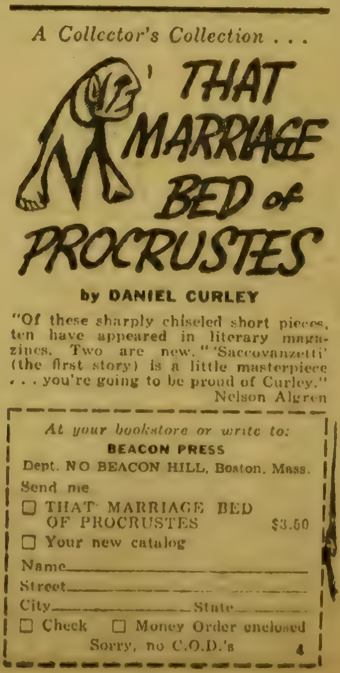

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human atmosphere that this gifted female impersonator creates. He imitates—extremely well—such stars as Tallulah Bankhead, Bette Davis, Judy Holliday. Such impersonations often tend to induce a certain queasiness in me, but Mr. Jones's imitations possess a friendliness, even a kind of velvet delicacy that bespeak sensibility and good nature.

Many of the reviewers disparaged Mr. Jones's evening—it was too long, they averred, and rarely distinguished in material. That is perhaps true—review or night-club performers find it difficult to secure the services of good writers. There is always a tendency toward conventional gagging and private party corn. (Many French players in these categories are greatly aided by the collaboration of first-rate men: Jacques Prévert, Raymond Queneau, etc.)

Jones has no such assistance and his performance suffers accordingly, but that is no reason for withholding applause for his genuine skill. He may not know it or care, but he has something of the suave but firm touch of the Chinese actors who play women's parts. I can think of no higher compliment for him.

THE "STAR" of *Tevya and his Daughters* (Carnegie Hall Playhouse), described as a "new play" by Arnold Perl, is Sholom Aleichem, on whose Yiddish folk tales this acting script is based.

Tevya is the "essential" Jew in the guise of a hard-working, generally impoverished rural citizen of the ghetto villages of Tsarist Russia in the late nineteenth century. He is kindly, he is sensible, he is angelically patient, and he is presented with a wryly affectionate humor that might without pretention be described as profound.

That however is not what I mean by speaking of Tevya as the "essential" Jew. Waldo Frank has said that for the Jews "history is ethics." Tevya enacts or tries to enact the principles of Jewish (one is tempted to say universal) morality in every gesture of his inconspicuous life. What makes him a comic character, in fact, is his constant effort to equate all his behavior, including its drabbest necessities and drudgeries—with the blessedness of the All Highest; a saint without the aura lent him by art or a corresponding faith within ourselves must always strike us as somewhat laughable.

So I smiled rather happily at *Tevya and His Daughters,* though it is no play but an extended monologue with bits of illustrated action and has no original form of its own. The dialogue fails to capture the sweet familiarity of Sholom Aleichem's prose—it becomes rather stiff and "literary" in Mr. Perl's adaptation—while the production is shapeless without any integrating theatrical idea.

There are some sound actors in the cast—notably Mike Kellin whose native goodness of heart always comes through—but on opening night the cast appeared more than a little constrained. The performance as a whole is probably much better now. In any case, one is always grateful for even a little of a true master's light—and Sholom Aleichem was one.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE FALL season opens at the Museum of Modern Art with shows of the paintings of Matta and the sculptures of David Smith, both on through October 20. More sculpture by Smith is on view until October 12 at the Fine Arts Associates. David Smith works more like a blacksmith than like the traditional sculptor, building his pieces out of metal bars and plates which he forges into shape or welds together. The type of composition he uses is one we are already familiar with in the work of Giacometti and others. The sculpture is designed as a frame, a cage, a skeleton, an interlacing of struts rather than as a continuous closed surface. The sculptor is concerned with the space between its members rather than the mass inside its skin, an approach to composition extremely useful to the abstract sculptures—to the abstractionists like Calder or Pevsner who manipulate spatial relations or construct geometrical forms, as well as to the less severe abstractionists like Smith whose work still retains some trace of a naturalistic subject matter.

Actually, abstraction is much more easily successful in sculpture than in painting. The pure abstractionist in painting, who eschews the aid of identifiable forms, has great difficulty inventing means which will depict a third di-

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mension or indicate in his picture a bulge or a recession. For the most part he does not even attempt it and boasts virtuously that he is not violating his picture plane. The abstract sculptor, on the other hand, has no trouble creating a third dimension. By the very nature of his material it is already there and gives to his productions a kaleidoscopic multiplicity of interest that pure abstract painting in flat pattern, even with its resources of color, texture and subliminal imagery, cannot attain.

SMITH'S own exposition is proof of this. The works done in the flat are much inferior to the others. The paintings and drawings, labyrinthine networks of dark on light reminiscent of Arp or de Kooning, have little to hold the attention. The two small bas reliefs, *Elements which Cause Prostitution,* and *Chicago II,* are lumpish and amateur. But the sculptures shown are handsome and effective. Here, too, the sculptor is using materials which, unlike paint or plasticine, are intrinsically beautiful. The objects made from fragments of metal welded together are intricate and varied. I particularly liked the *Australia,* a monstrous insect in thin metal rods; *The Royal Bird,* voracious and skeletal; the graceful *Leda,* in steel plate; and the monumental *Sentinal III,* an upright concretion of girder sections, on wheels for mobility.

The paintings of Matta are perhaps not as serious as this: they are certainly more entertaining, particularly the recent ones. The earlier works, those up into 1944, seem much less successful. The paint is less skillfully applied. The pigment is thin and greasy, put on with too much medium, the texture of the canvas always in evidence. The color has little invention or subtlety. The modeling is done in vague tones of grey, brown and slate, with sudden explosions of magentas and electric greens. The drawing is soft and imprecise. The influences are quite evidently Max Ernst and Yves Tanguy, but without Ernst's variety and textures or Tanguy's precision and restraint. The general effect is of the colored plates of a medical dictionary seen out of focus.

The later paintings, on the other hand, are well painted, readable and complex. The paint textures are firm, the color under control. Depth and recession are obtained by a very ingenious system of contour lines and overlapping rectangular planes seen in perspective, derived, perhaps, from the painting of Marcel Duchamp. Indeed one finds in two of these pictures something of the orange and olive tonality of Duchamp's *Descending Nude.* Most striking of all, the subject matter has changed. Instead of the imagery and associations of clinical biology we now find those of science fiction.

It is a menacing science fiction wherein appear the insect-like forms and the incomprehensible activities of beings from outer space: *Being With*—a pair of extraterrestrials, possibly male and female, travesties of mantis shape, performing on each other a series of unexplained and certainly painful operations in a geometrical setting which might be a Venusian laboratory or the interior of a cybernetics machine; *Against You: Dove Assassins*—in which white glider forms with mouths compactly filled with teeth swoop down upon the spectator; *The Spherical Roof Around Our Tribe*—which seems to depict the inside of a huge, transparent bubble where monstrous and alien beings press waiting against the outside of the glass; *The Unthinkable*—in which one creature, perhaps an artificial brain, is performing some sort of surgical experiment upon another. Whether or not one takes this seriously as painting, it is nonetheless vastly entertaining; an interstellar Mickey Mouse, the perfect illustrations for Clark's *Childhood's End,* a Disneylog of the measureless galactic spaces.

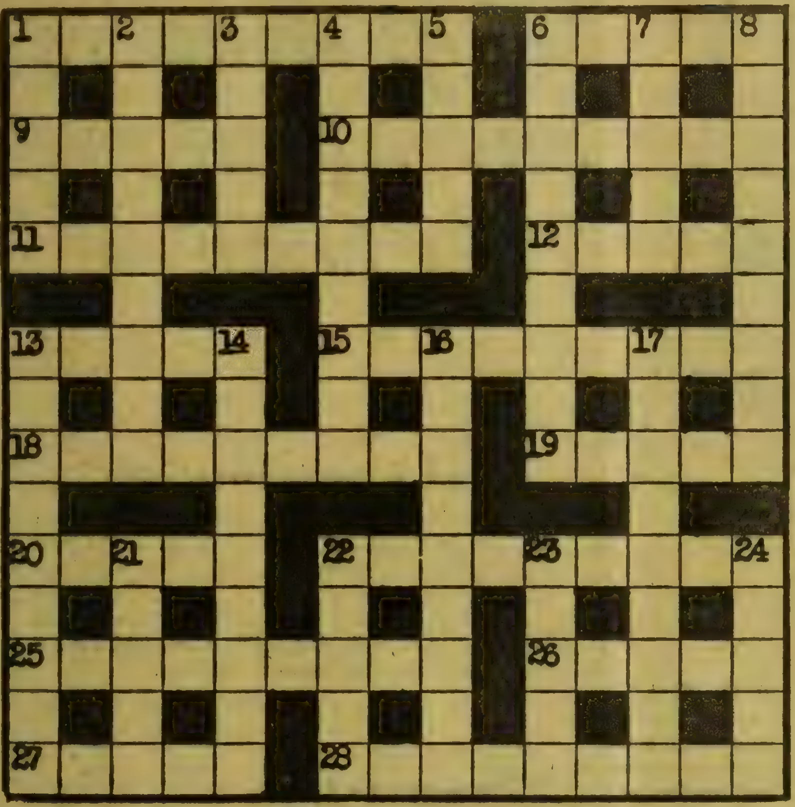
THE element common to the two artists here on show is the constant use of the skeletal form, of the insect comparison. In David Smith the image seems derived from the Picasso "bones," made when this painter first joined the Surrealists. In Matta it would seem to come jointly from Dali's ants and Max Ernst's goblins, both painters at one time active in Surrealism, as was Matta himself.

Surrealism in its original form was a literary movement based on the practice of automatic writing, the excessive metaphor derived from free association, the psychology of Freud, and the sociology of Trotsky. In the 30s it offered directives to almost every art, from painting and poetry to interior decoration and portrait photography. Its chief canon was that art must be subversive, disquieting and menacing.

To be disquieting and menacing is certainly the aim of the works here. In this they are not ineffective. Surrealism as a poetic discipline is now almost forgotten. But the threatening apparition as a subject for art—as in Max Ernst's demons, in Picasso's caricatures and monsters, or as one sees it here—is one element of the Surrealist conjuration which still retains its potency.

Crossword Puzzle No. 740

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 6 Time attempts a conservative account which might be rather exciting. (9, 5)
9 Place for all but a grasshopper's tail. (5)
10 The way a storm gathers around the lake. (You might buy their stock, just in case!) (9)
11 Plain steak, perhaps. (9)
12 The place guards want to know who goes? (5)
13 A ship of the desert cavalryman. (5)
15 Acted badly, and died the same way, but devoted to the cause. (9)
18 One might have 20 aspirations, though it suggests one took care of things beforehand. (9)
19 Such paper might wear well. (5)
20 Suggesting pomp and circumstance, a composition of Elgar. (5)
22 Perhaps the mutton hasn't arrived to pass something of itself without ties. (9)
25 Satan barely ranked him. (9)
26 One who plays for money in an area of the stage. (5)
27 Planted gently, like a seed. (5)
28 My hat sets the style, perhaps, in certain small circles. (9)

DOWN:

1 Where Bizet's woman came from. (5)
2 To leave sick at heart, and waver. (9)
3 Retreats. (5)
4 If you've said what touches your state, it isn't this! (9)
5 12 has five, instead of a thousand each. (5)
6 The display of a monocle? (9)
7 Drab color? (5)
8 When the word of Caesar might have stood against the world, according to Marc. (9)
13 Watch the bar please! Such things might be easily broken into bits! (9)
14 The way Eliza died evidently wasn't very realistic. (9)
16 Literally, the kind of ship that can be steered. (9)
17 The lizard form of storehouse? (9)
21 Songs, in part. (5)
22 You might find more than fifty by a place in Africa. (5)
23 Cut by the mower. (5)
24 Their 3 should be near the sea, but they're also found in more proper nests. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUPZZLE NO. 739

ACROSS: 1 FRENCH HEEL; 6 and 24 STOPWATCH; 10 ORDERLY; 11 GLAZIER; 12 GRADUATE; 13 GUESS; 17 EXCAVATOR; 19 ADDRESSES; 21 RIFLE; 23 NOTCH; 24 WOODWORK; 27 BARONET; 28 OARLOCK; 29 EASY; 30 CHALLENGED. DOWN: 1, 15, and 25 FROM BAD TO WORSE; 2 ENDURED; 3 CURED; 4 HAYMAKERS; 5 EAGLE; 7 TRISECT; 8 PARIS GREEN; 9 HANGOVER; 14 OBTAINABLE; 16 OVERHANG; 18 CASTOR OIL; 20 DOTARDS; 22 FURLONG; 26 SKID.

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THE
NATION
SEPTEMBER 21, 1957 . . 25c
HISS
NEW PERSPECTIVES on the STRANGEST CASE of OUR TIME . . by Fred J. Cook

What Readers Say About This Issue—

"Lucid and Convincing"

Congratulations to *The Nation* and Mr. Fred J. Cook for the Hiss article! This is more than a fascinating piece of journalism; it is a lucid and convincing analysis which should stir the conscience of all men concerned with the administration of justice in our society.

What distinguishes the article . . . is the careful and systematic way in which, at every stage, it offers the reader a tenable hypothesis which would explain the facts in a manner consistent with Hiss's innocence. It is one thing to raise questions concerning the guilt of a defendant, but it requires talents of a high order to marshal the facts so as to explain convincingly what really happened or must have happened.

FRANK DONNER
Attorney

"Real Contribution"

The Nation is certainly to be congratulated upon the fact that Mr. Fred J. Cook's piece on the Hiss case is by all odds the most easy-to-read compendium which has appeared on the subject. Mr. Cook must have had a mammoth job in getting the enormous data into such easily intelligible form, and he has made a real contribution to the subject.

MARGARET HALSEY
Author and Critic

"Persuasive . . . Tantalizing"

Mr. Cook's able article shows why, to those who have studied the record rather than contenting themselves with newspaper accounts or popular prejudice, the Hiss case remains a tantalizing puzzle. His statement of the difficulties in accepting the jury's verdict is more persuasive even than that made by Mr. Hiss in his recent book. . . .

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT
Assistant Professor of Law, University of Texas

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Governor G. Mennen Williams

LITTLE ROCK: CHALLENGE TO the DEMOCRATS

LETTERS

Making of an American

Dear Sirs: This is to congratulate you and Louis E. Lomax for "Integration With a Difference" in your September 28 issue. It is a heart-warming story for us all, and particularly for this writer, who worked with the Hungarian students ever since their arrival—interviewed them, advised them about our school system and, in general, gave them the orientation they needed.

I have met some 1,500 Hungarian students, and know well about half of them. When among the offers from colleges and universities, we found three Negro institutions also eager to help, I explained to the refugee students the unfortunate racial situation existing in the United States. Five scholarships were offered by three Negro institutions; fourteen students wanted to accept. Five were placed: two in Hampton Institute, two in Lincoln and one, André Toth, in Allen University, the subject of Mr. Lomax's article. And I must say that I am proud of them. Racial discrimination is something they would neither tolerate nor practice. As the first white student at Allen University, André Toth shows that the true freedom fighter fights for freedom wherever freedom is banished.

MARGARET CLARK
Special Consultant on Hungary,
World University Service
New York City

Warning to Demagogues

Dear Sirs: I believe your readers will be interested in a telegram which I have just sent to President Eisenhower. The telegram reads in part:

"Dear Mr. President: May I respectfully convey to you the support of the United Packinghouse Workers of America, AFL-CIO, on your firm and decisive action and forthright statement to the nation on the situation in Little Rock. We are certain that to the average American your step came as a relief to the conscience and will reaffirm conviction and confidence in the ability of a democratic society to function. The action of Governor Faubus in using troops to flout the law was an invitation to lawlessness, not only in Arkansas but all over the country. Realization that Faubus' act was taken in support of the indecent and undemocratic practice of segregation makes it all the more ugly. . . . We share your hope that the people of the South will recognize the evil of segregation and respond to your action by making it clear that they require respect for the law from their political leaders."

RALPH HELSTEIN
President, United Packinghouse
Workers of America, AFL-CIO
Chicago, Illinois

More on Hiss

Dear Sirs:

> *La vérité est en marche et rien ne l'arrêtera.*
>
> —Emile Zola in *l'Humanité,* January 13, 1893.

I wish to congratulate you on the publication of the special issue on the Alger Hiss case and to express my deepest respect for Fred J. Cook's admirable analysis.

JULIUS SIMON
New York City

Dear Sirs: The Nation and Fred Cook merit the praise of every human being devoted to justice. Mr. Cook's article on the Hiss case was a masterpiece of clear, incisive deduction. It took great courage to write the article and to publish it, in view of the implications that the guilt really lies in respected government quarters.

ERICA AND BERNARD LANDIS
New York City

Dear Sirs: The logical implication to be drawn from Fred J. Cook's article on the Hiss case is that at the very least the methods and operations and indeed the motives of our FBI are seriously open to question. I feel that it is about time this semi-secret organization, which has so far been above criticism, is laid open to the most searching and exact scrutiny by the American people whose taxes pay for its support.

I think the Hiss article marked a high point in your career.

WILLIAM M. PIERCE
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Much of Mr. Cook's article is highly praiseworthy, but had he read Mr. William A. Reuben's book, *The Honorable Mr. Nixon and the Alger Hiss Case,* Mr. Cook would have discovered proof of "Forgery by Typewriter" which he [Mr. Cook] disallows on p. 142 and allows on p. 172 ff., but not in the detail and completeness shown in Mr. Reuben's account. Also, Mr. Reuben points out the following: Mr. Nixon and the Republican Party had to have an issue to win the election; Mr. Cook omits this point. Mr. Cook does, however, state ". . . if Alger Hiss is innocent, his conviction . . . stands exposed as the most callous outrage ever perpetrated for base political advantage in America."

I sincerely hope your September 21 issue reaches a million copies. It deserves it in the cause of justice.

SAMUEL B. WOODBRIDGE
Washington, D.C.

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VOLUME 185, NUMBER 11
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

If It Takes All Winter

1. Faubus Flubs It

Once again, Governor Orval Faubus has unwittingly advanced the cause of civic freedom in the states of the late Confederacy by tactics as stupid as they are mean and contemptible. At Newport, the President gave him a chance, which he did not deserve, to escape from the consequences of his own folly. With intrepid tactlessness, he declined to cooperate, thereby setting the stage for the use of federal troops under circumstances that ensured maximum support for the President's action. A long-suffering man, the President then gave him still another chance. On the second occasion, the timely intervention of the four Southern governors would have made it possible for Faubus to retreat, even at that late date, without complete loss of face. But instead he tried to turn the offer to his personal advantage by issuing a shyster-like statement that exposed his real intentions. Had the offer been accepted, the President might have been forced to rely on his good faith (and run the risk of subsequent betrayal). As it is, Faubus has double-crossed four influential Southern governors, who represent "moderate" opinion in the South, and branded himself a trickster as well as a fool. On the score of his gaucherie, the headlines are eloquent: "Faubus Accused of Double-Cross," "Faubus Defies President Again," "Faubus Broke Faith," "Faubus Says Best Way to Keep the Peace Is to Bar Negroes," "Faubus Hit as Driving Off Industry."

How is such dauntless ineptitude to be explained? Faubus has been called a demagogue, but the term does not describe his special quality. He lacks the passion of a demagogue. He is "the thin man," meager, petty, consumed by feelings of inadequacy. Overnight this obscure politician, elected to office by a freakish set of circumstances, found himself a figure of international notoriety. The implausible name of Orval Faubus blazed in headlines from Tokyo to London. What delicious nectar! what divine afflatus! There he was, Orval Faubus of Greasy Creek in the Ozarks, talking back to the President, giving orders to the National Guard, granting interviews with princely grace, speaking into the banked microphones, facing those deceptively innocent TV cameras. This is heady experience for men like Faubus and, with rare exceptions, they succumb to it.

Now that it is clear that Faubus is not to be trusted, the President has an added reason for keeping federal troops in Little Rock until he is given acceptable assurances from responsible sources. If he remains firm, these assurances will soon be forthcoming. Powerful forces of moderation and common sense, already beginning to make themselves felt in Little Rock, will continue to mount. As in every crisis that has arisen since the Supreme Court's decision, people whose names you have never heard are stepping forth to meet the challenge of bigotry. As we have repeatedly emphasized, the Southern moderates are not going to be lured into the suicidal position of open defiance of the Constitution; too much is at stake. Their spokesmen cold-shouldered Faubus at the Sea Island conference and elected as chairman a moderate in preference to a Dixiecrat. Even the Southern extremists fear that the furor Faubus has started may speed integration, rather than delay it. If Southern "liberals" could now be induced to act with a modicum of decency and courage—note honorable exceptions for Aubrey Williams and others—the isolation of Faubus would be accelerated. The silence of Senators Hill, Sparkman and Fulbright continues to be oppressive, but it won't be long before they, too, are forced to speak out.

Little Rock can be a turning point in the exhilarating struggle to kill Jim Crow. What is needed is a leadership of firmness, courage and persistence—in both parties. Governor G. Mennen Williams' statement (p. 235) puts the issue with candor, clarity and force. The Democrats cannot duck the challenge. Faubus has given the Republicans a single, simple, affirmative issue that will unite its warring elements and draw new sources of support to the party in the key states. The Democratic Party has no future if it permits the Republicans to pre-empt this issue. For there can be no doubt what choice a clear majority of the American people will make if they are asked to choose between a party that believes in safeguarding the rights of every citizen of the United States, everywhere in the United States, regardless of race, and a party that will not act to prevent the continued nullification of these rights in eleven states.

2. *The Forgotten Southerner*

In the early phase of the struggle, which Little Rock has precipitated, to shape national opinion on the desegregation issue, the segregationists have managed to exclude Southern Negro opinion as a factor to be weighed. The wire services have presented elaborate roundups of Southern (white) editorial opinion; Southern governors, Senators and Congressmen have been quoted at great length and with awesome respect. But apparently the wire services do not know how to contact responsible Southern Negro leaders, for none are quoted. The radio and TV networks have ignored Negro opinion generally and Southern Negro opinion in particular. *The Nation* is reliably informed that spokesmen for the NAACP requested and were denied time to reply to Governor Orval Faubus' initial nation-wide TV interview. On September 29, CBS presented an on-the-spot report from Little Rock. Although local network news commentators gave detailed reports on the state of "white" opinion, no attempt was made to reflect the opinion of responsible leaders of Little Rock's Negro community. Following this report, CBS presented a panel of experts—all white—on integration. One, a newspaperman from Macon, Georgia, thought that integration was unlikely to take place in Georgia at any time in the future; another thought that integration might take place in South Carolina in a thousand years (how long was Hitler's Reich supposed to endure?); a third, from Kentucky, was somewhat more accommodating; he thought a degree of integration might be expected to take place in the Deep South in the next thirty years.

Such comment has the effect of propaganda against desegregation for it strongly suggests that it is an unrealizable objective in the Deep South. But what would responsible Southern Negro leaders, residents of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, have said in response to the same question? The relevance of their views is incontestable. No "settlement," as, say, a plan for gradual integration, would be likely to succeed unless it was acceptable to Southern Negroes who are, of course, the immediate parties-in-interest in the present controversy. If national opinion is not to be shaped on the basis of partial and heavily weighted information, Southern Negro opinion must be considered.

3. *"Bad For Business"*

In the struggle for national opinion, which is the next major phase of the desegregation drama, the big guns of the integrationists have not yet been moved into action. Of these guns, the most potent are those manned by corporate enterprise, by big business. At all levels, Southern business is today closely integrated, if one may use that dread term, with national business. And only a little checking is needed to disclose the strategic distribution of the power which business wields in the South. Here, for example, is some information which a few telephone inquiries produced: National Cash Register Company has 150 sales and service outlets in the South, staffed by 2,300 salesmen and service personnel; Prudential Life Insurance Company has 245 Southern sales offices, with approximately 5,000 employees; the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company has 600 or more stores in the South—not to mention sundry coffee-roasting plants, bakeries and the like; Sears-Roebuck has 295 selling units in the Southern states. And so it goes. Does anyone believe, Senators Byrd and Russell included, that American corporate enterprise, which commands a vast army of Southern manpower—salesmen, clerks, factory workers, executives—will look with favor on the participation of this personnel in conspiracies to defy the authority of the federal courts? Or that the great American corporations are powerless to make their will felt in the struggle that now impends?

Big business is organized on a nation-wide pattern; it cannot support segregation policies which are not acceptable nationally. At the moment, the staff-and-line organizations of the big corporations have not moved into action; it takes time to formulate policy in such organizations and, once formulated, to transmit it from executive suite to the grass roots. But already the "bad for business" signs are appearing in Arkansas. "Businessmen Fear Race Troubles May Spread to State's Factories," is the headline on a *Wall Street Journal* story from Little Rock (September 27). Between mid-1955 and mid-1957, 141 new plants and ninety-one factory expansions were announced in Arkansas. Over 10,000 new jobs have been created in each of the two fiscal years that Mr. Winthrop Rockefeller's Industrial Development Commission has been at work in that state. From Little Rock itself comes word that "business and civic leaders" are meeting in an effort to prevent further trouble (*New York Times*, October 1) and, fortunately, the Eisenhower Administration is in a position to accelerate this process by appealing directly to the heads of corporate enterprise.

The Confederate Rebellion was not engineered by the dregs of Southern society; it was decreed from the top. Today the "top" positions in the hierarchy of Southern industrial and financial power are, often enough, held by recently transplanted Yankees who, however much they may like mint juleps, are not likely to lead quixotic rebellions of which the home office does not approve. And the home offices, for the most part, are north of the Mason-Dixon line. A poster of the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce shows a charming Southern miss who, from a rose-bowered balcony, is saying: "Y'all come to Little Rock, the city of progress in the land of opportunity." No doubt there are Southern business leaders who are capable of destroying this fetching image, but it will be interesting to see how many of them will be found in the ranks of the big corporate organizations.

4. *The End in Sight*

In the excitement over Little Rock, editors and columnists have been seriously debating the question, "Is a Civil War Brewing in the South?" It is difficult to see just what prompts this hysterical question. At the time of the firing on Fort Sumter, there was no mistaking the martial atmosphere that prevailed; swords flashed, flags waved, men marched and bugles blared. This is hardly the atmosphere that prevails these brisk fall days as the Yankees square off against the Braves. With the firing on Fort Sumter, scores of brilliant officers of the United States Army, including any number of West Pointers—Lee, Jackson and Beauregard, among others—resigned their commissions and joined the rebellion. The federal troops at Little Rock are under the command of Major General Edwin A. Walker, a West Pointer who, be it noted, is also a Texan. The only resignations from the armed forces, state or federal, that have come to our attention are those of Gov. George Bell Timmerman, Jr., South Carolina, who has resigned his commission as a lieutenant in the Naval Reserves, and a petulant Little Rock patrolman who, in a fit of pique and tearful frustration, tossed his billy club to the ground and joined the mob. Neither resignation will imperil national security. To be sure, the Ruston, Louisiana, Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Kiwanians of Marshall, Texas, have refused to pledge allegiance to the flag, just to prove their ancestry, but, for all that, Old Glory still flies over Ruston and Marshall. No, another Civil War, gentlemen, is not brewing in the South; what impends in that handsome land is a day of triumph in the long struggle to kill Jim Crow.

Little Rock:

CHALLENGE to the DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Governor
G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
of Michigan

ALTHOUGH THE DUST has far from settled in the Little Rock crisis, it is certain that the political issues involved must concern the Democratic Party in terms of its tradition and spiritual integrity, rather than in counting votes in the next election. The issues of Little Rock affect the very reason for the party's being. They have to do with whether the United States can maintain its free way of life, and indeed, even survive in the world of the twentieth century.

There are those in the South who may see Little Rock only as the picture of a white adult bleeding at the feet of a federal soldier standing with bayonet unsheathed. But responsible opinion throughout the United States, and the entire world I believe, sees the picture of armed soldiers preventing a handful of bright-eyed, spotlessly clad, book-laden children from attending school simply because they happened to be Negroes.

Governor Williams

G. Mennen Williams, Governor of Michigan since 1949, is one of the outstanding leaders of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party and played an important role in the shaping of the Democratic platform in Chicago last year. He is one of the young Democrats most frequently mentioned as standard-bearer for his party in 1960. In last year's elections, he ran ahead of his ticket to retain the governorship while his state was going for Eisenhower.

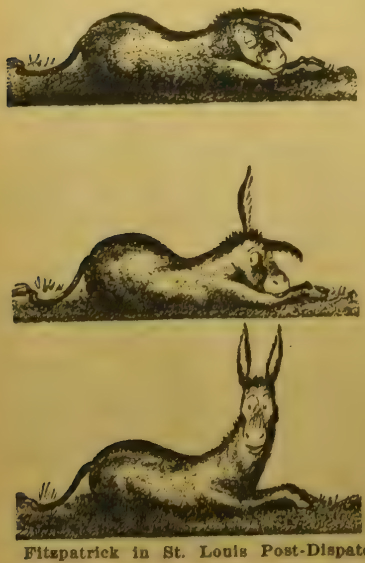
At this writing, at least, the facts seem clear. The armed force of a state was violently interposed against the lawful fulfillment of a lawful order of a federal court; an order pursuant to a recent and clear mandate of the Supreme Court interpreting the Constitution. At the last minute, to uphold the ultimate law of the sovereign people, the President of the United States exercised his undoubted Constitutional powers to maintain law and order.

Behind these unfortunate events there are many historic reasons, in the making of which none of us now living had any part. There was slavery, then a long and bitter Civil War, then an often brutal policy of reconstruction, followed by the reassertion of white supremacy in the South. These things left a bitterness which, even today, has not entirely vanished.

But if some historical factors may be adduced in extenuation or at least explanation of the viewpoint of the South, the future response of the Democratic Party to this issue must also be viewed in the light of the party's history.

The Democratic Party from Jefferson and Jackson to Wilson, Roosevelt, Truman and Stevenson, has recognized the preservation and elevation of the dignity of the individual as the reason for its existence. The expressions of this philosophy have been as varied as the facets and needs of human nature. But their direction has been clear—to uphold the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal.

As in most groups of men, there has not been unanimity. There has been debate and battle as to the development of this philosophy into program and action. The last Democratic National Convention at Chicago debated the point while the entire nation looked and listened. While there were some of us who felt that we could have given clearer and more direct expression of our policy, the platform we did adopt clearly bespoke our opposition to the interposition of state armed forces to prevent integration.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Here are the pertinent words of the Democratic Party, speaking—almost unanimously, as I recall—in convention assembled:

> We reject all proposals for the use of force to interfere with the orderly determination of these matters [integration efforts] by the courts.

SO MUCH for the past. What of the future?

The ugly facts of the civil-rights issue must be faced. It is a fact that we have, in one degree or another, and in every part of the country, the problem of racial prejudice. It is a fact that the principles of the Democratic Party require that Democrats everywhere should work to the end that every citizen shall have equal rights of citizenship. It is a fact that resistance to those principles, and to the law of the land as laid down by the Supreme Court, is coming mainly from Democratic Party leaders in the Southern states. It is a fact that the interference of a Democratic Governor with the order of a federal court left the President of the United States with no alternative but to uphold the Constitution and the courts with federal troops. (I must temper this statement with the fact that two Southern Democratic Governors have called out their state militias to enforce the Supreme Court's decision, namely Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee and Governor A. B. Chandler of Kentucky.) Although the President might have avoided this whole situation altogether by firm and prompt action, it is a fact that in the circumstances which prevailed at the time, he acted rightly, and it is a fact that they who now assail him for his action are wrong.

Whether we like it or not, that is the situation.

What can the Democratic Party do in these circumstances? In my opinion, it can do but one thing: hew vigorously and forthrightly to its own principles of the dignity of the individual and the supremacy of the Constitution, and let the chips fall where they may.

We do not want to drive anyone out of the Democratic Party. We desire party unity for obvious partisan reasons, of course. Then, too, no one wants to see the leaders of almost a third of the American people wrap themselves, as Governor Collins of Florida said, in a Confederate blanket and constitute themselves a lost-cause Third Party of Segregation. That would be a national tragedy, destructive to the interest of the South, disruptive of the two-party system, and stultifying to the millions of good citizens in the South who, with admirable courage, and frequently against their own personal convictions, are trying to achieve a gradual and orderly effectuation of the Supreme Court decision.

No, we do not want to drive out the South, but the Democratic Party —the majority of the party—simply must stand on its own principles, whether the stand results in political gain or political disaster.

IT HAS been the Democratic Party which, at least in our generation, has led the fight for civil rights. It has been the Republican Party, in our times, which has withheld the support which would have resulted in progress, thwarting liberal Democrats in every effort to enact civil-rights legislation. Whatever we may think of the motives behind the relatively sudden conversion of the Republican leadership, and regardless of the fact that the President did not march, but was driven by a constitutional challenge, into the role of champion of integration—nevertheless, we hope and pray that Republican professions of concern for equality of citizenship are genuine and lasting. The test we face is not one for Democrats alone, but for all men of good will, regardless of party or geography.

Mr. Eisenhower has the opportunity for leadership. A civil-rights act, not the strongest law we might have desired, but the first such Congressional act in generations, has been adopted by a Democratic Congress. Specifically, the President can show his intentions by appointing persons to the Civil Rights Commission, under the new law, who will carry out its intent—rather than the kind of appointments he has made to federal commissions in other areas. I have recommended to him the name of former Senator Herbert Lehman of New York, whose stature and reputation in this and other fields would do much to reassure the nation and the world. Whether he appoints men of this caliber will be an index of the President's approach to the problem.

It is unquestionably true that much of Southern resistance to integration is pure and simple demagoguery. But much of it also is the manifestation of a sincere, if woefully misguided, belief, bred into the bone of many Southerners, in the moral rightness of segregation. Leadership dedicated to the ideal of the Declaration of Independence is the only kind of leadership that can provide the moral strength necessary to alter Southern convictions about this question. If we are to see a solution of this problem in our lifetime or in the lifetime of our children, it will not be enough to confine ourselves to legal and constitutional judgments. Political leaders at every level must deliver their own affirmations of American principles. The President—whether he be Mr. Eisenhower or his Democratic or Republican successor—must lead the nation; but if he is failed by the leadership below, his best efforts will be futile.

It is the duty, I feel, of all of us to reply to the reckless cries of "storm troopers" and "Hitler tactics" which have been leveled against the President's unavoidable action. It is the voice of the liberal Democrat which will be most effective in countering the invective and cries for impeachment which have been heard in the South.

One of the cardinal tasks for Northern leaders is to work constantly to put and keep their own houses in order. Intolerance is not peculiar to the South. The problem is a Southern problem only in the narrow sense that some Southern leaders deny there is a problem, and refuse to work for its solution. In all sections, we can pride ourselves on the progress of the past only if we pledge ourselves to continued progress in the future.

The Democratic Party must lead, as it has in the past, in efforts to strengthen federal and state laws designed to guarantee equality of citizenship, regardless of race, creed or color. We must seek to move with understanding, as well as with speed, *but we must move.*

In all our decisions, we must bear constantly in mind that we render judgment not only on today and tomorrow, but on the fate of generations to come. In a world where our safety depends upon the outcome of a struggle for men's minds—and the great majority of them the minds of colored men—we can ill afford to stand before the world as a nation which cannot or will not carry out its own principles. The explosive aspects of Little Rock may well be more important to the lives of men and women yet unborn than the conference on atomic weapons, the latest crisis in the Middle East or the race for the intercontinental ballistic missile.

When these consequences are clearly understood, I have every confidence that the American people will rise to the challenge and find a moral solution to this difficult problem.

PAY-OFF AT MIAMI . .

by Dan Wakefield

Miami Beach

"HONEST TOM" HICKEY, the only Teamsters leader to claim that obsolete adjective before his name, stood in the sunlit pressroom of the Miami Beach auditorium on the second day of the convention of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, facing a few reporters and the awful future. A gentleman of the fourth estate (the only estate remaining) asked Tom Hickey if, after running for president of the union and losing, it would be possible for him to run for vice-president. Hickey's battered face momentarily wrinkled in concentration and he explained that there was no precedent: "There's never been a convention like this before. For forty-five years we had Tobin and then for five years we had Beck." He paused for a moment, and said, "Now we're at the end of the road."

The end of the road was, appropriately, Miami Beach, where the garish hotels must borrow the names and display the knick-knacks of other civilizations to compensate for the lack of its own in this vast, air-conditioned casket where ulcered citizens come to die. The man at the end of the road was Jimmy Hoffa, and that, too, was appropriate, for Jimmy Hoffa, in one form or other, is always the man at the end of the road. For all his recent publicity, there are still many people who fail to recognize Hoffa, and let it be said in identification that Hoffa is the man offstage who does the chopping in the last act of *The Cherry Orchard*; Hoffa is Faulkner's Flem Snopes with thick wrists and a vengeance.

The face of Hoffa, larger than life, stared from the frigid lobbies of almost all the hotels on Collins Avenue the day before the convention began, and late that Sunday afternoon the face itself appeared in the

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

glass-walled press headquarters at the Eden Roc, where Hoffa had set up his carpeted camp. Fifty reporters gathered around the 5'5" figure that is always the smallest in the crowd, and always the center of it, and he propped a foot on a purple-cushioned chair and read, in his rather high, thin voice, from a prepared statement charging "a sinister conspiracy by outside influences to take over control of this union." The latest thirty-four charges by the McClellan committee were only further proof of his dedication, and an insult to the laboring class:

> I want to point out that all of the outside influences which have cast smears against me and the I.B.T. have in effect been an insult to everyone of the 1,400,000 hard-working American men and women respected in their own communities; your next-door neighbors who are raising families, serving their community. They are part of the same Red Cross drives, Community Chest, churches and schools, as your families. These people aren't racketeers or gangsters. They are people who make up a large part of organized labor. They form the best bulwark against communism that this country can have.

The issue was clearly Jimmy Hoffa and the Red Cross against Walter Reuther and the Reds. The allusions to Reuther's part in the conspiracy, which at first were veiled, were soon brought boldly to light in various issues of *The Grass Rooter*, which served as Hoffa's journal of opinion for the course of the convention. Reuther, of course, was jealous of the Teamsters' power and membership and sought to destroy it by blocking Hoffa. Reuther was lined up with "employers who hate unions" in a ledger of the conspirators that appeared in *The Grass Rooter* with the following explanation: "The Reuther crowd . . . wants a soft, political labor movement like in Europe. With speeches a substitute for work." Again, an affront to the honest toilers who had come to the Teamsters convention as delegates.

These alleged community-chest campaigners and organizers of church bean suppers were seated on Monday morning in the Miami Beach auditorium in long green rows of leather folding-chairs that faced the stage. The arrangement was that of a movie house, except that the lights were on—a fact which reflects no credit on the audience. There were heroes and villains to be cheered and booed; and, occasionally, some audience participation. This latter phenomenon was mainly concerned with the interests of the men in the seats. The first issue to draw response on Tuesday afternoon, when the new constitution was being read for approval, was the matter of pensions for business agents—one of the business agents feared such a social advance might not have been included, but was assured it would be, amidst hearty cheers from the other delegates.

But there was, before the end, an outbreak of human indignation from the minority of delegates who—even in their seating location in the auditorium—were scattered on the outskirts of the great solid mob whose sports-shirts dripped with Hoffa buttons. The outlanders' cry was uttered by Jeff Cohelan, a young and civilized secretary-treasurer of Oakland Local 302, who told the convention and its leaders that they were responsible to the 1,400,000 members for answering the ethical practices charges of the AFL-CIO which had just been read. Along the edges, the followers of Hoffa's opponents—Hickey, Tom Haggerty, Bill Lee—shouted in support of Cohelan's demand. The mass in the middle bellowed it down, but Jimmy Hoffa jumped to the microphone, and, in what is probably the closest he can come to the notion of moral responsibility, dorned out a prepared statement of defense against the accusations. His troops roared wildly; the worst was over. They struck the charges from the record of the convention, and on Friday Jimmy Hoffa was raised, with all his bought banners, to the presidency of the Teamsters and the bellowing acclaim of the mob.

Hoffa made his first grand entry Monday morning, waving to a standing ovation of delegates whose enthusiasm was wholly undampened, and perhaps inflamed, by the added, last-minute charges of the McClellan committee that Hoffa had looted the union treasury, hired gangsters and conspired with employers. The important thing (aside from the fact that he owned a good many of the men in the chairs—that, indeed, some of them were the aforementioned gangsters) was that Hoffa had made and would make the union more powerful and wealthy. He dressed men as clowns in tattered rags to wander around the convention hall with signs proclaiming that this would be the fate of the Teamsters without Jimmy Hoffa; and others in white silk tails and top hats representing the ultimate promise of his leadership.

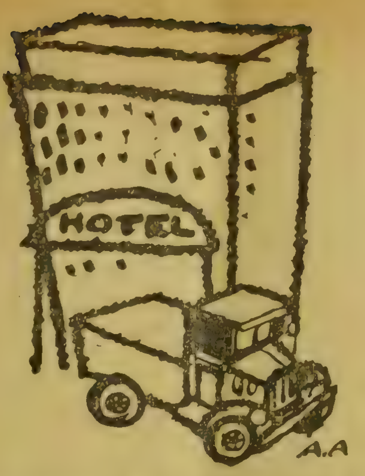
THE DELEGATES had, moments before, given a standing—though less inspired—ovation to Dave Beck, the man who had taken them down this road so fast. They cheered with feeling when he pointed out that no matter what the world might say, the Teamsters had grown by 400,000 members and $12,500,000 since he took office in 1952. His raw, flabby face turned a desperate red as he struggled to retrieve some token from the rubble. It was only six months before that the same face filled the cover of a national magazine with the dire inscription that this was the man who could stop the wheels of a nation; it was only a year ago that he sat in the councils of the free trade unions of the world in Vienna as the most mighty emissary. Now he was dead, and it was hard to believe that he was ever alive. He prayed that the delegates would look at his record, beginning with his days as a laundry truck driver, and "Try, if you possibly can, just here and there, somewhere along the line, to see if you can't find something that I have done that is just a little bit over on the credit side. Just a little."

But the fallen can only survive as stepping stones to those who survive; there was no mercy. The following day the new constitution was read to the brothers, and the section which entitled the retiring president to continuance of his salary and the title of emeritus was, by recommendation of the constitutional committee, "deleted." It was Beck himself, flushed and damned, who had to step to the dais and ask for the vote and pound the gavel in finality when it was passed, with only a single "No!" from a delegate in the back of the auditorium whose impulse—joking or sentimental—will mercifully go unrecorded.

And the day before, with Beck's poor prayer not yet out of the mimeograph machine, secretary-treasurer John English had raised his own gray standard on the grave of the deceased. He told the delegates that he had fought for their interests in the past five years in the face of wild investments and thoughtless tactics: "I have put more time in this last five years than I did in any ten years before, watching what is going on, watching for gimmicks."

The hall was uneasy, wondering if this brave blast was issued against the new boy as well as the old; but Hoffa, from the stage, held his hands above his head to indicate that Beck, not he, was the object of the oratory. The delegates duly cheered. Later in the day John English cleared any doubts of his position by endorsing Hoffa to the press with the warm judgment that "I like that little fellow."

That was the little fellow who, when told that Victor Riesel had been blinded by acid, had remarked that "They should have got him in the hands." That was the little fellow who was standing at the end of the road with the largest, richest union in America nearly in his pocket and the knowledge that once it was there it would no longer be in the AFL-CIO.



John English addressed himself to that question, too, drawing one of the opening day's biggest hands by assuring the brothers that even though George Meany and the boys had made him an AFL-CIO vice-president, he remained untempted by worldly glory; his true devotion was in minding the store. "I told them [the AFL-CIO] in no uncertain words what the Teamsters are and what we mean to do. We will never withdraw from the American Federation of Labor-CIO, but—if and but—if they kick us out, we will not be in a hurry going back."

The other union outcasts of decency were already waiting, as Hoffa well knew; these and any more ousted from the AFL-CIO on ethical practices charges would have a welcoming skull and crossbones to rally around with the "little fellow" ruling the Teamsters. Although by this time it was also known that Hoffa did not have all the Teamsters. Tom Hickey had already told a press conference that "The issue of this convention is whether or not we stay in the AFL-CIO"; and that, if they did not, he would recommend to his local to stay in the AFL-CIO instead of the Teamsters. William A. Lee, Teamsters seventh vice-president and president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, said that he was in favor of staying in the AFL-CIO at all costs.

Toward that end, Lee had placed his own name in the running for the union presidency on the day before the convention. It was greeted by Hoffa with a smile and the hope for a "wide-open convention." But the next day, when vice-presidents Frank Brewster and Joseph Diviny announced their endorsements of Lee, Hoffa lost his hospitality. With the vicious insecurity that lies at the heart of this little fellow, he promptly put up two candidates against the vice-presidential candidacies of Diviny and Brewster.

Frank Brewster stood outside the main auditorium after Hoffa had turned loose the wolves, and talked with several reporters. Brewster does not look his sixty-one years, and his deeply-tanned face is handsome and relaxed. In the last nine months, since first appearing as one of the original prey of the McClellan committee in his role as head of the Western Conference of Teamsters, he has lost everything—except an immensely valuable property which, whatever its name, results in this important fact: Frank Brewster likes himself. The events that have destroyed Dave Beck have not destroyed Brewster, perhaps because Beck believed in what he had bought, and believed it would save him. Brewster is an old horseplayer, and he knows it comes and goes; he knows, in short, this world. The kind of thing Brewster still possesses is the kind of thing you lose when you throw in with Hoffa.

A reporter asked Brewster why Lee had gotten in the race, and why he had waited so long to do it. Brewster explained that no man enjoyed going against Jimmy Hoffa—it would mean for Lee "an uncomfortable life." But, people kept asking Lee to do it, and maybe Lee began missing some sleep nights.

Brewster was asked if he missed any sleep himself before deciding to go with Lee.

"I spent a few nights rollin'," Brewster said. He grinned then and added, "But I get up fresher than most people do."

In Miami Beach, this is the most rare prize of all; and Miami Beach is only the gross extreme of Detroit, San Francisco and Washington. A non-union cab driver explained the whole thing to a client as he drove away from the convention.

"I'm for Hoffa," he said. "These Senators after him couldn't take all that examining, and no one expects a business man to. What's all the fuss about? Everyone knows you gotta pay off in this world."

JORDAN: WHY the KING WEEPS . .

by John O'Kearney

Amman, Jordan

TROOPS AND POLICE are thick in the streets. Culverts and bridges are blown along the roads at night. People here in Amman look to left and right and behind them before they speak. There are many who speak. He who dares, says: "It can't last." Even young King Hussein is said to be sick of it. "The British have gone; the Americans will have to go, too."

One of two opposing stands must be taken on Jordan. There is the Arab stand, strongly supported by Russia (although, of course, not for altruistic reasons); and there is the Western stand — determined by the State Department, backed by colonials in Britain and France. The simple Western impression is that Hussein is an Arab champion of the Free World. But the universal conviction among the Arabs, all Arabs, is that State Department dollars brought down the only representative government Jordan has ever known — the National Front coalition led by Premier Suliman Nabulsi — because its policies appeared to be a threat to American oil investments, because it stood for Pan-Arabian "positive neutrality," and because it demanded an end to all alien dependence and domination.

Jordan is at the point of open denunciation of what her people regard as the misalliance with the United States, into which Hussein and his pro-Western palace advisers sold her in the desperation of poverty last spring. The people want no part of United States arms or assistance, no replacement in kind of the British arms and British assistance they had gotten rid of. Even the "loyal" new Bedouin army leaders are muttering in discontent.

There were two of us, a Jordanian General Staff officer and myself, sitting in the shade and drinking cold beer in hot Amman. The first airborne shipments of arms from the United States were coming in with the fanfare of a super-colossal advertising campaign to allay — as John Foster Dulles put it — the anxiety that Syria's arms and economic agreement with Russia were said to have caused among her neighbors. "No," my companion said, "we're not getting the one-five-five." He was speaking of the American field gun that has an extreme range of 27,000 yards, and he spoke with an Oxford accent that was itself slightly explosive. "The American Embassy tells us," he went on, "that we can't have it because they've not yet given it to the Israelis." Even so, I suggested, the General Staff was probably pleased with what was coming. He grimaced me a smile and I mirrored it; then he looked down into his beer. "Oh, yes, we're happy enough to get the stuff . . . but it's the way they give it. You know, we Arabs say the best way to train a dog is to starve him, then throw him a small piece of meat when he does what he's told — but we are *not* dogs!"

JOHN O'KEARNEY, a veteran foreign correspondent, is on a roving assignment for The Nation. *Additional articles from him on the Middle East will appear in early issues.*

JORDAN IS but a subordinate subject in the whole study of American foreign policy. The final test paper on her is yet to come; but John Foster Dulles already appears to be marked for a miserable flunk. U.S. policy here must be judged in the light of questions fundamental to the interests of powerful cliques in the United States. The questions are: How can we best protect American oil investments in the Near East from the Arab's growing conviction that he is being cheated by alien exploitation of his natural resources? In what manner can we prevent the Arab world from forming a strong economic and political federation which could influence even the non-Arab Near and Middle East to take a neutral position for peace and trade with the Soviet Union?

All United States diplomacy in the region is involved with these two questions. The Syrian decision to seek arms and loans from Russia was used as a pretext to stir up a ballyhoo over Jordan from which a useful syllable of answer might have emerged. But John Foster Dulles seems unable to understand that his lashing at communism in the Arab world is flogging a dead horse, so far as the Arabs are concerned. This is not to say, however, that the aims of Arab nationalism are not as "dangerous" to the Secretary's immediate interests as Communist aims. They are. They are a threat to the profits in oil, though not to the flow of it. And they are a threat to the Secretary's now anachronistic notion that such things as the Baghdad Pact are worth a military damn.

THE LINES of American policy in this area were first drawn in different days, with the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine. The Eisenhower Doctrine of January 5, 1957, produced nothing new in an exterior sense; though there was further purpose in it. That purpose, as Senator Estes Kefauver pointed out in debate at the time, was to give the State Department further autocratic power—cut from the power of Congress itself — to run the foreign affairs of the nation as John Foster Dulles sees fit. Said the Senator:

> If the resolution [to approve the so-called doctrine] is passed, the Congress would, in effect, be giving up its right to debate the question whether our national interest does, in fact, warrant intervention by United States troops to prevent the nationalization of concessions held by giant oil companies. . . . I might be willing to go to war under some circumstances in connection with oil, but I am not going to sign a blank check when it is indicated that Mr. Dulles wants to bring about international intervention which might include going to war simply for the purpose of protecting the enormous profits and holdings of some of the international oil companies.

The Secretary did not get quite what he wanted. The doctrine was amended to read that the United States would be prepared to intervene militarily in the Middle East only if invited to do so by a nation which felt itself threatened by international Communist aggression. As amended, however, it was utterly useless.

Egypt had to be watched, of course, along with Syria. Both were turning to Russia, after having refused to be militarily "friendly" to the United States in return for economic aid. There are intelligent and experienced foreign diplomats (not Eastern) in Damascus who are prepared to believe that U. S. Embassy people there were guilty of plotting to overthrow the government, though Syria has yet to present full evidence. Be that as it may, the first opportunity to "implement" the Eisenhower Doctrine came with Syria's announcement that she had jailed or sacked a few officers involved in the plot, had dismissed a few others for understandable security reasons, and was about to send a delegation to Moscow to negotiate for arms and development loans. John Foster Dulles cannot have been so ignorant of Syrian affairs as to have imagined that she had "gone Communist." Only he can tell us what was in his mind; but it appears he decided Syria was finally "lost" and that a bit of chaos might do a world of good. A flaming genie might arise and be taken for a Communist aggressor. One "incident," and Jordan was ready to play the part of a Sabine maiden. The world waited for the rape cry as arms were rushed. There may yet be such a cry, but look then for culprits among the soldiers of her own guard. It is on this latter line of inquiry, indeed, that we are more likely to find a reasonable clue to the Secretary's actions. He may have realized the urgent need for some befuddling diversion to give him time to deal with things as they are within Jordan itself as a result of his own handiwork.

The Arabs are a market-place people. What one hears everyone hears. "You have only to drop a word and it rolls over the countryside." During the last week in August, a group of officers went to the King, they now say, and pleaded with him for a change in policy. They felt out of step with the rest of the Arab world. The Americans are putting on pressure for "integration" of refugees from Palestine, in the hope that the Arab struggle with Israel can at last be buried and forgotten. The King wept, they say, and told his officers: "I can do nothing." Yet another palace story has it that the King had earlier tried to do something; that he had called in his doddering Prime Minister, Ibrahim Hashem, and ordered him to get rid of Foreign Minister Samir Rifai, known all over the Arab world as an American agent on the payroll of the Iraq Petroleum Company. Hashem, as timid about it as the King, merely reported to Rifai. Rifai went to U. S. Ambassador Lester D. Mallory and Mallory went to the King. Dismiss Rifai, Mallory is said to have told him, and you won't get another cent. Again the King wept.

Why all the weeping? Ah, they say, a group of "liberal" officers went to the King early last year and said British domination would have to end; he'd have to get rid of Brigadier John Glubb. The King thought of the British subsidy and balked. After all, his own uncle, Sherif Nasser, was smuggling hashish through to Egypt to make ends meet. But if the King had not at last dismissed Glubb, the King himself would have been thrown out with him. Hussein awoke to find himself an idol among his people. Cairo and Damascus radios sang his praises. Roses were strewn in the streets in his path. Massed men picked up his car and carried it like a palanquin.

But the Americans were already at work. The King threw out the Nabulsi government. The Sixth Fleet moved East. Hussein faked a plot against himself and took up the anti-Communist cry. His own people stopped singing. Cairo and Damascus radios turned on him as a traitor. *Sic transit* . . . He shut off the radio and changed the palace guard, fearful of his life. Of the Sixth Fleet movement, they said in the market place: "All that fuss over a dispute between a Minister and his King! Next thing, they'll be steaming up the middle of some fellow's bed to separate him from his wife!"

THE State Department has felt a proprietary interest in Jordan ever since the Iraq Petroleum Company laid its tapline across the country. Oil reserves in Jordan itself are believed to be great, and in 1955 Edwin W. Pauley, independent Los Angeles operator, got a huge concession which runs to the year 2010. When it appeared that the British were going out for good, the Americans moved in. Active intervention began soon after the election of the Nabulsi government in 1956. This was a National Front government that had every deputy but one backing it in parliament. Nabulsi, leader of the National Socialist Party ("It's Socialist," he would say, "because that's the way the people want it!") laid down a program for Arab political and economic unity and for liberation from all alien dependence and domination. The new government guaranteed full civil rights (before and since fully suppressed), moved to recognize Russia and Communist China and fell into line with Syrian policies. Within a short time Nabulsi got Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt to pledge the money Jordan needed to get along without the British subsidy.

Meantime, Mallory's car was seen more and more frequently parked at night before the home of Rifai's physician. Word got round that Rifai, who gets £4,000 ($11,200) a year as Jordan representative of the Iraq Petroleum Company, had suddenly paid off a long-standing indebtedness of £7,000 to a merchant named Subhi Halabi. Another debtor, Mithkal el-Fayez, son of Akef el-Fayez, now the Minister of Agriculture, Development and Reconstruction, suddenly paid off £10,000 that the Bank of Amman had found uncollectable for five years. Soon there was so much American money circulating in Jordan that the exchange rate of the dollar fell several points below par. The King attended U. S. Embassy parties, where the Americans are reported to have alarmed him with talk of communism, saying that Abdul Gamel Nasser of Egypt planned to overrun Jordan and send Hussein the way of Farouk. And he was warned that if Nasser did not do it, his own people, subverted by Moscow, would. After the attack on Suez, the Embassy is said to have convinced Hussein that Syrian troops, called into Jordan along with Saudi Arabian forces as protection against a possible Israeli incursion, would be used to support a revolution. Further, Hussein is said to have come away believing that economic conditions in Syria and Egypt were so bad that neither country would ever be able to pay what Nabulsi had been promised, and that Jordan could rely for money only on the United States.

Hussein behaved as he was expected to. He obstructed Nabulsi's money negotiations with Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt, asking for much more than had been proposed. He fought against his Cabinet's dismissal of incompetent officials, conferring royal decorations on them to protect them. He openly opposed recognition of Russia and blocked even the passage of non-party local legislation. He indicated he would prefer that the government resign.

NABULSI HELD on for another month, the National Front having decided that it would be better politically to be dismissed, since they were sure of popular support. But then the newspaper of the Muslim Brotherhood, whose members up to this time had given Nabulsi full support, started printing articles word for word from the United States Information Service. Arms of American manufacture were distributed to Muslim Brotherhood groups. An air of terror spread over the country. And Nabulsi's government resigned.

Out of this crisis Hussein's friends hatched him a plot against his life. They charged that army maneuvers going on around Amman were aimed at overthrowing the monarchy, at assassination. Twenty-one persons—some *in absentia* because they had fled to Syria or Egypt—were tried. In the midst of the trial the four defense attorneys walked out because the president of the court martial, Akkash Zabin, refused to give testimony. I got it from one of the attorneys that Zabin himself had issued fourteen of the sixteen orders for the troop movements on which the plot charges were based.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles oil operator Edwin Pauley started sinking his first well in Jordan on July 3. Hussein cut the tape on the drilling rig as Mallory stood by. Said Pauley: "This auspicious occasion is the result of long and tedious efforts, and the investment of a considerable amount of private American capital."

Decalogue of Anti-Americanism . .

by Geoffrey Barraclough

Bruges, Belgium

WHAT ARE the root causes of anti-Americanism? Last month, in this ancient European city, a conference of 120 so-called "experts" from the United States and the countries of Western Europe, called to discuss problems of the Atlantic Community, argued this question among very many others. It was easy to string together a series of platitudes affirming the spiritual values of the West, and another series denouncing the iniquities of communism. Anti-Americanism proved a tougher nut to crack. Not, let it immediately be said, because of American susceptibilities, but because of bad conscience on the European side, which hindered clear and candid analysis. Characteristically, it was a German-American of international repute who pointed to the disastrous consequences of American intervention in European internal politics, particularly in elections; equally characteristically, it was a Swiss newspaperman who rose in indignant horror to protest against the notion that the United States ever intervened or interfered in internal politics anywhere.

The conference got off to a quick start with stories, both humorous and malicious — apparently each European country has its own spicy versions — about the various contacts between GIs and the local female population. It was entertaining for a time, but ultimately not very enlightening; if no GI had ever been stationed in Burtonwood, we concluded, the problem would still exist. Behind the welter of individual opinions, a more general picture only began to appear when the Congress of European-American Associations — a body no one could reasonably accuse of anti-Americanism — submitted a report listing the "criticisms and misconceptions" widely ventilated in anti-Communist circles in Europe. Its ten points, which are cardinal to the whole problem, can be summarized thus:

1. Washington's foreign policy is not understandable in European eyes. The United States, as a superpower, is extremely powerful but extremely young; it does not know its job as a world ruler. American policy, changeable and incoherent, inspires neither confidence nor respect.

2. Few Europeans believe that the United States Government really desires peace. It is widely felt that Western Europe might have found ways of living peaceably with the rest of the world, including the Com-

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munists, were it not for the American policy of spreading distrust of all peoples whose outlook is different.

3. The United States claims to be the champion of liberty, but Europeans cannot but note that people sincerely believing in Communist principles are persecuted in America. Many anti-Communist Europeans prefer to defend such people, rather than countenance the destruction of freedom of thought, since they are convinced that our civilization cannot be protected by such methods.

4. There is widespread suspicion that American foreign-aid programs are manifestations of a policy of economic imperialism.

5. America criticizes colonialism and claims to champion the abolition of racial discrimination;. but in European eyes the handling of racial problems within the United States belies these principles and casts doubt on American sincerity.

6. Instead of facing reality, America supports the Chinese puppet government; yet everyone knows that Chiang Kai-shek will never undo what the Chinese Communists have done. Europeans do not understand the reasons why the United States opposes the admission of Communist China to the United Nations.

7. By antagonizing various groups of nations all over the world who are unwilling to give unqualified support to American policy, the attitudes of the United States Government (even though its intentions are peaceful) can only lead to a third, and even more frightful world war.

8. If (as Americans never cease to argue) American films do not show the United States as it is — if film stars, gangsters and business tycoons represent only a minor aspect of American life — why are so few presentations of a better America produced? The United States as presented to Europeans by films, novels, radio, television, etc., inspires neither confidence nor admiration; it is not by such an America that Europe wishes to be guided.

9. American values, as seen in practice and not in platitudes strung together from speeches by Abraham Lincoln, make little appeal. What Europeans see in practice is the transformation of men into material for the pursuit of profit. If there is a certain sympathy with communism in Western Europe, the reason is not merely economic, but because America has no really satisfying ideology to set against the Soviets'.

10. The United States makes every effort to break down European barriers in order to sell more American products; but it closes its own frontiers to European goods. It is not more aid but more trade that Europe needs, and if America will not cooperate in this respect. Europe will have no alternative save to seek a solution by agreement with the Eastern bloc.

MANY OF THESE criticisms will seem crude to American ears. That does not alter the fact that they are widely believed. But their profounder significance lies in another direction — namely, in the light which they cast on the trend of European thinking. It will be seen that, out of ten points listed, only three (Nos. 5, 8 and 9) can be regarded as implying in any way a general criticism of the American people or of the American way of life. The remainder are directed not against Americans as such, but against specific aspects of United States policy as presently formulated and operated. Assuming that the Congress of European-American Associations has assessed the position correctly, this is an important factor. It has been the general tendency to trace back the roots of anti-Americanism in Europe to irrational prejudices, resentments, jealousies and inferiority complexes, springing on the one hand from inadequate knowledge of the American way of life, and on the other hand from the sudden eclipse of Western Europe in the modern world. The reality of such factors, emotional rather than rational in character, is not in question, just as no one doubts the existence of emotional anti-Europeanism in the United States. The significance of the findings of the Congress of European-American Associations is their demonstration that these emotional factors do not loom so large as most people have thought; and what is true of Europe is doubtless true of other areas, such as India and Latin America, where anti-Americanism is a cause of tension and mistrust.

What emerges, in short, is that the issue today is political rather than emotional. Less than a decade ago, the slogan "Go Home Joe" was chalked in a hundred variants over the walls of all the cities of Europe. All the evidence indicates that this type of crude anti-Americanism has been on the decline for the past three or four years and is no longer a major factor. On the other hand, the tensions produced by current American policies still exist, and may even be increasing; and there is a real danger — as the Suez crisis so dramatically revealed — that they may suddenly resuscitate and inflame more primitive anti-American prejudices.

IF THESE are the facts, it is obvious that they should determine any approach to the question of ways and means of dispelling misunderstanding and distrust and reducing tensions within the Atlantic Community. Understandably, this problem occupied a good deal of time at Bruges. But the positive recommendations finally proposed, worthy and irreproachable as they were, left a disturbing impression of inadequacy. It almost seemed as though the conference was preoccupied with the anti-Americanism of 1947 instead of with the realities of 1957. The report of the Congress of European-American Associations was politely received; but owing to the usual desire to slur over divergencies within the Atlantic Alliance and to present a harmonious common front to a hostile or indifferent world, its implications were largely ignored. Anti-Americanism, it appeared to be thought, was a neat sociological problem which would respond to sociological treatment. The answer, therefore, was to analyze its sources in different sections of the population and to combat it by patiently explaining the true character of American civilization. There should be a research institute; there should be study-groups and reports; there should be more bursaries and scholarships to take Europeans to the United States, and exchanges at all levels; there should be better use of radio, cinema and other means of mass communication.

To treat anti-Americanism as a sociological and psychological problem may produce some interesting scientific (or pseudo-scientific) studies. But in the end it serves only to gloss over the fact that the fundamental issues in the present phase are political. One does not need to be anti-American to believe that many of the policies pursued by Mr. Dulles may be disastrous not only for Europe, but for the United States itself and eventually for the whole world. On the other hand, if sympathy with the United States implies that Europeans must unhesitatingly endorse all that the State Department does (or more often, does not do)—and that implication has sometimes been very near the surface in Bruges—European resentment will grow, and instead of being directed at political decisions which of their nature are liable to error, will turn against the United States and the American way of life as a whole. If the United States wants the wholehearted support of Western Europe, it must pursue policies West Europeans can honestly and sincerely endorse; and this at the present juncture it is failing to do. On no other terms can the Atlantic Alliance, which—as Robert Schuman candidly told the conference at Bruges—came into existence as a "hasty improvisation," become a real community; and only when there is a real community will anti-Americanism die.

CITY PLANNING, DIXIE STYLE . . *by Dora Byron*

Tuskegee, Alabama

HE HAS BEEN a citizen of Macon County, Alabama, for thirty years, and until July 12 he was also a citizen of the city of Tuskegee in the county. He has a good job at the veterans' hospital here. Some of his friends at the hospital and at Tuskegee Institute told him long ago that he should register and vote.

"I didn't bother. I thought Alabama politics was white folks' business," he said. "I just didn't care."

Then he heard a rumor that the Alabama legislature might pass a law gerrymandering the city limits of Tuskegee to exclude the Negro sections. Perhaps politics *was* Negro business, he thought. Anyway, he decided to register.

He filled out the questionnaire required by the state law. He answered "no" to the question: "Are you now or have you ever been a dope addict or a habitual drunkard?" He answered "no" to: "Have you ever been expelled from any school or college?" He answered "yes" to: "Do you believe in free elections and the rule of the majority?" He copied a section from the Constitution, read another section aloud. He filled out blanks. In three hours his application for a certificate of registration was completed.

He waited two weeks. The certificate did not come. He asked about his application and was told that it had not yet been "processed." Another two weeks passed. Then Senate Bill 291 became a law and he found himself gerrymandered outside the new "city limits" of Tuskegee. And in December a state-wide referendum is expected to approve expenditure of $50,000 for a study of how Macon County itself may be divided or dissolved.

"They can move those lines around to throw me out of the city and out of the county, but they'll have a harder time throwing me out of the state," he said cheerfully. "I'm going to register some place, somehow, and I'm going to vote in the next governor's race. There won't be much choice, I admit, but I'm going to pick my man."

According to Charles J. Gomillion, president of the forty-year-old Tuskegee Civic Association, Alabama's legislative efforts to discourage, suppress and divide the Negro vote have resulted in alerting the Negro to the significance of the ballot box. This, combined with federal civil-rights legislation, will mean a larger turnout of Negro voters than ever before. However, the boom will be in the urban areas. In rural areas there will be little change, Gomillion said. "This is not fear so much as inertia. In a state like Alabama, run by plantation landlords and their attorneys, it is simply not 'custom' for Negroes to vote."

Gomillion, the soft-spoken, scholarly chairman of Tuskegee Institute's social science department, has led a fifteen-year campaign to overcome the inertia in his own people. During two years when the political climate was friendly to Negro registration, Macon County added 700 Negro voters to its list — out of 13,000 eligibles. Macon County is among the fourteen of Alabama's sixty-seven counties in which the Negro population outnumbers the white. However, Macon's white voters outnumber Negroes 30 to 1.

In recent years the climate changed and Macon's Negro registrants were met by every delaying action possible. There was no county registration board at all for forty-eight months. Books were not open on dates announced. Applications for certificates of registration piled up without "processing." A $20,000 court case was necessary to win registration rights. But today the chairman of the board of registrants is a former chairman of the county's White Citizens Council.

"A State official told me frankly," Gomillion said, "that Alabama eventually must accept the Negro voter. But he declared that while the trend cannot be stopped, it can be slowed up, and that he would do all he could to slow it."

Gomillion claims that any plans

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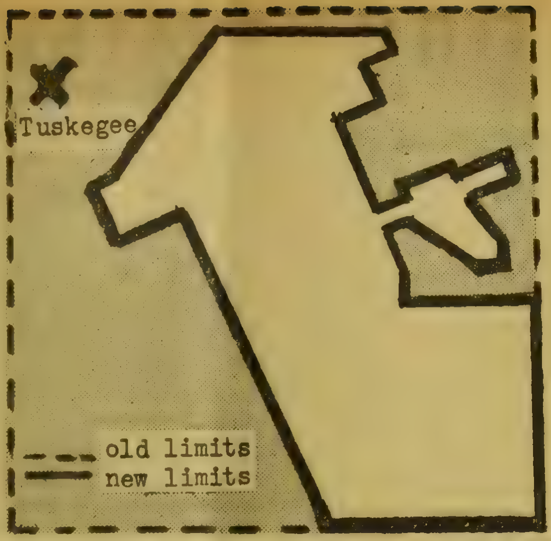

CITY OF TUSKEGEE
—before and after gerrymandering to squeeze out the Negro vote.

for political action in his own area have been prime examples of "gradualism." In Tuskegee itself, whose population is 80 per cent Negro, registrations totalled 400 Negroes and 600 whites. Negroes have been influential in the election of a sheriff and a county commissioner, but only one Negro ever ran for office. She was a candidate for the school board two years ago, received 520 votes and was defeated. "Had she won," Gomillion remarked, "we were hoping to offer a Negro candidate for a place on the five-man city council, and later a candidate for the seven-man board of welfare. We thought all this would take twelve years, but finally we would be able to show the world how a city with the vote fairly balanced between Negro and white could work out its own destiny. We hoped to be a pilot city in the deep South, operating under an inter-racial government."

Instead, rumors flew that a Negro was to run for mayor, and that Negroes planned to "take control" of the town. "The politicians give us credit for learning too well from them," he smiled. "We have no desire to 'control.' We want only to share."

Senator Sam Englehardt of Macon County "warned" the legislature that there was even danger that a Negro might be elected to the legislature. "We couldn't stand for that," he said. Senator Englehardt is executive secretary of the state's White Citizens Council. It was through his efforts that Senate Bill 291 was introduced and passed in the legislature carving out new city limits for Tuskegee. Out of a perfect square, a montrosity with twenty-six sides was born. The bill became a law without Governor Folsom's signature; and the possibility of creating a new all-Negro town, like Mt. Bayou, Mississippi, was cut off by another bill that forbids such a town if the area is under the police jurisdiction of another. Tuskegee's 3,000 Negro citizens, including all but ten of the Negroes registered to vote, were banished to rural Macon County.

Then came the novel suggestion from Senator Englehardt that the county itself be abolished. This has created a dilemma. Counties around Macon do not want it as a gift, in whole or in part. There would be a problem of administrative confusion, of "wet" and "dry" regulations and, above all, of voting strength. "We already have too many Negroes," wails Montgomery County, a next-door neighbor. "We certainly don't want Tuskegee Institute. Too many of the staff members vote!"

THE INSTITUTE and a V.A. hospital, staffed largely by Negroes, were the biggest things in little Tuskegee. They put the rural cotton county of Macon "on the map." Macon is proud of Tuskegee Institute, and of its founder, Booker T. Washington. The school's program has won financial support from philanthropists in the North and South alike. What will happen to Macon County now remains to be seen. The Tuskegee Civic Association will struggle to save it even as last summer they fought against gerrymandering of the city. "If they did not want our vote, why should they have our money?" Gomillion comments. The T.C.A. promoted a boycott — although it is sensitive about the term — which began June 25 and is still running. Many Negroes stopped buying from white Tuskegee merchants. Some moved their banking out of Tuskegee. A clothing store, novelty shop and grocery store were forced out of business. The theatre closed. A Tuskegee Institute Commercial Association was formed in the Negro community, sponsoring the expansion of two Negro groceries, a filling station and a fish market. This boycott was effective enough for Tuskegee merchants to seek legal redress, and an injunction was brought against the T.C.A. A date for hearing has not been set, but Gomillion is not optimistic about the outcome. "If we stay away from their churches, schools and playgrounds, we are wise and understanding Negroes. But if we stay away from their stores, we are criminals."

The professor believes a case might be brought later testing the constitutionality of the gerrymandering law, on the grounds that only Negroes were "thrown out" of the city, thus making it a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Whatever comes, the fight will continue for "first class citizenship" for all citizens of Alabama, he declared.

At an August mass meeting of the T.C.A., a Methodist minister expressed the spirit of the Alabama Negro:

> Our enemies possess the power of economic strangulation, political pressure and police brutality. But we shall not stop. We shall work calmly, courageously, prayerfully, and with love in our hearts. We shall not be frightened by their threats, but we shall face them in the courts. We shall put our money to work and we shall, above all, stay on our knees before God.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Hero Outside Society

THE VANISHING HERO. By Sean O'Faolain. Little, Brown & Co. 204 pp. $3.75

John W. Ward

THERE ARE many ways of presenting the values of a society, and Madison Avenue has given fortunes to those particularly skillful in discovering some of them. But one of the best is still the way of literature, the creation of a symbolic action in which we discover more about our selves than we can by ourselves. Literature accordingly plays a powerful role in the world, however embarrassed its makers might be to discover the fact. Whoever creates the images about which a society organizes its emotional powers does in a real sense control the society. (What relationship exists between those who control the material power of the society and those who control the psychological power of the people is another matter.) One suspects that that is why the editors of *Life* magazine are so often concerned with what image of life our literature presents; they are perhaps more aware of the social power of literature than are the writers themselves. The journalist who demands affirmative books, who insists that it is time to make the businessman the hero of our novels, may be simple-minded about the relation between imaginative fiction and society, but not about the importance of that relation.

Sean O'Faolain in *The Vanishing Hero*, asks the same question, if not in the same accents, as do the editors of *Time* and *Life*. Why are the heroes of modern literature not on the side of society? Why does modern fiction not affirm the values of society? Mr. O'Faolain thinks the distinguishing mark of contemporary letters is "the virtual disappearance from fiction of that focal character of the classical novel, the conceptual Hero," that is, the hero who embodies the ruling concepts of a society.

The subject is huge (Mario Praz has already given us a tome on the decline of the hero in nineteenth century fiction) and Mr. O'Faolain manages it by accepting the limits set by the original occasion of his chapters, a series of lectures on writers of the twenties for the Christian Gauss Seminars at Princeton. He had decided to look at the writers of the twenties because he "had formed an idea that the twenties are a watershed or divide in the history of the contemporary novel"; he limited himself to six authors because he had six lectures to give. Only gradually, in the process of exploration, did the theme emerge, the fact that all the writers shared one common mark: each replaced the conventional social Hero with a private hero. So large a theme caused the scheme of organization to give way. Joyce, although not properly a writer of the twenties, could not be excluded; six authors proved too few (eight are now provided for by dividing two chapters between Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh, Virginia Woolf and James Joyce; the others are Graham Greene, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway and Elizabeth Bowen).

THE disappearance of the socially approved hero from fiction had been going on a long time, especially in the French novel. But, says Mr. O'Faolain, "we are almost on the threshold of the twentieth century before we observe English novelists begin to take on something of the individualistic spirit of the French; and the same naturally applies to the novel in America." By the twenties, writers no longer operated as "socially integrated citizens, but . . . as more or less isolated receptivities."

The implications are vast indeed. The image Mr. O'Faolain sees in our fiction is one in which society presents no personally satisfying pattern; our social world ceases to offer a symbol of the good life. Happily, Mr. O'Faolain does not go the way of the *Life* editorial; he does not demand affirmation. "Nobody can affirm out of personal integrity alone. Only when certainty returns to men at large . . . can affirmation return to literature, and with it the representative Hero." Mr. O'Faolain disclaims competence to discuss the underlying reasons for the disintegration of the social Hero; he points to probable causes (the break up of the Christian tradition; the decline of an ordered society with the rise of the bourgeoisie; the skepticism generated by science; the impact of Freud), but expresses relief "that such vast considerations are outside my province." Except for an introduction, *The Vanishing Hero* assumes the form of self-contained critical essays.

As critical essays, *The Vanishing Hero* is uneven. As one would expect, Mr. O'Faolain writes with wit and charm. He hits some of his figures off with a sentence that leaves you wishing you had said it (of Huxley: "His persuasiveness is of the order of a witty radio commentator"; of Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*: "A religious theme given institutional treatment is always liable to get lost in the embroidered folds of ecclesiasticism; and so is the author"). The best single essay is the treatment of Graham Greene as a modern Jansenist; the penetration here is perhaps due to the author's own acquaintance with Catholicism. And Mr. O'Faolain is often generous, a virtue rare in modern criticism. But, given his theme that modern society somehow fails to provide the writer with any objective support for the interior world of the imagination, he makes some strange judgments. The essay on Faulkner is a case in point.

It is curious that, as a writer, Mr. O'Faolain dislikes Faulkner so intensely: other writers have generally been Faulkner's warmest admirers.

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James Merriwether, who is editing a collection of criticism on Faulkner by other writers, tells me that O'Faolain's is the only thoroughly hostile piece he can find. The most obvious reason is that, in trying to make Faulkner one of the writers of the twenties, Mr. O'Faolain concentrates on his early work and spends little time on *Light in August* or *Absalom! Absalom!* But beyond that he is captious. A revealing instance is his objection to *The Wild Palms*. He carefully plots the time sequence of the novel to show that Harry Wilbourne, the doctor who, out of a complex of motives, has delayed performing an abortion on his mistress, has actually delayed only two months and two weeks. Although Mr. O'Faolain admits that Harry's character is "well built up" on the lines of his indecisiveness, he points out that in fact Harry has not waited too long, so what we have is a bungling accident rather than a tragedy.

Why this literal-minded objection? We are told: "My point is single—to draw attention to the dissociation from what, for short, we may here call common realities." Common realities! What are "common realities" doing in a book whose whole thesis is that the modern novelist can no longer give us the social Hero as could his progenitors "in those good old days when novelists were prepared to accept the fact that certain current ideas expressed firmly and clearly what the majority of people meant by a good or wholesome life"? The Hero has vanished because reality is no longer common in our fractured society. So to say of Mrs. Woolf that she "never achieved a position of intellectual or emotional equipoise in relation to outer reality," or that Joyce never came "to terms with the created world" is terribly beside the point of the book. This is doubly unfortunate since the point is so important.

One way of pressing home the importance of the point is to ask what action is made possible if we accept the image of the modern hero that Mr. O'Faolain discovers for us. Naming is an incipient action; it puts us in a posture for action. What posture is made possible if the hero of the modern imagination is the anti-Hero, whether Prometheus or Sebastian? Many, perhaps: the lone wolf, the mystic, the disengaged intellectual, any other of a number of separate roles. But social action is impossible; "*non serviam*" is the only banner left flying.

THE disappearance of the social Hero from fiction went in more complicated stages than Mr. O'Faolain would have it, although this is less important than his calling our attention to the disappearance itself. The breakdown began when people found their norms outside society, whether in Reason in the eighteenth century, or in Nature in the nineteenth. The hero could reject society's norms because he could believe in the availability of norms elsewhere, either through the power of thought or the impulse of intuition. Society's laws were rejected in the name of a higher law. Collapse came when men lost the capacity to believe in these abstract supports. *The Vanishing Hero* describes this latter stage, but the social Hero was gone long before the twenties.

In America he was gone from the very beginning, despite Mr. O'Faolain's imperial remark that if the English novel was late in coming to the individualism of the French novel the same holds true "naturally" for the American novel. In Europe the individual might have defined himself in terms of opposition to society; in America society defined itself in terms of the individual. America did not have to wait for Ernest Hemingway to define the hero as the man who moves out of society and confronts life unaided and alone. Two Frenchmen, Crèvecoeur in the eighteenth century and Tocqueville in the nineteenth, described this hero with remarkable prescience: the American was the new man who began history over again in a new world, who stood alone, bereft of ancestry and without tradition. As Emerson put it, we take our way from man, not to man. Always, of course, this centrifugal motion was kept from spinning madly away by the belief that if each man looked deeply in his own heart he would discover what was common to all hearts. Society could miraculously emerge as the sum of the individual rejections of society.

Our conceptual Hero has, paradoxically, been the man who realizes himself apart from society, not as a part of society. But today, with the necessary organization of an elaborately interlocked technology, our way is increasingly toward each other, not away from each other. We have not yet been able to imagine the Hero of that society.

October's Man of Gold

Autumn swells him, an incumbent dross
Too large to cast a shadow of his fear
Whose bulk, athwart the dark, once made a cross.
Now in an effulgent light grown tall
He stands on earth as on a swarthy ball,
A Mercury of imperial loss
Who strains to see a larger, golden sphere.

So motion leaves him but the heaviest heels,
On foot and brow a stunted wing.
Autumn's richness is a darker thing
For those to whom magnificence appeals
As somehow brought too spherically to doom,
Black as a hull that still conceals
A final passion in such little room.

So heavy in October, a man looks out
Unable now to fly the easy courses,
Tiptoe on the season's pedestal of doubt,
Aware of how the sunlight spends its best resources
Like parts of a world it does not care about.
Unseduced by leaves that feign a lure of golden night,
He stands, defeated, on the source of flight.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Fireworks of Adolescence

ILLUMINATIONS. By Arthur Rimbaud. Translated by Louise Varese. New Directions. 182 pp. $1.25.

Kenneth Rexroth

MOST PEOPLE think of Rimbaud as the very archetype of youth in revolt, as well as the founder of modernist poetry and one of the greatest secular, that is non-religious, or in his case anti-religious, mystics. A kind of Rimbaudian orthodoxy has grown up which meets with very little protest. A few European critics have demurred, but most interested Americans have never heard of them. I think, myself, that the whole Rimbaud gospel is open to question.

The very title of his prose poems raises this question. Mrs. Varese discusses some aspects in her excellent introduction. "Illuminations" is usually considered an English import into French. Does it mean "illuminations," as in medieval manuscripts? The French noun for that is *enluminure.* Does it mean mystical insights? Does it mean bits of illumination in the French sense—enlightenment? (In the ironic French sense, an illuminé is very close to being a sophisticate or, feminine, a bluestocking.) Nobody ever suggests that the first meaning to occur to an unruly adolescent boy would be "fireworks." I vote for fireworks.

The neuroses whose treatment now consumes so much of the budget of the more fashionable members of the American upper middle class are, by and large, palpitations of behavior due to unsatisfied bourgeois appetites and lack of life aim. In the young, especially in the young poor, the syndrome is called delinquency. Its ravages are often attributed to television. Television has a lot to do with it all right, but not the horror serials, the Westerns and crime shockers. The real source of corruption is the commercial. It is possible to misinterpret a demoralized craving for Cadillacs as "revolt" against the restraints and inequities of society. Revolutionaries have not hitherto expressed themselves by snitching the gaudier appurtenances of conspicuous expenditure. Genuine revolt goes with an all too definite life aim—hardly with the lack of it.

Whether or not there is anything genuine about mysticism, whether the mystic really sees anything, is open to dispute, but there is a wide consensus as to what the genuine experience is like, and how the genuine visionary behaves. As Baron Von Hugel pointed out, true illumination always results in a special sweetness of temper, a deep, lyric equanimity and magnanimity. The outstanding characteristic of the mystic's vision is that it is satisfying. He is never frustrated, at least not in our worldly sense. It would be hard to find two less suitable words in any language to apply to Rimbaud than equanimity and magnanimity. This leaves us with Rimbaud as a sort of magician of the sensibility, of that specifically modern sensibility invented by Blake and Holderlin and Baudelaire, and an innovator in syntax, the first thoroughly radical revealer of the poetic metalogic which is the universal characteristic of twentieth century verse.

I THINK this is enough. I don't think anybody has ever demonstrated convincingly that behind the syntactic surface lay the profound content of a sort of combination Bakunin and St. John of the Cross. The content is the season in hell, the dark night of the soul, the struggle with God and the State, of all adolescence. This of course has its own common profundity. I do not doubt but what the first flares to burn in the gonads of puberty do light up the ultimate questions of the fate and meaning of man, but that is not what the Rimbaudians mean. The excitement and fury is not metaphysical, it is youthful. The cocksureness is youthful too, but it is also something else. It is bourgeois. Rimbaud did not lose himself in Africa, he found himself. The average poet turns to writing because he can't compete with his schoolmates in track and football. High-school dances frighten him. He never learns the proper passes that score with a chick in the back seat of a Thunderbird. In fact, he never gets near a Thunderbird. But there are always a few girls, not very appetizing, most of them, who will be nice to a fellow who has made "The Lit." So, he invests in a set of Dowson, Housman and T. S. Eliot and starts in.

This was not Rimbaud's approach. He applied to literature, and to litterateurs, the minute he laid eyes on them, the devastating methods of total exploitation described so graphically in the *Communist Manifesto.* Some of them were not very applicable. He "ran" the vowels as he later ran guns to the Abyssinians, with dubious results. Usually, however, he was very successful, in the same way that his contemporaries Jim Fiske and P. T. Barnum were successful. He did things to literature that had never been done to it before, and they were things which literature badly needed done to it—just as the world needed the railroads the Robber Barons did manage to provide. Not for nothing is *Bateau Ivre* a schoolboy's dream of Cowboys and Indians; that's where Rimbaud belonged—on the frontier, with Cecil Rhodes. And that is where, back in his home town, he was immortalized. The old monument to Rimbaud in Charleville ignores his poetry and memorializes him as the local boy who made good as a merchant and hero of French imperialism in the Africa where the aesthetes, who were never good at business, think he went to die unknown, holding the Ultimate Mystery at bay.

KENNETH REXROTH'S most recent volume of poetry is In Defense of the Earth.

Minor Rebellions

LOVE AMONG THE CANNIBALS. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 253 pp. $3.50.

FROM THE DARK TOWER. By Ernst Pawel. The Macmillan Co. 245 pp. $3.75.

David L. Stevenson

WRIGHT MORRIS' new novel, and that of Ernst Pawel, have slipped in and out of the reviewers' columns this past summer too slightly noticed, it seems to me, and with indecent speed. They are minor works, to be sure. *Love Among the Cannibals* could be described as merely a flip version of Norman Mailer's *Deer Park,* and *From the Dark Tower* is certainly far more concerned with its thesis than with the characters who embody it. But both novels are written in rebellion against the effortlessly mindless values of a post-war America. And the slight smoke from the friction these two novels set up, going against the grain, has a pleasant, salutary smell.

Love Among the Cannibals is a half-sardonic journey into unadulterated sex, and generates its friction, Mercutio-like, by insistent mockery of a romantic point

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DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

of view. It details the adventures in love of a Hollywood slob, Macgregor, who writes the music for popular songs, and his partner, Earl Horter, who writes the lyrics. When these two middle-aged boys from Santa Monica pick up a couple of girls for a week's love-making in Mexico, Macgregor chooses a young vulture tricked out in a Southern accent, a Bullock's Wilshire outfit and a copy of Norman Vincent Peale for inspiration. Earl Horter selects an honest, un-nice UCLA graduate student, a tanned Greek goddess whose sex life is a matter of the convenient man at the useful moment. As the title suggests, both men are devoured by their women before the week is up. Macgregor, the phony's phony, finds himself married and mumbling the language of respectability. Horter, after his brief trial of middle-aged virility, finds himself hopelessly possessed and his unfaithful goddess of Westwood fled with a new lover.

The young Galahad of *The New Yorker's* "Briefly Noted" columns has dismissed *Love Among the Cannibals* as a "distasteful little effort at a humorous novel." And one can only agree that all brash rebellion against the softly sentimental in love has about it a necessary touch of the distasteful. But whatever truths there are in honeyed romance remain safer, I think, for the derision. Shakespeare, in an age of love sonnets, gave the Western world its epitome of romantic love in *Romeo and Juliet.* But even so, he was moved to the private and savage mockery of romance found in the elaborate phallic humor of his sonnets to the Dark Lady. *Love Among the Cannibals* I find an amusing astringent for an America whose erotic sentimentality has produced such sacred images of worship as Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds, as Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier.

FROM THE DARK TOWER is far more sociologically serious in intent than Wright Morris' new novel: it strikes out boldly against the greedy unknowingness of the Organization Man's way of life, and against such coy celebrations of it as Sloan Wilson's *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and Howard Swiggett's *The Durable Fire.* The hero of Pawel's novel, Rogoff, is a successful minor executive of Tower Mutual, a national insurance company, who keeps his wife and son afloat in a suburban world of success-through-conformity. But it is at the private expense of eight hours a day in his glass cage in the company's forty-one story Manhattan tower. The novel opens with the suicide of Rogoff's closest friend, one step ahead of him in the executive hierarchy, a man no longer able to endure the "sorry compromise between living and making a living." The body of the novel is Rogoff's exploration of the ways in which he has sacrificed his own intellectual integrity, his sense of being alive, for the "virulent mediocrity" of life in The Tower.

Pawel's novel raises more large questions about the risks of conformity than he is able to find answers for, and Wright Morris keeps *Love Among the Cannibals* a playful strip-tease rather than a sustained and destructive satire. Neither writer risks the greatness inherent in his theme. And yet, as a dweller in a devotedly secular America, luxurating in its anxiety, its opulence and its unawareness of purpose, I found both novels very agreeable, if momentary, antidotes to the spiritual claustrophobia of the present moment.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

THE NEW ANGEL recording of Puccini's *La Bohème* will answer no questions about soprano Maria Callas, but it will certainly pose some old ones with added vigor. Why, for one thing, is there such a disparity between the glowing Callas "legend" and pre-publicity, and the cold reality of her many unsteady performances? When one reads news reports covering her career for the past couple of years, a pattern seems to emerge in which Callas gets more publicity for a cancelled performance or a breach-of-contract suit than she does for actual singing. Last season at the Metropolitan, for instance, she was scheduled to sing three operas: *Norma, Tosca* and *Lucia.* She was, by critical consensus, disappointing. But when her appearance in *Lucia* was cancelled because of a "throat infection," a semi-riot occurred in the Metropolitan lobby, and a feature story popped up in the *Herald Tribune.* In Athens, last August, a last-minute concert cancellation because of "larynx trouble" again threatened a riot and produced international publicity. But why all this

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throat trouble? Why all these law suits? And why is it so difficult to find a person who has actually *heard* Callas give, in the flesh, a performance that equals her legend?

On this new recording (Angel, Album 356 B/L), she again proves to be something of a disappointment. It is a double pity for everything else about the production is splendidly satisfying. Conductor Antonino Votto and the La Scala Orchestra make music in a manner that I would rank with the finest playing by any opera director and orchestra in the world. The entire performance is groomed to the teeth, suave and animated in the special way that only real Italian performances of Italian music can be. Rolando Panerai, Nicola Zaccaria, Manuel Spatafora and Carlo Badioli not only possess extraordinarily handsome voices and sing magnificently—they are even meticulous in the fast repartee passages which generally garble up in staged productions. As Musetta, a young American soprano named Anna Moffo is considerably more than satisfactory.

But Callas' performance of Mimi is not up to the standard set by her colleagues. It suffers particularly by comparison with that of Giuseppe Di Stefano, who sings the other leading role, Rodolfo. For his is a voice of great sensuous beauty, hers is not. And his identification with Puccini's music is complete, heartfelt and cultivated. In the first-act tenor aria, *Che gelida manina,* for example, he builds with beautiful style from plateau to plateau of emphasis, fixing each one securely in the listener's mind, and then dropping back for a later, higher ascent. When his real climax arrives (not until the twenty-ninth line of a thirty-two line text) his *La speranza* is thrilling.

A moment later, Callas follows with her aria, *Mi chiamano Mimi.* She commits no gaucherie, but her singing has already been outdistanced. The sharp-edged and sometimes quavery quality of her voice, her distinctly impure Italian vowels, give a dull, second-rate impression. And this continues throughout four acts. The contrast between her seemingly insecure tone and the healthy robustness of Di Stefano's singing leads to questions. What is wrong with this voice? Is there some relation between Callas' "throat infection," her "larynx trouble," her cancelled performances and her equivocal sound on these two discs?

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, on a new Capitol recording called *The Orchestra* (SAL 8385), gives a striking Hi-Fi insight into the workings of a symphony orchestra by isolating its choirs for illustrative pieces, and then re-mixing them by gradual stages. Most of the selected music is good; some, such as Dukas' *Fanfare* from *La Peri* and a Farberman percussion piece, is just expedient. Barber's *Adagio for Strings,* the Strauss *Gavotte* for woodwinds and the *Scherzo alla Marcia* from Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony are, however, very adequate "appreciation" examples. There is also a large explanatory brochure; a bit lush, but informative. I do fail to see, though, why the grouping of strings, brass, woodwinds and percussion was carefully *not* listed as a full orchestra. Pray, what other choirs has Mr. Stokowski heard of?

Again on Capitol (P8389), the same conductor leads the Los Angeles Philharmonic and the women's voices of the Roger Wagner Chorale in Gustave Holst's *The Planets.* As with *The Orchestra,* the performance is splendid, coloristically acute and well recorded. Stokowski's playing of the Sibelius *Second Symphony* for RCA Victor (LM-1854) is somewhat less satisfactory, nor do the "members of the NBC Symphony Orchestra" who comprise his ensemble sound forth with the polish one would expect. The major problem with this reading, however, is Stokowski's tendency to fragment Sibelius rather than binding him together as he requires. The total effect is interesting and often dynamic. But it is also bumpy.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THEATRE people, perpetual believers in miracles, clamor for "fair" criticism. The only way for me to be "fair" with *West Side Story* (Winter Garden), the new musical by Arthur Laurents, Leonard Bernstein, Stephen Sondheim, directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, who provided the "conception," is to make observations on it from assorted angles. The result will nevertheless remain subjective — criticism is like that, and I would not have it otherwise.

I predict, as certain columnists say, that the show will run a year. At the present time, thanks to the enthusiasm of the majority of out-of-town and local notices, it is nearly impossible to get tickets at box-office prices for the next four or five months.

The reason for the show's immediate success is that it is not only a highly expert production—its various authors and more particularly in this instance the director-choreographer being "tops" in their respective fields—but it may legitimately claim some originality in its domain. For though a "musical," it is not a musical comedy and though it is almost more ballet than play and in some of the duets and "choral" writing approaches the operatic, it remains close enough to the conventional musical comedy form not to suffer the fate of *The Saint of Bleecker Street.*

Important too is the novelty of the show's material: teen-age gang warfare, race prejudice in New York where the poor native-born live in uneasy proximity to the immigrants from Puerto Rico. The feud between the two is rather neatly patterned on the struggle of the Montagues and Capulets, with a North American blond as Romeo and an island brunette as Juliet.

The show, I repeat, is as professional as can be and all of the contributions are of a superior grade. Robbins' choreography is not the best he has done—it is occasionally derivative and self-imitative—but there is a great deal of it, and it has his characteristic finish, nervous drive and dramatic instinct. I was not able at first hearing to arrive at any clear estimate of Bernstein's score but one cannot mistake the distinction of its musicianship. Sondheim's lyrics—with one exception which I shall

The Time Came

The time came
The time came when
Came for everyone
One at a time

The sky was a bell
The air was extra-clear
Everything was actual
Seen so near

The light shone through one's hands
As red as leaves
Huge as through a stethoscope
The earth's heart thumped

There was no fear
The light was cool
The air was clear
The sky was a bell

MAY SWENSON

mention again—seemed to me less apt than the other contributions. Laurents' book is admirably serviceable and has several pungent lines; for example, the moment when the apothecary of the story tells the boys they make the world lousy and one of them answers something like, "It was lousy when we got here."

The cast is especially impressive, not through any single performance (I liked Carol Lawrence as "Juliet" the best) but because, though nearly all its people are dancers, they act and sing creditably during and after choreographic numbers which are taxing enough to kill most European *corps de ballet*. Robbins deserves much credit for whipping these people into their excellent shape.

Oliver Smith's settings, to complete this report, are eclectic for practical purposes and in two instances—the gym scene and the one under the highway where the big "rumble" takes place—quite effective.

IF *West Side Story* is certain to run a year, why not two? The commercial limitation is related to an artistic one. People who want to see a Broadway musical do not particularly crave a "tragedy" of social significance in which ugly sentiments and violence must play a major role.

My sympathies in this case go with this lowbrow opinion. Although I appreciated the show's merits—and sat in a theatre echoing with "bravos"—I did not enjoy it. In fact, I resented it: I thought it a phony. I am not above enjoying the phony on occasion, but I could not do so here. I do not like intellectual slumming by sophisticates for purposes of popular showmanship. It is vulgar, immature, unfeeling.

The play's best lyric, "Gee, Officer Krupke," is a comic parody by the little "gangsters" of the interpretation that Freudian or social investigators might give to their plight. This would fit perfectly into a skit intended to kid the whole of *West Side Story*. It is used here as comic relief and it works—it exposes the hollowness of everything we see.

Our theatre is too clever by far. Talent we possess to a formidable degree, but in true moral-artistic perception (they are indissolubly linked) we are pathetically underdeveloped. So it is possible for such gifted people as the authors of *West Side Story* to mix the pain of a real problem, penny sociology, liberal nineteen-thirtyish propaganda, Betty Comden-Adolphe Green fun and the best of the advanced but already accepted musical comedy techniques into an amalgam which eliminates what is supposed to be the heart of the matter. For above all we want at one and the same time to be progressive and to please several million playgoers, the ticket brokers and the movie companies. That is not how *Threepenny Opera* was made.

BANNER productions, which is presenting *Tevya and His Daughters* at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse, now offers, in addition the *Best of Burlesque*—a sort of well-bred anthology of that form—for several weekends, the performances beginning at midnight and running (a little too long) till 2 A.M.

I thought two old-time sketches—"Joe the Bartender" and "Flugel Street" (vintage 1900)—great fun as well as imaginative "folk" theatre. The "top banana" of the occasion, Tom Poston, very ably assisted by Vini Fay, is a capital comic.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THEY should have done Ernest Hemingway the courtesy of putting another title on *The Sun Also Rises*. Something like *The Nymph and the Masochists* would get the idea across better and at the same time suggest that this is not really the book that lighted the way for a whole generation of fiction and jelled for all of us a definition of expatriate rootlessness that even a second world war has not entirely dissolved.

The picture is not only not Hemingway's novel, it is not much of a story in its own terms. It has been made as a romance between Jake Barnes and Lady Brett, but what kind of romance can it be when the army doctor has solemnly sworn that poor Jake will never make love again? There is no way of resolving the situation, and the picture fritters off into an account of how Brett is so restless that she jilts Robert Cohn, jilts Mike Campbell, jilts Romero, the amorous bullfighter, while Jake waits around to take her on evening walks between bouts.

The characters keep assuring one another that they are the lost generation,

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but the only thing this crowd has lost is Jake's potency. The symbol has been taken for the content, with predictably ludicrous results.

It is always disconcerting when stars with faces as familiar as your own are used to impersonate famous fictional characters. It would never have occurred to me that Jake Barnes looked like Tyrone Power or that Robert Cohn had as elegant a profile as Mel Ferrer. Errol Flynn, as Mike Campbell, the alcoholic highland chief, is more plausible —at least you are more impressed by the fact that he is very large and very drunk than that he is Errol Flynn. Ava Gardner suffers the disadvantage of being presented as the woman no man can resist, a statement that immediately sets you to wondering why it should be so. She gives the impression of being a good-natured, not very experienced, American working-girl on an awful binge. In fact, all of Hemingway's sadly wise young people turn out to be surprisingly healthy and unscarred. When the liquor and the bulls were finally used up, I felt we should all report to the dean's office for a stern lecture on loose behavior in the dormitories.

A QUARTET of short films from Mexico, *The Roots,* feels like a venture put out with official backing. It is devoted, with profound earnestness, to the message that Indians are as human as anyone else. This is an awkward thesis—it is patronizing even to state it—and it was insisted on with so little finesse that I became embarrassed for everyone concerned. To make matters more difficult, the picture is made with a non-professional cast; amateur performers, except when they are handled by a marvelously sensitive and patient director, always tend to look inexpressive and dull-witted.

The stories themselves are a little too pat—almost O. Henry cute—and I felt I was being manipulated into accepting a premise of brotherhood that I never questioned in the first place. The photography is clean and the faces and carriage of the Indians are extremely beautiful when they are caught unawares.

THE FRENCH director, Robert Bresson, has turned out a most poetic tour de force in *A Man Escaped.* It is almost a solo film, focusing on the single-purposed mind and body of a young officer who must escape (he is under sentence of death) from a German prison in Paris. The mechanics are worked out with a suspense so slow it borders on torture, and Francis Leterrier is an actor of resourcefulness and almost frightening nervous pressure. He can act immobility. As the story progressed, though, I experienced a growing contempt for the calibre of the German guards—they seemed to be deaf, blind and preoccupied with their own affairs. Escape pictures rely for thrills on so many crises so narrowly averted that by the end you suspect the prisoner could have walked out the main gate, saving himself all the trouble of tearing his bed linen into long strips.

IN FOUR BAGS FULL, another French film of the Occupation, Jean Gabin and a wonderfully disagreeable comic named Bourvil carry a black market pig in suitcases across a large part of Paris. It is a corny picture, but the detail is ingenious and often witty.

OAA Check

Today is the day of beer and skittles,
Today is the day to replenish victuals,
Relay alms to my two pigeons.

The slip of a girl will fret at my budget,
She'll fuss and fume at the way I fudge it,
And hint to me of nursing homes.

But I'll eat soda crackers two weeks hence,
I'll fill out my days at the construction fence
Or read the library's magazines.

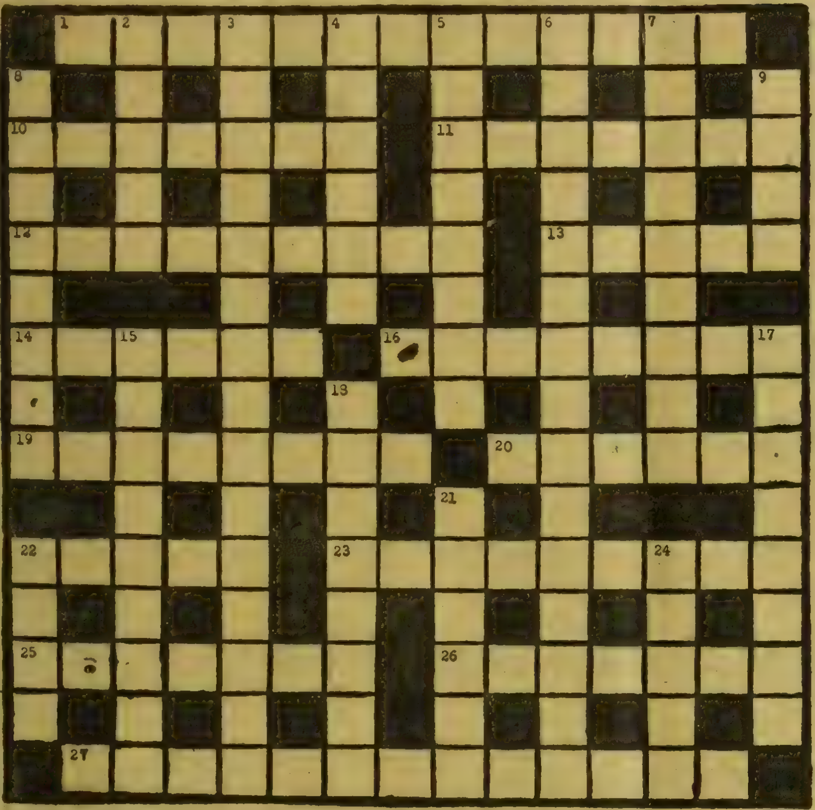
But today I'll eat at Pixley and Ehlers,
I'll buy steaks for my old park sailors
And smoke filter tip cigarettes.

I come for crumbs and hang around and age,
And I am fed in a kind of public cage,
So I'll hop about till the curtain drops.

ROBERT L. TYLER

Crossword Puzzle No. 741

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A bad fire crept out of here, having been made earlier. (13)
10 A single head of 3 down might be, as a complete entity. (7)
11 Offensive. (7)
12 This might make you last. (9)
13 This river winds around the extremes of 10. (5)
14 Being lubberly is nothing to a good swimmer. (6)
16 Ask to return to X, when produced. (8)
19 Like Riley's boy. (8)
20 One should know how to spin a frying pan. (6)
22 Porch sink? (5)
23, 27, 9 down, 25 across Evidently the jester's hurried entrance isn't followed by the show's backer. (5, 4, 2, 5, 6, 4, 2, 5)
25 See 23
26 Proving brilliancy is mostly trash. (7)
27 See 23

DOWN:

2 Ranked, but be this and you'll get punished. (5)
3 One might be interested in those of the budget message. (7, 2, 6)
4 One wouldn't think drilling could be so dull! (6)
5 Bent towards the axis. (8)
6 Such things certainly get around! (3-12)
7 Leg and toe, when stretched. (9)
8 This is all set to go off according to schedule. (4-4)
9 See 23
15 Not necessarily gone, they say, for 16 not to exist. (9)
17 Boreal. (8)
18 This might inform you it's firconed. (8)
21 More architectural than 22 across, but the soldier finds this sort of goal in his surroundings. (6)
22 The local scene sounds something to look at! (4)
24 This might be unlit to a certain time. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 740

ACROSS: 1 and 6 ADVENTURE STORY; 9 LOCUS; 10 BREWERIES; 11 SALISBURY; 12 THERE; 13 SPAHI; 15 DEDICATED; 18 PRETENDER; 19 EMERY; 20 REGAL; 22 LEGISLATE; 25 BEELZEBUB; 26 APRON; 27 EASED; 28 AMETHYSTS. DOWN: 1 ARLES; 2 VACILLATE; 3 NESTS; 4 UNBOUNDED; 5 EVERY; 6 SPECTACLE; 7 OLIVE; 8 YESTERDAY; 13 SEPARABLE; 14 IDEALIZED; 16 DIRIGIBLE; 17 THESAURUS; 21 GLEES; 22 LIBYA; 23 SWATH; 24 ERNES.

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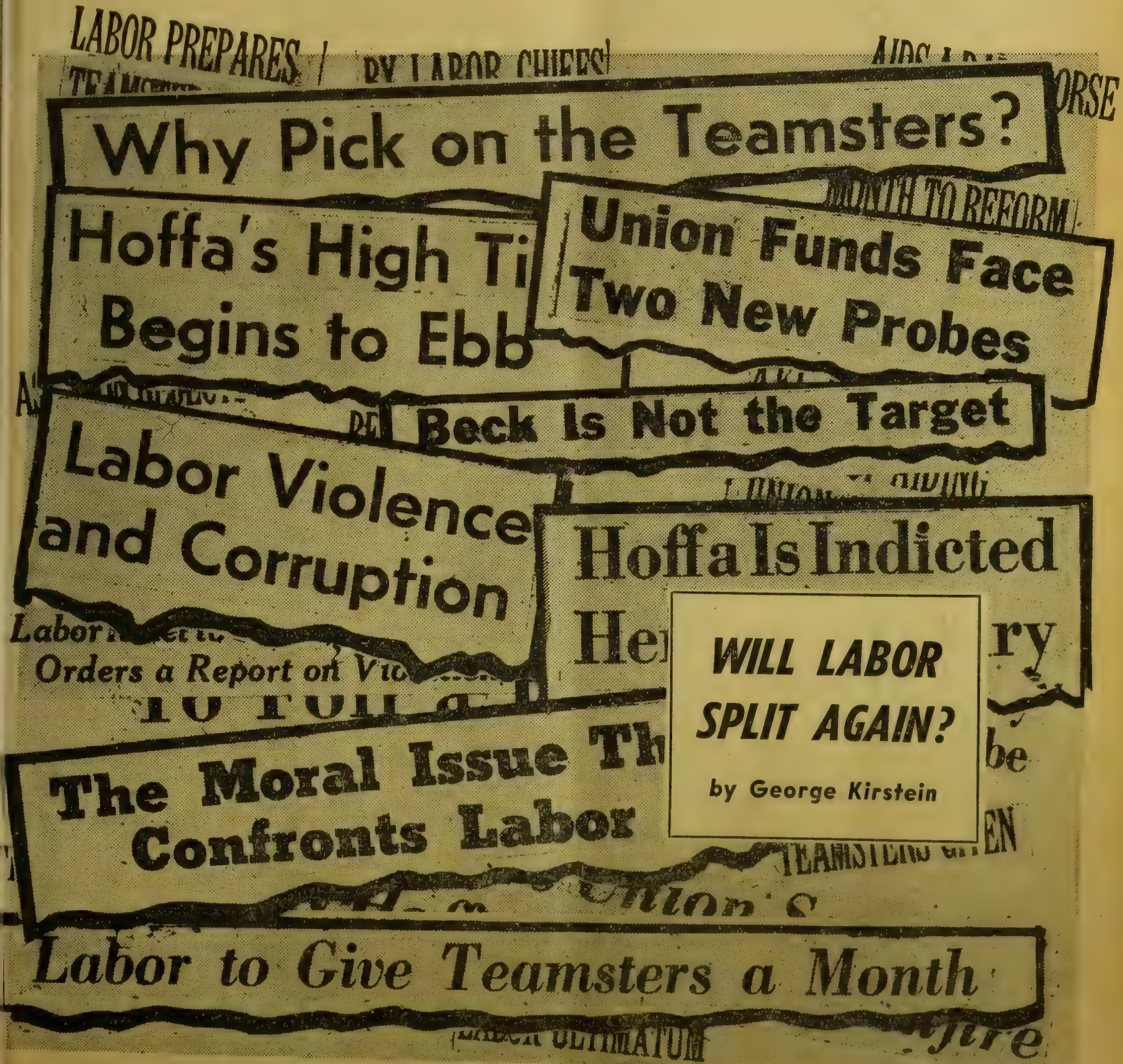

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The Moral Issue Th

Confronts Labor

TEAMSTERS GIVEN

Union's

Labor to Give Teamsters a Month

LABOR ULTIMATUM

WILL LABOR SPLIT AGAIN?

by George Kirstein

LETTERS

More on Hiss

In a letter published in these columns in our October 5 issue, Charles Alan Wright, Associate Professor of Law at the University of Texas, asked the following question regarding Fred. J. Cook's article on the Hiss case: "How did Mr. Chambers . . . who is shown certainly to have been fleeing from the Communists by the beginning of March, 1938, obtain a document which reached the State Department on April 1, 1938? It is hard to reconcile these facts with Chambers' claim that this document, and the others, came from Hiss, but it is just as difficult to suppose that the fleeing Chambers obtained it from Wadleigh or some unnamed confederate . . ."

We asked Chester T. Lane, attorney who handled Mr. Hiss's pleadings for a new trial, to comment on this point. Following is Mr. Lane's reply.—Ed.

Dear Sirs: It has never seemed to me very difficult to supply a theory which would answer Professor Wright's question. That question rests on an assumption that Chambers secured the copied State Department documents at or about the time he said he did—January-April, 1938—even if not from the source he attributed them to, namely, Hiss.

But why need this assumption be made? Is it not quite as likely that they were secured for him by co-conspirators at some time in 1948, when it was becoming apparent that he was going to have to support the story he had been telling for so many years? He may well have found it impossible at that late date to secure 1937 papers—perhaps because of some State Department policy of storing ten-year old records. As well, it may have suddenly occurred to the conspirators that papers dated after March 12, 1938 (the date Wadleigh went to Turkey) would be essential to rebut the possible assertion that Wadleigh—the admitted purveyor of State Department documents—was the source, rather than Hiss. This last hypothesis receives support from the fact that the papers fall, in size and paper-aging, into two groups, one comprising letters dated before, and the other letters dated before, March 12—thus indicating that the copies were manufactured at different times. The second group might have been an afterthought—leading, of course, to the necessity of changing Chambers' story of his break with the party from 1937 to April, 1938. This change, you will recall, was first foreshadowed in Chambers' House Committee testimony on August 25, 1948, from which it appears likely that it was around that time that he had secured the second batch of documents.

Professor Wright's difficulty stems from the pardonable tendency to assume that some portions of Chambers' story conform to the facts. *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*

CHESTER T. LANE

New York City

Dear Sirs: My heartiest congratulations and my deep gratitude to you and to Mr. Cook for the magnificent review of the Hiss case. It is a splendid piece of work and I hope it will lead to the righting of a great wrong which has burdened my conscience as an American citizen.

ELIZABETH SEEGER

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have now had a chance to read Fred J. Cook's study of the Hiss case in your issue of September 21, and I am writing you to say that I think this is the most perceptive analysis of the case I have seen. It is astonishing that a layman is able to handle the legal materials so adroitly.

NATHAN WITT

New York City

Dear Sirs: Many thanks to you and Mr. Cook for the special Hiss issue. It is a superb job and especially valuable for one who, like myself, has never read either the basic documents or the lawyer books dealing with the case. There should certainly be follow-up action. No one who knows of the FBI obstruction of the search for new evidence can possibly fail to have "a reasonable doubt" of Hiss's guilt. How can this knowledge be spread to a really substantial proportion of the American people? This, it seems to me, is the problem that should now be tackled.

PAUL SWEEZY

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook's article on the Hiss case is more than a tour de force in journalism; it is a kind of *J'Accuse* which must disturb profoundly every American who has ever assumed that, in this country at least, law can always be equated with justice. I hope that a way can be found to reopen this case so that justice will prevail.

MARIS ROMLEY

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Good Neighbor

Dear Sirs: Thank you for Betty Kirk's Policy of the Suction Pump in your issue of October 5. The article was wonderfully timed. One of our major concerns now should be how the United States can convert to peacetime production without dropping into an economic tailspin. Miss Kirk shows the way.

*(*MRS.*)* FRANCES L. WINDOM

St. Louis, Missouri

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Beep Heard Round The World

NOTHING QUITE like the American press reaction to the news that the Soviets had launched an artificial satellite has been witnessed in some time. Fortunately, Congress was not in session; the reactions were wild enough without the febrile pulse of Congressional opinion. Editorial opinion was varied, contradictory and ranged from Ground Zero to Outer Space. The news was "frightening, damned frightening"; there was no cause for alarm. The United States and the USSR are not engaged in a missile-rocket race; the United States had just lost the race. There was no cause for surprise in the Soviet announcement; it had caught everyone by surprise. We knew that they knew all along; they caught us off-guard. The Soviet achievement was nothing (according to Rear Admiral Rawson Bennett, they had merely succeeded in tossing a piece of iron into the air); it was a stunning achievement. Nothing much had been changed; the world will never be the same. It was a magnificent step forward for all mankind; it was an unmitigated disaster. The Soviets are now light-years ahead of us; they are not ahead of us. The satellite has great military significance; it has little immediate military significance. It will change American policy; it will not change American policy.

And so it went, on and on, a spate of feverish speculation. On particular editorial pages the reaction shifted almost on the hour. *The New York Times* started off (October 6) on a note of elation, shifted on October 7 to a heaven-or-hell theme ("questions of the gravest character"), and, by October 9, had leveled off on a note of "there is still hope." On the whole, however, on the *Times* and elsewhere, the editorial mood settled fairly rapidly into the old familiar cold-war fixation. Themes of "the brotherhood of science" and "occasion of universal pride" were quickly replaced with severe preachments, flagellations and scapegoating tirades. As the week wore on, a word-count would show high tallies for "humiliation," "defeat," "fear" and "chagrin." And as the week ended, the oscillator of reaction, which had been ranging wildly at top speed, slowed down and the needle point firmly to the negative pole with the phrase "what this country needs" echoing in nearly every line. The beeps had become chilling; the impulse to applaud, in *Time's* phrase, "soon froze in the rigors of the cold war."

The Margins Vanish

What the Russians made of this weirdly patterned reaction is anyone's guess. But if they thought, as apparently they did, that the news of the satellite would give them a bargaining edge, they were in error. For as the oscillator quieted, it was quite apparent that the Soviet announcement had set the stage for a huge increase in military appropriations here—precisely at a time when layoffs, cutbacks and stretchouts are beginning to make significant news. The identical reaction of the stock market and of Senators Symington and Jackson—the Senate's foremost proponents of big air-power—left little doubt that the Russian announcement had come as glad tidings to the aircraft industry which, of course, is now billions-deep in rockets and missiles. With demands for "crash programs" multiplying, the reaction of Congress to the "beep," as it comes back into session in an election year, is clearly predictable.

All the same, the Soviets are entitled to congratulations for a major scientific achievement. It is unfortunate that the American reaction has been made up, in about equal measure, of congratulatory sentiments and unconcealed apprehensions; the effect has been to create an impression of bad manners which is unworthy of us. But quite apart from the fact that there is occasion to applaud a first-rate scientific achievement, in the benefits of which we are certain to share, the political effects are not entirely negative. The spies-in-science myth has been severely jolted; its twin, the myth of secrecy-in-science, has been badly shaken; the need for basic research as against gadgetry has been heavily emphasized (see articles p. 262 and p. 265 this issue); psychologically the triumph which the Russians have scored may reduce their need for aggressive self-assertion; and, once again, the universality of science and its mounting impact on world events has been dramatically demonstrated.

If it is predictable—and Mr. Khrushchev frankly concedes the point—that American scientists will know tomorrow what Russian scientists know today, and vice versa, then the margins of advantage which have in times past led to fateful military calculations and decisions, are rapidly vanishing. Military calculations of frightful import cannot be based on advantages which may well vanish before the decisions can be implemented. The arms race has been transformed into a competition in military technology which, while dangerous enough, at least implies that the logic of science may yet supersede the illogic of power politics.

Spy of the Year

IT WOULD NOT occur to us to impugn the selfless patriotism of the FBI's most euphonious counter-agent, Mr. Boris Morros. But Mr. Morros has himself put a dollar value on his zeal—he spent, he has said, $2 million of his own fortune pursuing our enemies through the capitals of Europe and received not one cent above a modest *per diem* from the FBI.

A man who has spent $2 million on patriotism can scarcely be criticized for trying to recoup some of the loss and it is happy news that Mr. Morros' affairs are thriving these days. According to *Variety*, he has sold his *Secret Diaries* twice—once to *Look* for $35,000 and again to the Viking Press for $35,000 advance on royalties. (To give you an idea how really secret they are—they employ four different codes involving eleven different languages, including Chaldean and Tartar. Some of these are written in reverse and the result is a puzzle that even Mr. Boris Morros now finds occasionally baffling.)

In recent weeks Mr. Morros has picked up two fees of $2,000 for appearances on the Ed Sullivan show and on *Face the Nation*. The latter wants him back for another $2,000 worth and he has a standing invitation from Steve Allen.

Nor has the recent publicity had an adverse effect on Mr. Morros' prestige in Hollywood. He is producing a movie version of *Geisha*, a light opera first staged in 1903, and he will follow that with a documentary on the contributions made to modern civilization by the twenty-nine living Nobel Prize-Winners. Most of these live in Europe and Mr. Morros signed them in moments stolen from his cloak-and-dagger activities.

Spying is a dangerous activity and it is often distasteful, particularly when the quarry is your business partner and backer. However, Mr. Morros has strong nerves and a strong stomach, and anyhow he says he returned the $130,000 that Alfred Stern advanced to him before handing the names of Stern and his wife over to the FBI. No doubt Mr. Morros is a model of responsible citizenship, but generally speaking, spying is a more appetizing profession when the agent gets paid for value received and does not seek to cash in on the ensuing notoriety.

Rope Enough

Once again Governor Faubus has flubbed it. Addressing a communication to Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker as "The Commander of Occupation Forces," he has accused federal troops in Little Rock of "invading the privacy of the girls' dressing rooms" at Central High. General Walker promptly returned the communication unopened; it had been previously released to the press. The White House, of course, quickly denounced the Governor's charge as "completely untrue and completely vulgar." Our confidence in Mr. Faubus' capacity for foolishness remains unshaken.

WILL LABOR SPLIT AGAIN? . . *by George Kirstein*

LET'S AGREE at the very outset that James Hoffa has manifold underworld connections. Let's further agree that Hoffa has never indicated any real concept of integrity in fiscal affairs. Let's go further and say that it is regrettable that the recent convention of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters elected Hoffa to the presidency of the nation's largest union by an overwhelming vote. Having agreed on these incontrovertible points, we can now face the real issue: whether the already-divided labor movement should be further divided.

The teamsters were informed before their convention that if they elected Hoffa as president, they inevitably faced expulsion from the AFL-CIO. Mr. Reuther made it clear that, as second in command of the merged federation, he supported this position. And since the teamsters' convention adjourned, Mr. James Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers and a member of the executive committee of the AFL-CIO, has publicly called for the teamsters' expulsion. Mr. Meany, supported by Mr. Reuther, may now have no road for retreat.

Let us examine the results if [illegible]ied expulsion threat is made good. V.son.

GEORGE KIRSTEIN, Publisher of The Nation, *was executive secretary of the National War Labor Board. He is also the author of* Stores and Unions.

His mother was the daughter of the 8th Duke of Rutland. His family, whose motto is "This is our charter," also goes back to the twelfth century.

The Lord Chamberlain is Sir Lawrence Roger Lumley, sixty-one, 11th Earl of Scarbrough, Viscount Lumley, and Baron Lumley of Lumley Castle, Viscount Lumley of Waterford. His motto is *"Murus Aeneus Conscientia Sana"* ("brass wall clear conscience").* His brother was killed in action in October, 1914. His family also goes back to the twelfth century.

This is the crew that advises the Queen not to let Margaret marry the divorced Townsend (the head of Adeane's house is divorced), to keep her husband in line, to retain her father's and grandfather's courtiers (themselves and their families), and that writes her speeches. These are the people that Altrincham and Londonderry can't stand and that are sitting ducks for the "angry young men." Their strength lies in the Queen's loyalty—not to them, but to her father and grandfather.

Yet the effects of their influence were probably the reason why public-opinion polls, starting anti-Altrincham, ended pro-Altrincham. The vote meant very little, but the royal family must be concerned if it meant anything at all.

ROYALTY WITHOUT constitutional power can only be criticized for its appearance, manners, morals and social talents, and no absolute judgment can be made on these; they are entirely a matter of taste and fashion.

In this connection, the recent genetic history of the House of England is interesting. Handsome mates were taken by Victoria, Edward VII, George V and Elizabeth II, modifying the original grossness of the Hanoverian line. The result is a pleasant, dolicocephalic Nordic type with the typical flat-topped skull, lank, light-brown hair and big nose. For whatever reason, George V produced a family of neurotics who married a number of fairly plain people, the exception being the Duchess of Kent. At the end, he was adamant on one point: His reign must end respectably, no matter what a mess Edward VIII's reign should be. He had his wish.

George VI was a most affectionate, but very shy, parent. His elder daughter was also shy, but is said to have grown more truly regal, whatever that means. However, we shall soon be able to see for ourselves.

If there were a vote, as for Miss Rheingold, I should vote for the younger girl, Margaret, on looks, charm and spirit. However, if women were voting, and considering that Elizabeth has Mama, the Duke and the kids working for her, the Crown would stay where it is.

Margaret's quality is that, like Grace Kelly, she is neither ordinary nor royal; she is a distinguished human being in her effect.

The strength and weakness of Elizabeth's household lies in its validity as soap opera—and some English papers half-brushed the recognition. In fact, a soap opera using these elements faithfully could knock *One Man's Family* out of the ratings. There are so many elderly, middle-aged and young problems in the family that you'd never run dry. It is soap opera that the wife in the palace gets the pay-check, that the husband therefore drives cars and plays polo the more recklessly, that the sister gaily eats her heart out, and there in the alcove are Adeane, Colville, Charteris and Lumley. It ceases to be soap opera when the characters start behaving unpredictably: in other words, as themselves. Prince Charles has already done this by turning out to be a pretty fair soccer player, even though glumly. Margaret is still a mystery to me, too.

The Queen of England does not have to be "ordinary"; she has the assets to be spectacular. I do not think she need be ashamed of a collection of jewelry whose value is usually quoted as $5,000,000, but is likely much greater. This is her own, not part of the Crown Jewels which include the great diamonds, Cullinan I and II. But Cullinans III to IX are personal property, as are the Russian "Fringe" tiara of solid diamonds, the Russian "Circles" tiara framing gigantic emeralds, her grandmother's diamond and emerald necklace, the Williamson pink diamond, etc. etc. The only rival collections are the one in the Kremlin and possibly those of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Patiala. Elizabeth's view of her baubles was that "it would look a bit much" if she wore them. This is about as unregal and boring as you can get. Somebody has to own the great gems. So she does. So wear 'em.

THE ONLY fatal mistake the Queen is likely to make is to be a bore. A boring royalty is uneconomical, at these prices. There is no valid objection to being a little splendid now and then, if possible. And part of the Queen's job is to make England interesting enough to keep Englishmen in it.

Whether or not in boredom, Englishmen are emigrating out of England in increasing numbers. A Cambridge University survey this year showed that 39 per cent of male undergraduates polled in their second and third years were thinking seriously of emigrating. For women undergraduates, it was nearly 50 per cent. The poll was indicative, but not guaranteed; only a small proportion answered it and three disqualified votes were for beachcomber in Bali, gigolo on the Riviera and for joining "a glorious cousin in Venezuela." The serious plurality

---

*The old guard's mottos are typically intransigeant. Lord Altrincham's family motto, in the new vein, is *"servire et sevare"* ("to serve and be independent"). He is also Eton, Oxford, Grenadier Guards.

wanted to go to Canada, where they may be joined by the Queen Mother as the next Governor-General.

BEFORE WE LEAVE this matter of royalty, perhaps forever, it should be noted that dynastic law is not the only way to pick kings and queens. Haakon of Norway was elected in 1905 by popular ballot. Monaco got a Princess née Grace Kelly because the Prince was smart and lucky; a popular vote could not possibly have done as well, and would not have had any standing with Grace, even if it had picked her. The American press outdid the British press in caddishness on the occasion of that wedding. Especially memorable were Dorothy Kilgallen's notes at the civil ceremony: "Grace sat like an image carved of ice . . . Doe-like blue eyes which were heavily made up like a ballerina's . . . Only once did she move a muscle, and that was to adjust her skirt; she tucked it in, the way a fashion model would, to show the outline of her thigh . . . The cords in her neck stood out . . . just an American girl striving to look truly regal." Later she had Grace's mother "strutting down the aisle with a gleam of triumph."

The Queen of England need not worry about Kilgallen's reception this time; it will be frightfully friendly. Who knows, the Queen might give her one of those emeralds. But Elizabeth should note that the American press does not play as clean as Altrincham.

THE TRAINING of SCIENTISTS

In the hot debate now proceeding on why the USSR beat the United States to outer space, one fact frequently mentioned is the greater stress laid by the Soviet Union on scientific and technological education. Here, Joshua Kunitz, author of Russia: the Giant That Came Last *and other books on the USSR and Soviet literature, analyzes the Soviet Union's educational system; in the article immediately following Mr. Kunitz's, Maxwell Griffith, engineer and novelist* (Port of Call, The Gadget Maker), *takes up a special aspect of the American educational system—the institutes of technology from which most of our scientists graduate.*

1. Revolution in Soviet Education . . *by Joshua Kunitz*

The victory by Soviet scientists in the race to launch the first man-made moon came as no surprise to those who are familiar with the development of Soviet pedagogy.

Soviet higher institutions of learning, according to the U.S. National Science Foundation, in 1955 turned out 126,000 scientists, of whom 59,000 were in engineering; the United States, in the same period, graduated 59,000 scientists, of whom only 22,589 were in engineering. Later figures indicate that this better than 2 to 1 ratio in favor of the USSR continues. Moreover, while in the last few years the Soviet output of applied scientists has been rising steeply, ours has fallen by 50 per cent since 1950 (although the graph showed a small upturn this year).

As to the quality of Soviet scientific training, the consensus is that it is excellent. According to an expert writing for the *New Statesman and Nation*, for instance, "Soviet training in mechanical engineering is perhaps the most impressive in the world."

Seemingly no more flattering to us is the comparison of primary and secondary schools in the two countries. In the Soviet Union, primary and secondary schooling is completed in *ten* years; here it takes *twelve* years. Yet the Soviet results, according to press reports, are superior to ours. Thus, whereas an American youngster can graduate a secondary school with only elementary algebra and one of the sciences (usually biology), a Soviet youngster must have elementary, intermediate and advanced algebra, plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, calculus, mechanical drawing, physics, chemistry and biology. These make up 40 per cent of the Soviet curriculum; the remaining 60 per cent comprises languages (native and foreign), literature, history, geography, etc. Naturally, home assignments are heavy, examinations are stiff and discipline is rigid. By the time a Soviet youngster finishes his secondary school, he is possessed of an all-round education, while his knowledge in mathematics and the sciences, we are given to understand, approximates that of an American college sophomore who has majored in these subjects.

Such a curriculum requires many teachers. And, indeed, the total number of teachers in the Soviet secondary-school system is much greater than in ours, especially in mathematics and science—350,000 in the Soviet schools as against 130,000-140,000 in ours. Besides, to quote the *New Statesman and Nation* again, "The pay and, even more, the status of science teachers have been kept very high in Russia —considerably higher, for example, than the status of the medical profession"; and, we may add, much higher as regards status than that of their American counterparts. Also, it should be borne in mind that whereas a Soviet teacher must be a specialist in his subject, in many areas here teachers instruct in subjects in which they have no special training.

Small wonder that last year we began to hear voices of alarm. Our schools, we were warned, were slipping, and our colleges, too—they didn't produce enough scientists, specialists, teachers. "Viewed simply in terms of America's technological future," wrote Ruth Dunbar in the *Saturday Review*, "the situation is serious. It takes on the aspect of a crisis when seen in the light of developments in Russia . . . Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Willard F. Libby, a commission member, have warned that the United States faces disaster if Russia continues to win the cold war of the classrooms."

Others echoed the warning—educationists, columnists, editorialists, professional organizations. The "war of the classrooms" was an issue in the last Presidential campaign. The reactionaries in education, who have long been fighting the progressive tendencies in our schools, pointed to the Soviet schools as a model and demanded that we impose more discipline, more prescribed subjects, fewer fancy theories and experiments and "snap courses," more science, more hard work. Paradoxical? In a way. But the real paradox consists in the fact that while the reactionaries, for their own ends, have been painting a picture of an ideally proficient Soviet school, the Soviet educators themselves, encouraged by the post-Stalin "thaw," are now in the midst of a sweeping revaluation and radical reconstruction of their entire educational system.

DURING THE FIRST decade of the Bolshevik Revolution, the Soviet schools were in a ferment of experimentation. Partly as a reaction to the old Czarist schools with their rigid curricula, discipline, examinations, sex-separation, uniforms and high tuition fees, and partly in adjustment to the lack of classrooms, textbooks, teachers and well-defined perspectives, Soviet educators toyed with all kinds of advanced educational theories and methods: no rigid curricula, no uniforms, no tuition fees, co-education, the "project" and "complex" methods, manual training, polytechnical training, educational communes, etc. John Dewey was the rage. In a period of revolutionary change, a bold, independent, revolutionary youth was, they thought, a great desideratum.

Then came the Five Year Plans of industrialization and collectivization with their insatiable demand for technicians and scientists of all kinds. Suddenly it was discovered that the products of the progressive schools, though fine Bolsheviks, were woefully unprepared for the new tasks. Undisciplined, heedless of authority, possessed of little specialized knowledge, many of them proved incapable of composing a report or a literate business communication, or of handling the simplest problems in mathematics or science. Factories, farms, government bureaus and universities raised a clamor for a change in the educational system.

With Stalin's iron hand at the helm, a complete turnabout was executed. Within a few years all traces of permissiveness were obliterated: teacher authority, harsh discipline, and uniform curricula and textbooks were established; uniform standards of accomplishment imposed and uniform apparel for students decreed. Soon came the separation of sexes in the secondary schools, and even the imposition of tuition fees, albeit rather modest. Special emphasis was placed on science and mathematics, an emphasis that corresponded not only to the immediate needs of the country, but to the whole scientific orientation of Marxism-Leninism. If the American motto has been *In God We Trust*, the Soviet motto became *In Science We Trust*. Youth was called upon to master science in order to build the Communist paradise.

The accomplishment of the successive Five Year Plans, the achievement of the Soviet armies in the last war, the successes of Soviet science in splitting and fusing atoms, building intercontinental missiles and launching the first satellite, as well as the emergence of Soviet technology as a weapon in diplomacy, testify to the effectiveness of the educational measures carried out by Stalin. The results have created fear and envy in the West.

NOW THERE IS nothing wrong in our competing with the Soviet schools, or even in emulating some of their methods. But we must be circumspect. The truth is that the Stalin system, while spectacularly successful in producing the engineers the Soviets needed, at the same time generated a plethora of defects. For instance, the Soviets have discovered that sex-separation in the secondary schools produced far from satisfactory results, and that the stimulus boys and girls derived from studying together was beneficial both psychologically and scholastically. Accordingly, co-education has been restored in the whole school system. Again, a check on the health of the Soviet students revealed that they had been cruelly over-worked; as a consequence, the tendency now is to reduce home work as much as possible and to rely more on improved class work. There has also been a trend toward reducing the number of tests, and retaining final annual examinations only in the seventh to tenth years.

Over-work brought on disciplinary problems which were aggravated by the rigidity of the curriculum, its failure to take into account individual inclinations and capacities. Everybody studied the same things and took identical examinations. Those who fitted the program survived, ultimately finding their way to the universities and the swelling ranks of highly paid and greatly honored pure and applied scientists; others fell by the wayside as truants, delinquents, repeaters, failures, yes, and suicides! Accordingly, Soviet pedagogical journals are now agitating for more elastic curricula and even for a modified system of electives. Child psychologists, banished from the school system at the height of the Stalin era, are now being summoned back to help work out a new program of studies.

Another defect in the Stalin schools was the over-stress on book learning. This not only hampered the development of manual skills, but also fostered a contempt for physical labor. Everybody was encouraged to become an engineer, a scientist or an ideologist; few were prepared for, or desired to take up, humbler work. As *Pravda* complained, "Some who fail to enter college prefer to be supported for years by their parents awaiting an opportunity to get into some institute." The result, it seems, has been a rich supply of top-flight pure and applied scientists and a critical shortage of competent people to do the medium- and lower-level jobs, jobs which ultimately are as essential to the proper functioning of a society as the more exalted ones. Accordingly, at the Twentieth Party Congress, Khrushchev urged a revision of the secondary-school curriculum "to include greater production specialization, so that boys and girls who finish ten-year school have a good general education opening the road to a higher education, and at the same time are prepared for practical activity, since no small number of those leaving school will at once start to work in various branches of the national economy."

This is now being done with considerable verve. The current slogan is "polytechnical education." Manual instruction has been introduced in the third and fourth years; training in workshops and on experimental plots of land in the fifth, sixth and seventh years; and instruction in the principles of production—industrial and agricultural—in the three upper classes. Tuition fees have been again abolished, and the "project" and "complex" methods—though the terms are still shunned—in practice are being reintroduced in many schools.

IN SHORT, what we see in Soviet education is a partial revival of the ideas and methods of the early years of the Revolution. Soviet reports are unanimous as to the results: less fatigue, better motivation for classroom studies, better discipline and higher average marks in *all* academic subjects. Also, high school graduates, it is reported, are now less averse to entering industry and agriculture while they study for professional degrees in night schools or through correspondence courses. If these reports are true, then the major defect bequeathed by the Stalin system is being liquidated, and the Soviets will be assured of a steady and growing supply of competent people for the medium- and lower-level jobs. At the same time, the output of pure and applied scientists, it is asserted, will continue to mount. A 50 per cent increase is projected for 1960.

But the production of scientific and technical personnel, while it has high priority, apparently is not the USSR's only concern. They want—within their own rigid Soviet framework, to be sure—a healthy, moral, cultured and loyal population. Carefully pruned and slanted, the arts, literature, music, sports, foreign languages are taught and encouraged. Extra-curricular activities in all kinds of circles, literary, artistic, as well as scientific, are an essential part of school life. Special instructors are assigned to teaching morals and manners. The *Pioneer* and *Comsomol* organizations foster political consciousness and social responsibility in every school. Indeed, it is this broader concern over creating a well-rounded Communist man, rather than the special concern over scientific and technical cadres, that lies behind the grandiose plan, advanced by Khrushchev, to cover the whole country with a network of boarding schools which would take in infants and train them, in ideally controlled conditions, through nursery, kindergarten and the ten-year school, and thus enable the pedagogues and psychologists, unhampered by parental interference, to fashion paragons of Communist virtue. A number of such schools is already being built for orphans and children of working parents. The future will determine the merit or lack of merit of the plan; here I merely wish to point out that the Soviet pedagogical journals, in discussing the proposal, lay extraordinary stress not only on the scientific and technical, but also on the esthetic and ethical development of the prospective wards.

SUCH, in brief, is the picture of the searches, failures and accomplishments of Soviet education. Some things the Soviets do we in the United States simply cannot do: our society, our values, our governmental structure do not permit. Some of our educational handicaps are deeply embedded in our culture and nothing immediate can be done about them to meet the present educational crisis. We can do nothing immediate to remove popular distrust of the intellectual, or to change our youngsters' worship of baseball and movie stars into worship of a Salk or an Einstein, or to change our worship of material success into worship of intellectual and spiritual accomplishment, or to transform our great communications media from dispensers of low-grade entertainment to spreaders of enlightenment and culture. We are not a one-party state, we have not a Stalin or a Khrushchev, we cannot overnight decree a complete change in our cultural and educational attitudes. This being the case, we cannot possibly hope to create here the all-pervasive dedication to science, the faith in it, the zeal in pursuing it, the almost religious reverence for it, created by the Soviets. Theirs is rapidly becoming a monistic scientific culture; ours is bound to remain, so long as we are what we are, a pluralistic culture of contradictory elements.

EVEN SO, many things the Soviets do, we can do—and do better. For this, despite the hysterical demands of the reactionaries, we need sacrifice not one iota of the progressive, humanist, democratic traditions of our schools. All we need do is use our considerably greater material resources. We can build more and better schools with finer laboratories, finer playgrounds, more attractive textbooks. We can obtain more and better teachers by raising the economic and, hence, the social status of the teaching profession. We can institute hundreds of thousands of federal, as well as private, scholarship grants and loans, and thus open the portals of our colleges and universities to hundreds of thousands of superior high school graduates and potential scientists who are annually forced to drop their studies for lack of funds. Some moves in this direction have been made during the last year. Much more can and must be done. We can create an abundance of scientists, scholars, engineers, philosophers, artists, technologists, if only we give less of our thought and substance to our cold wars in the classrooms and elsewhere and devote more of our energy and resources to genuine peaceful co-existence.

2. "Tech" and American Industry . . *by Maxwell Griffith*

LIKE A GREAT tree supporting a mesh of vines and parasitic growths, the industrial corporation is entangled with many dependent enterprises. One of the most hopelessly snarled of the parasites is our system of collegiate technical education.

When the techniques of mass-production became so involved that the ordinary mechanic was no longer able to advance machine design, industry demanded a worker whose skill was mental rather than manual. The response was the university's School of Engineering and the technological institute—"Tech" of some form or name—which trained the required worker, the engineer. As technology grew still more complex, Tech fragmented its curriculum until today its graduates are Ceramic Engineers, Textile Engineers, Sanitary Engineers—*kinds* of engineers. Tech's principal function is to provide the intellectual tools requisite to a certain type of job in an industrial corporation.

Having this purpose, Tech requires the undergraduate to choose a specialized field soon after matriculation. Thereafter, the youth must assimilate not only fundamental precepts, but technical details pertaining to his specialty. As a consequence, Tech has nearly eliminated the study of history, art, economics, philosophy and languages. In essence, the student has been forced to choose his life's work while being denied a glimpse into "other worlds" which, conceivably, might urge him to another, more congenial choice. And despite Commencement-speech paeans to Science and Research, he will, as a specialist, be graduated with only a sketchy understanding of the basic structure of matter. Tech and the spring swarm of corporation personnel-recruiters will have conspired to leave him not only dead to knowledge of the wellsprings of our economic and political institutions, but lacking the broad scientific background essential to original professional thinking.

But oddly, after having fostered specialization in the training of the Tech student, the corporation turns around and promptly "de-specializes" the graduate. A youth having a degree in Aeronautical Engineering, for example, will undoubtedly be hired by the aircraft industry (with such a degree, he might well have difficulty in finding employment elsewhere). Yet, relatively few aircraft company employees deal directly with the mechanics of flight, the study of which has earned the student his degree; most engineer-employees are assigned to structural analysis, tool design, vibration study, a miscellany of tasks which are pertinent to many end-products as well as to aircraft. Nevertheless, acting on a principle termed "enlightened self-interest," the corporation continues to support trade-school specialization.

THIS "enlightenment" produces a corporate philanthrophy which is necessary and beneficial to Tech, but the "self-interest" is often too weighty a factor. The most direct form of corporation philanthropy is the scholarship awarded the lad who will study for a degree which the company deems most desirable for its prospective employees to have. More subtle, and more advantageous to the corporation, is a restricted gift to Tech itself—say, a steel company's donation of a new metallurgical laboratory. On the surface, this would seem a wholly altruistic gift. But once the new facility exists, Tech must devote a part of its manpower and income to its operation. If necessary, a School of Metallurgy will have to be founded; or, if it already exists, enlarged. In time, more metallurgists will be graduated, and Tech's professors will use the laboratory for experimentation which the donator may find useful. The school does derive advantage: modern laboratories in which faculty members may conduct research is one of Tech's few potent weapons in the struggle to retain the services of teachers who frequently see yesterday's graduate student become tomorrow's corporation employee earning more than a professor's salary. But the corporation is an equal beneficiary, at the very least: its gift has deepened its pool of potential employees, demonstrated its concern for education, earned a tax credit, and indirectly hired the talents of teacher-scientists who could not be induced to become employees.

"Sponsored research" — the employment of a college to seek solutions of specific problems—is another relationship which the corporation apparently views as generous financial support. Such misuse of the educational system was an indispensable expedient in World War II; radar was perfected in college laboratories, and the first successful nuclear reactor stood on a university campus. It can be argued that a nation bound to technology and nagged by a possibility of war must permit the theoretical exploration which, perhaps, only places of learning can conduct in a climate of intellectual curiosity and detachment. Nevertheless, such diversion of the educational system from its primary function, teaching, can only be detrimental if long continued. That Tech is deeply involved in this sideline may be concluded from the fact that, last year, Cal Tech, M.I.T., Stanford, Tulane and the Case Institute of Technology used a grant from the Ford Foundation to form a corporation whose purpose is to conduct analyses of weapons systems for the government.

This type of generosity brought a polite plaint from James R. Killian, Jr., president of M.I.T.: "At present the Institute's chief research support comes through 'sponsored research.' This support is invaluable, and much of it is provided in such a manner that it affords great freedom in supporting pure research. This outside support, however, needs to be supplemented by funds under the control of our administration and faculty so that we can give more encouragement to disinterested curiosity and open-ended research—to people rather than projects and programs. The nation needs more of this kind of research."

YET IS anything seriously wrong? Through fifty years the present relationship between Tech and industry has endured, and in that time technology has advanced to wonders almost beyond dreaming. Synthetic fibers, computers, plastics, television: these are but a few of a multitude of items which have created new industries within a decade. The system which spawned such technical inventiveness has, indeed, been successful—too successful: its own obsolescence is signaled by a shortage of engineers; by managerial musings that, maybe, engineers would be more creative if they had studied the humanities; and by professorial musing that, perhaps, a bachelor degree worthy of today's technically complex industry requires a five-year period of instruction. Despite these first warnings, the corporation has not yet realized that the source and the quality of its technical brainpower are endangered.

The corporation itself shares Tech's danger, for today one of every three chief executives of major industrial concerns has been trained as an engineer (a logical result of the fact that the managements of modern industry must be capable of evaluating technological progress). Yet, as a rule, the manager-engineer has decided weaknesses as a manager: schooled to compute an exact answer, he does not deal well with so intangible a matter as human relations; he is prone to slowness in making decisions and stiff-necked when compromise is required. Business leaders do emerge from engineering departments, just as brilliant scientists develop under Tech's system of specialized training, but industrialization is too vital a part of our civilization to leave development of business leadership solely to chance.

THERE ARE two ways in which an engineering student can be taught. One way is to train him in a restricted field; the second is to educate him, to acquaint him with cultural tradition while grounding him thoroughly in fundamentals basic to all the technical specialties. Admittedly, some selectivity in professional study is required, but in an era which has proved the so-called "sciences" are manifestations of one vast fact of nature, the existing twenty-odd categories of engineering instruction are little more than farcical. Engineers may be the workaday intermediaries between the scientist and the production line, but common sense dictates that their skills range toward the flexible imaginativeness of pure science.

No method of instruction, however, can be a success if the instrument of instruction is inadequate; and in common with the entire educational system, Tech confronts a financial crisis which, if left unresolved, will reduce it to mediocrity. The facts of crisis are well known: underpaid teachers; constant inflation which fattens tuition fees while thinning the yield of endowments; the hunger of prospering industry and an expanding government for men with college degrees; the demand of a burgeoning population for a college education for its youth. To meet these demands, it has been estimated that the nation's 1,300 institutions of higher learning require an additional $800 million *each year* for the next ten years.

Corporate giving to education has increased considerably in the past several years, both in amount and in the number of contributors. An opinion of this trend has been stated by the Council for Financial Aid to Education (a non-profit corporation established by business men and educators for the purpose of encouraging financial assistance to higher education): "Operating in a field which is new to them, the top management personnel and their aids in many of the nation's best known business concerns are *doing a job.* They have accepted a responsibility and are discharging it well. They are developing aid-to-education programs with thoughtful care, with high intelligence, and with an eye to the national interest as well as—and in some cases even more than—the company interest."

The good job so admired by the council resulted in grants to higher education in 1956, for all purposes, of almost $100,000,000. One per cent of total corporate income in 1956, however, was $427,000,000. And in the single instance of Mr. Killian's M.I.T., the "doing a job" meant that the grants of our largest industrial corporation, General Motors, plus that of fifty-six other corporate organizations acting through the National Merit Scholarship, enabled fifty freshmen to matriculate—this in a year when 2,300 freshmen-aspirants applied to M.I.T. for financial aid.

THE SUMS needed for education are so vast that they can come only from two sources: the federal government or private enterprise. Viewed in one light, the corporation is the business form in which our liberty has found expression; if the source of the corporation's technical skills slips under federal subsidization and attendant federal control, that particular form of liberty is lost. If governmental interference is to be precluded, however, intermittent corporate charity and a few spectacular gifts from giant corporations are woefully insufficient. Like the more numerous small-income taxpayers, the smaller and more numerous corporations must, in their own interest, give Tech sustained and generous assistance. The time has come when the smaller corporation can no longer "grab 'em when they graduate," while leaving Tech the problem of providing adequate education.

Engineering, if not already the largest of the recognized professions, will soon count more members and conceivably will have more influence upon the daily life and history of this land than any other. As a profession, it has grown too rapidly to establish ethics and goals equal to those which tradition has given to law, and which the high purpose of healing gives to medicine. The kind of profession engineering will become, the kind of citizen its practitioner will be, rests in great degree upon the profession's creator and chief employer, the industrial corporation. If the corporation can free Tech from an enforced vocational slant, if it can ensure the prospective engineer an educational experience that is broadening, meaningful and rich in traditional spiritual values, it will have demonstrated a true enlightenment and self-interest. Tech's graduate will then know more than how to answer questions. He will know which questions are worth asking.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Image of Leadership

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. By Kenneth S. Davis. Doubleday & Co. 510 pp. $5.

THE NEW AMERICA. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Edited by Seymour E. Harris, John Bartlow Martin and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Harper and Bros. 285 pp. $4.50.

Paul Breslow

ADLAI STEVENSON symbolized and himself partially wrought a change in American liberalism which has been unnoticed by liberals themselves. Essentially, it has been a change in emphasis and approach, a matter more of style and tone than of program. Faith has entered the picture.

To pin down the change is a difficult matter for most of us who supported Stevenson. His utterances on the hydrogen bomb, his wit and rhetoric have been interpreted, justifiably, as glorious anomalies in a dismal political period. Rather than lessening his stature in the eyes of his admirers, Stevenson's defeats have given him a kind of sad nobility. There was even a note of masochistic glee in some of the liberal comments on the 1956 election and no one seemed to notice that during the campaign many Stevenson supporters found themselves supporting positions that verged on contradiction of their professed beliefs.

With the exception of Herbert Lehman, no one in the Stevenson leadership seemed to think that any major mistakes had been made by the Democratic Party. Thomas K. Finletter was quoted to the effect that slicker advertising techniques would be necessary in the future. Governor Meyner of New Jersey felt that heroic leadership, as exemplified by F.D.R., was more significant than what was done or said. Stevenson himself seems immune to the kind of criticism which liberals direct against the Administration. The personality cult which has developed around President Eisenhower is certainly not present, but a cult of the intellect has been noticeable, although (of course) a moderate one. For instance, when Stevenson returned from Africa and urged passage of the compromised voting rights bill, only Thurgood Marshall said that this remark was "too little and too late," and even he said it softly. At the beginning of the Arkansas affair, Stevenson said that he was "deeply grieved by the action of my friend, Governor Faubus," which one would have thought was a minimal contribution. However, most liberals insist that we know from Stevenson's whole approach and from his general observations on integration that he would have acted firmly and courageously. Do we really? And if we do, is this kind of faith in what a President will accomplish sufficient for the fulfillment of liberal political goals?

From this standpoint, the two present volumes make particularly interesting reading. *A Prophet in His Own Country* is a very nice family album type of biography which, in addition to the fact that it is a clearly written story of a fascinating man's career, will help the reader who wants to theorize about the personal motivation of a political leader.

ANY collection of campaign speeches is likely to have its dull spots, but some of the 1956 Stevenson speeches, gathered in *The New America*, are readable and timely. These documents do not have the remarkable quality of the 1952 speeches (published in 1953 by Random House); the reason for that, say Schlesinger and Harris in their introduction, is that Stevenson in 1956 felt compelled to offer "a sober and concrete presentation of the programs he had in mind." The speeches, however, are considerably less specific and concrete than they sounded at the time, except when financial matters are discussed. Also included in the book are the "program papers" released during the campaign. It is a curious fact that, in spite of the great talent possessed by Stevenson and his writers, these papers are rather diffuse and unappealing.

These two books and the others about Stevenson engender the most disquieting feeling that there is very little that anyone can do about the problems discussed. The prevailing, unspoken doctrine is that the solution is to be vicarious, accomplished by means of identification with Stevenson or some other figure. In other words, we are brought to support a style of leader, rather than an instrument of policy. The means, Stevenson, becomes the end. That was the basis for the widespread manipulative scheming by the liberals who failed to fight for a strong civil rights plan at the 1956 Democratic convention.

The tone of Stevenson's liberalism is suggested by three aspects of his political activity:

(1) When Governor Stevenson was first nominated by the Democrats in 1952, his ascendancy was presented as a triumph of "amateur" politicians, who were pure and disinterested in their motives, over professionals who were tinged with corruption or ambition. The reluctant Governor of Illinois, about whose record almost no one outside of Illinois was informed, spoke his brilliant welcoming message to a convention desperately searching for a leader not closely associated with the Truman Administration, the Korean war or what could be called radicalism.

While on the one hand appearing as a candidate whose suitability for the Presidency was enhanced by personal reluctance to seek office and by an amateur status in relationship to the Illinois party machine, on the other hand he became a unifier and a moderate with the supposed practical virtue of binding to the national party the most conservative elements in the South.

PAUL BRESLOW, who studied political science at the University of Chicago, has contributed several articles to The Nation.

This, like his independence from Washington, was achieved through an almost deliberate lack of commitment to a specific program. Davis claims in his biography that the style of Stevenson's political approach developed on the personal level much earlier in his career—he presents it as a maturing of human judgment and a developing perception of man's tragic fallibility. Be this as it may, there is no denying the fortunate coincidences which made political expedience harmonize with personal integrity. To say this is not to accuse Stevenson of opportunism, but to suggest that from the start the developing emphasis on style—or "quality" as some might prefer to call it—had political implications.

(2) When questions of civil rights have been at issue, Stevenson has shown a reluctance for forceful intervention. He has combined an enlightened support of principle with a weak program, to produce an attitude without much substance.

Any criticism of Stevenson on civil rights has usually been met with the assertion that he endorsed the Supreme Court decision, even having done so on one occasion in Little Rock, Arkansas. What the new liberals fail to see is that a liberal attitude without active concern and action is very much a fugitive and cloistered virtue. In practice, it is true, the distinction may become subtle to some people, but an appropriate attitude is not hard to define. Why should Stevenson have opposed the Powell amendment, for one thing? That proposal would simply have provided a financial incentive to school desegregation. Yet, in his zeal for education, Stevenson not only expressed opposition to the idea, but made it a major issue, conveying the impression that more money for the public schools was in itself so great a good that other questions became subordinate. It is as if the Stevensonites were afraid that no audience exists for a strong program for equality and were convinced that attempts to develop one would be futile.

(3) As a member of the amorphous group which constitutes the American Establishment, Stevenson may lack the personal experience which would crystallize his humanitarian sentiments on the segregation question. (The only significant contact Davis mentions between Stevenson and Negroes involves servants.) However, his biographer documents his competent performance as a diplomat and confirms the impression that it is in the field of foreign policy that the Governor has most to contribute. His emphasis upon underdeveloped areas, the necessity of nuclear test suspension and disarmament agreement were the highlights of his campaigns. The contrast between Stevenson's proposals and the recent newspaper manifestoes of former President Truman has suggested the beginning of a new period in the attitude of liberals toward foreign policy.

It must be said again, though, that the force of Stevenson's ideas has been blunted by a somewhat condescending preoccupation with matters of technique and form. Repeatedly in the 1956 collection of speeches Stevenson criticizes Republican foreign policy for inconsistency between speech and action or between principles and performance. "The administration has noisily 'unleashed' Chiang Kai-shek, huffed and puffed about Indochina, threatened massive atomic retaliation, and scolded, boasted and bluffed—while at the same time presiding over the reduction of our armed strength." Many people must have wondered how much truth there was to the accusation that the Democrats comprise a "war party" when, instead of clear statements of positive policy, they were given expositions of the inconsistencies of Mr. Dulles who, after all, has not yet gone over the brink. As if there were something terribly vulgar and dogmatic about the Republican exploitation of the desire for peace, Stevenson has tended to confuse manipulative techniques with the core of policy.

In *Waiting for Godot* the following exchange occurs:

> Estragon: I can't go on like this.
> Vladimir: That's what you think.
> Estragon: If we parted? That might be better for us.
> Vladimir: We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. (*Pause.*) Unless Godot comes.
> Estragon: And if he comes?
> Vladimir: We'll be saved.

If liberals persist in their delusion that some national prophet is going to save them, they will wind up like Vladimir and Estragon, going nowhere on a bare stage. Adlai Stevenson is a good man of great talents. He is not a prophet. Whether American political life can be enriched in a deeper sense than the cultivation of skills and expressive techniques is the problem he has set for us. It is, in fact, probably his greatest accomplishment that his failures as well as his successes can be given meaning in that "everlasting battle" of liberalism.

Art of Compromise

OPUS POSTHUMOUS. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pp. $6.75.

Kenneth Rexroth

WALLACE STEVENS was a great favorite with the wives of mediocre poets. "What do you mean," they'd say, "you can't stand it another year at Corncrake College? Next year you'll be an assistant professor, and besides, look at Wallace Stevens; he's head of a big insurance company and it don't interfere with *his* creativity. He's the American Laforgue and Valéry together. What more do you want?"

Now I don't much like either Laforgue or Valéry, but he wasn't. The terrible truth to tell, he wrote precisely like an insurance executive. He is a philosophical poet, the Higher Critics notwithstanding—it is what he talks about that is important, not the way he says it. But it is hard to say whether it is better to call his philosophy Santayana civilized and interpreted by the Harvard Business School, or the metaphysical weighing of life's actuarial contingencies—"Animalism and Sceptic Faith," the philosophy of the securely arrived business man in one of the more dignified fields of money making.

So many American business men are insecure that we forget that they aren't all Babbitts. After all, Henry Adams was a business man of sorts; he certainly didn't live by the sale of his labor

---

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent work is a phonograph record, Poetry and Jazz at the Cellar.

power. The pencil factory kept the wolf from Thoreau's door. Country bankers who can quote Leonidas or Toulet in the original tongue, insurance brokers who collect the minor Mannerists—there are plenty of them in New England to this day, even if there are few in Gopher Prairie. If Rimbaud was the poetic analogue of Walker the Filibuster or Cecil Rhodes, Stevens was the analogue of himself—vice-president of a safe and sane insurance company.

DON'T misunderstand me; there is nothing wrong with being a business executive. In the heyday of Chinese civilization all sorts of bureaucrats, merchants and generals were very great poets, and in this demoralized time both Mao Tse-tung and Wang Ching-wei have been amongst the handful of excellent contemporary Chinese poets. America would be a far less naughty land if the custom would spread in the upper echelons of the Power Elite.

That is one of the points about Wallace Stevens. He wasn't in the Power Elite. His line was insurance. He stood quietly on the sidelines and took bets from the Power Elite on the chances of their meeting with disaster or the consequences of their folly. That is what his poetry says. Never believe for an instant that it has anything to do with the seven types of ambiguity and the pure aesthetic, self-contained systems of his Higher Critic expositors. "Knowing and being are one," "reality is an activity of the most august imagination," "only in man's definitions of himself, only encompassed in humanity, is he himself." Always, in every poem, Wallace Stevens struggled to catch and hold and keep and be true to the simplest animal wisdom and hence the most human and humane—the profound skepticism of the organism that acts in perfect confidence.

He emphatically does not resemble Laforgue—an envious carbuncular tutor in an ill-fitting collar—but he does curiously resemble the only actual American Symbolist, the best American poet of the twenty-five years before the First War—Stuart Merrill, anarchist, good liver, skeptic and quiet dandy, who wrote only in French. However, if Stevens ever shared Merrill's desire to cut a swath (Merrill was a bit of a Stanford White), he disciplined it away. One thing he had above all else was good taste, the kind that is so good that nobody notices it. He too might have been happier, back in 1920 at least, writing in French. I am sure he never considered doing so, but if he had, I am sure he would have rejected the idea as too ostentatious, as bad form, all right for a Virginian like Merrill, but not done in Connecticut.

This collection contains some paraphrases of Leon Paul Fargue, another bon vivant with immense hidden reserves of power, and perhaps the only French poet since Jammes who is thoroughly likeable as a man. Had he not been a business man, Stevens might well have been very exactly the American Leon Paul Fargue. To anyone who loves Fargue as I do the kinship is an obvious and happy one. I think Fargue is the better poet, perhaps ultimately because he was poor and spent most of his time in hotel rooms and on café terraces. Fargue was a fat man, he looked and acted a little like a French Ford Madox Ford, but he was a sly and wily poet. Stevens weighed less, but there was always a trace of fat about his heart, a debilitating security, and in his later years his agility and mischievousness seemed a shade forced.

I guess it is true that compromise tells, even for one whose very philosophy of life, whose very aesthetics of creation, is based on the axiom that life, action, thought, are themselves compromise. Certainly Stevens never, in a long and very distinguished career, came up to the high point from which he started in his first book, *Harmonium*. That little book sold only a few copies, but it hit my generation with an unforgettable impact. *The Wasteland* may have made more noise, but when it was over, it left only a pose. *Harmonium* left wisdom, its own rather privileged kind of wisdom, but real nonetheless. I suppose the wisdom is riper in the late poems in this book, it is certainly very ripe, but the poetic excitement is a good deal less and sometimes is lacking altogether. Of course the mass of unpublished poems and prose of a lifetime is bound to include some things which were left unpublished for good reason. Considering this, the collection is less diffuse than might be expected. Many of the later poems are deeply moving, but they are, by and large, put together with what is called quiet mastery, one of art's less exciting characteristics. Once in a great while this quiet assurance envelops you in its own very special mystery, the mystery of animalism and skeptic faith:

A Child Asleep In Its Own Life

Among the old men that you know,
There is one, unnamed, that broods
On all the rest, in heavy thought.

They are nothing, except in the universe
Of that single mind. He regards them
Outwardly and knows them inwardly,

The sole emperor of what they are,
Distant, yet close enough to wake
The chords above your bed tonight.

This may not have the bravura and pomp of "The Only Emperor of Ice Cream" but it is no mean thing to have written, secure and successful and past seventy.

Slick Sociology: Thin Fiction

THE BRAIN PICKERS. By Hallie Burnett. Julian Messner. 319 pp. $3.95.
THE BLUE CHIPS. By Jay Deiss. Simon & Schuster. 373 pp. $4.50.
NO DOWN PAYMENT. By John McPartland. Simon & Schuster. 312 pp. $3.95.

Harvey Swados

THE WIDESPREAD suspicion has gotten abroad that we Americans have not only a commercial culture, but a sick culture—if it was ever possible, as perhaps in Venice, to have the former without the latter. Descriptions of the source of the sickness have ranged from Catholic insistence that corruption necessarily attends materialism to Marxist analyses of the effect on art of a society riddled with contradictions. Whatever the cause, the sickness itself seems to have been accepted as a reality by American book publishers, if not by the editors of *Life* or *McCall's*.

Here for example are three new novels. Of one we are told that the author "strips the literary pretensions from the whole erratic coterie of publishers, agents, editors, geniuses and near geniuses who live in the commercial snake pit of the book business—and who, with publication of this book, will be known as The Brain Pickers." Of another it is said that it "is the story of the hidden conflict between science and business in America — the profound struggle between the seekers and the salesmen." Of the third we are informed that "It probes beneath the shiny surface of the new packaged community dream house where young married

---

HARVEY SWADOS is the author of On the Line, *just published.*

America, having solved all the old problems, is discovering new ones . . ." including "new religious conflicts," "new job tensions" and "new sex conflicts."

The point is not that these blurbs accurately describe the contents of the books (alas, they do not); it is rather that the book business people responsible for the blurbs are catering to what they apparently feel is a widespread uneasiness, a malaise, a suspicion that all is not right in the world of science even with the new wonder drugs, that all is not right in the world of the arts even with the handsome symphonies, art exhibits and gift books, that all is not right in one's private world even with barbecue pits in the yard and color TV in the offing.

IT IS always more nearly surefire to say a great big Yes to a commercial culture, as the Wilsons and the Wouks have learned to their profit; but publishers obviously have reason to feel that there is also a substantial market for the wares of those who "strip pretensions," expose "hidden conflicts" and "probe beneath shiny surfaces." For the work of art that *really* does any of these things, that is to say, for the work of art possessed of any genuine profundity of conception, insight or performance, the market is still no larger than it ever was. As a matter of fact, those so minded could cite these very three novels, and the way they are being promoted, as further evidence of the hypocrisy and the creeping rot in our commercial culture. Any valid statements about art, science or communal life in the United States in terms of the human beings involved in their pursuits, could be made only beyond the point where these books leave off.

Aside from their common presentation as ambitious exposés of sores that do need exposing, these books have in common only one further element: absolute inadequacy of imagination and style. As the text for his sermon, Jay Deiss takes What profiteth a man, etc. He is solemnly concerned with demonstrating that a dedicated young scientist who goes to work as a researcher for a giant pharmaceutical firm can indeed become president of the corporation, but will in the process lose his idealistic (and intellectual) mistress, his devotion to pure science and his self-respect. Mr. Deiss is patently sincere as all getout, but his oddly old-fashioned yarn is right up Hollywood's alley, and if he is not careful he is going to make buckets of money from this book, which he retired from business to write.

Miss Burnett's pretension-stripping job, on the other hand, is not so given to overt moralizing, but as if in compensation it exudes the homey aroma of soap. There are a few concessions to the hunters for confidential tidbits about the horrors of publishing, such as a Capotean transvestite publisher and his satyr partner (a busy seducer of his wife's nubile daughters), but for the most part *The Brain Pickers* will give its housewife readers nothing more than a delicious shudder at those big city goings-on.

To Nearly Everybody

A war to save civilization, you say?
Then what have *you* to do with it, pray?
Some attempt to acquire it would show truer love
Than fighting for something you know nothing of.

HUGH MACDIARMID

As for *No Down Payment,* it is glib, glib, glib. Mr. McPartland goes to work on the suburbs through the messed-up lives of four young couples. One chap is a dedicated scientist (kissing kin to the hero of *The Blue Chips*) who is uncomfortably occupied with the necessary task of installing automation in an insurance office and thus displacing some hundreds of elderly employees; another is a frustrated ex-hillbilly who lacks the educational qualifications to become a cop; a third spends his working hours gouging the public as a car salesman; the fourth is a splendid freethinking liberal businessman who ultimately decides to attend church as a concession to his wonderful wife and kids. The four wives are involved in various sexual difficulties.

IT cannot be denied that at least two of these books have been painstakingly researched: if you want a brilliant, horrifying blow-by-blow account of how suckers are clipped by some auto dealers, you will find it in *No Down Payment,* and if you are curious about the scientific jargon used by research workers in commercial laboratories, there is more than an earful in *The Blue Chips.* But of the other dimension which makes of a novel a revelation, an opening into those inner realities which lie behind the slick surface of the American experience, there is unfortunately nothing in these books.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART is holding until the first of December an exposition of German art of the twentieth century—paintings, sculpture and prints. Paintings and graphics of the German Expressionists can also be seen at the World House until November 2, and at the Grace Borgenicht Gallery until October 26.

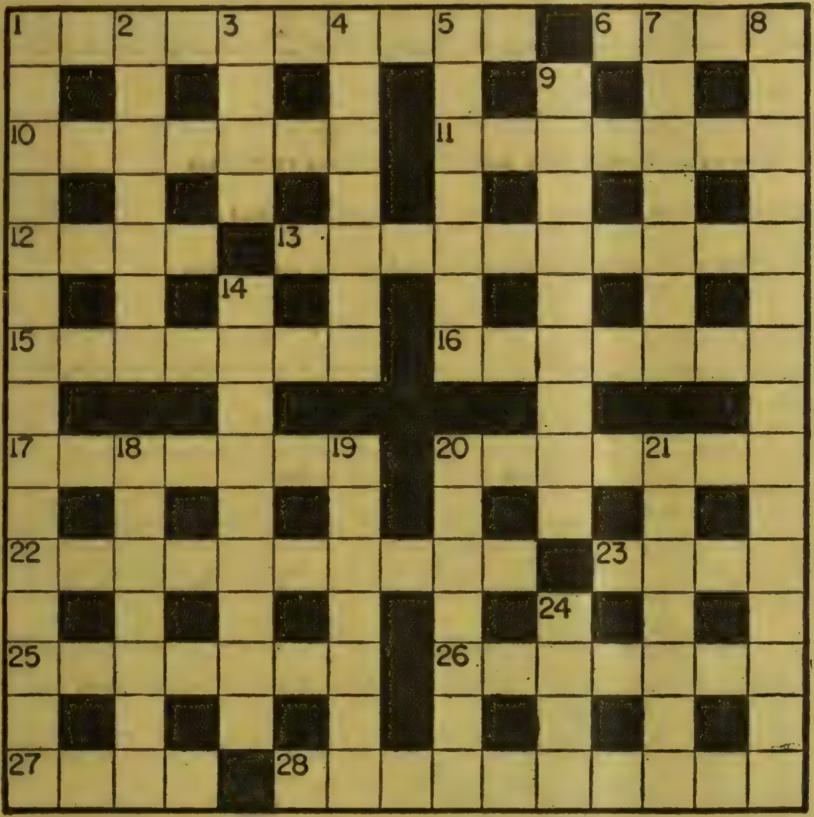
The greater number of the painters shown are already well-known in this country. Indeed, Kandinsky, Klee and Ernst have major positions in the international hierarchy of the arts as ancestors and innovators. Franz Marc is remembered from the first appearance of modern art in this country for his cheerful primary colors, his stylized horses and his use of the Futurist fragmented and semi-transparent plane; and George Grosz, now a distinguished American painter, is popularly known as the bitterest satirist of the first post-war world. Kirchner, Beckmann and Kokoschka have also achieved a wide renown. It is interesting to see that these internationally-known painters are, on the whole, the ones most worth knowing.

The exposition at the Museum of Modern Art starts with a North German group of the beginning of the century—with Paula Modersohn-Becker, Christian Rohlfs and Emil Nolde. The two Modersohn-Beckers (a self portrait holding a leaf and a peasant woman in an attitude of devotion) are heavy, wooden and sentimental. Rohlfs, shown in a fingerpainting style in brown and white, is too badly represented to suggest what his qualities might be. The Noldes are coarse in color, with awkward thick paint and vague and theatrical in drawing. His *Christ Among the Children* has the air—in a larger size—of a home-made Christmas card.

With Kirchner we are on other territory. He belonged to a Dresden group founded in 1905 which they called

Crossword Puzzle No. 742

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A ration's penny is growing! (10)
6 Did the old store-owner put it on his sign for support? (4)
10 To cry might do a fat lot of good! (7)
11 It is said that some desirable things are fattening, if not this or 18 down. (7)
12 Put down face wrong. (4)
13 Complete bird to get quick, but not too quick! (10)
15 Pays attention to everything except desserts? (7)
16 Coming out to sound vaguely like 17. (7)
17 Such things are distinguished in them, in entirely different circumstances. (7)
20 An aromatic herb might be dear overseas, at sixty-fifty. (7)
22 The ads some people settle for! (10)
23 Neat belted back. (4)
25 Were Werther's disappointing examples of Goethe? (7)
26 Lots of color to separate the poles! (7)
27 Government measure? (4)
28 What are the chances of getting the vase turned over? (10)

DOWN:

1 His case could be one of Johnny-on-the-spot acquisition. (9, 6)
2 While his case could be one of lack of proper vision. (7)
3 Behaves like a flower? Quite the opposite! (4)
4 Behaves like a regular clot. (7)
5 You might find it even a slightly green quality. (7)
7 A target presented by a row of contestants? (7)
8 Puts a stake in position against a felled tree, and sits rather awkwardly on it. (The interests of such may have been covered for some time.) (15)
9 Dined in rather colorful circumstances, having flowers for decoration. (9)
14 A new book for the library in the office entrance? (9)
18 See 11 across. (7)
19 With locks in place, coming up with the last course? (7)
20 A concluding strain (perhaps implying a fall?) (7)
21 His view on Delft is appreciated by many. (7)
24 Must make a spot of it, no doubt. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 741

ACROSS: 1 PREFABRICATED; 10 INTEGER; 11 FULSOME; 12 ENDURANCE; 13 NIGER; 14 OAFISH; 16 BEGOTTEN; 19 BAREFOOT; 20 SPIDER; 22 STOOP; 23, 27, 9 and 25 FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD; 26 GLITTER. DOWN: 2 RATED; 3 FIGURES OF SPEECH; 4 BORING; 5 INFLEXED; 6 ALL-ENCOMPASSING; 7 ELONGATED; 8 TIME-BOMB; 15 FORGOTTEN; 17 NORTHERN; 18 CONFIDER; 21 LOGGIA; 22 SITE; 24 UNTIL.

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THE NATION

OCTOBER 26, 1957 . . 25c

By Harlow Shapley

SATELLITE HYSTERIA

LETTERS

Move the House

Dear Sirs: When I first spent some time in Chicago (I taught there in 1916), I had never heard the name of Frank Lloyd Wright, but I picked out the Robie House (*The Nation*, September 28) as a building of commanding interest. It undoubtedly deserves to survive. But not necessarily on its present site. Shifting buildings for their own good is a familiar process. The (defunct) Crystal Palace was moved from Kensington to Sydenham, Temple Bar from the Strand to Theobald's Park, Cheshunt. In Paris, a pretty Renaissance house was brought from Meret to the Cours la Reine, and has now departed—whither? The Hôtel de Massa and the Pavillon de Hanovre also were given new locations. European cloisters now grace the heights of the Hudson near Fort Tryon. The late Ripley might tell you that the Santa Casa went two jumps from Nazareth to its present holy ground in Loretto. I proposed that the original and impressive Rotunda of la Villette, now in ruinous condition, and utterly spoilt by the vicinity of an elevated, should be rebuilt in a more appropriate spot.

When the Robie House was built, the South Side in the vicinity of the Midway Plaisance was still almost suburban. It has changed its character, irremediably. The house is now out of place. The problem is to find its right place. It would probably be impracticable to move it as a solid whole. But it could be transported in large sections; or it could be taken to pieces with great care, and re-erected with the original materials. Or again it could be duplicated, at a lesser cost, with new materials. In all cases, we are fortunate in having Frank Lloyd Wright still with us, to supervise the rescue.

Albert Guerard
Stanford University
Stanford, California

Justice Krock Again

Dear Sirs: I would like to voice a concurring opinion in the decision reached in the trial of "Mr. Justice Arthur Krock" conducted by David L. Weissman (issue of October 5). The facts are as follows: On September 10, 1957, Mr. Krock wrote a column in *The New York Times* entitled "No New Federal Powers in Intra-state Elections." In it he purports to prove that under the new Civil Rights Bill it is only in *federal* elections that the U.S. Attorney General has the power to issue injunctions to prevent interference with the voting of qualified citizens; his right "does not run to primaries, or elections to choose state, county and local officials."

To what extent is this a correct statement of the law? Let some additional facts, which Mr. Krock neglected to mention, speak for themselves. In Part IV, Section 131 of the Civil Rights Bill, Section 1971, Title 42 of the United States Code is added to the text by reference, and is as much a part of the measure as if it were formally spelled out. Section 1971, Title 42 (originally enacted on May 31, 1870) provides:

> All citizens of the United States who are otherwise qualified by law to vote at any election by the people in any State, Territory, district, county, city, parish, township, school district, municipality, or other territorial subdivision, shall be entitled and allowed to vote at all such elections, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; any constitution, law, custom, usage, or regulation of any State or Territory, or by or under its authority, to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is quite clear that the injunctive power of the Attorney General of the United States applies both to *federal* elections (sub-section "b" of Section 131) and to *state* and *local elections* (sub-section "a" of Section 131 incorporated by reference from the law of 1870).

A double goodbye, Mr. Krock!

Walter E. Volkomer
Department of Political Science
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N. J.

Immoral Climate

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook's dissection of the Hiss case in your September 21 issue is a brilliant and devastating piece of work. It conveys something of the "immoral" climate in which we all seem more or less involved—a climate of tension and political nightmare.

J. R. Sloan
Los Angeles, California

Little Rock

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that one argument is being advanced on the Little Rock situation that has no merit whatever; namely, that we must be conscious of the world's opinion on the matter of integration, and therefore must redress the wrongs of segregation so that we may regain our position in the world's eyes.

To me, the matter is one of a disregard of equal rights under a law based on common moral grounds, and also a refutation of rule by violence; for these reasons alone we should wish to end the conflict, and not for the sake of prestige.

R. W. Banker
Endicott, New York

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Mr. Meany's Ox

Inept, shortsighted leadership has placed American labor in a highly unfavorable position to defend against the spate of anti-labor measures that will certainly be introduced once Congress is back in session. For some reason—abhorrence of corruption, a blind passion for social respectability, an itch for official approval—the general staff of the AFL-CIO has permitted itself to be booby-trapped by the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field.

First of all, as we have pointed out before, the federation agreed to impose penalties on union officials who invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment—a betrayal of principle as well as a needless surrender of hostages. More recently, the federation failed to challenge the propriety of the committee's frenzied efforts to prevent the election of Jimmy Hoffa as president of the Teamsters Union. That the intervention was aimed at Hoffa does not minimize the danger of the precedent; tomorrow the intervention might be for an entirely different purpose or aimed at another kind of person. The federation failed to demur, much less protest, when the committee subpoenaed delegates' credentials and other documents relating to the convention which elected Hoffa, although even the New York *Mirror,* not known for its friendliness to labor, found the action a bit high-handed. Nor has the federation objected to a dangerous enlargement of the scope of the committee's inquiry. In opening the investigation in February, Senator McClellan listed seven subjects for study, all related to internal union problems. Mr. Meany promptly pledged full cooperation. But in July the committee listed three new areas of study—secondary boycotts, organizational picketing and union political action—without drawing from Mr. Meany any qualification of his earlier pledge of full cooperation.

It is important that the original and the new groups of subjects be kept separate. Internal union problems relate to the rights of members in unions; the new subjects relate to management's desire to be free from labor's economic pressure.

But even before the scope of the inquiry was enlarged, the committee's singular neglect of management was a clear warning to labor's generals that they should be on guard. Whether Mr. Meany is still unaware of the fact or not, it is his ox that is being gored.

Behind the Headlines

John O'Kearney's report on Turkey (p. 282) throws a revealing light on the latest flare-up in the Middle East. With rare exceptions, the American press has failed to note the relevance of the election scheduled to take place in Turkey on October 27 to the headlined statements issuing from Ankara and Damascus, Washington and Moscow. Nor have the press and wire services pointed up the relevance of the pipeline dispute, which has only come into full view since Mr. O'Kearney's report was written. During the Suez crisis, the Syrian Army blew up three pumping stations on the Iraq Petrolum Company's pipeline. Repairs were begun in March and the flow of oil has since been restored to about three-fifths the former rate. In the meantime, efforts were made to execute a treaty which would make possible the construction of a new pipeline bypassing Syria and terminating at the Turkish port of Iskenderun. The oil companies felt that they could not safely undertake a venture, estimated to cost $800 millions, without formal treaty guarantees against nationalization. The concurrence of Syria was particularly important, since the Bay of Iskenderun is in short range of the Syrian port of Latakia.

As might be expected, Syria has not looked with favor on the proposal and has been exerting strong diplomatic pressure to upset it. Military activity near the Turkish border is Syria's way of suggesting to the oil companies that Turkey, although a full-fledged member of the Western Alliance, might not be able to back up guarantees of an uninterrupted flow of oil. Faced with economic difficulties, the Turks were not enchanted with these efforts to block a profitable deal.

Apparently the Syrian efforts have succeeded, for the oil companies announced (October 16) that negotiations for the new pipeline have been indefinitely postponed, and the word is out that super-tankers, rather than a new pipeline, will be their main hedge against further interruptions of the pipeline across Syria. The failure to find either the words "pipeline" or "election" in most of the stories about the Turkish-Syrian dispute emphasizes once again the importance of interpretative analysis of the type which goes behind the charges and counter-charges of parties in interest in an effort to probe the sources of tension.

The Belligerent Red Cross

The chief business before the quadrennial International Red Cross Conference, currently in session in New Delhi, is the threat to civilians implicit in the rapid build-up of nuclear weapons. A non-political body, the conference cannot act directly to prevent war, but it can register its opposition to war *in principle* and it can try to mitigate the effects if it occurs. Certain draft proposals now before the conference seek to do both. They are the work of the twenty-five-man International Committee of the Red Cross, composed entirely of citizens of neutral Switzerland.

If the document thus produced must of necessity be neutral in the cold war, it is not neutral on the subject of mass murder:

> Everyone knows that the extensive use of certain weapons would mean extermination of whole nations and the end of civilization. . . . [Many existing rules of war] are too often forgotten, their validity questioned, on the grounds that one cannot stand in the way of scientific progress. . . . [But] reason must be the master of scientific inventions and although the law cannot disregard them, it must not merely recognize the effects they produce; it must control them.

The draft document thereupon lays down a series of rules governing war aimed at protecting non-combatants, and then comes to the heart of the matter:

> The use is prohibited of weapons whose harmful effects—resulting in particular from the dissemination of incendiary, chemical, bacteriological or other agents—could spread to an unforeseen degree. . . .

The non-political International Committee of the Red Cross has thus come up with the most explosive political issue of our time. The conference itself, of course, can make recommendations only; governments must ratify to make the recommendations legally effective. But if the Red Cross cannot itself create law, it can help to create that over-riding public opinion which, in the long run, authors all law.

A Bully of a Word

"Sputnik. . . . Overnight a fearful new word has bullied its way into our language." Thus says *Life* magazine in an advertisement for its article on "a supreme challenge" to the United States.

We recognize and sympathize with *Life's* feeling of chagrin because the Russians have scored first in outer space, but that is no reason for kicking our own language in the teeth. "Sputnik" means "earth satellite," and there is nothing fearful about that—unless, of course, all Russian words rouse your fears, in which case you should also tremble at "borsch" and "troika." And in what sense did the word "bully its way" into our language? It got in because it is a shorter word than "satellite" and therefore better fits headlines; also because it has an amusing, outboard motor sound to it. If anything, it ingratiated its way in by cuteness.

A real challenge to the United States, though we should hesitate to call it "supreme," is to determine at what level of concentration the fallout from advertising will transmute the English language into Newspeak.

The Hiss Case

No issue of recent years has drawn more mail to this office than Fred J. Cook's article on the Hiss case (September 21). The comment, we blush to acknowledge, is almost uniformly favorable; only a few critical statements have been received. But there is, we have discovered, an odd aspect to the Hiss case. The public interest remains surprisingly high, but the case itself is still encased in layers of editorial reticence and caution. The lack of interest which the press has shown in Mr. Cook's fresh assessment of the evidence is remarkable, perhaps, only in that it appears to be total; fortunately, it is not shared by the public.

Any number of readers have inquired what we intend "to do" about the case. A more relevant query would be: What does the public intend to do about it? A review of the case in the courts is most unlikely; reconsideration could only come about through Congressional inquiry or by Executive action, as by an order opening the files of the Department of Justice to the inspection of an impartial committee of inquiry. But these possibilities depend on the intensity and volume of the public's interest. A parade of governors in California refused to review Tom Mooney's endless petitions (although the governors would concede privately that there was merit in them). It was not until Culbert L. Olson was elected governor in a campaign in which he stressed the case as an issue that Mooney finally won his freedom. The Hiss case remains under submission to the court of public opinion.

Mr. Faulkner Exhausts the Future

William Faulkner, in a letter to *The New York Times* (October 13), has summarized the lesson of Little Rock. It is that "white people and Negroes do not like and trust each other, and perhaps never can."

But this, says the recluse of Oxford, Miss., is perhaps no tragedy. "Maybe it is not important for us to like and trust each other"—what is "important and necessary and urgent is that we federate together, show a common unified front not for dull peace and amity, but for survival as a people and a nation."

The United States, this country in which whites and Negroes cannot learn to "rub along somehow in amity," will have to stand firm "as the last people unified nationally for liberty in an inimical world which already outnumbers us." The Negro, whom we of the white majority cannot like or trust, will be expected to do his part.

Mr. Faulkner acknowledges that the hour is late; that indeed it may already be too late. But he will not despair. He thinks that, "because of the good luck of our still unspent and yet unexhausted past," we may become the rallying point for all men "no matter what color they are" who wish to dedicate themselves "to the proposition that a community of individual free men not merely must endure, but can endure."

Mr. Faulkner's letter is a melancholy spectacle—anger would be an irrelevant reaction. For the point is not that the arguments he advances are poisonous, but that they are irrational. It is mad to suppose that a free society can be maintained in a country where men must dislike and distrust one another because of the color of their skin; and it is mad to suggest that a nation can become the spearhead in a holy war because it enjoys the strength of an "unspent and unexhausted past." In his novels, Mr. Faulkner has often provoked the charge of obscurity, but there is nothing obscure about that phrase. It is clearly and explicitly meaningless, and persuasive evidence that its author more deserves our sympathy than our hostility.

The Case for Bilateral Talks

Washington

The United States has rejected direct Russo-American negotiations on disarmament. We hope this answer is not irrevocable.

It's about two months since the Soviets first hinted that the arms-limitation talks might be advantageously removed from United Nations auspices for the time being and thrown into bilateral Washington-Moscow discussions. Among the Russian diplomats who have been suggesting this is the Soviet Ambassador in West Germany, Andrei Smirnov. He raised the point informally with a senior U.S. Government representative in Europe. He would scarcely have done so without the Kremlin's approval.

On October 5, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had a long talk with Secretary Dulles in Washington. Both sides kept silent about the content of their dialogue. However, competent American authorities report that Gromyko referred obliquely to the subject, emphasizing what he considers the dreary prospect of continuing the dilatory debate in the five-nation U.N. disarmament subcommittee, which is empowered only to make recommendations.

The next Soviet overture came a couple of days later in the Moscow interview which Nikita Khrushchev gave to James Reston of *The New York Times*. The Soviet leader brought into the open the idea of bilateral Russo-American negotiations, although he phrased the proposal in generalities. "In the years of the Second World War," he said, "the Soviet Union and the United States fought together against the aggressors. One can ask why it is that we cannot prevent war? Now, we can and must do this. . . . We think that if the United States displays a readiness, there are no questions upon which agreement could not be reached."

Furthermore, the Russians subtly showed their hand in New York. When India presented a resolution to the U.N. Assembly a month ago, urging enlargement of the disarmament subcommittee, the Soviets withheld their support. Theretofore, India and the U.S.S.R. had acted in close harmony in the disarmament field. Now, however, Russia wants to narrow the discussions to a bilateral basis, while India prefers to widen them —clearly to gain admittance to the subcommittee.

President Eisenhower and the State Department have squelched the suggestion of exclusive American-Russian negotiations on control of "objects entering outer space"—that is, earth satellites. The official statement was so worded, however, as to imply a refusal to depart from multi-national negotiations on disarmament *generally*. The State Department announced that the London negotiations "called for a multilateral international study, and not a bilateral study between the United States and Soviet Union, and that the United States would not be disposed to consider any alteration of this aspect of the proposals."

President Eisenhower gave maximum authority to this statement by reading it aloud at his October 9 news conference.

What's behind all this?

On the one hand, there are those in Washington who sense only sinister motives in the Soviet desire for bilateral talks. They dismiss the idea as just another Russian maneuver to drive a wedge between America and its allies (indeed, the Eisenhower Administration's "No" to Russia is prompted mainly by deference to the fear of certain allies that the United States might make a deal with the Kremlin behind their backs). Another motive ascribed to Moscow is the desire to enhance Soviet prestige by the establishment of a Big Two Club. Many who hold these views are convinced that the Russians aren't interested in a disarmament agreement, anyway—an opinion which the State Department does not share.

On the other hand, there are some American senior diplomats who are sympathetic to the Soviet suggestion. But they attach an important proviso: they insist that the Americans must keep their NATO allies abreast of the proposed bilateral discussions. This is the procedure which Harold Stassen, the American representative, used during the last three months of this year's London disarmament subcommittee talks. Stassen consulted the other NATO powers at every step. Thus the U. S.-British-French-Canadian package offer made to Russia in August had been approved in advance by NATO.

The Russians acquiesced in this practice. They would presumably do so again in the altered circumstances of Washington-Moscow conversations. The United States could give its allies a promise that it would sign no disarmament accord with Russia without NATO's prior knowledge and consent.

Those Americans who favor direct talks with Moscow on this greatest of all issues have anticipated another objection, namely, that removal of the discussions from the U.N. might undermine the world organization's authority. They would dispel such uneasiness by a clear understanding that at a given stage the Americans and Russians shall render to the U.N. an account of their conversations.

We believe the Eisenhower Administration is assuming a grave responsibility in refusing to give bilateral talks with Moscow a try. On at least three occasions in recent history, momentous gains were scored precisely by this approach:

1. The end of Russia's menacing blockade of Berlin in 1948-9 was initiated on February 15, 1949, in a chat in the lounge at Lake Success between U.S. delegate Philip Jessup and Soviet delegate Jacob Malik.

2. On June 23, 1951, a radio speech by Malik in New York conveyed the suggestion that the war in Korea might be settled. This led to informal U.S.-Soviet talks which were followed by the opening of truce discussions on July 10, 1951, and the ultimate signing of the armistice on July 27, 1953.

3. When, on December 8, 1953, President Eisenhower first proposed the establishment of an International Atomic Energy Agency, the Russians trained a jet of cold water on the idea. There followed talks *à deux* between Dulles and the then Soviet Foreign Minister, Vyacheslav Molotov, on the sidelines of the Big Four conference in Berlin in January-February, 1954. In July, 1955, the American and Soviet leaders privately reviewed the plan—again in a twosome—during the Summit Conference in Geneva. Meanwhile, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington and the American Ambassador in Moscow pursued the subject with the opposite foreign ministries. As a result, the Russians dropped their objections. The agency was founded and held its first meeting this month in Vienna.

On each of these three occasions, it was direct U.S.-Soviet talks which led to highly important agreements. It seems to us that the United States, which ardently wants peace and arms limitations, can lose nothing and can perhaps thaw the frozen disarmament negotiations by putting to the test the Russian desire for bilateral talks.

MOONSTRUCK U.S.A.

1. SATELLITE HYSTERIA . .

by Harlow Shapley

THE BEEP-BEEP of Sputnik came through the radio receivers of the world as no surprise to those who have been following the announced satellite plans here and abroad. On several occasions in the past year or two, the writer predicted, in casual fashion, that the Russian satellite would be the first to be launched. Others must have done the same. There were obvious reasons for this easy prophecy: the well-publicized prestige-contest between the major branches of the United States armed services; the plans for equipping our satellites with scientific instruments that had to be specially designed; and our announced plan to send up a series of trial satellites before we made the serious effort to launch useful and enduring moons later this winter.

There were, however, two elements of surprise to most Americans in the Soviet achievement. The first was the reported size and weight of Sputnik; second, the psychological effect the launching seems to have had on world chancelleries. This effect has probably been over-emphasized in press and radio; in any case, it is likely to be decreased by our own rocket and satellite accomplishments of the next few months.

Quite to be expected, of course, was the rather joyous way in which opportunistic politicians used the Soviet success to stimulate suspicion and anxiety in the mass-communications media. For a day or two after the launching on October 4, headlines and statements carried the congratulations of official and unofficial America—expressions of some envy and amazement, to be sure, but also conveying a real feeling of sportsmanship. Then came the hints of spies,

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HARLOW SHAPLEY, the distinguished American astronomer, was director of the Harvard Observatory from 1921-1952. He has served as president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (1939-1944) and as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (1947).

secret codes at work, the imputations of evil intent. It is rather depressing that the significance of an advance in technology so important to all of us should be so needlessly distorted. Sputnik is now no more Russian than the atmosphere is considered American because of the Wright brothers, or evolution British because of Charles Darwin. The new moonlet passes through the zeniths of every capital of the world, and currently, in fact, it is probably more serviceable to American scientists than to the Russians themselves.

THE better to maintain our balance on this issue, it may be useful to emphasize some of the scientific implications of Sputnik and its kind, and to recall other scientific triumphs that were not bound to nationalism and not used to build up anxiety complexes.

First, two clarifications. One is that the launching of Sputnik, the complete success of which at first try may have surprised the launchers as well as others, is a triumph not of science but of engineering and technology. All the basic science necessary for this operation has long been known. The nature of the upper atmosphere, the laws of atmospheric friction, the gravitational controls are all described in the textbooks of physics and meteorology. An eminent American rocket scientist (imported, by the way, from Europe) said some years ago that with five billion dollars he could put a terrestial missile on the moon in three years. Engineers of all countries recognize that we have here merely a tough technical job. And it follows that any government which respected its scientific technicians and put a plush budget at their disposal, could have done what has been done. The second interpolation is that notwithstanding the spectacular nature of the moon production, there have been many more significant scientific advances in recent years. Some of them will be mentioned in what follows.

Radio and TV have made the word *ionosphere* familiar in most American homes. Put technically, the ionosphere is a series of layers in the earth's atmosphere, designated D, E and F, in which the dominant molecules of oxygen and nitrogen are ionized (electrified) by radiation, chiefly from the sun. The degree of this ionization varies at different atmospheric levels and some of the layers vary in effectiveness with the time of day and with the fluctuating activities on the sun's hot gaseous surface. We have been investigating the ionosphere for many years in connection with the study of radio-wave transmission and reflection. One center for such studies is at the National Bureau of Standards at Boulder, Colorado; substations are in Virginia, Alaska and elsewhere. The bureau currently supervises and coordinates the ionospheric work in more than forty countries.

Persistent and intense study of the ionosphere is included among the problems of the International Geophysical Year, that admirable world-wide operation which involves the closely coordinated work of the scientists of some sixty nations in a dozen scientific fields.

The throwing of Sputnik into an orbit around the earth is obviously a very welcome contribution to this mass attack on the nature, and variations, of the ionosphere. The beep-beeps and the later continuous buzzing of the moonlet originate far beyond the D and E ionospheric layers and must transit as best they can the regions that are most significant in terrestial radio transmission. For several weeks or months before our own satellites are aloft, we shall now have the opportunity of accumulating valuable observations. On the basis of what we learn from this trial run, we can improve, if necessary, our instrumentation and be better equipped to make use of those satellites, to be launched by the United States and the Soviet Union, which will carry not simply a beep-beeper, but instruments that will report on cosmic rays, the ultra-violet spectrum of the sun, the frequency of interplanetary meteors, the inner structure of the earth and the like. When Sputnik and subsequent moonlets spiral back into the denser atmosphere and disintegrate, we shall enlarge our knowledge of the density gradients in the earth's atmosphere—a matter of which we already knew much from the study of shooting stars, from sampling by rockets and balloons, and from theory.

A SCORE of scientific and technical events, equaling in importance to mankind the launching of space ships, could be recounted, some of which had immediate effects on man and his problems, and others which only gradually came to be recognized as revolutionary in their implications. Near the top of this list I would put hybrid corn, which has provided better food and more of it for millions of men, cows and pigs. This was an American invention, but it now belongs to and serves the whole world. Even more significant of course, in a social sense, is the fission and fusion of the atom—discoveries which both serve and threaten everyone. The continuity of our civilization, its growth or decay, depends on our use of energy-releasing atoms. This revelation has been of relatively slow accomplishment. Little did we realize, when in 1905 Einstein threw into our intellectual orbits the short equation connecting ergs, grams and the velocity of light, that science had altered the destiny of human culture. The Sputniks do not approach in significance this Swiss-German contribution to the world's practical knowledge.

Atomic energy and artificial moons are international both in present ownership and in discovery. Einstein built on the work of Italian, German and Russian scholars;

Japanese, Danish, Italian, German, American, English and Russian scientists were all involved in the technical birth and infant care of the transmuted atoms; the Soviet satellite engineers had available the detailed plans of our own unlaunched MOUSE satellite, the blueprints of which were appropriately published in popular and technical magazines.

Indeed, most great scientific advances are international in origin. Dr. Shull, in hybridizing corn, had before him the work on genetics by Mendel and hundreds of subsequent experimenters. Consider also the international growth and human worth of the chemical industries initiated by Wöhler's synthesis of urea in 1828; the independent solution of the Einstein field equations of gravitation by the Belgian Lemaître, the Russian Friedmann and the Princetonian Robertson, from which we deduce the expanding universe; and the assault by Russian, English and American scientists on the mystery of the origin of life—an international investigation that may change the bases of both philosophy and religion.

All these are among the thoughts and acts of men for Man. They have ignored national boundaries. They make it rather absurd to care deeply whether the first artificial moon went aloft from Northern Russia or Southern Florida. Once it is on the way, it can best be tagged as the first of many rich fruits of the now running International Geophysical Year.

2. RUDE AWAKENING: a British View . . *by Patrick O'Donovan*

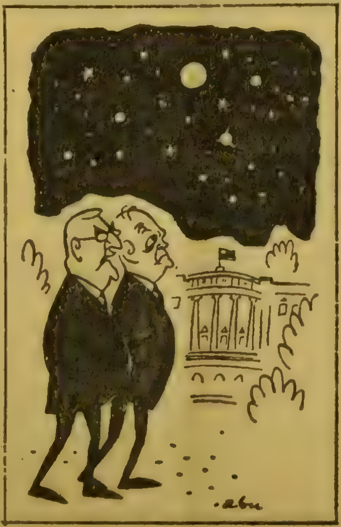
AMERICANS believe that they can do anything, if once they set their hearts and hands to it. There is nothing they believe in more strongly. It is upon this conviction that they display frequent and unconvincing private apologies to the effect that they are a young country, a little inexperienced, maybe, in policy and negotiation.

The American faith in the omnicompetence and pre-eminence of their skills and capacities lies closer to the surface and is more consciously felt even than the Englishman's firm faith in his own inherited superiority in the arts of government. It is this faith which has been affronted by the Russian satellite achievement and which is now crying out with a steady growth of urgency and hunger for reassurance.

At first it seemed that the Americans would take it easily enough. Some were almost pleased in that special place where they keep their science fiction. One firm rechristened its line of space helmets as Sputnik Hats. A disc jockey occupied a whole hour with tunes that revolved round the moon.

But gradually it became evident that the satellite was a major achievement whose implications stirred up the sediment of the stale post-war fears and insecurity, which all but proved a Russian superiority in a line of development on which the survival of the American Union and the prevention of war had been based, and which proved beyond any doubt that America had a peer and a rival where once she had considered herself alone.

The President, who combines within his person most of the ideal and actual qualities that Americans instinctively recognize as typically American, speaking to and for the average American, at first congratulated the Russians. He suggested that the American satellite program was of a different kind from the Russian one and that it could have been hastened only to the detriment of scientific goals and military progress. He carefully denied that the American program was connected with defense developments and denied that there was any reason for increased concern over the security of the nation.


London Observer

"On the other hand, I cannot foresee the time when our people will be able to travel to a planet like, say, China."

It was a curiously uncertain, even fumbling, apologia. So far from reassuring people, it seemed indirectly to have put into words the deepest popular fears.

Nor have the promises that the Americans, too, will have their satellite, gilded for good measure and spinning for democracy round the world by the end of the year, made much difference. The central inescapable pain remains and grows. And as strongly as any electorate can feel something that does not directly affect them, the Americans now feel and resent what they sense is a diminution in their status.

It is not that the Americans are a particularly arrogant people. The thing came as a shocking and shaking surprise. There have been plenty of journalists, scientists and even politicians who have warned that the Russians were catching up and were even superior in some lines of research. It was the sort of warning that you often agreed with, yet seldom believed. The idea that a totalitarian state, bending its efforts to a major research project, could outstrip the efforts of a rich democracy seemed in the end impossible to entertain.

PATRICK O'DONOVAN is the Washington correspondent of the London Observer.

But it has happened; and from it must spring a multitude of changes, a surprising number of which will be all to the good. Americans will never again enjoy quite the same sort of complacency, nor for a long time allow themselves quite the same sort of luxurious defense politics, nor for a very long time disrespect their international opponents quite so wholeheartedly. Without greatly exaggerating, it could prove to be their own bloodless Dunkirk—because they seem of a mind to make it so.

The immediate results are obvious. There has been a profound and still swelling rumble of discontent from Congressmen presently scattered all over the country. Demands for special sessions, special investigations, for emergency action on the part of the Administration that is going to have to bear a burden of blame that should properly be shared with the Congress. The Northern Democrats suspect that they have been handed an issue that may cancel out the shame of Little Rock.

But it is more than that. There have been demands that the President and the new Secretary of Defense, Neil McElroy, take personal charge of everything connected with rockets. There is a general expectation and wish, even by the penny-wise, that the defense spending ceiling of $275 billion a year set by the President should prove meaningless. There is a new preoccupation with the necessity of basic research. There is a new impatience with the shrill inter-service rivalries here that — to foreigners — occasionally seem to come to the brink of a treason at once high-minded and petty.

And already the paring down of the military rocket-testing program, which had been dictated by the Administration's need to prove itself Yankee-respectful of cash, has been dismissed in a minor press conference. But it is more even than that. The scientific achievement, topped with Mr. Khrushchev's sudden access of confidence, his Turkish vulgarity, his Foreign Minister's aggression in the United Nations, has driven home the trauma.

Two main results are likely. First, the Americans are now in a mood to reconsider their rejection of their own intellectuals. Originality, specialism and pure research no longer appear both dangerous and a little ridiculous. And secondly, it is obvious that their latent absolutism in foreign affairs is more than they can afford.

More than anything else, it is the thin persistent ghost of Joe McCarthy that is being blamed by serious men. Americans are newly conscious of having driven out men like Oppenheimer and his now nameless colleagues and of having mutilated themselves in the process. Their foreign policy is likely to be based on the necessity of living with, rather than beating, the Russians. The political protestants in America all but welcome what has happened.

Newly geared and directed, and with their unnecessary myths weakened, the Americans can cope with this threat. It could lead to an arms race, but in this country a political and a spiritual change is more likely.

The Puerto Rican Story

Next week *The Nation* will print the first of a three-part series of articles on Puerto Rico by staff contributor Dan Wakefield, who has just returned from a visit to the island Commonwealth. The articles will cover (1) the Puerto Rico labor scene; (2) the colony of Cuban and Dominican revolutionaries; (3) the Puerto Rican migration to the U.S. mainland.

Mr. Wakefield has spent a good part of the last year in research on Puerto Rico, and on the huge Puerto Rican colony in New York, in preparation for a book he is now writing.

TRIAL BY HEADLINE . . *by Decca M. Treuhaft*

San Francisco

Our fathers claimed, by obvious madness moved
Man's innocent until his guilt is proved.
They would have known, had they not been confused,
He's innocent until he is accused.
Ogden Nash, *You Can't Get There From Here.*

IN VARYING type sizes, San Francisco's four daily newspapers for July 25 and 26 carried identical headlines: "'THAT'S HIM!'"

"Girl Victim Identifies 'Fang' Suspect," continued the *News* (July 25). A picture of the person thus identified bore the caption: "Baring his teeth in response to a reporter's half-whimsical suggestion, John Rexinger shows his buck teeth that made him a suspect in the 'Fang' case."

Thus the news was broken that, after five days of intensive police search, one John Alvin Rexinger had been identified by the victim as the culprit in the latest sensational sex crime.

From the time the crime was committed on July 20 to the final dénouement, the case was seldom off the front pages, and the heat was on the police department to produce the attacker.

Briefly, the facts as related by the victims were these: At about 10:30 p.m. of a Saturday night, a pretty young nurse and her escort, James Lonergan, were approached by a stranger as they stopped their car in Golden Gate Park. At knife's point, the stranger bound Lonergan with cord and gagged him with adhesive tape, manacled the girl with leg irons, cut off her hair with a pair of scissors, burned her with a cigarette, raped her twice and, before leaving, pricked her and Mr. Lonergan with his knife. To top all, he stole Mr. Lonergan's wrist watch.

DECCA MITFORD TREUHAFT is a San Francisco free-lance writer.

On July 23, the San Francisco *News* reported that, according to the victim, the assailant had "canine teeth, which protruded fanglike over his lower lip. They were more than twice normal size. . . ." Thus arose the descriptive and alliterative nickname, "FANG FIEND," first used by the *News*.

The rest of the published description of the assailant was unexceptional, although it was to have some bearing on later developments: a white man, twenty to twenty-five years old, 5′ 9″ tall, 150 to 160 lbs., dark complexion, big nose, light horn-rimmed glasses.

The young girl's identification of Rexinger drove most other news off the front pages. First reports variously described him as "insular, suspicious and withdrawn" (*Chronicle*), "evasive" (*News*), a "schizoid personality with an incipient hysterical psychosis" *(Examiner)*, "querulous" *(Call-Bulletin)*.

TO San Francisco newspaper readers, this treatment of a suspect in a notorious crime revived uneasy memories of another recent big sensation—the arrest, trial and subsequent execution of Burton W. Abbott for the kidnap-murder of a Berkeley schoolgirl (see The Jury Said Death, by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, May 19, 1956). Newspaper handling of the Abbott case had resulted in a flood of protest in the letters columns, some of which posed the question: Was it possible for Abbott to have received a fair trial, in view of the unending flood of adverse publicity he had received both during the trial and for months beforehand?

Was the fountain of justice now being poisoned for Rexinger?

The newspapers themselves were quick to notice the parallel between the two cases. Under the headline, "REXINGER TALE RECALLS THAT OF ABBOTT," the *News*, on July 26, drew attention to the physical resemblance between the two men, printing pictures of both taken in identical poses. Rexinger's very protestations of innocence became sinisterly Abbott-like:

> "I hope someone saw me. I sure hope so. Because I didn't do it. . . ."
>
> To newsmen his words sounded strangely like those spoken a year ago by Burton W. Abbott . . . and his cry of "frame-up" is the same as that put forth by Abbott and his attorneys. . . .

The same afternoon the *Call-Bulletin* featured an exclusive interview in which the suspect expressed fear he might "become another Abbott." The morning papers quickly followed suit: ". . . Like Abbott, he was calm and detached in expressing himself" *(Examiner)*, "Rexinger's appearance and mien have been compared to that of Abbott" *(Chronicle)*.

In the days that followed, news coverage of the case might be compared with the rising strains of a huge orchestra, swelling from crescendo to crescendo.

THUS, the *News*, *Examiner* and *Chronicle* built up Rexinger in headlines as having a "police record of sex crimes." The *Chronicle* noted "three sex crimes on his police record." The *Examiner* reported "Parolee Served Time in Quentin for Assault." Only those who read to the end of the news stories learned that the sole jail sentence served by Rexinger had been for forgery, and that the only sex offense for which he had ever been convicted (and for which he was given probation) was that of *statutory* rape, at the age of seventeen.

Under California law, statutory rape is an act of intercourse with a girl under eighteen years old, with her consent. By definition it does not imply violence, and is not an assault. Probation is granted when authorities deem the offense to be technical in nature, and in the absence of aggravating circumstances.

"Queer" and "sinister" aspects of Rexinger's personality received major attention. An *Examiner* interviewer asked, "What about girls he had dated? Would any of them come to his aid now? For a few minutes he became tense, almost agitated. 'I don't want to drag any girl into this case'. . . ."

Rexinger's living quarters were reported to be "amazingly clean, and without the usual small items a man would have around." In this instance, apparently, cleanliness was next to devilishness. Everything the suspect said was turned against him. His repeated declarations of innocence, his efforts to establish an alibi, even his expressed desire to take a lie-detector test, earned him the label in newspapers of "conwise." His protestations that he in no way fitted the published description of the assailant—he was too short (5′ 6″), had straight teeth and a pale complexion—got scant notice.

The real "personality angle" to the case developed after police invited reporters to listen to some taped recordings which figured in Rexinger's alibi. Rexinger, an extension student at the University of California, claimed he was at home making the recordings, consisting of poetry and philosophical essays, at the time the crime was committed.

The *News* voiced the opinion that the "philosophical discourse made it clear that [Rexinger] considers himself above the law. . . ."; as proof, it quoted from Rexinger's essay: " 'The only law is the law of self respect. Observe that.' " Going one better, the *Examiner* headlined: "Rexinger's Poetic Rambling Indicates He's Sexual Psychopath, Inspector Says." *The Examiner* story continued:

> . . . [The recording] turned out to be a one-hour pot pourri of poetry by Kahlil Gibran, author of "The Prophet"; various works by Rexinger himself . . . and an Anarchistic

essay in which the ex-convict suspect said "it is half-witted living when we allow our way to be blocked by some silly inhibition."

This last effort generated far more interest among police than anything else. It said in part: "If a thing is worth desiring, planning for, and reaching out for, why is it denied us because of some small voice in our traitorous inhibited character or consciousness? . . . . Let [a man] fail to live up to his own due respect and he will earn the destruction or injury which will surely come to him. . . ."

Inspector Frank Gibeau, while conceding he was no literary critic, said yesterday the "alibi" tape recording made by John A. Rexinger "clearly indicates he is a sexual psychopath and sadist." And he said he believed Rexinger, whose voice rose to a vibrating emotional pitch toward the end of the tape, may have become so excited while recording that he left home and immediately set out for "trouble."

But a contrasting estimate of the poems was also reported. A University of California extension-course instructor had jotted on the margin of a typed copy of one of the poems: "Excellent and beautiful. Technical control and emotional restraint make this a real poem. You have real ability. Keep writing!"

The *Chronicle* reported that police were certain they had spotted a significant Freudian slip in one of Rexinger's "strange" taped stories. The central character in the story was a man named Cabot, and after the story had rambled on for a while, Rexinger mispronounced the name, "Abbott."

Police were quoted as saying Rexinger should be in jail for the poems alone! Most papers devoted an entire page to the poems and to sundry "psychiatric" interpretations thereof. But few of the newsmen bothered to remind their readers that only a few days before Rexinger's poems were made public, Walter Stone, Chief of the State Division of Adult Paroles, had said that frequent and intensive psychiatric examination of Rexinger had revealed "some personality problems, but no evidence whatsoever of any sadistic drive. It just wasn't there. . . ." (*Chronicle*, July 27).

Police, eager to share literary criticism with the press, were less generous with information on their progress in cracking Rexinger's alibi. They did report that Rexinger had admitted lying in accounting for part of that night. His statement that he had been alone in his room had been contradicted by an ex-convict who said he was with him before 8 p.m. and after 1 a.m.

Actually, at this point the police had a very thin case. No physical evidence linked Rexinger to the crime: no manacles, no adhesive tape, no wrist watch. Police criminologists, subjecting Rexinger's clothing and sweepings from his room to microscopic examination, had turned up nothing.

True, a knife had been found in Rexinger's room, which "officers inferred belonged to Rexinger and . . . was the one used in Golden Gate Park" *(Chronicle)*. True, the failure to find any scissors in his room was "considered significant" by police, who commented "they may have been thrown away" (*Examiner*). True, a quantity of Venetian-blind cord "of the type that was used to bind the victim" turned up in the basement of Rexinger's rooming house, and among his effects were "a crumpled pair of suntan pants and a tan sports shirt with what could be blood on the collar. . . ." Meager though they were, these clues got front-page treatment.

IN THE absence of more impressive copy from police sources, at least two newsmen turned detective and sought to dig up evidence themselves. Ed Montgomery of the *Examiner* found a bit of Venetian-blind cord, with some hair adhering to it, in a flower bed near where Rexinger parked his car. The color of the hair was "similar to that of the girl," wrote Montgomery. But once again, the observant reader could detect a dissonant theme—one pointing to Rexinger's innocence. For at the end of his story, Montgomery was constrained to write: "The cord was considered to be of secondary importance, since the landlord at Rexinger's rooming house is in the Venetian-blind business."

From time to time the dissonant theme would crop up in unobtrusively placed paragraphs. "The D.A.'s office indicated the possibility that the inquiry might be running into a wall by saying 'we are not prepared to take the case to the Grand Jury at this time'" *(Examiner,* July 31); "Inspectors still had no physical evidence to link Rexinger with the attack and preliminary reports from the Oakland crime laboratory showed 'only possibilities, nothing obvious'" *(Chronicle,* July 29).

Only once did an authoritative voice, bluntly expressing dissatisfaction with the turn of events, take precedence in headlines over the "chase" aspects of the case. Public Defender Abraham Dresow was prominently featured in all August 1 newspapers as saying, after an interview with Rexinger, "The police are holding the wrong guy."

HOWEVER, a new development swiftly banished Dresow's statement from the front pages. The second of the *Examiner* sleuths, Larry Cahn, had been working on a store-by-store check, looking for the person who had sold the manacles used to chain the victim's legs. On August 3, the *Examiner* reported success: "Mrs. Jenelle St. James, former war-surplus store clerk, positively identified John Rexinger as the man to whom she sold a set of manacles about two months ago." She was quoted as saying, "I am sure that he is the man."

This was, by any standards, new evidence of real importance. A second positive eyewitness identification had now been added to that of the victim's. Chief of Inspectors Daniel McKlem was prominently quoted in all papers as being "firmly convinced Rexinger is the man."

Just a week earlier, Mrs. St. James had told the *Examiner* she had seen Rexinger in the store but "was unable to recall whether he had bought the manacles." What could have happened in the intervening time to refresh her recollection? The disturbing question was never answered. For within hours on that busy Saturday, an *Examiner* extra hit the streets with the headline: "NEW SUSPECT ADMITS TOR-

TURE; REXINGER ELIMINATED."

By afternoon the whole story was out.

Three days earlier, two narcotics agents, following a routine tip, had picked up Melvin Bakkerud, a drug addict and former asylum inmate, on suspicion of peddling drugs. The arrest had not even merited one line in any newspaper. But search of his room had turned up, among other things, a gold wrist watch with distinctive markings. A police inspector "remembered reading in the *Chronicle*" Lonergan's description of the stolen watch, which checked with the one found in Bakkerud's room.

Confronted with the watch, Bakkerud readily confessed to the assault in Golden Gate Park. He led police to the hidden "torture kit," containing tape, cord, scissors, knife. Within ten minutes, the police criminologist found microscopic evidence that fibers taken from Bakkerud's belongings matched those from the victims' clothing.

And the manacles? Bakkerud had stolen them from the glove compartment of a San Francisco police car on the night of the crime. Apparently the theft had never been noticed or reported, much less linked with the assault.

A badly shaken press and police department set about picking up the pieces—and assigning the blame. "San Francisco police had worked up a case strong enough to send an innocent man to San Quentin for life," said the *Chronicle;* "The cops were out for a conviction more than they were out for the truth," said Public Defender Dresow *(Examiner);* "I never said positively that I was sure he was the one," said the victim *(Examiner);* "The description furnished by the victim was way off," said the *Chronicle* (with justice: the victims had described their assailant as 5′ 9″; Bakkerud turned out to be barely 5′ tall).

"Above all, Rexinger lied," editorialized the *News.* "Had it not been for his falsehoods, police would never have been able to build up a case against him."

Only the *News* had any comment to make on the newspapers' own role in the case. Editorially, it extolled the "spotlight of public interest which said in effect, 'you must be certain; you must prove your case'. . . . Our kind of society demands facts. Spurred on by public interest, police produced the facts —and cleared him."

In a subsequent television program, *News* editor Albert Colgrove explained newspaper use of the word "FANG"; he said that it made for easier headline treatment than "SUSPECT" because it contains fewer letters. Questioned about the relationship between crime news and circulation, Mr. Colgrove cited the fact that the day of Abbott's execution had been the second biggest circulation day of San Francisco's newspaper history, exceeded only by the day of the recent earthquake.

He added that, in the absence of crime news, there would be many fewer newspaper readers, and thus many would be denied the opportunity to read about such worthy activities as those of San Francisco's current United Crusade, the annual local charity drive.

Meanwhile, Bakkerud is back in an institution, and Rexinger is suing the city of San Francisco for $75,000 for false arrest.

TURKEY: Elections and Crisis . .

by John O'Kearney

Istanbul

THE CURRENT flare-up of tension along the Turko-Syrian frontier cannot be divorced from certain Turkish internal problems—and the fact that, on October 27, the Turks will hold elections on the broad issues of national housekeeping and personal freedom.

The Democratic Party regime of Premier Adnan Menderes is held answerable by the three opposition parties for runaway inflation caused by maladministration of the country's economy, and is further accused of being a rubber-stamp government, utterly servile to the dictatorship of Menderes in return for the profits of corruption. The opposition demands economic reform, the restoration of constitutional liberties, an effective guarantee of an independent judiciary and revision of the electoral laws to give the people proportional representation. (See NATO's Shaky Bastion, by Geoffrey Lewis, *The Nation,* January 28, 1956.)

There are no foreign-policy issues. No matter what the outcome of the election, Turkey stands committed to the West against the East; but if the Menderes regime is set back, almost surely there will be a slow and gradual shift towards co-existence with the Soviet Union. The reason would not be pro-communism, but a realization among the young Turks leading the fight against Menderes that Turkey can neither create nor afford to keep a war establishment strong enough, even assuming no end to American aid, to safeguard Turkish territory in the event of a new World War.

The Democratic Party was formed in 1947 and came to power in 1950 in the first election contested by a second party since the founding of the Republic in 1922. Its victory was applauded as evidence that Turkey's transition from an autocratic, theocratic monarchy to a Western-type democracy was steady and sure. The inauguration of the new regime roughly coincided with the outbreak of the Korean War, to which Turkey quickly contributed a brigade. Washington was pleased. Menderes was asked by American generals what equipment he needed. None, he said; Turkey would equip her own men. This was as calculated

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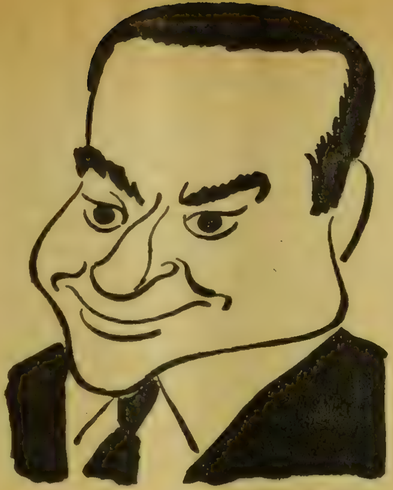
an answer as anyone could have given. From that moment Turkey was Washington's darling, becoming more endeared as her picked troops proved their valor (only to be overrated later on, as even Turks admit, by the fulsome praise of visiting Congressmen). This opened the way to greater American aid, vast sums to be spent as Menderes pleased. The Premier was already naturally prepared to play the dictator. He is nearing sixty, while the Republic itself is only thirty-five years old; thus, he is closer to the autocratic traditions of the Sultanate than to the democratic mentality of the young men who today oppose him. All authority now rests in him. It is said that even the plans for reshaping Istanbul are known to no one but himself.

THE CHIEF opposition party is the Republican People's Party (R.P.P.) founded by Mustafa Kemal—surnamed Atatürk, "Father of the Turks," who died in 1938—and led by former President Ismet Inönü. The R.P.P. had been in power continuously until it was turned out by the Democrats in 1950. The second opposition group is the right-wing National Party, reconstituted in 1954 from conservative elements then seeking to restore the Islamic monarchy which had fallen victim to World War I. The third is the Freedom Party, formed in 1955 by nineteen dissident Democratic members of the Grand National Assembly, who broke with the Menderes regime over its dictatorial methods and its repression of all criticism of economic policies. This group is young, intellectual, gaining strength.

When the Menderes government decided to take advantage of a good harvest and full-bellied peasantry to call an early autumn election, instead of waiting for the life of parliament to run out in the spring, when larders may be bare, the three opposition parties met in Istanbul to form an "election front." This move was led by the Republicans, frustrated because the election laws gave them only thirty-one seats out of 546 in the last parliament, although they got 40 per cent of the total vote in 1954. The plan was for all three parties to back a single candidate in each of the constituencies. But the government defeated this scheme in the last hours before dissolution of the Assembly on September 11 by ramming through a law which requires separate election lists.


Drawing by Berger

Premier Menderes

Menderes has seen to it that he has all the advantages. His laws make it a crime to publish or utter any criticism tending to bring the government or any of its members into disrepute. At least fifteen journalists have been imprisoned under this law. Osman Bölükbasi, an astronomer and president of the National Party, has been held in jail without trial since July 1 for calling a slavish Democratic deputy a "lackey of the tyrant" (Menderes) during an Assembly debate. Kasin Gülek, American-educated lawyer and secretary-general of the R.P.P., has been in court 132 times for offenses of criticism. Other critics have been banished to military areas along the Black Sea or have served as much as a year at hard labor. Economists have been dismissed from the universities for teachings contrary to government practices. In all this there is almost no hope of justice, since Menderes controls the judiciary under a law which permits him to dismiss without cause any judge who has served the state for twenty-five years. This puts every judge of the higher courts in peril. Every newspaper is equally in peril because its supplies of ink and newsprint can be obtained only on application to the government every fortnight.

Despite the handicaps, which include the government's refusal to give opposition candidates time-for-time on the state radio, the collective opposition is hopeful of gaining in the new elections a minority sufficiently strong to be "effectively obstructive." There is an outside chance that it may do far better.

HOPE rests in the unpredictable peasant, who constitutes about 80 per cent of the electorate. Menderes has been wooing the farm vote since last spring, when he increased the government-controlled price to be paid for wheat this autumn from 30 piasters (about 6c) a kilo to 40 piasters (about 8c), an increase subsequently applied to other agricultural products. The farmer now has more ready cash than he has ever had in his life; but the cost of living has gone up for everybody. The peasant vote unseated the R.P.P. in 1950 because the Democrats came up with a fresh program that seemed dynamic at a time when the country felt in need of a change of housekeepers. This time the peasant vote may unseat the Democrats because of a shortage of nails and horseshoes; because the price of hay this year is eight to twelve times what it was in 1950; because tractors cannot function without the replacement parts the government is unable to get without foreign exchange.

"In 1950 everyone thought the villages would re-elect the Republicans. Now they are saying just the opposite—that the farmer is Democratic, the city people Republican. Only the farmer really knows how he'll vote; and he isn't talking." He is not talking for much the same reason that the opposition politician hesitates to talk to a foreign journalist without a clear assurance that he will not be quoted by name, without first checking round the hotel lobby or up and down the street to see who may be standing by. The politician could find himself in jail for criticism attributable to him; the farmer could find his application for machine parts rejected, or his bank credit cut. The parties have their apostles everywhere, but the peasant merely listens to them and says nothing. His voice is in his secret ballot.

Nor does the urban vote seem to be much more susceptible of forecast: the votes of the housewife, the worker, the intellectual. Campaign oratory is cheap, but coffee isn't—and coffee is close to being the life's blood of the land. It cost £T6.25 a kilo in 1954, but is now difficult to obtain even at the going rate of £T16.75, and sells for £T85 on the black market (the £T is fixed at 2.8 to the dollar, but the free rate is 17 to the dollar). Government calculations show that food costs have risen 78 per cent since 1950, but newspaper surveys in Ankara and Istanbul put the increase somewhere between 120 and 150 per cent. Houses and flats that last year sold for £T250,000 are now going for £T500,000, and Menderes is tearing down scores of nearly new residential buildings to make way for the face-lifting of Istanbul, without first having provided substitute housing. For the most part, wages remain as they were five years ago. A Turk told me:

"The fault lies in irresponsible planlessness. There is neither direction nor supervision. All decisions come from Menderes, all expenditures as if he were doling them out of his personal treasure. If he runs short of money, he prints it. Capital investments, with little capital backing, have been made for political expediency alone. Sugar factories have been built where there are no sugar beets, cement factories far from raw materials and in excess of our capacity to exploit them. Credits of the Agriculture Bank have been extended to people who have nothing to do with agriculture, or to people who own small tracts of land that in the bank's first view were not acceptable as collateral. Many are known to have got sums ten to twenty times the value of their land."

INDUSTRIAL and agricultural developments have been impressive since the Menderes government came to power, much of it made possible by the more than $700,000,000 in American aid since 1949 (exclusive of military aid, which would bring the total to well over $1,200,000,000). "But far too much of this money has gone into projects that are beyond our capacity to use or our ability to run. Only United States aid is filling the hole dug by folly. Two tankers have been standing off in Istanbul harbor for days, waiting for someone to get up the hard currency to pay for their cargoes. Where have all the dollars gone? I can't even buy a refill for my American ballpoint."

This condition has come about through the importation of capital goods for which Turkey was initially able to pay in dollars obtained from Washington, but the imports in themselves created needs for further imports for which the economy has been drained of foreign exchange. Simultaneously, the projects that were intended to better the Turkish way of life were draining off the raw materials needed for consumer goods. Inflation flared: there were £T882,000,000 in banknotes in circulation in 1950; there are now £T2,800,000,000; and fewer things for their holders to buy. The last year the budget was in real balance was 1951; it has since been kept in apparent balance by an exaggeration of estimated revenues. The situation was already acute three years ago, when the government asked for an extra $300,000,000 from Washington to meet foreign and domestic commitments. Menderes was sure of getting it; but that was a moment when the United States was more fearful of a threat of international communism in the Far East than in the Middle East, so the plea was turned down with a reminder that Menderes had failed to carry out the house-tidying recommendations made by an American economic mission in 1951.

"In spite of the ills and evils the general political picture is not dismal. We have almost no political freedom left; it's a dark moment, but it will pass. Economically, however, we are in for a bad time. We are facing Churchillian austerity. If government data are correct, we would need about $500,000,000 this minute to cover investments being financed by deficit. The alternative is suspension of construction on very many projects, and a heavy capital loss." So many Turks told me.

Turks are quick to say that American aid has helped to revolutionize production and transportation; but they find that Washington is a monster with two minds, on the one side making political and military demands as the price of assistance, and on the other pretending that it has too much respect for the sovereignty of nations to interfere in the use to which the aid is put. "Many people wouldn't be half so rich if we had never had American aid; but many more people would be far better off. Its misuse was the spur to inflation, and the smell of dollars has made greed lively and corruption fat. Even richest America, for all the corruption she herself tolerates, could not let herself go to the limits we have gone."

MONEY for this mad living, this way of life that has made many millionaires, must be found to avoid inevitable retrenchment for yet another little while. Efforts to get a large loan from Moscow have failed, though it is said the Russians would agree to put money into some small projects of their own choice. Both the West German Government and Herr Krupp have agreed to put up 250,000,000 marks apiece to develop Turkish steel and arms production. But that is not enough. Now Turkey is trying to bring alive the spectre of threat from Russian-armed Syria, for whatever effect this might have in Washington, or in London, where sterling credits are being sought for "strategically important" investments.

"We have been living off the threat of international communism because we have seemed to be of strategic importance to the West. But was there ever really a threat? Or did we ever contribute anything that would have met one if there were? If so, are we really strategically important any more? Menderes unquestionably knows we are not important; for he is intelligent, if not intellectual. Can it be that John Foster Dulles is alone? Is he not aware that in an age of atomic missiles Turkey, unable to produce atomic weapons or even jet bombers, must learn to live within her means—and at peace with her neighbors?"

BOOKS and the ARTS

Plain Man of Letters

PRELIMINARY ESSAYS. By John Wain. St. Martin's Press. 196 pp. $3.25.

Richard Hoggart

THIS FIRST volume of critical essays by John Wain attracts attention, to begin with, because it exemplifies so well the tone of voice of a particular generation, of that much-misrepresented new movement in British writing in the fifties. Almost any one of Wain's openings will serve to illustrate this characteristic voice. The first essay, on restoration comedy and its modern critics, begins:

> The comment one finds oneself making on most Restoration plays is not so much literary-critical as sociological. I know, of course, that this is true of most minor literature; the only sane reason for ploughing through the mass of hacked-out Elizabethan plays or third-rate Victorian novels . . .

One could hardly mistake the tone for that of the "mandarin"; nor is it Bloomsbury, nor B.B.C. It is direct, relaxed, idiomatic, conversationally unbuttoned and strenuously ungenteel. It has an outright, dust-laying quality which seems to recur at intervals in our discursive prose—Samuel Butler did some excellent work with it at the turn of the century—when the climate requires it.

At times the manner is aggressively plain-man, rather self-consciously blowing the gaff on academic and social humbug. Criticism has its discipline of effective expression and, in throwing out the mandarin, we should not assume that every colloquial cliché is worth a place:

> The third subject, religion, seems to me (Dylan) Thomas's worst pitch; he never succeeds in making me feel that he is doing more than thumbing a lift from it.

Yet one hesitates to level this criticism, precisely because complaints like it have been voiced rather too often recently, sometimes with a waspishness which suggests that their authors are inspired more than they know by the tough tentacular roots of English class-attitudes. The opponents usually define the manner too narrowly, as the rudeness of a group of working-class and lower-middle-class emigrants who, through our well-tooled educational system, have arrived as professional—though dissident — intellectuals. Certainly, several of these younger writers are provincial dons; John Wain was himself for eight years an assistant professor in English at Reading University, before becoming a free-lance. It is true that they have many interconnections. But I doubt that they form a close group, even as close—say—as the New Writing group in the thirties. They are a generation, reacting to a common experience in ways understandably similar. They are responding to an important change in the British air, to the centralized, Welfare State, secondary power, socially fluid Britain of the fifties. The fifties are not as dramatic as the thirties and banners are harder to find. Nor do these writers wish to take on the appearance of the intellectual and managing middle-class. They particularly enjoy making satiric attacks on The Establishment—*The Times*, the B.B.C. Board of Governors, the British Council, the senior Civil Service. Some of these attacks have been callow, but a good case can be made for a revival of satire, of comedy of manners, in British literature today.

Writers of this kind have so caught the ear of the serious reading public lately as to provoke the wry comment that they are already a new Establishment. Of them all, John Wain is the most frequent, fluent and varied publicist. His two novels do not display the imaginative power of Iris Murdoch's or the comic sense of Kingsley Amis', but they are interesting contributions in the new picaresque mode. His "New Academic" poems are sometimes wittily effective, though he cheerfully waives his claims to a leading place as a poet of his kind in favor of Philip Larkin. His criticism is not as promisingly searching as that of Donald Davie, but is more widely engaged, often ranges outside the somewhat restricted field of specific "lit. crit."

THIS collection of essays strengthens one's hunch that just there—in the range of his intelligent hospitality—may be John Wain's real strength. He seems most likely, of any in his generation, to become that valuable and now rare person, the general man of letters. He is immensely hard-working and almost always extremely competent. He has read very widely and is clearly setting himself steadily to widen his range all the time (as in the essay on Four Victorian Poets in this volume). Though he undertakes an impressive amount of occasional reviewing for the intellectual magazines and newspapers, he seems to like to set aside time at intervals to spread himself on more scholarly critical essays (as in the essay on Restoration Drama and the review-essay on Wordsworth here).

More important, John Wain can exhibit what we like to think is a typically British strength in critical appreciation—a generous, high good sense which is not afraid of bold, comprehensive statement. Thus, in his patchily excellent essay on Arnold Bennett, he questions F. R. Leavis' view that Bennett was "never disturbed enough by life to come anywhere near greatness":

> His melancholy was not the reaction of the man who is "undisturbed" by life, but of one who is, if anything, frozen into it by a semi-paralytic suffering, of which the obverse is his frequently jarring jauntiness. But the irritating cocksure note is never permitted to enter . . . his major novels.

Above all, Wain is concerned with the general health of literature in

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his own time; with the situation of writers in Britain today, the forms most relevant to them, the "usable past" for them, the sort of audience they may properly expect; in fact, with the whole business of creative and critical pressures and possibilities. His early essay on the virtues of William Empson's poetry—which helped to confirm the swing away from the New Romanticism of the forties—illustrates how good a sense of the time's needs he can have. His adverse judgment on Auden's emigration to the United States, on the other hand, shows that his actively contemporary sense can sometimes lead him astray.

WAIN is a challenging and courageous critic, as the revaluation of Arnold Bennett, who usually slips through the fine mesh of New Critical techniques, amply indicates. "Criticism thrives on the clash of opinions," he says in his preface, and accordingly his essays tend to proceed in a series of questions, addressed to a reader he seeks intelligently to convince rather than to dazzle or browbeat or coax. Wain is helping consistently to clarify our cultural situation, for others as much as for himself; and he is trying, whilst avoiding belles-lettrism, to keep open the wide and flexible hospitality of the more intelligent literary journalism.

One has to add that at present he shows some serious shortcomings. His bold generalizations are sometimes too quickly arrived at, are a little glib or over-bright. Sometimes the unpretentious, unsentimental common sense hides a failure to explore a problem to the point at which subtle and uncommon sense should take over. So the claim—which has already been made—that Wain may prove to be "the British Edmund Wilson" seems at least premature. But Wain is still in his early thirties and there is certainly high promise in a voice which so often carries a wide, intelligent and perceptive integrity.

Medicine as Experience

FOR FUTURE DOCTORS. By Alan Gregg. The University of Chicago Press. 165 pp. $3.50.

Carl Dreher

IF ONE did not know who Dr. Alan Gregg was (as I did not) one would expect little from the humdrum title and the promise on the jacket: "A book rich in wisdom and inspiration for doctors, medical students, and friends of the medical profession." Every elderly physician has much to write about but he seldom knows how to write it, and ersatz inspiration already stinks up the publishing industry. To make the auguries still more hopeless, five essays in this collection of eleven were originally speeches delivered at commencement exercises. But the auguries are wrong; this is an exciting book.

Gregg was connected with the Rockefeller Foundation for thirty-seven years and retired as a vice president in 1956. He died in June, 1957. His influence on medicine was enormous, yet he practiced for only a year, with the Harvard Medical Unit attached to the British Army in World War I. Nor was he a great research physician like, for instance, his fellow-alumnus Walter B. Cannon. Nor did Gregg teach. As Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall points out in a succinct preface, Gregg excelled as a professional philanthropic investigator because he was an *aficionado* of research and could recognize outstanding technological investigators early in the game. He placed his bets accordingly and a high percentage paid off. Among the more spectacular achievements for which he was indirectly responsible were the first use of sulfanilamide in human medicine, some early applications of antibiotics, the establishment of psychiatry on the same level of respectability as other specialties and the Kinsey studies on sex.

For Future Doctors, however, contains scarcely a word about the nearly four decades of granting and withholding the sinews of medical education and research. For the same reason that Gregg could not accept honorary degrees, he could not write about his professional experiences. Foundation work involves the probing of so many private and institutional lesions that, Gregg felt, the writing of a frank memoir would violate professional confidence.

But quite aside from his great talent as a philanthropist, Gregg was a brilliant essayist, and few readers could fail to profit by the chapter on "Language and the Practice of Medicine" and the companion piece, "On the Reading of Medical Literature." That applies to everything in the volume: medicine was Gregg's milieu and his starting point for the depiction of experience, but his writing embraced all the irony and pathos of life.

In "Our Anabasis," an after-dinner speech before the Association of American Physicians in 1954, Gregg recalled his and his listeners' first day in the dissecting room, and connected it with H. L. Mencken's observation that love involves the inhibition of disgust. If Mencken overstressed the point in relation to the living, it is certainly valid in relation to the unembalmed dead. But Gregg points out that anatomy as the gateway to medicine is something of a test of the beginner's enthusiasm and sincerity. "No modern profession," he goes on, "seems to require at entrance an experience so close to the initiatory rites of primitive tribes in point of mystery and strain." In a preceding essay his own successes and failures as an intern suddenly propelled into a position of responsibility by an accident to his chief make wonderful and sometimes harrowing reading.

ALL HIS life Gregg was conscious of the chasm between acquiring the M.D. degree and becoming a real doctor. At the 1946 graduation exercises of Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and School of Dental and Oral Surgery he selected as his theme "the defects of knowing that you have received a first-rate professional education." He then discussed with biting amiability the complacency, ingratitude and provincialism of graduates of the best medical schools. "Granted," he said, "that the metropolitan variety of provincialism is more urbane, more adroit, more sophisticated, than that in the sticks. But it is also more inveterate, cocksure and colossal." Provincialism,

Coming November 16

FALL BOOK NUMBER

The Teacher as Villain
Saul Bellow

The Hipsters
Herbert Gold

Other essays and reviews; poetry.

CARL DREHER is an engineer and writer. His book on automation is being published this month.

he suggested, "increases in geometrical progression when it is both medical, metropolitan and American." The graduates must have filed out in a thoughtful mood. So must another group to whom Gregg remarked that honors and degrees carry the "general odor of receipted bills, certificates of past performances or rewards or honorable scars or epitaphs."

It would be unfair to read political implications into some of the things Gregg said, but if he was no rebel, neither was he awestruck by persons or institutions. As a young man he pointed out to the American Medical Association the invidious connotations of the caduceus, one of whose properties was to turn whatever it touched into gold. He was brushed off with "the august information that on such and such a date the two snakes and the winged staff of Mercury had been approved by the House of Delegates." And surely nothing is more appropriate to our times than Gregg's quotation from Paul Valéry: "You must live as you think; if not, sooner or later you'll end by thinking as you have lived." Our well-fed soldiers of the Cold War might also ponder Gregg's suggestion that "immense homogeneity breeds immense assuredness and the more so when nearly every source of information finds profit in flattering us Americans till we are infinitely remote to self-reproach."

There is not a single piece of phony moralizing or hortatory tripe in a book which, by theme and orientation, could have fallen into that pit on every page. Gregg says that "many an apposite and useful speech fits only the time and the place and never lives thereafter." It is not so with him. Even those who will know him only through this one book will have trouble thinking of him as dead. Of course, not all of him is.

Notes on Philosophy

DOMINANT THEMES OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By George Boas. The Roland Press Company. 660 pp. $6.75.

GEORGE BOAS has written one of the most interesting general histories of modern philosophy in recent years. Unlike many that are geared to the expected upsurge in college population, this is geared to what Professor Boas is interested in—which accounts in large measure for its success. He starts from the Renaissance, with a glance backward to mediæval thinkers, and ends up with contemporary existentialism. There is a wide treatment of secondary figures, so that the giants move along in a whole company rather than stand as lone stars in an otherwise dark night. And the author has related philosophy to cultural trends with considerable insight. The writing is forthright, with an easy clarity that does not sacrifice depth.

THE IMAGE. By Kenneth E. Boulding. The University of Michigan Press. 175 pp. $3.75.

Influenced by contemporary communication theory, Professor Boulding concentrates on a man's *image* of his world, not so much to explain its rise as to witness its modes of responding and altering under the impact of "messages" constantly coming to it. Considerable materials from the social sciences are recast in this "eiconic" vein, with all sorts of suggestive insights. Professor Boulding hopes that the central role played by a man's picture of what is going on will provide a fruitful unifying perspective. As he handles it, it does yield a fresh relation by which to light up old knowledge, and possibly to make some new discoveries. But it has the disadvantage that too many things tend to be said in a limited psychological-type language which may hem in the concepts in further research. For example, when he gets to history he has to talk of "latent processes" to take care of what is going on in the outer world that affects man; and men may come to be seen as shut up in their own images, with "surprise," "disappointment" and "feedback" replacing a firm hold on reality.

THIS IS MY PHILOSOPHY. Edited by Whit Burnett. Harper & Brothers. 378 pp. $4.95.

The author has compiled expressions, sometimes on the whole philosophy of life, sometimes random reflections on a selected theme, from twenty contemporary thinkers — philosophers, scholars, scientists, religious figures, literary men. Russell leads off with the question, "Will we survive?" At the end, Radhakrishnan pleads for a more inward and more universal religion. In between we find everything from reasoned statements and reflections on specific experience to occasional rhapsodies and affirmations of the power of love. Lewis Mumford sets a goal of vital balance, Aldous Huxley worries about popula-

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tion, war and erosion, Madariaga presses for liberalism, Trevelyan sees uniformity as a danger, while others — Oppenheimer, for example — are more impressed by the diversity, complexity and richness of life and thought today. Where papers were not written directly for this book, there are well-chosen selections from other writings — Niebuhr, Sartre, Maritain, Schweitzer and others. Collectively, the essays express humility and apprehension. While there are no sharp divergences — the participants could get together on a common program — the underlying outlooks are diverse. Weight falls on personal expressions rather than on proposals for the reconstruction of the social order.

THE IDEA OF WAR AND PEACE IN CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY. By Irving Louis Horowitz. Paine-Whitman. 224 pp. $4.50. Introduction by Roy Wood Sellars.

If philosophy has any bearing on social problems, it must have something to say on war and peace. So reasoning, Mr. Horowitz went and looked, causing us to wonder why no one thought of doing it so comprehensively before. The result is a careful scholarly study, highly readable, full of many specific insights, dealing with the views of figures as varied as Whitehead and Tolstoy, Maritain and Dewey, Lenin and Ralph Barton Perry and half a dozen others. He has not culled passages, but written integrated essays in which each man's whole philosophy is looked at framed, as it were, in the problem, and its assumptions about man, social processes and basic values critically appraised. Mr. Horowitz's emphasis is on fashioning an integrated philosophy of peace to secure the widest cooperation of varying perspectives. Professor Sellars' introductory essay has interesting reflections on philosophical developments in the study of social life, particularly with reference to the growth of American thought.

ABRAHAM EDEL

LETTER from CANADA

Lincoln Kirstein

TO RETURN to Stratford, Ontario, after a lapse of seasons is a rare satisfaction: tangible evidence that dreams come true. If the creation from scratch in less than five years—in a remote provincial town whose only promise was the magic of its name—of an international festival presenting classic drama, opera, popular and symphonic music, books and the plastic arts was possible, then anything is possible. That it has been done with such brilliance is a miracle reviving everyone who works in the theatre as an institution rather than as speculation.

Just as the big tent was the first, most striking impression of the initial seasons, so now is the permanent house which rose in ten short months to take its place. It embodies much that was characteristic of the tent—lightness, a projection of stylized intimacy, even a friendly rawness, which the completion of the building may temper. Now, exposed concrete, bare brick and raw edges seem clean as a new gym. A large balcony has been added, promenades are ample, stairways wide. Backstage is the envy of the world: half the entire huge space devoted to services, with the best-arranged dressing-rooms in America and place enough left over for a whole other experimental theatre. There are so many seats (filled 98 per cent this summer) that a comparatively short season with two lavish productions plus many ancillary art and musical events is self-supporting.

But a tent is by nature an experimental, an uncommitted device; it serves the immediate occasion and need not incorporate the balance or flexibility required of an enduringly useful, permanent structure. The new theatre has a doctrinaire design. Robertson Davies, its architect, says:

> It is quite unlike a Greek Theatre, and although its stage has some kinship with that of an Elizabethan theatre, the rest of the structure is far more considerate of the audience. . . . It contains no reminders of the theatres of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which were designed for a proscenium stage and an aristocratic—latterly a plutocratic—society.

Here is the tone of Lowland Scots Calvinism. Mr. Davies errs in his history. The great theatres of the European capitals constructed after the French Revolution were rarely court-theatres, but rather houses serving municipalities. Covent Garden, La Scala, the Châtelet, Barcelona, Rome are all popular theatres. And Mr. Davies may be proved wrong in his puritanical philosophy of construction. The new theatre in Stratford cannot accommodate any repertory later than Shakespeare (including Molière, Congreve, Shaw) according to the original intention of the scripts; since it has no orchestra pit, neither opera nor dance-spectacle can be mounted there. It is committed to one limited aspect of open staging. Hence it is in essence a director's, rather than an actor's or even an audience's theatre. Wherever you sit, half the audience and at least a quarter of a range of unwavering yellow lamps face you. The actors must compete with a tapestry of spectators' heads and the lights set above the balcony. And it is a pity that the orientation of the whole building was not reversed so that the open-air promenade above the lobby would have given on the charming Avon rather than on a grim old schoolhouse.

THIS single-purpose auditorium reflects the fact that it is Tyrone Guthrie's house—indeed, his shrine. His votive bust dominates the promenade, his eagle's beak exactly like a griffin on one of those vases which were the prizes of the original Panathenaic dramatic festivals. The tabernacle of his temple is the small grove of columns backed by double stairs and topped by a small triangular balcony, which dominated the stage of the tent-theatre. It is now set in concrete, a sacred relic, but it seems to have shrunk with the addition of the great mezzanine; its proportions are diminutive in the roofed hall. Before, it looked bigger in scale than the actors; now they seem to perform against a doll's house. However ingeniously handled from play to play, the insistence of this permanent structure always refers to Guthrie's historic priority.

Combining important features from the Greek, Elizabethan and twentieth century German stages, and even the Vieux Colombier of Copeau, this standing set was calculated five years ago to start a new tradition in a new country, where most people had never seen Shakespeare centrally staged (or staged at all), and were not aware of the innovations of Craig, Reinhardt or the Russians during the first half of our century. Guthrie synthesized them all in his free and opulent approach, which was perfect for a province in its initial period. Now the theatre is petrified in this image and, while even reinforced-concrete can be broken up, it remains to be seen if subsequent directors will be grateful to Guthrie's ghost.

Guthrie, however, was still present in the flesh this season just past, and his

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the acting-president of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy at Stratford, Connecticut.

farewell production left the festival a model for emulation. There are few complete productions which from the first gun (at Stratford they fire a 12 pounder and follow it with "God Save the Queen") give one the breathless sense of a master's relaxed yet intractable over-all concept. *Twelfth Night* as mounted by Guthrie was certainly one of the most splendid Shakespearean shows ever seen in America. Set in the epoch of Charles I, most marvelously dressed by Tanya Moseiwitsch in a delicate fusion of Anthony van Dyck and Frans Hals, there was a honey-flow of irritable oddity and placid insanity, every so often electrified by small tragic shocks or brief bursts of murderous melodrama. Advancing the time to a generation after Elizabeth gave Shakespeare's whimsy a prophetic edge. At the end, when Malvolio, all but driven literally mad by facile nonsense shouts: *I'll be revenged on you all,* the threat for the first time seemed to make Shakespeare's gimlet sense. Malvolio's puritan revenge was quite simply Cromwell's rebellion. The preposterous court would have their heads cut off.

And the performance was filled with details of characterization and expert acting like rose-diamonds set in a Fabergé frame. Luxurious caprice, an atmosphere of effete, suffocating silliness made the players pose like idiot orchids in a carnival conservatory. Christopher Plummer's Sir Andrew Aguecheek all but stole the show. Wigged as a moth-eaten Prince Rupert spaniel; debauched, exhausted, a prize-dog with almost (but not quite) all the brains bred out of him, the crowning disaster of an ancient line of wastrels—Plummer invented a great foolish character, as touching as Don Quixote. Siobhan McKenna's Viola had an ingratiating sweet lightness and candid grace, with the enormous advantage, for about the first time in Shakespearean history, of being provided with an identical twin, so that the double-switch of sister and brother elicited a whole series of genuine double-takes by the audience. Bruno Gerussi's Clown, with his lovely voice and fine head, strained a trace towards feyness, but the whole troupe was so fine that everyone shared Guthrie's triumph.

SO much could not be said of *Hamlet,* directed by Michael Langham, the English director, whose functions now combine those of Tom Patterson, the initiator of the festival, and Tyrone Guthrie, its first artistic director.

Hamlet can be a play about many things, but however variously imagined

Urban Moral

My eyes, barbarian, innocent,
Are helpless. Towers and flanking trees
Rise as a simple incident
With which bright smoke in sun suspended,
Sleek boulevards, thick factories,
The crowd, my coat, my hands are blent—
One plane of shades and lucencies.

Trapped by a surface like the child
That lifts a portrait from the wall
And looks behind it with a wild
Wish that the spirit be extended,
I spin with terror's harsh recoil,
Curse, and assert myself exiled—
City, forgive this animal.

For when at other times I've run
To the impartial earth, and there
Watched it at work—beneath the sun
Inwardly self-destroyed, self-mended—
And listened well, what have I found?
Not this nor that; till having grown
Quiet and quieter, I returned,

Relearned the near detail, the play
Of stone and steel, of silk and leather
Bulging with motive. I shall stay,
Knowing the noise begun and ended
In stubborn shapes that calmly weather.
Tentative, ignorant, the way
The soul and body hold together.

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it cannot be staged without a vividly posited background of the *Establishment,* the rotten domestic court of Denmark. Unless the State is in present danger, the Dynasty threatened, exterior enemies combining with traitors at home, then the Prince has no scope for his agony of ratiocination. If the Establishment is not depicted there is no hazard, hence no irony; the Ghost turns into the Sorcerer from *Swan Lake,* the Players become a gypsy-divertissement, Rosencranz and Guildenstern a sister-act and Fortinbras a supernumerary. Langham's unfocused production seemed to be only about one thing: somehow getting through *Hamlet* on a central stage. And that it scarcely managed. During the play-scene, the King and Queen had to be separated, their mutuality destroyed; the public did not know where to look since so much was always going on somewhere else; as a coup de grace, a gorgeous salmon-orange velours carpet was thrown over the whole playing-area, dazzling the action out of existence. Plummer's Hamlet had his beautiful voice and decent gravity, but the performance was tainted by so much self-pity that the audience had no room to feel sorry for him. The great performance in this *Hamlet* was Frances Hyland's incomparable Ophelia, surely the most beautiful personally, the most alive and consistently touching within memory. It is good news that New York will soon see her, and some time surely in Shakespeare. She is an actress of the first order.

THE FUTURE of Ontario is a fascinating speculation. The heroic period identified with Tyrone Guthrie is gone —crowned by a permanent theatre and a permanent institution. Michael Langham has inherited what Tom Patterson, the inventor, dreamed of, insisted on, fought for, well nigh bled and died to make a fact. Once established, an institution tends to become the property of custodians. Administrators, having been presented with a property, are sometimes overawed by the might and dignity of a success which has not been, after all, entirely due to them. It all seems too good to be true. They doubt the vision that made the miracle happen in the first place; it all seems logical enough now that it has happened. The best thing to do is bank it. But art cannot be administered like trust funds, and the sure way to theatrical ruin is conservatism.

It would be impossible to have more success than Ontario enjoyed this summer, financially, as well as artistically. Directors from the United States flocked up to hunt for actors and bagged their fill, which is our luck. Naturally the Dominion, in spite of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation programs, the fine work of the Canadian Players, the adventurous Crest Theatre in Toronto and Le Theatre de Nouveau Monde in Montreal, does not have the scope of Broadway plus Hollywood plus the television networks. It will be more than a simple problem of patriotic loyalty to hold actors the year around for one summer season. To be sure, England, Ireland and Australia continue to contribute excellent actors to Ontario, but it begins to seem as if Stratford might become a way station. It will need the combination of moral suasion, personal magic, elastic statesmanship and the pioneer spirit, exemplified in the loose but very fruitful partnership of Tyrone Guthrie and Tom Patterson, to ensure a next five years as fine as the last five. Tom Patterson is now called a consultant. It would be sad if, having made Stratford the Athens of Canada, having given Canada a cultural focus and physiognomy, he were served by the festival as the Athenians once served Aristides the Just.

Two Moons

In Norway is a sombre lake,
Which, on a certain night,
A huge moon, hanging very low,
Rendered serene and bright.
Then still and dark the mountains round,
Then air, and beck, and tree,
All paused: the water's midnight smile,
Her moonlight smile, to see.

There was no calm in nature when
A Manx moon, far away,
On the astonished uplands made
A parody of day.
She practiced dawn; her every beam
Made light of cloudy dread,
And into dark convictions sent
A shining doubt ahead.

There seems one night, that two
Unbalanced rivals share;
But one alone subdued the heart
And was remembered, where
A stranger by an alien lake
Remembered home; when on
The foreign midnight, for love's sake,
An absent image shone.

SHEILA CREGEEN

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

"DRAMATIC READINGS," if not exactly fashionable, have now become frequent. In addition to the O'Casey autobiography, we have Samuel Beckett's one-hour radio play, *All Must Fall,* Monday evenings at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse and Emlyn Williams as "soloist" in *A Boy Growing Up,* mostly narrative passages from Dylan Thomas' assorted memoirs.

Characteristic of these occasions is their almost uniform excellence, Williams' performance achieving brilliance; Susan Steele is very good too in the Beckett piece. I should note in passing that it appears easier to read than to act well—proof once again of how wrong people are who believe that acting is recitation. This does not mean that the above-mentioned readers are not good actors; I simply wish to make the distinction.

These readings are a pleasure because they serve superbly written material—folksy and strong, humorous and touching. O'Casey is immensely virile, Thomas imaginative, Beckett saturnine.

I AM glad the Phoenix Theatre chose Schiller's *Mary Stuart* to open its new season. The classics of the German romantic theatre (*Mary Stuart* was written in 1800) are almost unknown on our stage. That this theatre contains intellectually substantial and eminently actable material is made evident by the present production.

Schiller's play—like most of his dramatic work—is social and political in a universal sense; it has not lost its pertinence for contemporary audiences. It deals with the struggle between reasons of state and reasons of the heart, the contradictions between political expedience and personal conscience. The characters ring true and the thought is valid.

The play's strength is proof against its production. Most of the reviewers and many others declare themselves impressed by the production—which makes me assume that our audiences often hear better than they see, or rather that they cannot coordinate their seeing with their hearing. For while Mary Stuart, feminine, fragile, trusting and vulnerable is played by Irene Worth whose outstanding quality is power, Elizabeth, tough, suspicious, at all times allowing her calculating brain to overrule the humaneness of her spirit, is played by Eva LeGallienne, whose virtue is a delicate sensibility.

True, both actresses—and particularly Miss Le Gallienne—attempt to characterize beyond their personal attributes, but in the end each gives the impression of playing the other's part. Elizabeth, distressed at one point by the torment of not being able to follow her individual impulse because she is a ruler, cries out "If I could only be a woman." But Miss Le Gallienne not only acts throughout like a quivering woman (except for her walk, which is somewhat boyish) but every inch unimperious. Irene Worth, on the other hand, seems capable of shouting down and pulverizing the entire English court as represented by most of the softies who play that entourage on the Phoenix stage. Since the company is composed of better than capable actors and I found only William Hutt entirely convincing, the weakness of the production must be ascribed to miscasting; and casting is a function of direction. The director in this case is Tyrone Guthrie, one of the finest directors of the English-speaking stage. The theatre is a tricky place.

IT MAY be a flaw in *The Egghead* (Barrymore) that its central character is more bonehead than egghead. If all his silliness—he is a "blind" liberal, blustering and crammed with small bigotries, credulous to the point of stupidity—were slanted a little differently we might have had a comedy, but the play is a melodrama.

Molly Kazan, who wrote the play, realizes some of the humor of the situation and thus humanizes the proceedings so that the melodrama and the earnestness of her effort do not become oppressive. She is intelligent and workmanlike in her writing and the plot (the duping of a college professor by one of his former students, a Negro of humble birth who has become a professional Communist) is conducted with proper dramatic logic.

The play moreover is well acted by an excellent cast—Karl Malden, Eduard Franz, Lloyd Richards are particularly good—and ably directed by Hume Cronyn.

There is no reason, in short, why *The Egghead* should not be a success. What it says is entirely acceptable: that liberals are often fuddy-duddies whose tolerance is a species of indulgence, that Communists often harden into a gangster-like imperviousness to decency, that all this often comes from an idealism insufficiently nourished by contact with reality and that all this error, no matter what the justification of its source, is dangerous.

That the play is not "art" is no great matter. But the play is weakened as entertainment and misfires as propaganda because no one can disagree with its conclusions—there is no boldness here—and no one single element of the play—purpose, plot, language or characterizations—is fresh or striking enough to astonish or arouse us in some way which would make for exciting theatre.

THE OPPOSITE is true of *Romanoff and Juliet* (Playmouth) which has its dull stretches, hardly any plot and some satire of Americans that only a slightly-retarded English audience could find funny. Yet it has a number of delightful moments because Peter Ustinov as actor and writer (in his case, the writing is organic with the acting) has a genuine flair for comic improvisation, and because what he is saying in his play, for all its old-time showbooth innocence, is civilized. For we are all exhausted by the diplomatic chicanery of the great powers—particularly the English who know that whoever "wins" they shall lose—and Ustinov's play is a kind of humorously fanciful sigh, a fairy-tale wish for a world of inefficient peace and quiet, foolish love and laughter. The play is a puff of escapism—and that too is quite real.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IF THE opening-night production of Puccini's *Turandot* was any indication, the New York City Opera Company has well recovered from the financial-aesthetic crisis that forced cancellation of its season last spring. The house was sold out, the audience almost hysterical in its approbation, and the performance merited the enthusiasm. Julius Rudel, the company's new general director, had the City Center orchestra sounding more powerful and cleanly rehearsed than I have ever heard it. His principals sang splendidly; choruses were secure; and the stage picture, at least in the second and third acts, was fanciful and attractive.

Turandot, that strange mixture of opera love-story, Oriental fairy tale and Commedia dell' Arte, provides every opportunity for stylistic confusion. Prince Calaf, as a lover and as a tenor, stays pretty well within Italian operatic tradition. Turandot, the princess of Cathay, posing three riddles to her suitors and chopping off their heads when they fail the answers, is an import from the Arabian nights, but still credible enough within the plot's simple configurations. But Ping, Pang and Pong, stock Commedia characters, pose a problem. Forever flitting in tandem and in trio about the stage, shuffling and bowing like "Chinamen," they are needed to fill in the plot and, at the same time, are set outside it as a three-man buffoonery team. Fine singing and acting can provide the stylization to overcome this awkwardness, but I found neither of the tenors, David Williams nor Paul Hudleston, remotely acceptable in his role. With only one of three, John Reardon, really carrying his weight (in a splendidly handled baritone) Ping, Pang and Pong became dreadful bores. Loren Driscoll, another tenor who was making his City Center debut, also sounded rather weak and shaky, but his position at the back of the stage and off toward the flies may have contributed to this effect.

Giuseppe Gismondo, the Prince, who was making his first appearance in the United States, is an unusually lucky find for the company. He is handsome, he carries himself easily on stage, and he sings in a voice that is not only big and bright, but securely produced. The young Italian stopped the show on several occasions, and only Mr. Rudel's persistent conducting eventually quieted the applause and shouting. Soprano Adele Addison, too, received prolonged cheers after every aria. She is blessed with a remarkably silky and flexible voice; on this occasion, through sheer musicianship, she achieved an intensity of communication that lifted pathetic, self-sacrificing Liu to a higher plane than I would have thought possible. My only regret, throughout the evening, was that Puccini had given her no more to sing.

And last, I come to Frances Yeend as Turandot—her voice outsang the best on stage. In the *tuttis,* when even Mr. Gismondo was working to make himself heard, Miss Yeend's soprano flashed above the brasses, strings and winds. In softer, solo passages, the clarion quality receded, but the voice retained its body and its consistent edge of authority. What she lacked in natural, sensuous appeal, Miss Yeend made up for by ebullient energy and technical control.

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Advertise Your Wants in The NATION

Turandot, we are told, was the most ravishing princess in the East. Hearing her sing, the legend was—well, *almost* believable.

THE AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY, in another noteworthy opening, gave a first New York performance, at Town Hall, of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena.* In this production, the Italian mezzo, Giulietta Simionata, made her New York debut as Jane Seymour; a young American soprano named Gloria Davy sang Anne Boleyn. Kenneth Smith was Henry VIII; David Smith was Lord Rochefort; Richard Cassilly was Lord Richard Percy.

Donizetti has his admirers; I am not among them but I can understand their feelings. His music seems a historical curiosity, and yet, in that frame of reference, it has its points. For one, it is melodious, in an expressively thin but fluent Italian manner. Within his rather meager and conventionalized style, the composer forever keeps an alert ear pricked for the tiny deflections of melodic line, the nuances, that can enliven a frank formula with some breath of freshness. For me, listening to this music is like tiptoeing over a path of too-widely-spaced stones; it is a gingerly process. But along the way there is often a pretty surprise. The next stone was *not* too far to reach. The tiptoer may totter; he does not necessarily fall. And when he does take a tumble, it is more likely into a morass of boredom than one of outraged taste.

The American Opera Society, whose method of semi-staging sketches the scene with light suggestions of action and with hints of costuming in the ladies' evening gowns, achieved in *Anna Bolena* a chamber-opera effect that was both convincing and stylish. The singers were exceedingly good. Miss Davy, it is true, showed herself insecure in the coloratura techniques. Her voice is transparent and extremely beautiful but, because it is not really proper for the role, she was forced to proceed carefully in the coloratura moments. She is a sensitive singer, though, and the main body of her performance was pure-toned and deeply musical. Miss Simionato was ideally cast. Her powerful mezzo, when used as it was (sometimes unnecessarily) at full volume, tended to acquire a coarse edge. But this was the only fault I observed in her performance, and I suspect she was overestimating the acoustical depth of Town Hall as well as striving for an impressive New York debut. Kenneth Smith, David Smith and Richard Cassily sang cleanly, and, in the case of the first Mr. Smith, with remarkable force and polish. Even the small, compact choruses were effective, and the orchestra, under Arnold Gamson's direction, sounded forth with admirable finesse. There was a hint of shady woodwind intonation from time to time, but nothing else for complaint.

TO AND ON OTHER INTELLECTUAL POETS ON READING THAT THE U.S.A.F. HAD SENT A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS TO AFRICA TO LEARN WHY GIRAFFES DO NOT BLACK OUT

Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.
— Baudelaire

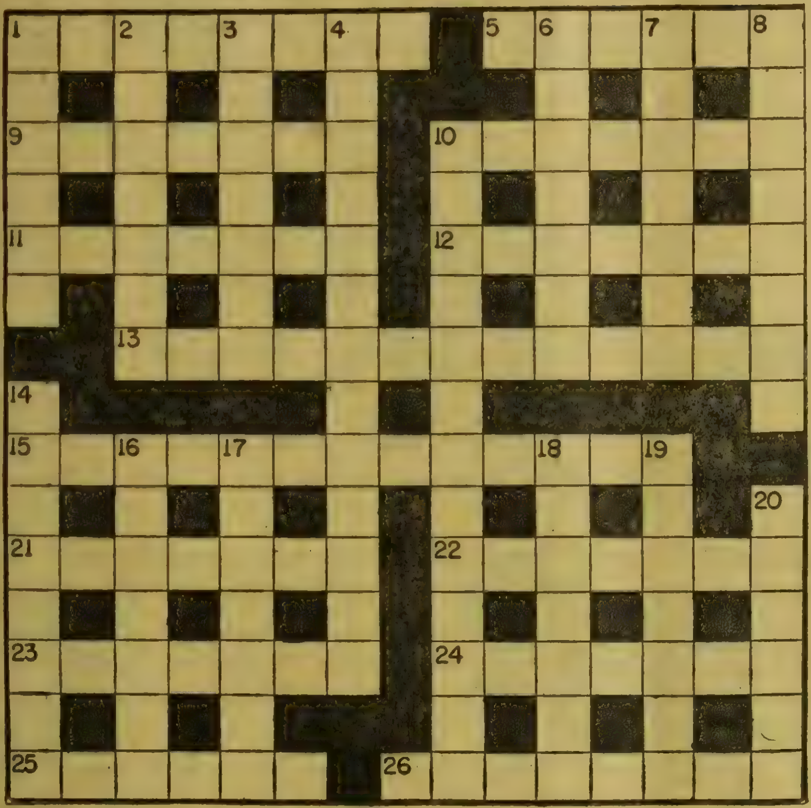
You an' me, bister, been giraffes —
equipped with them outside
terrential necks which when it comes
to trees can munch the tops of
and when it comes to telegraph lines
just snag right through them
But when it is merely a matter of browsing grass
has to can't
except they prop their
legs apart like a hasty whore
hoping to wind up work in time to catch
the 11:54
to her home in the Ramapos
or a pair of calipers attempting to describe
a circle too wide for itself to span
without spraining its furcal ligaments

And even how we keep
from blacking out
Science is still
scratching its pretty head about

RAMON GUTHRIE

Crossword Puzzle No. 743

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Washington has seen many a broken bat, since they might also be made out of wood. (8)
5 Not very interesting legislation, which might simply imply a certain lack of spirit. (3, 3)
9 More likely to be obeyed by a tame animal and not exactly wild one. (3, 4)
10 Something between a chuckle and a snort. (7)
11 See 26 across
12 Worked like a young man, weary at heart. (7)
13 The way one might figure to make a big call early? (13)
15 Not the narcotics squad—but they also might have an arresting attitude. (7, 6)
21 Expedient. (7)
22 Small living quarters in a sort of dear environment, but it might make do. (7)
23 The sort a bee makes? (A cockney's might be receding.) (7)
24 You might need a pattern if you do. (7)
25 If used for transportation, there's no strike involved. (6)
26 and 11 Certainly a devilish contrivance! (8, 7)

DOWN:

1 It might support the work of the fourth estate. (6)
2 It cements angular fragments. (7)
3 The poet's twelve, it seems. (7)
4 Daisy's way of going places with a pair of pumps? (6, 7)
6 Knowing all the angles must have made the mob rich! (7)
7 Giving a strict construction of "all rite"? (7)
8 Weds, for example, shortly. Sat also with four others. (8)
10 Respectable in literature and science, but not always so in politics. (13)
14 Close intervals, but not found in the last measures. (8)
16 Loose words? (Glare at them, and give them a good shaking!) (2, 5)
17 Appropriate sort of 22, perhaps, though women are likely to stand for it. (7)
18 Fancy synonym? (7)
19 Entertain like the soldiers might, and overseas left out. (7)
20 The trial of Lord Ealing? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 742

ACROSS: 1 ADOLESCENT; 6 PROP; 10 BLUBBER; 11 ILLEGAL; 12 LAID; 13 ALLEGRETTO; 15 NOTICES; 16 EMANANT; 17 EMINENT; 20 CHERVIL; 22 HOMESTEADS; 23 TRIG; 25 SORROWS; 26 NUMBERS; 27 RULE; 28 ADVENTURES. DOWN: 1 AMBULANCE CHASER; 2 OCULIST; 3 EBBS; 4 CURDLES; 5 NAIVETE; 7 REGATTA; 8 PALEONTOLOGISTS; 9 FLORIATED; 14 ACCESSION; 18 IMMORAL; 19 TRESSED; 20 CADENCE; 21 VERMEER; 24 SMUT.

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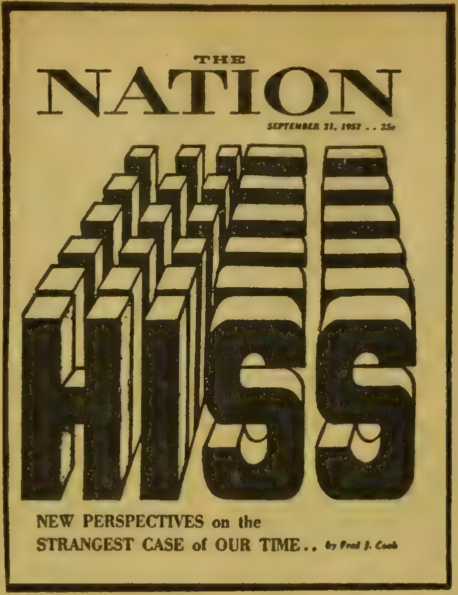
THE
NATION
SEPTEMBER 21, 1957 .. 25c
HISS
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STRANGEST CASE of OUR TIME.. by Fred J. Cook

In the Opinion Of Our Readers:

"Great Social Document"

Dear Sirs: This calm, dispassionate analysis constitutes one of the great social documents of our time. Understated as it is, it is nonetheless a powerful appeal for a re-examination of the American legal procedure in this vital watershed case. *The Nation* and Mr. Cook have rendered a magnificent public service.

H. H. Wilson
Professor of Political Science
Princeton University

"Superb Job"

Dear Sirs: Many thanks to you and Mr. Cook for the special Hiss issue. It is a superb job and especially valuable for one who, like myself, has never read either the basic documents or the lawyer-books dealing with the case. There should certainly be follow-up action. No one who knows of the FBI obstruction to the search for new evidence can possibly fail to have a "reasonable doubt" of Hiss's guilt.

Paul Sweezy
Co-Editor of the
Monthly Review

"Magnificent"

Dear Sirs: A magnificent issue. Hiss's conviction must have strained many people's confidence in our law-enforcement system. Congratulations on your show of common decency.

Robert Karger
El Cajon, California

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THE
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NOVEMBER 2, 1957 . . 25c

BURLI
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THE AMERICAN CENTURY: 1941-1957

by William Appleman Williams

LETTERS

We Made a Point

Dear Sirs: I wonder if you realize what a vital point you brought out in your editorial of July 20 on the aircraft lobby? It sheds light on something that today mystifies many Congressmen and others who are lashing out blindly to fix the blame for our "Sputniked" self-esteem. At the time, you wrote:

"In the wake of the Huntsville court-martial" [of Colonel John C. Nickerson] "the Aircraft Industries Association has moved swiftly to curtail the missile programs of the Army and Navy ordnance bureaus, which conduct much of their development work through government arsenals and non-profit institutions, and to concentrate these activities in the Air Force and Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, both of which rely almost exclusively on private companies. By using arsenals and non-profit institutions, the Defense Department has some means of checking the costs and profits on development projects; once these yardsticks are abandoned, it has none. . . . One of these days, we predict, some ambitious Senator will make a national reputation by conducting a thorough investigation of the aircraft lobby."

So, was *that* what caused a promising satellite project to be stopped when it was almost ready to fire? The Democrats will have to do more than castigate "Eisenhower economy"; they will have to look deep into the aircraft industry — one of their favorites — and see what the profit motive did to the public interest at that time.

Of course the whole arms race by both great nations seems insane to me. How many billions the human race will spend — how many infernos it will enter — rather than try a simple thing suggested two thousand years ago: "Agree with thine adversary quickly, before the sun goes down."

JESSIE LLOYD O'CONNOR
Little Compton, R. I.

Unfair to Meyner

Dear Sirs: The article, New Jersey's Man in the Middle, by David van Praagh, which appeared in your September 7 issue, disturbs me. I believe that Governor Meyner has the support of a large majority of the liberal and independent thinking voters of New Jersey. The writer of your article states that "Meyner does not operate by any discernible standard of what is right or wrong. . . ." —then he proceeds, grudgingly, to recognize the Governor's courageous conduct in the Bigelow case; he finds that the Governor has proven to be an able administrator; he admits that Meyner has surrounded himself with outstanding men and that his important appointments were based upon merit regardless of political affiliations. The writer then finds in Meyner "a frequent lack of decisiveness and a failure to take sides with tough issues"—yet he mentions the courageous appointment of Joseph Weintraub as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey during election year.

ARTHUR KNASTER
Jersey City, N.J.

The "Baltimore Documents"

Dear Sirs: In my letter published in your October 19 issue, I was trying to suggest a rather important clue to the jig-saw puzzle of the Hiss case. I write you now only because a typographical error in my letter as printed tends to obscure my point.

My point was that the two groups of "Baltimore Documents," distinguished from each other by size and paper-aging, fell on opposite sides of a dividing date — March 12, 1938, the date Wadleigh went to Turkey. I said that they fell "into two groups, one comprising letters dated before, and the other letters dated *after* [not "before," as the published letter read] March 12, thus indicating that the copies were manufactured at different times." This is significant not only because it tends to show that the papers were not all kept together in the same envelope from 1938 to 1948, as Chambers said they were, but also because it may account for "the peculiar state of the gummed label" on the envelope (see photograph in Hiss's book, *In the Court of Public Opinion,* following p. 374). Quite possibly the group of papers dated *before* March 12, 1938, *were* kept in the envelope for some substantial period after their manufacture by or for Chambers. When it came time to use them, to buttress Chambers' tale, it might have been thought wise to peek into the envelope to make sure that some of them were dated after March 12, so as to eliminate the defense that Wadleigh had furnished the originals, and for this purpose to lift the part of the label adhering to the back of the envelope.

Of course, if my theory is correct, the person who made the inspection would have found that all the documents were dated *before* Marsh 12, and would have had to manufacture a new set dated later — thus accounting for the difference in the appearance of the two groups.

CHESTER T. LANE
New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Great Deflation

The Great Deflation, fall of '57, is now far enough advanced to be characterized by name. Sputnik was one factor. Little Rock was another. When stocks lost $5.6 billion on the New York Stock Exchange on October 21, still another jab was taken at our inflated national ego. Then, to make matters worse, we were told that the government now finds itself in much the position of the average American consumer: loaded with debt, budgeted to the gills, crowding the debt ceiling. And then we learn from San Francisco (see p. 295) that at precisely the time when the underdeveloped nations stand in greatest need of capital funds for their development plans, we are reluctant for political as well as economic reasons to provide them. Britain, West Germany and the United States are tightening credit controls; a decade of inflation has dissipated, to some extent at least, much of the investment funds formerly available. And, along with this morning-after, sobering-up clarity of vision, comes a realization that we have been on a decade-old binge in world affairs, intoxicated by the sense of our own power (see page 297). But, as Nehru observed last week in the friendliest possible vein, a "defeat" may bring us to a new awareness of our place in the world. The "agonizing reappraisal," in a bona fide sense, may now be imminent. Will future historians conclude that The American Century, Luce version, came to an end in this fall of 1957?

Off-side in Syria

Nearly everyone seems to have been off-side in the current Syrian crisis. Washington was off-side in a number of respects: in having flown arms to Jordan in a provocative manner, in having staged NATO maneuvers in Turkey's Seros Gulf and in having the Sixth Fleet get up a new head of steam. The Syrians were off-side in screaming about the danger of a Turkish invasion—as though the Turks would move without the approval of NATO's high command—and in vastly exaggerating the number of Turkish troops concentrated along the border (the Syrians said 50,000; reliable expert opinion puts the figure at about one-third that). As a result of their screaming, the Syrians now have 1,500 or 2,000 incompetent but troublesome Egyptian troops on their hands, who are in Syria not to defend its territorial integrity but to protect the political interests of the "young officer" group in the Syrian Army. In a word, Syria, for its pains, has been occupied not by Russia or Turkey but—cruelest of humiliations—by Egypt.

The Russians, on their part, were off-side because of the extraordinary clamor they raised in an effort to bolster the same left-wing clique in the Syrian government and to frighten their opponents. Among their motives—and the Soviets seem never to have just one motive—is that of provoking Washington to the point where invitations might be extended for high-level bilateral talks. It may seem odd that the Russians should seek to induce an invitation by acting obnoxiously in the Middle East; but this appears to be in the genre of Soviet diplomacy.

Now that Syria, under Soviet pressure, has turned down King Saud's mediation offer—the King appears to be always ready to mediate on any subject except his own autocratic power at home—the play goes back to the U.N. With eighty-odd referees ready to blow the whistle, perhaps the players can now be induced to stay on-side. It is our conviction, however, that in the long run this problem, along with many others, can be settled only within the framework of bilateral Washington-Moscow talks.

A Masterpiece of Insipidity

The three-part "manifesto" of the Democratic National Committee is a masterpiece of insipidity. The statement on civil rights warns the Dixiecrats, but only by indirection, that there will be no further compromises, while smugly chiding the President for lack of leadership and, in effect, charging him with responsibility for Little Rock. To criticize the President in this connection without taking cognizance of the miserable role played by the Governor of Arkansas and the state's two Senators, all Democrats, is an inexcusable indulgence in partisan politics. The "manifesto's" economic section is a rather pleasantly-written statement of the kind that might well win honors in a junior college essay contest. The Administration's tight-money policy is criticized but, this aside, the essay is made up of a collection of stale ritualistic utterances: the anti-trust laws must be "vigorously and effectively enforced" (how long, O Lord, must this ancient rubric be repeated!); the corporate income tax bears "too heavily" on the small firm; prices should be stabilized "through an active, firm and broadly-based policy" (details omitted); and the familiar pledge of assistance is offered the farmer and small business man. This is pure trivia, economic small talk, political spoofing.

As to foreign policy, the statement urges: (1) that the Western Alliance be restored (details omitted); (2) that America's military strength should be rebuilt; (3) that nations ready and able to develop industrially should be assisted; and (4) that we should regain the respect and confidence of free men (details omitted). As to Point 3, the Democrats had a fine opportunity in Congress to implement such a policy, but elected not to support the President's plea for further economic aid to underdeveloped and uncommitted nations. Points 1 and 4, without specification, are meaningless. This leads to the conclusion that the one basic point on which the Democrats differ from the Republicans, methods and Dulles aside, is that they favor a heavier armaments program. The foreign-policy statement ignores China, has nothing new to say about the German problem and fails to urge a suspension of nuclear tests.

The inadequacy of this "manifesto" is puzzling. The Advisory Committee is made up of intelligent men and women of good will and political experience. Is it that they underrate the intelligence of the American people or fear to test our maturity as voters? Do they lack political courage? Or lacking any pressure from the Left, have they drifted into a position of more or less open if unacknowledged alliance with the Republican Party? One conclusion is clear: we are, at the moment, functioning without the benefit and guidance of a political opposition.

Preview of a White Paper

The Attorney General acted wisely in ordering a report on criticisms which have been made of the Department of Justice's handling of the Rosenberg-Sobell case. A recent issue of *Look* (October 29) carried an "exclusive preview" of the report which an intra-departmental study group has now delivered to Mr. Brownell. The summary was prepared by Bill Davidson, who worked on the report. Last week we queried the department: was the report to be published? If not, was it available for inspection? We were told that no decision had been made on either point.

An exclusive preview of a White Paper is something of a novelty in public affairs. If the report is to be kept under tight lock along with the department's files and records on the case, then there was not much point in having had it prepared except, of course, to satisfy Mr. Brownell's personal curiosity. To give a single publication exclusive rights to exploit it is worse than rank favoritism: it gives rise to an inference that the summary, prepared by a person who worked on the report, is biased in favor of the department. Mr. Brownell—or William P. Rogers, his successor in office next week—must realize that there is now no alternative but to publish the report in its entirety or to make copies available for inspection by the press.

The Road Back

The American Civil Liberties Union has recently issued a new and stronger call for American colleges and universities to return to first principles of academic freedom. The report deals with the discharge in 1954 by the University of Michigan of two professors who had been "unfriendly" witnesses before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. One was fired, it appears, because after resigning from the Communist Party he had continued to exhibit toward it a degree of sympathy tantamount to membership. The other had refused to answer the committee's questions about his political associations, and likewise refused to answer the same questions when propounded by university authorities. The report condemns the firings and rejects the rationale used to justify them.

This rationale stems from a policy declaration by the Association of American Universities in 1953. "When the powers of legislative inquiry are abused," the statement read, "the remedy does not lie in non-cooperation or defiance." On the contrary, the nature of the teacher's profession imposes on him an "obligation of candor." But in practice this so-called "obligation of candor" has implied an obligation to plead guilty or not guilty to a charge which should never have been accepted as a test of competence to teach. For if it is improper to question a professor about his political associations and beliefs, then it is illogical to dismiss him if he declines to defend himself on this score.

The ACLU report provides the Association of American Universities with an excellent opportunity to reconsider its position on the so-called "obligation of candor." It also gives the American Association of University Professors a chance to strengthen its own position on the same issue (in 1956 the AAUP, while condemning several firings whose only stated justification had been alleged Communist Party membership, at the same time adopted a general statement which seemed to take both sides of the candor theme). The position which the ACLU has so stoutly defended in this excellent report is one which *The Nation* has consistently advocated throughout the post-war heresy hunt (see: The Test of a Teacher, March 5, 1949).

The Boys Who Rule the World . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

San Francisco

SEVEN HUNDRED capitalists is a lot of capitalists to see at once. It is not as breath-taking as you might think. Coming suddenly out of the bright San Francisco sunshine into the dim lobbies of the Fairmount Hotel, they don't look much different from you and me. They are members of the blue-serge and gray-flannel and pin-stripe international, just like the people in the corridors of the U. N. or in any professional, technical or administrative convention the world over, including the other side of the Iron Curtain. This has often been remarked in other contexts — but it is a little startling to discover that it is true of what was once the silk hat, big paunch, striped pants, chorus-girl-on-knee world of the *Masses* cartoonists. Alas, that gaudy show is gone forever.

These boys may run the world, but I can tell at a glance that they are every bit as fouled up as I am, and lots of them may be almost as well educated. Until you look at the badges, you can't tell Press from Guest, except for the *Time-Life* people, who look as though they'd just eaten the canary, and the Formosans. The condottieri of the Nationalist Chinese regime are out of another age altogether, not that of the Robber Barons, but out of the slippery back corridors of the Renaissance. They look like combinations of various proportions of Fu Manchu, the plumper Buddha statues, and Get Rich Quick Wallingford. Their air of fabulously expensive evil living lends a slight chill of distinction to an otherwise somewhat academic-looking mob.

Seven hundred of the boys who run the world. I wonder if Wright Mills is right. Is it a conspiracy of mediocrity? Just as an amateur physiognomist, I would hazard the guess that the I. Q. level was higher here than anywhere except in a gathering of top scientists. Most of them look smart, a few as though they really knew the score, and the Asians especially look like well-fed intellectuals. But they don't look like the Master Class, and very few look like Men of Distinction.

This thing started off as a quiet little gathering of a few industrialists — economists, bankers and such — organized by the Stanford Research Institute. It quite probably wouldn't have amounted to much. And then Henry Luce offered to pick up the tab. So everybody wanted to come. As the call girl said, "San Francisco is the town where everybody wants to come to the ball, baby." So there are bankers from Ceylon, cement producers from Iran, Burmese mining magnates, Japanese economists, terribly flattered economics professors from everywhere, and a few of the really important lads from the real top, and one (American) lady delegate, who makes pop in Siam, and looks like a dangerous beauty from the pages of Talbot Mundy. For a week she wears fur hats exclusively, made out of odd beasts like binturongs and dappled coypus. Nobody knows why she was invited, but what *Time* calls the "newshens" sure love her, and the assorted billionaires don't seem to mind her a bit. Such is *Life;* such, too, is *Time.*

Mr. Luce's first words are, "This is the fulfillment of a life-long dream." Yes, indeed, I know what he means. Imagine what would have happened if William Randolph Hearst, Sr., had tried to stage something like this. The poor man: the New York politicians didn't even dare sell him so socially undistinguished an honor as the mayoralty. But this is the day of the New Journalism, which is something like the New Capitalism. Everyone here was flattered to be asked. And there is Henry, the missionary's boy, on the platform speaking his piece for company, seven hundred cover stories in the flesh. It's lovely to see a man make good. It was a touching speech.

From then on, beginning with Eugene Black, chief of the International Bank for Reconstruction, the speeches weren't touching at all. They were dismaying. There was nothing of Jim Fiske or Henry Clay Frick, nothing of a McCormick or Luce editorial, in these papers. A lot of serious thought and hard work by ghosts and, I suspect, in many cases by tycoons, too, had gone into them. But Black's paper sounded like a scolding from J. P. Morgan, Sr.'s, parson. It was an ominous keynote, all about stability and reliability and a friendly and cooperative attitude on the part of the lesser breeds and the dangers of socialism and nationalism.

FROM THEN on it was turn and turn about. The earnest and immensely civilized brown men, bankers and millionaires and arch conservatives in their own countries, tried to explain what was happening in the world. Over and over again the seven hundred were told that in the have-not three-quarters of the world the population is exploding, the standard of living is falling, capital accumulation lags far behind the most elementary needs, the old peasant economies are dead, dying or demoralized; outside of part of Europe, the United States, Britain and her Dominions and a few other places, the "free" world is turning into an immense slum. Not only is there more poverty than fifty years ago, but today the people of the "former" colonial nations are acutely aware of their poverty. They measure it against the luxurious life they see in the American movies, and unless something is done soon to increase their productive powers, "there will be serious disturbances." And that, given this all-enveloping poverty, major capital investment can only be undertaken by the state; there are not even the human resources to handle it any other way.

Long ago someone said that Bolshevism was destined to be the characteristic political form assumed by the colonial and semi-colonial nations as they embarked on the course of primitive capital accumulation; that it was a socialization of

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KENNETH REXROTH, poet and critic, is a frequent contributor.

poverty, the dragooning of a broken-down peasant economy into industrialism. Recently even Earl Browder has been saying something like this. Well, if they have their way, the majority of the capitalists of Europe, if they were indeed fairly represented at this conference, are going to see to it that this is what happens. They just didn't pay any attention to what their brown and yellow colleagues were telling them.

They drew a blank. They didn't dig it, like Eddie Condon listening to Stan Kenton. Nothing happened, man. Either they are all incorrigible or the wrong white men came. If this thing was designed to counteract Bandung, it laid an egg. One after another, Germans, Americans, British, it was the same old tale, very politely phrased by captive economics professors and *Time*-style experts, but the same old refrain: "You little stinkers show some gratitude and promise to be good or you won't get any candy." Some didn't even try to disguise it. Hermann J. Abs, the German banker, who looks as though he had worked hard, hard, all his life trying to look like the Coldstream Guards, did all but call for gunboats to the coconut isles. He obviously had learned nothing and forgotten nothing—since the Herrero War.

SO IT WENT, day after day. The Asians were trying to defend capitalism; after all, they were capitalists. And they were trying to tell their "former" imperialist masters the only way it could be done. They were very well informed, far better educated, far more men of the world. Most of their papers would not have looked too odd in *The Nation.* Many were trained at the London School of Economics. But aside from very rare exceptions, mostly amongst the Americans, their listeners would have understood as much if they had spoken Etruscan. There were exceptions. When the economists spoke under their own names, most of them tried to throw a scare into the boss. The boss just went to sleep or looked irritated—the egg-head exposure syndrome. One or two, as might be expected, were real bawds, and gave pep talks worthy of a morning powwow of Fuller Brush salesmen. Paul Hoffman made a surprise appearance and spoke intelligently; many of the round-table leaders and participants, the Americans especially, showed considerable insight. But by and large there was very much not a meeting of minds. Innate brains don't matter, not if they are blocked by incorrigible folly and invincible ignorance. I assume David Sarnoff has a lot of brains of some sort or he wouldn't be where he is. But he sounded like a super-salesman of electronically-controlled jet-propelled lucite orange squeezers.

The star of the show was M. R. Masani, one of India's leading conservatives. He explained once again the necessity for a "mixed economy," state socialism, cooperatives, village collectives and private enterprise and foreign investment. And he ended: "May I take the liberty of suggesting that every American who invests in countries like mine is, whether he knows it or not, taking out an insurance policy for his children?" It certainly looked as though he might not know it. The American, Robert Garner, president of the International Finance Corporation, went blindly ahead with the same old scolding—all about "suspicion and hostility," "political nostrums," "the proven principles of free enterprise"; in fact his reaction to the programs of economic development in the "former" colonial countries was "painful observance of political instability, disorderly national finances, inexperience in administrative management and techniques." And, boys, if you don't mend your ways, don't come around my shop for any of my nice International Finance.

Is it really happening? Or is it all a bad Russian propaganda movie? Sometimes I think that ten years back I wandered onto a Sovkino lot and I can't get out of the picture.

Still, these seven hundred fellows are all business men. They know nothing happens at conferences like this. History is made far more covertly today than it was in the days of Castlereagh and Talleyrand. What they came for was good hot business contacts, just like the delegates to any far less ambitious, far more Babbitt-attended business conference of plumbers or farm-machinery salesmen. This they got and they were pleased and satisfied. The American lady from Siam should be able to go home and make a far more splendid pop for the Siamese.

What did it mean? Practically nothing. If it *had* meant anything, the meaning would have been vitiated by Henry Luce's closing speech. Here was a man with the finest speech-writing talent in the world at his disposal, but this one he unquestionably insisted on writing himself. There were rumors all over the press room that *Time-Life* was going to announce a new international business magazine and that this was all an elaborate promotion scheme. That would have been bad taste enough, but the dénouement was simply pathetic. After all the high flown internationalism, intensely local, directed exclusively at the American Republicans present, it was the baldest appeal for the election of Richard Nixon to the Presidency and then, or in the meantime, a high, preferably a Cabinet, post for Mr. Luce. It was like some awful little girl reciting "The Dream of Eugene Aram" for company. Everybody was so embarrassed. And it contained the rhetorical masterpiece of the year: "And I have no doubt that the words spoken here, the informal words equally as important as the formal, *are already circling the heart waves of mankind*, inviting thousands of men and women of energy and faith to be of our number in the conquest of the future in Freedom's name." Italics, as they say, are mine. Sort of a scientific breakthrough, the combination of the wave and corpuscle theory of heartbeats. Oh, Mr. Luce, I want to like you, I think you do a lot of good with things like the Faubus cover story and all, but how could you?

WHAT ARE the conclusions to be drawn by the impartial observer? The so-called free world seems to be divided pretty clearly into three groups. First are the United States of America, Canada and Australia, the other predominantly white or white-governed Dominions, Latin America and, to a much lesser degree, Great Britain itself. The industrialists and financiers of this group are optimistic about the future of "free enterprise"; they see no reason why it can't solve the world's economic problems if given a chance in a friendly environment. They look on all state interference as "creeping Bolshevism" and on the kind of racial and national awakening shown at Bandung as dangerous demagogy. They are not inspired by malice; they are perfectly confident they can help. In fact, especially in the lower echelons of the American business community, there is enormous good will. What is wrong is simply ethnocentrism. The economic and social problems of, say, Indonesia, are more incomprehensible to them than the outlandish religious practices of Bali. This is the greatest and last of all social blockages. After all, the American Indian and the white man have stood irreconcilably distinct for 500 years, in spite of every kind of good and bad will on both sides.

Second are the Continental Europeans, but especially the West Germans and French. They are for strong measures, not because they have confidence in capitalism, but because they don't. The motto used to be, "It will last our time." Now it seems to be, "It will last till I can get it converted into gold and get it in a bank vault in Buenos Aires." The Americans, unfortunately, are committed to this world, as well as to the world of Bandung.

Last come the "native" capitalists. As I have said, they are incomparably better educated, more aware of what is going on, than are their Western colleagues. They know that the economic development of the Asian and African peoples must rely on a large percentage of socialism, or at least state-sponsored, financed and guided capital investment. And, of course, the foreign investments, too, must be largely state originated (we forget that Point Four, or the Marshall Plan, is "socialist" in the invidious sense). On this élite depends the future of the country. And the first loyalty of the Asian capitalist is, in almost every case, to this caste and to his people as a whole, and not to the international business community; and least of all to an abstraction like Free Enterprise.

UNTIL THE American government and the American business man understand this, nothing is going to happen but frustration. And the more the frustration increases, the further, of course, the already wide gulf between the two is going to spread. The best thing about the whole conference is that it did show, if you wanted to ferret it out, a real effort to understand on the part of many American business men, who were unfortunately neither in the majority nor, usually, in determinative positions. But there was certainly plenty of good will. If the accelerating avalanches of economic and social difficulty don't overwhelm this good will, it may, eventually, be enough.

American Century: 1941-1957 . .

by William A. Williams

FOR AN American, at any rate, it was hard to believe—even in 1957, after more than a decade of dreary and foolish pronunciamentos of the Cold War. Not even the angriest author of the rebellious Twenties, or the most crusading playwright of the Thirties, would have risked writing such a line into his plot.

Yet there it was, in the black and white austere certainty of *The New York Times* on the morning of August 13, 1957: the Department of State had decreed that the projected visit of forty-seven American students to Communist China "would be subversive of United States foreign policy."

One could search for years and not find a more fitting footnote to the insight of those who once said that the Russians had conquered America without a shot. And it was precisely this sort of incident which prompted an Arab diplomat to remark, last month, that "it is the West which is destroying the West."

Only sixteen years ago, supported by a chorus of enthusiastic liberal and conservative intellectuals, Henry R. Luce announced the maturity of The American Century. It was High Noon, he judged, and hence time "to accept whole-heartedly our duty and our opportunity as the most powerful and vital nation in the world and in consequence to exert upon the world the full impact of our influence, for such purposes as we see fit and by such means as we see fit."

Shared by big corporation executives (see page 295), labor leaders and politicians of every ideological bent, this estimate of America's power and role in world affairs dominated policy-making decisions long after the Russians had tested their first nuclear weapons.

Secretary of State George C. Marshall summarized the order of the day in his curt comment of May, 1948, that "the problems presented to those who desire peace are not

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questions of structure." This persuasive sense of certainty confined whatever discussions that did arise to the issues of the means to be used, or the limits to which America should go in exerting its will and its way. What passed for a debate about the policy of containment, for example, revolved not around the validity of the policy, but about whether or not it went far enough fast enough. In a similar manner, Generals Douglas MacArthur and Omar Bradley disagreed not over the strategic question of how to establish peace, but over the tactical problem of which war should be fought at what time. And even as late as the election campaigns of the 1950s, the argument about the policy of liberation never got down to the central issue of whether or not the idea itself was viable.

BY 1957, however, there is considerably less rhetoric in the style of doing things "as we saw fit," and a good deal more in the vein of calls for "give-and-take-negotiation." Though less dramatic than the Summit Conference of 1955, or the shock of surprise when Russia launched the first earth satellite, the incident of the student visit to China is even more revealing of this crisis in The American Century. Had the leaders of The American Century been imperialists of the old school (as, indeed, they seemed to be during the years of Secretary of State Dean Acheson's mercantilist policy of "total diplomacy"), they would have whisked the errant children off to the nearest American base with the swish of a jet-assisted take-off. Had they been poised and adroit administrators of an American Way of Life for the World (as indeed they seemed to be when managing a counter-revolution in Guatemala), they would at least have encouraged the visit, and more probably have subsidized it. But in first defining the proposal in terms approximating treason, only to acquiesce in the trip itself, they give stark evidence of their anxiety and indecision.

Such has not always been the case. Two generations ago, advocates of The American Century "went to bed and went to sleep and slept soundly." Even Franklin Delano Roosevelt initially thought about foreign affairs on the basis of this conception of America and the world. Thus he characterized the Spanish-American War as "the offer of a helping hand," a phrase which called up cousin Theodore's concept of America's *noblesse oblige* toward the rest of the world. He provided an even more explicit example of his thinking as part of his effort to sustain President Woodrow Wilson's crusade for the League of Nations. There was nothing to fear, Roosevelt assured his fellow Americans, because the United States would always control the votes of the Latin American countries. And in August, 1941, several months before America officially entered the war (but after Russia had), his conversations with Winston Churchill revealed the sanguine view that the United States, with some help from England, would police the world for an indefinite period after the war as a sort of bulldozing operation for the projected United Nations Organization.

IN THE course of the war, Roosevelt modified these casual assumptions about America's benevolent supremacy. On the one hand, he began to realize the extent to which the New Deal had failed to solve the problem of unemployment in a peacetime economy, and the degree to which the power structure of the country had been rationalized rather than altered—let alone revolutionized. His adventures among the "War Lords of Washington" prompted him to shift from traditional attacks on Big Business to much broader warnings about the danger of fascism in America. In the conduct of foreign affairs, meanwhile, the fierce resistance of the Axis powers and the rise of the Soviet Union acquainted him with some of the inherent difficulties of policing the world, however just and liberal the laws. By 1944 he was more ambivalent in foreign affairs, veering back and forth between the concept (and practice) of a concert of power with Russia and the idea (and practice) of asserting America's freedom of action throughout the world.

Those who succeeded Roosevelt have sought to resolve the dilemma by coming down hard on the side of an American Century. Not all of them have seen the world in the stark outlines etched by the 200-proof essence of this idea, any more than all of them have been creed-bound conservatives; but the great majority of them defined "internationalism," which has become their rallying cry and battle hymn (as well as their key propaganda symbol), in terms of a system organized and led by the United States in opposition to the Soviet Union, and exerting varying degrees of its power on other nations which sought to gain or retain a significant area of independent action. They disagreed among themselves over the means to be employed (though much less than it appeared, even at first), not the assumptions or the objectives of the program. Brushing aside the vigorous but limited and divided opposition to their outlook, these advocates and practitioners of The American Century rapidly established a pattern and a momentum of decision.

Their program was a hodge-podge misappropriated from the past. For domestic purposes, they prescribed an eclectic mixture of the Square Deal, the New Freedom, the New Era and the New Deal. As manifested in the conservative liberalism of the Fair Deal and the liberal conservativism of the New Republicanism, it combined corporate politics with economic subsidies for small business men, and the rhetoric of Jacksonian Democracy with the economics of an industrial corporatism. The small-business man has been sustained in his mythology by cutting him in on the Cold War boom as a sub-contractor to the giants, or by integrating him into the complex of service industries. Small farmers have been handled by an ingenious application of the old aphorism that flattery will get you nowhere. They are wooed to exhaustion by the politicians and the pundits, but the harvest of their fields is used to stuff the empty holds of maritime relics.

In reality, as defined by their function and relationships in the productive process, and by the misuse of their labor, these Americans are being subsumed in the general degradation of the middle class. Many of them who understood this process, and most of them who merely sensed it, turned in their weakness and anger to such men as Senator Joseph McCarthy. So, too, did others who aspired to the high roads of corporate power, but found themselves mired in the poverty of self-made wealth. The failure of this movement was one of the most ironic aspects of the Cold War. For by choosing anti-communism as their issue, these men defeated themselves. That was not an issue, but only an article of faith in the ideology of The American Century. In keeping with the logic of ancient scholasticism, the debate became a row about the number of Communists that could hide in the Department of State. A great many of the innocent faithful were destroyed, and the Truth was institutionalized in various oaths and rituals, but the cult itself was subsumed in the established church.

Rounding out the profile of domestic affairs, deeply conservative corporation directors such as Averell Harriman campaigned with the rhetoric of left-wing liberals, while liberal intellectuals such as Adlai Stevenson reassured the corporation directors that "every new frontier in American progress has been, and will always be, opened up by the *joint* enterprise of business and government." In this fashion, the muddied politics of a corporate economy has deposited a sediment of evasion, half-truths, frustration and fear across the fabric of American democracy. Given this soil, McCarthyism was as natural as a thistle—and just as fruitful.

DOMESTIC affairs are always writ large in foreign policy, and the bipartisans for an American Century provided additional proof of that axiom. Under their guidance, American power in the form of a monopoly of the atomic bomb, and an economy more powerful than that of the rest of the world combined, has been deployed vigorously and extensively to thwart the evil designs of the Soviet Union, and to structure the world for the positive application of American leadership. Within this framework, the public was assured, other countries would prosper according to the genius of the American political economy. Thus the internationalization of America's Permanent Revolution would subvert world communism. Theodore Roosevelt's civilizing mission would be fulfilled by American exports, the Strategic Air Command and the reforms of the Fair Deal. The democracy of all this has never been questioned. "What we must do now," explained Secretary of State James Byrnes in July, 1945, "is not to make the world safe for democracy but make the world safe for the United States."

In a perfect union of convenience and necessity, liberals have embraced conservatives before the altar of The American Century. Democrat Harry S. Truman enunciated a doctrine which sounded like a paraphrase of the Republican Roosevelt's corollary to the Monroe Doctrine (which had been conceived as a bipartisan option on the Western Hemisphere, and which Woodrow Wilson later proposed extending to the world). Republican John Foster Dulles completed the process of homogenization by delivering speeches and conducting foreign affairs in the crusading tradition of Democrat Woodrow Wilson. The rest of the world was assured that it had nothing to fear: its tomorrows would be even better versions of America's yesterdays. As Truman explained, the future itself is America's new frontier: "All we need to do is to undertake the proper development of vast areas and virtually unlimited resources in many parts of the world." Skeptics who fretted over the morality or the economics of the program were answered by Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Overseas aid and investment would solve the hard practical problem of building a functioning system at home. As for morality, nothing could be more just: "We are willing to help people who believe the way we do, to continue to live the way they want to live."

BUT within the last five years, it has become apparent that something is awry. Granting that it is a "tough assignment," as *The New York Times* pointed out, "to be policeman, banker, and baby-sitter" to the world, there are questions which remained unasked—let alone unanswered—by this explanation. Not only have the Russians achieved the bomb, but unimpeachable sources reveal that America is "losing touch with the peoples of the world." Most revealing of all, perhaps, is the way earlier analyses and arguments have been revised.

George Frost Kennan asserted in 1946 that America had it in its power "to force upon the Kremlin a far greater degree of moderation and circumspection than it has had to observe in recent years, and in this way to promote tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the breakup or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power." By 1956 he was willing to concede "to the Russians the privilege of their privacy and differences"; and concluded that any significant changes in Russia would come about, not as the result of America's ability "to force" them, but in the process of the natural slowing down of revolutions.

More recent progress reports suggest the need for revising other policies. South Korea's economy, noted C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times*, is "an impossible mess" with inflation "rampant and usury rife"; Syngman Rhee is "unabashedly anxious to start a new hot war." Sulzberger also warned that Turkey's economy, supposedly America's showplace in the Middle East, is stagnating on the brink of collapse. Latin Americans spoke for themselves, often employing humor to convey their estimate of Washington's outlook and policies (see U.S. and Latin America, by Betty Kirk, *The Nation*, October 5). One story, in particular, typifies a growing reaction in that region. It likened a nation which always followed Washington's wishes to a man "married to a rich woman who gives him a night out every week — on her money." But perhaps the crisis has been laid wide open by the American newspaper which, in printing the story, apparently thought it had countered the thrust with the flippant rejoinder: "Is that bad?"

HOWEVER characterized and symbolized, the depth and scope of the crisis is apparent. Even Senator A. J. Ellender of Louisiana withdrew from the battle for white supremacy long enough to issue a call for "a new foreign policy." As with a number of other leaders, the Senator seemed unaware that it is well-nigh impossible to effect a fundamental improvement in foreign policy without rectifying a few errors at home. But many Americans are beginning to sense for themselves that a prosperity paid for in the coin of chicanery and collusion, inflation and inequities, aimlessness and alienation, is very apt to become an air-conditioned nightmare, even if it does not lead in their lifetimes to nuclear war. That rhetorical bluff about an "agonizing reappraisal," once employed as a maneuver to yank an ally back into line, has become a necessity for American society itself.

As one policy-maker plaintively admitted, "It was much more simple in the old days. Then, the Russians denounced everything we did. And we hollered right back. Now, it is hard to know just what to say." Or do, he might have added, for American leaders are still groping to come to terms with the fact that their central assumptions have turned out to be "unfounded." James Reston, one of the nation's most perceptive and responsible observers, suggests that America needs "a few good old-fashioned, cantankerous, argumentative, hell-raising, channel-crossing, fault-finding grumblers. Preferably with ideas." But as Reston no doubt understands, The American Century was not designed to mass-produce non-conformists with ideas.

For that reason, among others, it is difficult to overcome the inertia of bipartisanship. As the party of the outs, the Democrats might have been expected to take the initiative. They have not. "Seldom in contemporary history," concluded Reston in 1955, "has an opposition party been so slow or so ineffective in its criticism of major policies as the Democrats in the last two years. . . ." Later events have done little to modify that judgment, or to suggest that the Republicans have been doing their own homework.

Reston's criticism was shortsighted, however, in that it neglected the fact that new ideas stem from a new insight or a new angle of vision. They are not developed by the reactionary calculus of political opportunism, by the fuzzy logic of avoidance, or by giving old reforms a coat of new rhetoric. Neither is the direct, frontal assault apt to supply answers; perhaps, indeed, it is the most unsatisfactory of all methods. In one form or another, it distills a means appropriate in one instance into a doctrinaire policy for all cases; and this, in turn, either creates more problems than are solved, or leads to the conclusion that it is impossible to solve the big problems. And neither resignation nor frustration is conducive to a creative foreign policy. These are not, however, the only alternatives; for while it is true that trouble is the lot of man, it does not follow that any given difficulty is insurmountable. It is more helpful to realize that the big problems are more often solved by the positive application and development of an idea which usually seems unrelated to the issue at hand.

THUS, IN the crisis of The American Century, it is more rewarding to turn from a scramble for panaceas to a re-evaluation of America's ideas about itself and the world. This shift in approach makes it possible to understand that it was not a laxness in the American weapons program which has produced the crisis. The crisis developed and matured during a period when America enjoyed a significant relative weapons advantage. The crucial factor was the way Americans interpreted this as an *absolute* superiority, and the manner in which they sought to use their supposed supremacy.

Thomas J. Hamilton of the *Times* provided a concise summary of the thinking that guided American policy-makers during those years: in 1946, he recalled, "and in fact until 1949, the United States . . . had the means of forcing the Soviet Union to its knees with a preventive war." Secretaries of State Acheson and Dulles translated that assumption into a bipartisan program of "total diplomacy" designed to win the victory without the war. But the improvement in the power position of the Soviet Union destroyed the logic of Acheson's old argument that America could not negotiate until it established "positions of strength." By now it is apparent that America, assuming that it enjoyed a position of strength in the absolute sense, refused to negotiate during the years when it did hold a relative advantage.

"For too many years," as Senator Mike Mansfield belatedly realized, "the United States has been all too prone to underestimate the capabilities of the Soviet Union, and now the chickens are coming home to roost." *The assumption that the United States has the power to force the Soviet Union to capitulate to American terms is the fundamental weakness in America's conception of itself and the world.* This is the cause of the crisis. The lag in weapons is but a dramatic symptom. Crash programs designed to relieve such symptoms serve only to compound the basic weakness. Strategic errors are not corrected by tactical brilliance.

Whether it chooses to prepare in haste for a nuclear showdown with Russia, or to enter the Age of Coexistence, America will find it essential to re-examine and revise its central assumptions. If it accepts the inevitability of war, it cannot hope to strengthen itself and hold the allegiance of its allies without a new outlook. The same change is necessary if it is to compete effectively under the conditions of peace. Any effort to explain the crisis in partisan terms would be a grievous disservice to America and the world. The program was bipartisan—the responsibility is bipartisan (see editorial, page 293).

It is essential, in short, to abandon the bipartisan imperialism of Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt. America is neither the last best hope of the world nor the agent of civilization destined to destroy the barbarians. We have much to offer, but also much to learn. And the basic lesson is that we have misconceived leadership among equals as the exercise of predominance over others. Such an outlook is neither idealism nor realism; it is either self-righteousness or sophistry. Either is an indulgence which democracy cannot afford.

FAREWELL to UNCLE TOM . .

by *James N. Rhea*

"YOU CAN OUTLAW an organization, but you can't outlaw a movement. And make no mistake about it, what we Negroes have got in the South today is a movement."

The Rev. Ralph D. Abernathy, who was the Rev. Martin Luther King's co-chairman during the Montgomery bus boycott, made that remark a few weeks ago while we were having dinner together in Richmond. We had been talking about how the NAACP has been handicapped by Virginia's special laws, some of which could be used to silence a church.

I began to wonder what Virginia legislators thought would happen if they should succeed in putting the NAACP out of business. Couldn't they see that the NAACP expresses the aspirations of the masses of American Negroes? By killing off the NAACP, they could slow down integration, but not stop it.

How do I know this when Virginia's legislators do not? The answer is simple: I have talked to Negroes, and I can read the newspapers—

Local Negroes meet in a church in Clarendon County, South Carolina, and make plans which, timed with those of ordinary Negroes elsewhere, lead to the court action by which the school desegregation decision was obtained on May 17, 1954.

Fifty thousand Negroes buy extra shoes instead of bus tokens and kick Jim Crow's teeth out.

An unsophisticated Negro mother in Nashville, Tennessee, sends her child to a formerly all-white school through a crowd of white people shaking their fists, and both she and the child stick it out.

What does segregation generalship in Virginia and the rest of the South make of all this? Nothing. It never heard of any movement in the South. The only movement it can see is that of outsiders coming into the region to stir up trouble.

I AM a Negro. A white co-worker, Ben H. Bagdikian, and I recently returned from the South on assignment from the Providence (R.I.) *Journal.*

While we were in Nashville, the *Banner* reprinted from *U. S. News and World Report* statements on integration by James F. Byrnes and fifteen Southern editors. From Hodding Carter to Mr. Byrnes, these spokesmen consistently ignored Negro opinion when talking about the "feelings" of "the people" in their respective areas. Even Northern writers seem to pay little attention to Negro opinion.

In the *U.S. News* article, George W. Healy Jr., editor of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, was asked what would happen if the courts should order integration put into effect in Louisiana. He answered:

> I don't think there's any question but what there would be violence. But, at the same time, people here would resent any of these radicals on one side or the other to come in and attempt to inflame the populace to a point of real violence.

Now on one side, I assume, Mr. Healy sees the Kasper fringe of segregationists; he and "the people" are to be commended for wanting to keep them out. But, since the Communists are not in on this business, I wonder who are the radicals Mr. Healy sees on the other side? If he agrees with James G. Stahlman, publisher of the Nashville *Banner*, he is talking about that NAACP crowd.

He is wrong two ways. In the first place, the NAACP is already in Louisiana, made up of Negroes born and bred in that state. (And in Virginia a similar situation prevails.) In the second place, while it seems fair enough to say that the NAACP does not see eye to eye with the Kasper group (the Perez group in New Orleans), it seems hardly right to suggest that the NAACP is out to inflame anybody, though some people may inflame themselves over NAACP action.

What Mr. Healy ought to tell his "people" to watch is that ordinary Louisiana Negro whose opinions he ignored in the *U.S. News* piece.

The 1950 census showed 1,767,799 white persons in Louisiana and 882,428 (not enough to be quoted) Negroes. About 200,000 of the Negroes live in greater New Orleans. I talked with a sizeable cross-section of them—business men, professionals, newspapermen, waiters, plain workers, guys in the street. From the way they talked, Mr. Healy and Mr. Stahlman would deduce that they all must just have arrived from Harlem. But it isn't their talk that makes these indigenous Southern Negroes sound like

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Northern radicals; it is their actions.

According to state laws passed last year, Negroes and whites are forbidden to mingle at sports events, social affairs, in cafes, or almost anywhere else. All this has been interpreted to mean that cab drivers should not carry fares of the opposite race. Well, my white co-worker and I rode in the same New Orleans cab to the same New Orleans restaurant and ate dinner at the same table, served by the same waiter. Once we even heard the same jazz music while sitting in the same club over drinks at the same table. (You guessed it: we were in the Negro section. It is amazing how those outsiders come into the South and build restaurants and hotels over night so that they can show the world how much they hate segregation!)

The White Citizens Councils succeeded in getting the New Orleans Urban League kicked out of the Community Chest last spring. Mrs. Helen Mervis, the white president of the Urban League branch, told me how her name and the names of other white persons working with the league were read out over the radio in broadcasts sponsored by the councils. The plan was to frighten the daylights out of everybody and starve the league.

SITTING in a restaurant (Negro, of course) one day, I noticed that the manager was passing out little cards to his employees and everybody else who wanted one. They turned out to be applications for membership in the Urban League. J. Harvey Kerns, executive secretary of the league, reports that both Negroes and whites have rallied to the league as never before. The Community Chest, before dropping the league, had set for it a budget of $22,000; at present, the budget is $30,000—of which $17,000 had been raised by the end of the first half of the independent fund drive in August. And, Mr. Kerns adds, none of the contributions had come by mail from "outside."

It is about time to quote Mr. Stahlman more fully. Having said some nasty things about John Kasper (who since has entered upon a new career), Mr. Stahlman said: "On the other side, if the NAACP outsiders will stay out of this picture and a lot of these spots like Nashville and Little Rock, I have every reason to believe that the decent people and the people of good will in both races can live in some peace and accord." (Mrs. Daisy Bates, president of the Arkansas Conference of NAACP Branches, was born in Arkansas, where she still maintains residence. But that isn't important because we aren't discussing Arkansas here.)

Typical of the "outsiders" in Nashville is Meredith W. Day, a soft-spoken gentleman who has been living in that city for thirty years. He is an editor of the Nashville *Globe* —and a long-time NAACP official.

BUT the real insight into what is happening in this country comes from talking with people like Mrs. Ethel McKinley, grandmother of Linda McKinley, six, who was admitted to the first grade in Fehr School in Nashville. Mrs. McKinley and her family are right from the masses of urban Negroes. They do not attend NAACP meetings. They do not read pompous editorials—but they read other things in the papers, and they go to church.

"Are you people afraid still?" I asked Mrs. McKinley.

"Well—there were threats—sometimes you get that fear in the night —they said they would burn us out, some of the letters did."

"Who told you to send that child to the white school?"

"Huh? Oh, we read in the papers that any child in this zone in the first grade could go to that school."

"And you think she has a right to be there?"

A moment for thought. A troubled look crossing the weary face.

"She has a right to be there."

To a silly question, an answer that explains the movement.

I talked with hundreds of Negroes. I did not hear one question integration until I got back to New York, where a woman told me she does not think the race is ready yet. Perhaps many cowed Southern Negroes will agree. I didn't meet any cowed ones. Perhaps I didn't go far enough into the rural areas. Perhaps it is becoming hard to find them anywhere these days.

The successful bus boycott in Montgomery has had a tremendous influence on Negroes. It has added to their pride in their own accomplishments, and, I think, has thus complemented the NAACP's action with the moral and spiritual force of religion. In Nashville, Little Rock and other places, Negro ministers have lectured to their congregations on the need to remain calm and orderly while pressing steadily for their rights. In Arkansas, the Colored Fellowship Association, an organization of ministers, has attacked the State Sovereignty Commission and various suppressive laws on the grounds that they interfere with constitutionally established relationships between church and state.

The Negroes with whom I talked reflected high morale even in areas where violence has occurred. They seem to feel that they are riding a winning tide. It is a hard fight that they're in—but like all fights, it has its humor, which in its nature reveals much about the mood of Negroes these days. I asked my landlord in Little Rock what Negroes were doing while the National Guard stood outside Central High School keeping Negro students out.

"Praying for rain," said my landlord.

MRS. BATES does not get paid for her NAACP work. Neither do the other officers in her capacity. I asked her what keeps her going when crosses are being burned on her lawn, her telephone is constantly being rung by insulters—and there is always the danger of physical attack.

"What I see keeps me going," she said. "If they kill off Daisy Bates, then there'll be another one along. And about those crosses—burning wood doesn't scare Negroes nowadays. As a matter of fact, I had a few charred crosses which I salvaged from my lawn for souvenirs, but I threw them out. If I should want one later, I guess there'll be one around."

Up in Louisville, James A. Crumlin, who is president of the Kentucky

State Conference of NAACP Branches, drives into the rural areas to check up on integration and other racial matters with an NAACP sticker on his car. Now, all of Kentucky is not as reasonable as Louisville; Mr. Crumlin has seen shotgun barrels protruding from car windows. I asked him the same question I had asked Mrs. Bates: "What keeps you going?"

He rubbed his face.

"I've got scars on my face put there by white men to whom I had never done a thing!" said this native of Spartanburg, South Carolina. "I used to hate, or thought I did—but I don't now. I judge every man on his own individual worth as a man. I keep going because every man does not yet judge me that way."

In the *U.S. News* article, C. P. Liter, executive editor of the Baton Rouge (La.) *State Times* and *Morning Advocate*, was asked: "Mr. Liter, in your opinion, is the attitude in the South hardening against integration now?"

He answered: "Oh yes, it seems to me they mean business."

Change the question a little bit, and the answer could very well apply to Negroes.

NEW ORBITS, OLD POLICIES . . *by Frederic W. Collins*

Washington

THERE IS a widespread and justifiable assumption that Soviet testing of an intercontinental ballistic missile and the subsequent Soviet launching of an artificial satellite will have an important impact on United States international policy.

It must be confessed, however, that the inner spark of celestial fire known as experience prevents unreserved acceptance of the assumption. Consulting one's head instead of one's hopes leads to the thought that the impact will translate itself into a grand administrative effort to prove two incompatible points: first, that we have really been front-running all the time, and second, that by vigorous effort we are now going to catch up and thence move into first place.

Almost without exception, the reaction of the Administration has been to treat the Soviet achievement as a public-relations problem rather than as a scientific, military, political, propagandistic and psychological setback. The atmosphere prevailing in Washington suggests that the government should hire a large vacant showroom downtown, masking all the windows save for a small space reserved for a sign: "Wait for the 1958 Sputnik." Some think a skywriter ought to be hired to spell out: "Watch This Space!"

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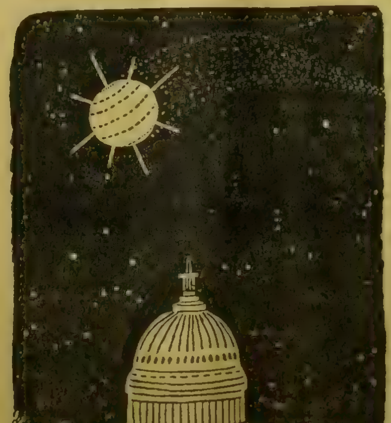
A somewhat more substantive assessment of the results of the Soviet astronautical successes shows these main elements:

1. The established alliances in which the United States is the anchor power, especially that embracing Western Europe, probably have not been seriously disturbed.

2. The advantage to the Soviet Union in the uncommitted areas has been great.

3. The outstanding need among friendly and uncommitted nations alike is for a rehabilitation of American leadership, and specifically, of President Eisenhower's leadership.

4. United States diplomacy will continue to rely on massive retaliation. But new moves toward re-animating alliances and toward an increased economic effort abroad will be undertaken.



5. An attitude of studied reserve will be maintained toward the Soviet Union. No new summit talks are at present in prospect.

THE POSTURE thus outlined rests upon what appears to be an "optimistic" estimate by official Washington of the implications of the ICBM and the satellite as to Soviet capabilities. It is too early to tell whether the estimate is right or wrong; a drawback is that the proof, when it comes, could come too late. So far as can now be seen, American policy is still keyed to a belief that by reason of the promise of our early possession of intermediate-range missiles, and of our already prepared advance bases from which they could strike the Soviet heartland, the power advantage lies with us. Mr. Dulles refers to missiles as "potential" military instruments. He concedes that superiority in missiles may be "militarily decisive perhaps five or ten years from now." What is not clear at all is whether he considers five or ten years to be quite a long time or a chillingly short time.

The political judgment underlying our policy also appears to be unchanged in any important respect. It continues to find the Soviet position at home and in the world to be under serious stress, and Mr. Khrushchev's position in his own hierarchy to be uncertain. This is an appraisal which permits policy to wait while what Mr. Dulles calls "time and the fundamentals" work on our side. Just now, this comfortable opinion is clouded to an extent by an apprehension that the very stresses and strains which seem to promise so much might induce irrational decisions in the Soviet command, an apprehension that has been heightened by the Soviet behavior toward Turkey.

IF THE Western sectors of the system of alliances remain essentially unshaken as the Soviets exploit their one-two *tour de force*, the chief reason seems to be that the sophisticated leaders of allied governments find no suitable substitute for an American captaincy. Even though the United States has been relegated to second place in the bizarre competition of today's weaponry, or at best is tied for first place, it is still the power committed to freedom. That, at least, is the attitude disclosed by such soundings of European opinion as can be made in Washington, and events have done little to contradict them.

But other soundings indicate that the phenomenon flung into space by the USSR has mightily impressed the uncommitted nations, particularly in the Far East—and especially India. Among peoples eager now for industrial development, this accomplishment by a power which half-a-century ago was not much better off than they are now, is a fascinating and persuasive one. The word to the United States from friends who know that part of the world is: "Put a Sputnik up, even if it's only the second one."

Given the rallying power of the concept of freedom among those who understand its value, and given the lack of an adequate alternative, the American position of leadership is not as badly off as it might otherwise have been in the wake of the Soviet announcements. But it has suffered. The "acceptance"—to use an advertising-merchandising word—enjoyed by Mr. Eisenhower as leader has certainly been impaired. To the overseas "consumer," the United States failure to get home first in the satellite race is one of a succession of events which have caused him to wonder about Mr. Eisenhower. The President's whole performance with Congress during the eight months of 1957, and his tardiness in acting in the segregation crisis in Little Rock, form a history which intensifies the anxieties created abroad by the Soviet claims to the possession of an intercontinental missile and the concrete fact of Sputnik. It is noted here that in warfare, troops sometimes abruptly lose confidence in a commander, who thereupon, as abruptly, loses the power to command. While it is not suggested that anything so drastic has happened to the Eisenhower leadership, it could happen.

There have been two instances recently where American leadership and influence seem to have faltered, or to have been absent. One was Yugoslavia's recognition of the East German Government. The United States could only enter an objection to this move—an objection based on nothing more substantial, apparently, than the notion that vigorous diplomacy could have headed it off. It was left to Bonn to take the decision to sever, in retaliation, its own relations with Tito, certainly an embarrassing decision in view of Bonn's program for more active connections with Eastern European states. And in the Turkish-Syrian crisis, it remained for Lester Pearson, of Canada, to suggest the interposition of a United Nations border force, while Mr. Dulles spoke alarmingly (subject to change a dozen paragraphs further on) of the possibility of war and of direct Soviet-U.S. conflict.

IN A SENSE, it may be considered that uncertainty as to American leadership brought Prime Minister Macmillan over here to talk with the President. Foreign embassies in Washington have found the American policy toward the Middle East to be remarkably obscure. Mr. Dulles has confessed that the Eisenhower Doctrine is inadequate. He has offered no supplement except references to a program, expounded in 1955, which is wholly dependent upon Arab-Israeli discussions he finds it impossible to arrange. It thus became Mr. Macmillan's duty to seek to "beef up" the American leadership by the ancient expedient of feeding ideas which it could then adopt as its own. A first step is to seek to bring Washington to some decision as to what it really thinks is going on in the Middle East and what it thinks should be done about it.

It is not unlikely that, in the fullness of time, United States policy will arrive, under Mr. Macmillan's gentle guidance, at two new positions: a project for repairing relations with Mr. Nasser, and a program for a broader and more effective economic nourishment of the Arab area, not limited to countries which (a) are our friends anyway and (b) don't need it. Such a program, which would draw in part upon the resources of the "have" Arabs, has occurred to almost everyone except the authors of the Eisenhower Doctrine. And who knows but what Mr. Macmillan may persuade American leadership to lead toward a re-establishment of British influence in the area?

Lurking doubts about the precision and vigor of American leadership may themselves help to give more juice to alliances which have been drying out. In effect, our friends will be saying to us: "Look, you can't get out of leadership, and here's how you exercise it." However tranquil the Administration may seem to be at the dawning of the space age, it cannot help knowing it has been jolted, and realizing anew that even a big country can't have too many friends.

It would be disregarding the form charts, however, to expect bold, imaginative and resourceful moves just because the Russians have "put one small ball in the air."

Blues For A New Moon

There's a new moon over my shoulder
And I think I know where it's from.
The evening is getting colder
And I wish it hadn't come.

It beeps with a little transmitter
And I think it's here to stay.
I don't want to sound too bitter
But I wish it would go away.

There's a new moon over my shoulder
And the sky above looks black.
Before I feel a lot older
I wish that moon would go back.

WALKER GIBSON

Algeria Plays a New Card . . *by Alexander Werth*

LEADERS OF THE Algerian National Front (F.L.N.) have let it be known at U.N. that they were "no longer insisting that French recognition of Algeria's independence be the prerequisite to any talks." The memorandum that Mohammed Yazid sent on behalf of the F.L.N. to Dr. Djalal Abdoh of Iran, chairman of the U.N.'s Political Committee, is, in fact, the first concrete proposal made by the Algerian nationalists. A striking feature of the proposal is that the talks should take the form of a four-power round-table conference at which, besides France and Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia would also be represented. For the present, the trouble is that the French deny that the F.L.N. delegation, from whom the proposal has come, "represents anybody or anything."

This assertion is at the very root of the Franco-Algerian crisis. It is precisely because the French are aware of the overwhelming support enjoyed by the F.L.N. among the 8,500,000 Moslems of Algeria that the are unwilling to agree to any election, referendum or other form of opinion poll in Algeria. On the other hand, the French dismiss the F.L.N. leaders as "invalid" representatives; until recently, at least, the finding of "valid" representatives was made conditional upon the application of the famous Mollet "triptych": cease-fire, elections, negotiations for a new status. But the "triptych" has been shown to be no more than a time-saving device for the French, just as the more recent Bourgès-Maunoury plan can be considered no more than a face-saver chiefly designed for the benefit of the French delegation at U.N.

It is worth remembering, all the same, that during the greater part of the Mollet regime—January, 1956, to May, 1957—it was possible to speak of a dual French policy in relation to Algeria. The official policy was embodied in the government's proposals—none of which had the slightest chance of being accepted by the rebel leadership. Unofficially, however—at any rate until October, 1956—there were numerous contacts between Mollet's emissaries and the representatives of the Algerian nationalists. By and large, Mollet was in agreement with the tough policy of Lacoste, the "Clemenceau of Algiers"; but, partly as a matter of principle and partly in order to reassure that Socialist minority which kept reminding him of his election pledges of December, 1955, he continued to maintain contact with the rebels. What put an end to the contacts was the famous "practical joke" that the French diehards played on Ben Bella and four other rebel leaders, who were arrested after their plane was tricked into a landing at Algiers. Later, the five were transferred to Paris, where they are still locked up at the Santé Prison.

It will be recalled that these five representatives of the Algerian Nationalists had gone to Rabat, where they had discussed a possible Algerian settlement with the Sultan of Morocco; they were then to go to Tunis, where a round-table conference was to be held among the Algerian, Tunisian and Moroccan representatives. The object of the meeting—one greatly cherished by President Bourguiba of Tunis, who was to be present—was to work out a basis for a North-African Federation of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco, which in turn would operate in closest contact with France.

IT IS NOT easy to assess the evolution of French public opinion since Suez, and particularly during the last few months. But a few points stand out clearly:

1. The failure of Suez and the "let-down" of France by England and the United States has strengthened, if anything, the "let's-go-it-alone" feeling in France. There is still no clear sign that French opinion is revolted by the war, despite the (incomplete) awareness that Algeria is in a large measure responsible for inflation and for the rise in the cost of living. But there is no strong objection among army conscripts to "do" their six months in Algeria.

2. The outcry raised by certain French intellectual groups against torture and atrocities has scarcely made any impact on the general public, which generally dislikes the Algerians; and the idea that, given enough troops and money, Algeria can be held indefinitely, with no danger of a Dien Bien Phu, is deeply ingrained.

3. Both big business and leaders of parties like the Catholic M.R.P. are strongly divided on the Algerian issue. Some argue that it is high time to wind up the Algerian war, but they add that "public opinion is not yet quite prepared" for this. Other business groups, on the other hand, have convinced themselves that "so long as the Algerian war continues the Americans can't grab the wealth of the Sahara." This dog-in-the-manger argument is followed by outbursts of wishful thinking to the effect that, in time, the Algerians will be scared into submission, after which France can impose a virtual monopoly over the oil and uranium wealth of the Sahara.

4. Perhaps most significant of all is the fact that, apart from the violent "intellectual" polemics which marked the spring of 1957, the general public in France has, in some rather mysterious way, "settled down" to the Algerian war. Anyone who has spent his summer vacation in France knows that Algeria was almost completely absent from the minds of the French people.

As the latest parliamentary votes in France showed, it is still very difficult to see what possible majority there can be for direct talks with the Algerians. Nevertheless, the latest Algerian proposal seems a move in the right direction, and it is just conceivable that, under the pressure of growing economic difficulties, the next Premier of France—it could still be Mollet again—may be tempted to resume contact with the rebels.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Discovery of Cozzens

BY LOVE POSSESSED. By James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 570 pp. $5.

Howard Nemerov

THE PUBLIC acclaim given James Gould Cozzens' new novel is extraordinary even in a land where great books appear steadily, two and three in any week. The earnest professional enthusiasm of so many reviewers, the air of relief pervading their notices ("Here at last is something we can really be *for*"), their readiness to turn this book into a weapon against other sorts of book, are matters interesting in themselves, though possibly of greater interest for sociology than for letters.

By Love Possessed is "a masterpiece," "the chief literary event of the year," "a rich and wise novel," "a grown-up novel by a grown-up man for a grown-up audience," "the best American novel of the year," "deserving national praise and international consideration," and so on. The market responded to all this rapidly, and after only a few weeks Mr. Cozzens' book arrived at the top of the bestseller list. It has been proposed as the proper candidate for the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, and its author nominated by at least one reviewer for the Nobel Prize.

It is characteristic of modern literature that the first-rate and the popular do not typically come together; what is immediately accessible is not often enduringly useful. That this is so has been an occasion of regret and sometimes rage to many reviewers, especially those who write chiefly for middlebrow journals of large circulation, and who, it may fairly be said, despise comic books and confectionery fiction on one hand as much as they detest little magazines and "modern poetry" on the other. In the very high praise these writers accord Mr. Cozzens, the claim is explicit that he is to be regarded as the champion of the right, in literature, as against the wrong, or left; that the Establishment, white, Protestant, Republican, may find in him a defender who has expropriated the weapons of the other side (analytic intelligence, candor, disillusion), and made them, in his fable, harmless if not altogether benign. Consequently, much of this criticism is somewhat shrill, tendentious, prospectively defiant, as though anticipating objection, and much concerned with lambasting a number of abstractions, or idols, got up for the purpose of being knocked down.

Many reviewers, generously indignant over the corruption of our times, have composed a drama about literary reputation. In this morality play Mr. Cozzens represents patient merit spurned by the unworthy, and his success with this book is not merely *his* success, but an allegory, also, of quiet worth triumphing over gaudy show, of solid virtue at last imposing itself by force of character upon the pretensions of fashionable literature. Mr. Cozzens, as the hero of this play, has remained obscure because he does not do the things which are supposed responsible for literary fame: "He is never seen at literary parties, rarely has been interviewed, seldom stirs from his farm." Cozzens, in one of the rare interviews, adds that he regards himself as "more or less illiberal," that his preference is to be left alone, and that he does not go to movies, concerts, plays, or art shows.

Some reviewers complained of the mass audience, which they saw not as villainous but as unenlightened. Despite praise from critics, three previous Book-of-the-Month Club selections, one Pulitzer Prize, and the fact that most of what Brendan Gill calls "the canonical novels" are still in print, several in paper-backs, "no Cozzens novel has ever become a really big seller." This condition seems in a fair way to be remedied.

THEN there appears the wicked intellectual, whom a number of reviewers savagely held responsible for keeping Cozzens all these years from the critical esteem which properly should have been his—"the most lordly of the academic critics," "the magisterial critics whose encyclicals appear in the literary quarterlies and academic journals" (John Fischer, in *Harpers*). "Critics and the kind of readers who start fashionable cults have been markedly cool to him" (Brendan Gill, in *The New Yorker*). "The interior decorators of U.S. letters—the little-magazine critics whose favorite furniture is the pigeonhole—find that Cozzens fits no recent fictional compartments, and usually pretend that he does not exist" (Anon., in *Time*).

This sort of wrist-slapping, these hurt sneers and offended frowns, which give to literary criticism something of the scholarly air of a proxy fight, suggest the very grave accusation of a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and should therefore perhaps be documented or else not made at all. For the defense, I may mention that I have seen only one intelligent, ordered and exhaustive appraisal of Mr. Cozzens' body of work: Stanley Edgar Hyman's "James Gould Cozzens and the Art of the Possible," in the *New Mexico Quarterly*, Winter, 1949. Nothing I have read about *By Love Possessed* comes remotely near its quality.

The tensions of the biographical and social drama were duplicated in the reviewers' aesthetic and moral judgment about the composition of the novel and the character of its protagonist. Of those who touched on the matter at all, most reached substantial agreement on Cozzens' qualities as a writer and their relation to qualities now admired in literature: "Cozzens is dry, classical, cerebral," "a classic mind, operat-

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ing in a romantic period," "a man closer in spirit to Samuel Johnson than he could ever be to Samuel Beckett." ". . . a degree of professional responsibility that few young writers even try to acquire; Cozzens would no more deform a character to meet the demands of his plot than he would steal from his Delaware Valley neighbors" (a comparison piously appropriate to the novel itself). "In contrast to Faulkner, say, a moralist who writes by ear and accident, Cozzens has developed an almost forbiddingly finished technique."

SIMILARLY, the character of Arthur Winner defined itself, for some, with reference to its opposite. This middle-aged, successful, intelligent and responsible lawyer, honest not quite to the limits of possibility, shows Mr. Cozzens as heroically opposed to the fashion in heroes: the novel is "a bold presentation, in the face of the current craze for the unrelated man, the drifting man, the outsider, of the ignored and undervalued but still existent related man" (Jessamyn West, in the New York *Herald Tribune*). "Arthur Winner is a rational rather than a traditional conservative. . . . reasonable enough to recognize the limits of reason" (Granville Hicks, in *The New Leader*). "He is the quintessence of our best qualites" (Brendan Gill). Similar claims of fidelity to contemporary life are made for the other characters and the action: "[Cozzens] has created recognizable people with recognizable problems in a recognizable world."

Of reviewers who regarded the book as a masterpiece or near it, almost all had minor reservations, chiefly to do with style: "a little weed-grown and murky" (comparison of the mountain stream), "frosted with parenthetical clauses, humpbacked syntax, Jamesian involutions, Faulknerian meanderings" (comparison of glass). "Henry James in his most intense writing never. . . . wrote longer, more involved sentences." This resemblance to James, which I was nowhere able to identify, came up frequently, and it may have been on this account that several reviewers, right in the midst of their enthusiasm, revealed that they were bored and wished the book might have been cut: "You may come away from the reading of this novel with a certain degree of tiredness." John Fischer had two other objections more or less explicitly shared by some other reviewers: "(1) Several women, of sound taste and judgment, tell me that they find the story disconcerting. They are not used to seeing love handled in such an unsentimental fashion, and they are not sure they like it." "(2) Other people, by no means prudes, have suggested that *By Love Possessed* is not a suitable book for the young. They may be right."

I have seen only one adverse notice. Sarel Eimerl, in *The New Republic*, glancingly attacks the novel for its style, the complications of its plot ("it is nonsense to claim that a writer who uses such methods is giving us a slice of Life as it Really Is"), its tendency to lecture and, especially, for the concentration in time and place of such a quantity of violence and crime, asking whether a typical American community "would prove, if analyzed, to consist predominantly of sadists, nymphomaniacs, embezzlers and suicides." This is something like the argument Sainte Beuve used on *Madame Bovary* (some Norman housewives—he had met them personally—did not deceive their husbands, were virtuous, hard-working, etc.). So, no doubt, there are in real life Republican lawyers and Episcopalian vestrymen who do not cuckold their best friends or countenance embezzlement, however reluctantly, on compassionate grounds. It was an odd argument about *Madame Bovary*, and it is odd still. But I sympathize with the writer's feeling that objections may be made, and exceptions taken, to the general view.

I LIKED *By Love Possessed* more for its discursive qualities than for any other reasons. The narrative had a kind of arbitrary, cumulative quality which a little resembled the movement of a detective novel or a radio serial. I enjoyed quite well in themselves the speechifying of Julius Penrose and the meditations of Arthur Winner, being pleased with the combination of colloquial wit and learning easily displayed, but always feeling that the author spoke for, rather than through, his characters, of whose individual existence I was never convinced. Penrose, for instance, is a type figure who, in a romantic novel of the last century, would have been seen—crippled, and with a luminous intelligence running to cynicism—as related more or less theologically to Satan or Prometheus; while in a movie he might be portrayed à la Lionel Barrymore as a heart of gold under a gruff exterior. So in fact he is portrayed in the novel, in a piece of not uncharacteristic psychological analysis, as Arthur Winner thinks that "both Julius and common consent erred, too easily taken in by harshnesses of manner and sharpnesses of speech which, in fact, manifested that Julius was a sensitive man, not an insensitive."

Arthur Winner seems both stereotyped and impossibly idealized: from one point of view a man of fair ability and average honesty, whose tragic flaw will be a want of self-awareness; from another point of view, a man deeply knowledgeable about himself and others, and vastly

The Clown: He Dances in the Clearing by Night

He took his wig off, with his sleeve
wiped painted snigger from his face
and did a dance you'd not believe . . .
with easy-jointed limpid pace
wove through such figures as the eye
could scarcely follow, whistling slow
a tune of scant variety
like whispers on a piccolo.

The Tyger in his forest stared,
chin sunk upon his powered paws
while pirouette and caper dared
the awesome sinews of the Laws
his stripèd humors improvise—
immutabilities laid down
by conclaves of eternities—
revoked an instant by the Clown.

He danced the twittering of quails
and dolphins' pleasure in the sea
and planets screaming on their rails
of finely drawn infinity.
Then naked, having cast aside
motley of Time and Space and Number,
he glided silent through the wide
vistas of the Tyger's slumber.

RAMON GUTHRIE

(unbelievably) cultivated, who habitually thinks in tags from literature (Shakespeare mostly, though a crisis brings at once to his mind phrases from Donne and Swift). The author's conception of the character requires the most penetrative self-scrutiny and a near-absolute wisdom about human motives, while the action requires the same character to be crucially unaware; between the two ideas a gap remains.

IN THE same way, I was disturbed by what seemed a paradoxical double necessity for the novelist: to produce a tragic action, from which the protagonist, by reason of the faith we are told to place in him, should be withheld. Like most of Mr. Cozzens' novels (making some exception for *Castaway*) *By Love Possessed* suffers from a want of essential drama: though all the great rites of tragedy are prepared and invoked, the demonstration remains at last unmade; as though the author had some reservations—possibly about "real life" and "the way things really work out"—which protect his major actors from their ends. I cannot help thinking that the book, in this respect, functions as a kind of secular apologetics, the defense of an image of life, much idealized, which is regarded with so much reverence and nostalgia that its exemplars may not and must not be brought down from their high places; as though some Producers' Code forbade that a dignified professional man, kind father, dutiful son, prop of the community, should go the way Oedipus went, and Antony and Julien Sorel. The mere acknowledgment of the possibility will do instead, so that in the end honor, wealth, position, are saved at the expense of honesty, on the stated ground that considerations higher than honesty (charity, compassion, expedience) are involved, a shift of justifications not without its Jesuitical quality.

Some such reservation produces typically, I think, the dubious inner nature of Cozzens' novels, in which everything gets said—brilliantly said sometimes—and nothing, finally, gets done. His persons perceive, with every refinement of stoical *apatheia* matched by intelligent epicurean compromise, that man does not deserve to be saved and will not be saved from his folly or his wisdom—they are humorously contemptuous of the young and foolish, who do not understand this axiom ("You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you sick")—and they go on discussing the matter until they are saved. Dr. Bull in *The Last Adam*, Abner Coates in *The Just and the Unjust*, Colonel Ross and Captain Hicks in *Guard of Honor*, and now Arthur Winner, all, to Mr. Cozzens, are the salt of the earth, to whom nothing may happen. They simply go on, their awareness of life's melancholy pointlessness substituting for their crucial experience of it. And their immunity is, as it were, made up for by any number of incidental deaths and disasters in the minor people surrounding them: the paratroopers in *Guard of Honor*, victims of typhus in *The Last Adam*, most of the passengers and crew of *S. S. San Pedro*, etc. In *By Love Possessed*, as in *The Just and the Unjust*, the hero is surrounded by sacrifices, victims of crime and victims of the law, victims of disease and victims of medicine, who seem to offer up his vicarious atonement. Perhaps it is for this reason that a Cozzens novel characteristically involves a huge complex of persons and institutions; not so much a plot (though he always begins as if it were going to be, this time) as a fund which may be drawn on (or added to) at will, and out of which a few elements form the possibility of a resolution.

Toward the end of *Guard of Honor*, Colonel Ross considers that life "seemed mostly a hard-luck story, very complicated, beginning nowhere and never ending, unclear in theme and confusing in action." Though *By Love Possessed* is more thoroughly composed than the other novels, this epitome seems to hold of it also; not, I should think, from inability on Mr. Cozzens' part but rather from a conscious and willed decision about both life and art—that tragedy, for the man of reason, can only be illusion, and that a rational despair can no longer be met by the traditional resources of art.

I respect the view, though I do not share it. I respect and admire the somber intelligence illustrated in Mr. Cozzens' sermons on reason, futility and the will. I also am impressed, and a little amazed, at the obedience of a large reading public which, having heard for years from its popular critics that the Great American Novel would be optimistic, sane, cheerful and full of positive values, now accepts from the same critics, as the same Great American Novel, this work of a mind whose cold temper and grim austerity and firm conviction of despair make existentialists look somewhat cozy and Rotarian, if not evangelical.

Caitlin Thomas in Capri

LEFTOVER LIFE TO KILL. By Caitlin Thomas. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 262 pp. $4.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

"IF YOU think Brinnin should have held off publishing his book for twenty years," writes a friend, "what do you think Caitlin Thomas should have done with hers?"

It's a fair question. Both books do try to "tell all," rolling piously in their spiritual excrement and bringing into the market place what might better be left unsaid.

I suppose Caitlin Thomas' book *had* to be written, however—given the shock and turbulence of her life in the past four or five years, and given her violent and pathological need to gain attention by any means at all, and especially by snatching it away from Dylan and his poetry. Even her style, a shrewd makeshift simplification of her husband's, shows her greed for the center of the stage. She beats down the language, trampling the syntax and whacking her clumsy adjectival coinages until they bleed a kind of bruised plasma that might pass for wit, and she carries her book through by a kind of main force. Pathetic, befuddled, bedraggled, stupidly boastful and frivolously gossipy and flirtatious in the midst of profound despondency, she cuts an utterly hopeless figure if we try to match her up with any of the great stereotypes of tragic widowhood.

We are grateful, naturally, to be spared even the noblest of stereotypes. But the truth is that what we are given is a pastiche of fragmented stereotypes instead of one complete one. Romantic desolation, determined bacchantism, escape from sophisticated society or *any* society, plunging *into* society (*any* society), striking out *against* society in all its forms, and girlish immersion in the excitements of sensuous existence (which sometimes becomes anything-but-girlish exhibitionistic wallowing, not without moral indignation against the people who draw certain logical conclusions about her from her behavior)—these are all tried in turn. The book has little to do with Thomas. Rather, it records the partially realized fantasy-life of a woman who would probably have been much the same if she had married the village baker, or never married at all. As such a record, it is all too cruelly believable.

We HAD been given to understand that her book would be a reply to Brinnin, intended to "give some dawning idea of the long-growing years, with none of Brinnin's skill, but with a longer and, I hope, deeper understanding of the changing man hidden inside the poet." And to "vindicate first Dylan, then me, then both of us together." So ran her angry prefactory statement to the Brinnin memoir. But *Leftover Life to Kill* bears relation to that statement only in a few intimate close-ups of the poet and his wife: their cozy, quarrelsome, semi-vegetative existence in Wales, their shared detestation of literary criticism and their complacent ignorance of most great literature, their common weaknesses and their very real love for each other — despite everything, and that "everything" includes the husband's unfaithfulness and the wife's constant desire to cut him down to her size. Mostly it is Caitlin all the way, and nothing but Caitlin, and mainly it has to do with her messes and sexual embroilments in Capri, which became the site of her campaign after, to read her version of it, she had broken every sentimental rule for the behavior of Welsh widows and had ravished every male in Wales.

The major impression she creates of herself in this lengthy confession is of a desperate restlessness. She represents herself as one who has lost her bearings utterly, and who marks the time bleakly and helplessly, an idiot prey to whatever male urge fastens itself upon her. She avoids the literary domains still haunted by her mate's lordly, roaring ghost, for she can never be sure that the tribute she will find there is not really for him. Like a Lawrence heroine, she seeks men who are mindlessly physical. To them she gives herself, at the same time cracking the whip of her own superiority over them. And they are *not* Laurentian heroes after all, but bourgeois through and through—especially the landlord and the youth who become her lovers. Shrill, sometimes comic and squalid, her affairs with them, like her more incidental adventures, seem inexpensive parodies of her life with Dylan.

Still, we are talking about a real woman, not a myth or fiction. After her husband died, she lost control entirely; then, almost deliberately, she broke loose from the moorings of respectability. Now she seeks to come to some mastery over her deeply violated self, and this book, with all its distractions and callous moments and petty victories over the dead poet, may be her one way to do so. For the sake of the woman and her children, let us hope she has succeeded.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE New York reviewers, unlike those in London, objected to the staging of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood* (Henry Miller). They held that since the piece was written for radio, it required no more than a reading rather than the not very suitable scenery, the sketchy movement and the illustrative acting with which it is now treated. The objection makes sense, but I enjoyed the evening just the same.

Under Milk Wood is a dramatic poem in prose which describes the inhabitants of a tiny Welsh village from just before dawn to bedtime. It has a remote resemblance to Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* — except that Thomas' mood is happy and lyrical; even the wretched are portrayed with a sentimental Rabelaisianism. The show's chief attraction — attraction enough for me — is its language, a rich paste of delicious gab.

The characters are not deeply probed or finely etched, nor would I say that the work constituted poetry of a high order. However, the words — overgenerous at times (which is the vice of

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their virtue), fall flatteringly on the ear, and one is gladdened by a benevolent sense of humor and a generally kindly disposition so that one comes to be fond of the denizens of Llareggub and of humanity as a whole.

I think too there is a certain irrelevance in comparing this presentation with *A Boy Growing Up* — Emlyn Williams' reading of selections from Thomas. No one in *Under Milk Wood* is as brilliant as Williams, but what of that? The total effect in *Under Milk Wood* is quite good, the types were well chosen and some of the personalities remain very pleasantly in one's memory: for example, Francis Compton as the blind sea captain, Diana Maddox as Polly Garter lustily devoted to pregnancy, Powys Thomas as the sweetly versifying Reverend Eli Jenkins and Richard Longman as Mr. Pugh who, with delightful devilishness, dreams of poisoning his refrigerating wife.

NATURE'S WAY (Coronet) is a farce about some of the things its author Herman Wouk dislikes: tranquillizers, modern art, New York's café society, homosexuals and, generally speaking, all departures from the traditional norm. We will not quarrel with Mr. Wouk. Let us merely note that there are a few funny moments in his almost plotless farce, and that there were even more laughs than that for many in the audience.

SINCE the week's offerings, apart from Dylan Thomas, were meager, I pause for a moment to express something which occurs to me apropos of what I have just said about the audience. Several of our New York play reviewers were captious about *Anniversary Waltz* a few seasons ago, but it was a success. The same was true of *The Tunnel of Love*. I doubt that *Nature's Way* will prove a success, but the fact is that such plays have been successful despite the disapproval of our leading reviewers. The reason is that the drama departments of the daily and weekly press do not wholly reflect public taste.

So much is obvious. What is less obvious is the fact that those reviewers who think they reflect the public, or ought to, mistake their function and to a certain degree are in no position to fulfill it.

It is far more useful for a reviewer to assume that *he* is the only public he is concerned with, that the play is addressed to him and his "circle," and that his reponse is what matters most. While this would make his writing seem entirely subjective, it would in fact prove itself objective, for it would differentiate his opinion from the variety of opinions that other audiences and other publics hold. The reviewer might then become a leader rather than a follower — and justify his status as part of the cultural pattern of our theatrical scene.

COPPER AND BRASS (Martin Beck) is a musical with only one virtue — Nancy Walker. She is an actress-clown with a touch of genius. Every year her playing acquires greater ease and finesse. Her art expresses the comic distortion of the unglamorous (plain and unprosperous) city girl amid the grinding traffic of our lives. She is hilarious and unconsciously pathetic without a trace of sentimentality. Some day Nancy Walker will find the vehicle she deserves and, already well known and admired, she will be *discovered!*

FILMS

Thomas Parkinson

London

CHAPLIN's latest film, *A King in New York*, may never be shown in the United States, but it has opened recently in Stockholm and Rome and has been playing in two London theatres for several weeks. Critical response has been almost unanimous in its disappointment, not because of the film's ideological position but because it is not very funny. I saw the film shortly after arriving in London and was amused but frequently embarrassed, not by the politics—Chaplin's position has a certain quizzical simpleness to recommend it—but by the art.

The plot creaked along, and the really good parts of the film were strung on a line that had nothing to do with the political plot. The secondary line of action suggested that the film has really two plots and two moral points of view that not only have little to do with each other but are mutually destructive.

The political plot, especially in most American reports, is usually taken for the whole. The King is driven into exile because he wants to make atomic reactors for peaceful use, while his opposition want to make atomic bombs. He comes to the United States where he is welcomed by a battery of photographers and is fingerprinted as he makes a grateful address to the American people for sheltering him in his need. He has blueprints for peaceful use of atomic energy and his chief aim is to show them to the American Atomic Energy Commission. As a visiting dignitary he is invited to a progressive school where he meets and is harangued by a boy who is in revolt against the general stupidities of legislative committees. Later, he meets the boy, frozen and wandering, on the streets of New York. Against the advice of his ambassador and friend Jaumer, he befriends the child, only to become involved in the investigations of the Un-American Activities Committee. The boy's parents are sentenced for contempt when they refuse to identify former associates in the Communist Party, and the King is summoned to appear before the committee. His appearance is pure slap-stick, but he is ultimately cleared and becomes—or so we are assured—a national hero. Before he leaves to rejoin his Queen in Paris, he seeks out the boy to find him broken in spirit: he has borne witness against his parents' associates in order to buy their freedom.

This is a sad, bitter story, and Chaplin's contempt for the entire business is expressed at the King's committee appearance when he accidentally plays a fire hose not only on the members of the committee but on his lawyer, a man frightened to death by legalisms that he does not understand. It is a story of destroyed morale, and it has an almost allegorical neatness. It is not funny, and it is not touching; it is appalling, as Chaplin intended. He makes no intellectual response to these horrors; his response is physiological, a shiver of disgust.

THIS commentary on American politics brackets a second series of actions, which is to my mind the seriously funny part of the film, and the interesting part. It is touching and at times moving, and its real subject is the inevitably defeated quest for youth, complicated by the cheerful amorality of the commercial point of view. However upset Chaplin might be—however physically ill he may be made by American politics—he has an extraordinary appetite for American

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THOMAS PARKINSON is professor of English at the University of California (Berkeley) and the author of W. B. Yeats, Self Critic. *He is in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship.*

commercial culture. It amuses him deeply, and it attracts him.

As the King walks through Times Square, the juke-box sings with husky phoniness, "When I think of a million dollars, tears come to my eyes," and it is curious that the film takes pleasure in all the fatuities and corruptions that come from the urge to sell anything to which title can be gained. The reality of money is a major theme of the film, and dignity and the laws of hospitality can be disregarded in the interests of a high standard of comfort, or so the King's conduct argues. At one point Jaumer murmurs that Americans "are all nice until money enters the picture," but in this film the Americans are all nice—a little stupid, a little redblooded and crude—until politics enter the picture. Then they become monsters.

ONE reviewer (in *The Spectator*) said that Chaplin seems to have got out of touch with the United States. It is true that Chaplin seems familiar with only those aspects of American life visible from Switzerland: the wide screen, rock and roll, commercial advertising, passport difficulties, McCarthyism. But the faults with the film come from deeper sources; they come from a basic confusion in attitude.

Chaplin's early masterpieces celebrated the triumph of flesh and spirit over machinery, they were hymns of praise to biological good sense. In this film, too, his disdain for American political machinery, its mechanical brutality, is balanced by an elegiac affection for the American flesh and spirit. This affection is the more pathetic because it demands youth, and that is precisely what the King cannot give or achieve. His brief little sexual scramble with Dawn Addams is, like his brief popularity with American television audiences, doomed to be unrewarding. He can reach the people only through the palpable sham of TV commercials, and he is too old.

But he is also privileged and free; this commercial civilization is his to manipulate, and he can intellectually accept its violation of his dignity because money, after all, is real. Hence, in a weird interchange of values, commercial culture becomes identified with reality and appears to be on the side of flesh and spirit. The attitude is bewildering in its patent contradictions, and it seems to me not only confusing but confused. When it is juxtaposed with the political elements and their overt moralizing the result defeats the comic spirit.

With all its failings, its often embarrassing personal references (the rebellious boy is Chaplin's son, the King is involved in two elaborate sexual relations with younger women), its shocking cheapness of technique, this is still a rewarding film. It is frequently unfunny and sometimes just not interesting, but even the cranky failure of a master has value beyond the calculating success of ordinary film-makers. The King is a beautifully realized figure, and at its very worst the film's line of development seems to provide a test for Chaplin's acting skill and to evoke a bravura performance.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE YOUNG American conductor, Thomas Schippers, is one of the most unusual talents our country has produced. Only ten years ago he was a tall, gangling 17-year-old, fresh out of the Curtis Institute; he descended upon Tanglewood modestly, inconspicuously, and within a few days had astounded everyone there by his phenomenal keyboard abilities. Having won, shortly before, a contest to conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra, he elected to continue in that metier; within a few years, he had directed the premieres and European tours of two Menotti operas, a premiere of Copland's *The Tender Land* at the New York City Opera, and had conducted most major American orchestras, including that of the Metropolitan Opera. In the course of these snowballing opportunities, he might have been pressed to overextend himself and begin appearing in public without the benefit of sufficient contemplation and development in private. Rapid success has placed just such destructive burdens upon many young American singers, conductors and instrumentalists. But Schippers, despite his youth, has the real abilities and the seriousness of purpose that alone could sustain such speedy progress. He grows in depth from month to month. In such works as the Sibelius *Second Symphony* and the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, which he conducted with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall, it was perfectly apparent that he has developed conceptions of style and orchestral sonority which he did not have a few years ago, and that these are convincing and individual and yet firmly rooted in tradition.

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ample, the flavor was, properly, that of the opera house rather than the concert platform. The textures in each section of the orchestra were transparent, the details of Wagner's counterpoint were delicately delineated and the climax was saved for its proper place instead of erupting prematurely five or six times along the way. It was, in short, a performance worthy of Bayreuth.

The Sibelius *Second Symphony* was approached from a related point of view and, because of this, benefited in terms of overall suaveness and polish. And yet, it lacked something which might be referred to as Nordic grandeur. Sibelius, much of the time, deals in Olympian generalities, stark contrasts and angularities. It follows, therefore, that a reading which places over-careful polish upon each inner note will tend to chip away at the sharp edges of granite and lessen, to some extent, the music's heroic qualities. At some crucial point, the brasses must really be allowed to bray and the fiddles made to scrape. If this results in a sound that is bucolic or even primitive, nothing need be done about it; Sibelius is like that.

I do not mean to infer, however, that Schippers' interpretation was weak or lacked cogency. It had a fine, sustained line and great dignity. It was, simply, that on this occasion the conductor gave the composer credit for more subtlety than he possessed.

The central portion of this same concert sent Louis Kentner to center stage with Bartok's *Third Piano Concerto.* Mr. Kentner, when he made his New York debuts at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall last season, brought forth all sorts of critical exaltation, but his playing of the Bartok *Concerto* was hardly more than passable. It had, rhythmically speaking, a peculiar mumbling quality which left Bartok's precisely calculated, linear tweaks seeming a bit putty-like and making precious little sense. In the lovely chorale statements of the second movement, the pianist seemed unsure as to just how he was to achieve the *molto espressivo* called for by the score, and his attempts seemed both arbitrary and uncommunicative. Mr. Kentner produces a fine, bright tone, his technique is strong, and his playing is anything but unintelligent. But the Bartok *Third Piano Concerto* is not yet his piece of music.

THE BEAUX-ARTS STRING QUARTET, an exciting and relatively new chamber group, has just completed a series of concerts at the Carnegie Recital Hall. Its programs, arranged as all-American, all-French and all-German, included the world premiere of David Diamond's *Quartet No. IV;* the American premiere of Werner Egk's *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, for string quartet and mezzo-soprano; Honegger's *Third Quartet;* and my own *Quartet No. II (Pastorale).* Of older music they played the Haydn *Quartet Op. 54 No. 2;* the Brahms *Third String Quartet;* and the *Night Piece* for flute and string quartet, by Arthur Foote. Claude Monteux was soloist in the latter work; Jan Ruetz sang in the Egk *Temptation.*

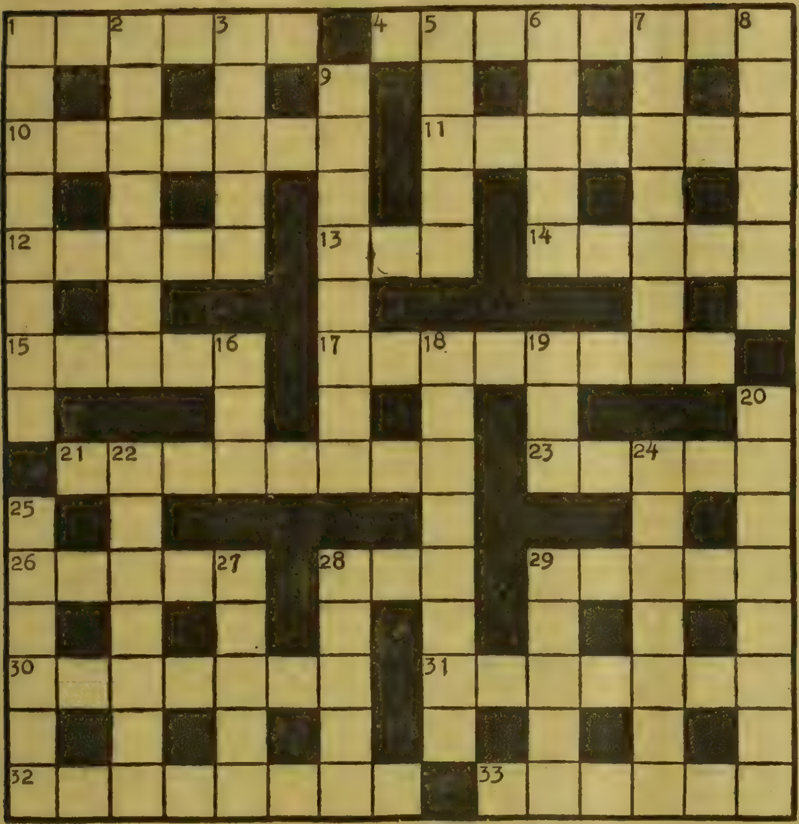
It is uncommon, these days, to find a group of string musicians so dedicated to the ideals of quartet playing that they will rehearse morning, noon and night for several years, without remuneration, in order to achieve them. The Beaux-Arts Quartet has done just that, and as a result their playing has acquired a unanimity of musical impulse, an ensemble balance and a refinement of sound that run exactly contrary to the present standards of catch-as-catch-can bravura playing and rampant performer egoism. They are as comfortable in old as in new music, because they are cultivated and intelligent, and because they put the music, not special executant mannerisms, in the foreground. Their reading of the Haydn Quartet, for example, was as stylistically pure and affecting as any I have ever heard.

David Diamond's *Quartet No. IV* was a difficult piece, both to play and to understand. It was exceedingly long, being cast in four close-packed, dissonant movements. The craftsmanship was mature and sophisticated; the intent almost unbearably serious. The work was manifestly sincere and imbued with its own sort of sense and sensibility. I suspect that further hearing will make Diamond's meanings more obvious.

The Egk *Temptation,* by contrast, was all too easy to fathom: a sort of chamber-music *Carmina Burana.* In a series of thirteen vignettes, it illustrated. with much meretricious fuss and many oom-pa syncopations, the various forms and delectabilities of Saint Anthony's temptations. The emphasis, of course, was on sex, and the French texts (Michel Sedaine: 1719-1799) were charming in their naughtiness. Unfortunately, the composer felt he had to leer, back-track and leer again at every mention of the bed or of feminine anatomy. In the end, the work seemed neither very witty nor very musical. It was fascinating, though, as giving another insight into German music, vintage 1945.

Crossword Puzzle No. 744

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 4 The way one used to toast our holiday position, perhaps. (6, 2, 6)
10 Became active when part of the trunk arrived first. (7)
11 Jumper a girl finished? (7)
12 He notices the bosses, no doubt! (5)
13 Thomas Gray's was storied, when the first of 10 was animated. (3)
14 Scoffs at barriers, perhaps. (5)
15 The command of a monastic brotherhood. (5)
17 Supposing that immoral thoughts contain it! (8)
21 Laws bringing the beginning of statehood to the Indians. (8)
23 A gambler might be expected to cut up at times! (5)
26 A quiet graze in the bush? (5)
28, 19 down, 5 down, and 33 across Suspended in song, but evidently not in the sick. (3, 3, 5, 6)
29 Promised to behave like a number obligated to it. (5)
30 Sailor by himself in an ear shell. (7)
31 Increase value, by the sound of it. (7)
32 Putting on an act of castigation (but it might be soothing). (8)
33 See 28 across

DOWN:

1 Tiny gunman, in the vernacular? We all must have had one. (8)
2 Evidently the leading part is mired, and might go to the dogs! (7)
3 and 25 down Measure a goddess set down where some people came in. (5, 6)
5 See 28 across
6 Let out a false note, so to speak. (5)
7 Extraneous material to sum up in one stroke at court. (7)
8 Fleshy root in 2's family. (6)
9 Assistant project worker on short notice. (8)
16 Might stick up or run down. (3)
18 Aesthetic arrangement for flutes at this. (8)
19 See 28 across
20 Inclined to vanish in the concession. (8)
22 A car tangled with a tree and a row of houses. (7)
24 A lock that's usually out of order. (7)
25 See 3 down
27 Evidently such poles don't have depressions. (5)
28 What an auto has, a salesman might try to get. (3, 2)
29 Art productions are virtually friendless. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 743

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YOU AND THE FBI

The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has received many letters and telephone calls from people who have been visited by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. These people indicated confusion about their obligations to their government and about their rights as citizens.

Since we believe that the average person as a rule does not know his duties or his rights concerning FBI interrogation, we offer this general information for those to whom it may be helpful.

You may feel, as many people do, that you have a moral obligation as a citizen to supply any governmental agency with all of the facts which would be helpful in a given situation, *provided* that neither your rights nor those of others are being violated. It is even possible that the inquiry concerns the application for government employment of someone with whom you are acquainted.

However, you frequently do not know the purpose of the inquiry, and the inquirer will rarely tell you in advance. Therefore, it is important for you to know that you are under no *legal* obligation to talk to representatives of the FBI or of any other governmental agency, unless you have been subpoenaed. The FBI, unlike courts and grand juries, does not have the power of subpoena and of compulsory examination. You may decline an invitation to visit FBI agents or to receive them in your home or office.

Unfortunately, at the present time many FBI inquiries appear to be concerned with political associations rather than with obtaining facts for constructive purposes of criminal investigation. The very nature of political inquiries means that many of the questions will be of the sort which no citizen is, or should be, required to answer. The protections afforded to you by the Bill of Rights as interpreted by the Supreme Court in recent as well as earlier decisions are as available to you in such an interview as they would be in open court or before a Congressional body. If you have any doubts as to the FBI's questions you may refuse to answer until your attorney has been consulted, or you may insist on having your attorney present during the interview. You may also ask to have the questions put in writing.

In determining your responsibility to answer questions, remember that there are no off-the-record conversations with the FBI. The agent in question is under a duty to make some report of his interrogation or interview. He may, possibly, be recording the conversation without your knowledge. Be most careful to be accurate. For the obvious reasons of civic duty, morality and personal safety, do not answer questions if you do not have personal knowledge of the facts. False statements, although made orally and not under oath, may be the basis for a criminal prosecution.

Finally, the use of investigative power by governmental agencies to intimidate or threaten is expressly forbidden by law. We suggest that you report any attempt at intimidation to the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee.

This message is printed as a public service.

Emergency Civil Liberties Committee

421 Seventh Avenue **New York 1, N. Y.**

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THE NATION

NO 12 '57

NOVEMBER 9, 1957 . . 25c

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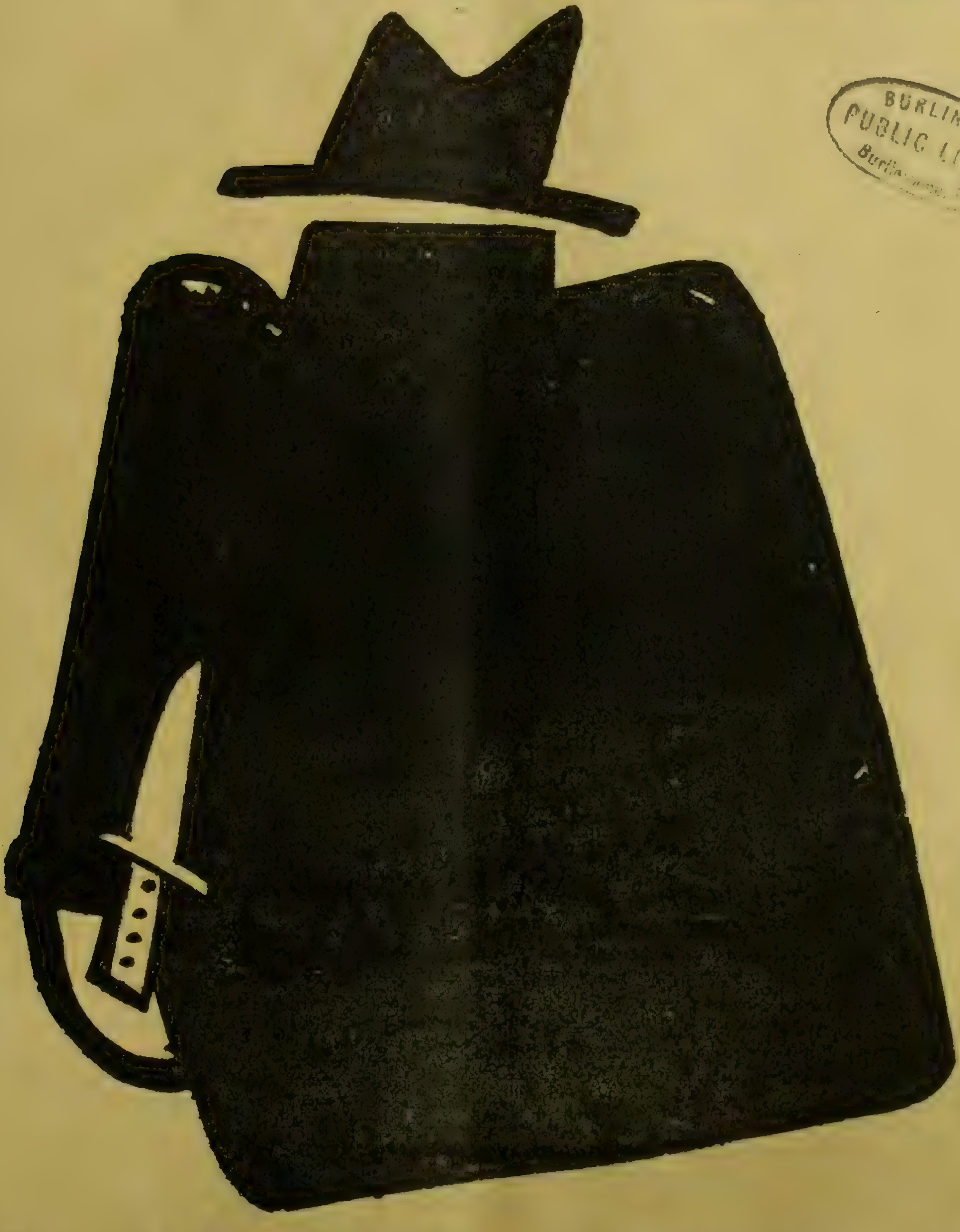

The Dulles Brothers in Diplomania

by Charles Edmundson

LETTERS

On Banning Shylock

[*Presentation of* The Merchant of Venice *at the American Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Connecticut, last summer, prompted a* Nation *reader to the comment which follows. We asked Harold Clurman,* The Nation's *theatre critic, to make the* riposte.—*Ed.*]

Dear Sirs: I am certain that *The Merchant of Venice* ought not to be produced in a world still rife with anti-Semitism. May I quote an editorial from the London *Daily Express* with reference to the production of *The Merchant of Venice* by the Old Vic Company in Beirut, Lebanon? "This monstrous error of judgment must convey to the Arabs the impression that the British Government is hostile to Jews. It is bound to add to the difficulties of beleagured Israel."

Then, referring to the British organization which sponsored the tour of the Old Vic Company, namely, the British Council, the editorial goes on to say: "An organization responsible for so crass a decision no longer has any excuse for existence."

If the production of *The Merchant of Venice* is dangerous in Beirut, Lebanon, it is no less dangerous in Stratford, Connecticut, or in New York, or anywhere in the world. In the figure of Shylock, Shakespeare presented the Jew qua Jew as the incarnation of money lust and blood lust.

If anyone wants to read the play in the privacy of his study, with introduction and notes, as a documentary of superstition and malice, there can be no objection. However, anyone who undertakes presentation of this abominable propaganda on the public stage is guilty of deliberate subversion of the human spirit.

Dr. Leon Fram
Rabbi, Temple Israel
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Sirs: In a community rife with anti-Semitism, I would oppose the production of such a play as *The Merchant of Venice.* Happily, I do not believe Stratford, Connecticut, is such a community.

In a comparatively sane and free environment, the Jew oughtn't to feel touchy or self-conscious when such a character as Shylock—however we interpret him—is presented on the stage. (Henry Irving was the first actor to present Shylock as a sympathetic character. Jacob Adler was beloved in the part in the Yiddish theatre. Rudolf Schildkraut's Shylock under Max Reinhardt's direction was "controversial." David Belasco and David Warfield never agreed on how "sympathetic" Shylock should be made. *The Merchant* has been done several times in Israel.)

The Jews have as much right to miscreants and villains as any other people. For as Mark Twain, in a sardonic mood, once said, "Jews are human beings. I can't think of anything worse to say about anyone."

Harold Clurman
New York City

The Crime of Poetry

Dear Sirs: In my speech to the court before being sentenced under the Smith Act two years ago, I said I was innocent of any crime except writing poems. The judge gave me two years.

Now I am informed that the prosecution—claiming "lack of evidence"—has asked the Court of Appeals to grant my plea for acquittal. I take it that this is a vindication of my original plea (not guilty of conspiring to teach and advocate violent overthrow of the government) rather than a judicial finding that I am innocent of the crime of poetry.

With this qualification, my thanks to those readers whose support over the past four and a half years helped win my case.

Walter Lowenfels
Mays Landing, N.J.

Memorial to Jerome Frank

Dear Sirs: A group of judges, lawyers and other friends of Jerome Frank have decided, as a suitable memorial to this great jurist, to establish a fund to give recognition in the form of an award to law-enforcement officials, prosecutors or policemen who have done signal service indicating a deep concern with the rights of defendants. The fund to be collected should initially be about $10,000 and shall not run for more than ten years. If experience shows that the award is useful, ways could undoubtedly be found to prolong it.

New York University Law School expressed its willingness to administer the fund and to make the awards from time to time under its auspices. An advisory committee (Judge Rifkind has consented to act as chairman) will actually select the recipients. Those wanting to contribute should make checks payable to "New York University" and send them to the undersigned. Such contributions are deductible for tax purposes.

Simon H. Rifkind
575 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N.Y.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Origin of Improper Practices

For insight into "improper practices in the labor or management field," we recommend a careful study of the list of 300-odd customers who availed themselves of the services of Nathan Shefferman and his Labor Relations Associates. The list includes such respectable giants as Sears Roebuck, R. H. Macy, Bloomingdale's, Altman's, J. L. Hudson, Abraham and Straus and Associated Dry Goods. These top-drawer clients consulted Labor Relations Associates not because they wanted advice on labor relations but rather because they wanted, if possible, to avoid labor relations altogether. Where weak unions were involved, Shefferman's ever-present agents organized company unions or instigated "loyal" worker movements or "persuaded" union organizers to seek more fertile fields; or, if these methods failed, a deal was made with the weaker of two weak unions which assured a "sweetheart" contract at "reasonable" wage rates. In the case of a strong union—for example the Teamsters—where recognition was unavoidable, the obliging Shefferman took care of Dave Beck's miscellaneous expenses and appeased his appetite for gifts while doling out minor spoils for minor officials.

But Mr. Shefferman's clients knew exactly what he was doing. Indeed, the reason they employed him was precisely because, familiar as they were with his methods, they did not wish to soil their own hands by using them. Also, of course, they wanted at all times to be in a position to disown Shefferman or to disavow knowledge of his highly improper practices.

In the glare of a Congressional spotlight, it became rather difficult to attempt a disavowal so spokesmen for the clients have turned contrite and humble. Thus a Sears Roebuck vice-president abjectly confessed that the methods used by Shefferman's agents were "inexcusable, unnecessary and disgraceful." But the confession will not preclude these same spokesmen from joining in the clamor for legislation to curb union "excesses," to end labor racketeering and to further "union democracy." The truth is, of course, that if these firms had been as interested in clean democratic unionism as they would like us to believe, they had it within their own power, without any new legislation, to further this objective by declining to use Shefferman's methods.

On Being First

As the first shock waves of reaction to Sputnik subside, the big editorial guns are being trained on the proposition that the fate of the nation hinges on the Administration's ability to get as many satellites, missiles and rockets into space as far and as fast as possible—and with, of course, the maximum publicity. Unfortunately, this hue-and-cry about technological "firsts" is diverting attention from the basic problem. The recent report of the National Science Foundation (October 28) suggests that national policy should be directed at more significant goals than winning first prizes in applied research. A more important goal would be to fashion a sound long-term policy aimed at encouraging basic-science research, as Maurice B. Visscher points out in this issue (see page 318). In terms of budgets and public attention, basic science invariably suffers by comparison with the applied variety. It is always easier to ballyhoo a specific technological achievement than a new equation. And despite the fact that, in the long run, basic-science research pays infinitely higher dividends, specific technological achievements can often be easily exploited for a quick profit.

Yet there can be no doubt—the Foundation report is conclusive on the point—that the prosperity of the nation as well as its security is now directly related to achievements in basic science. According to the report, the United States still enjoys a short-term technological advantage over the USSR, but "if this country is not to suffer in the long run, it must act upon the principle that progress in applied research and development depends absolutely on the growth and encouragement of basic research." It is in this direction, and not by the current noisy insistence that we must promptly top each new Soviet technological achievement, that national interest is best served. All this adds point and urgency to Professor Visscher's comments.

The Pin-Prick War

The architects of this country's China policy usually defend their handiwork by asking their critics to assume that the Communist regime in China may be less firmly established than would appear to be the case. If pressed, these same policy-makers fall back on a secondary line of defense, namely, that in view of past commitments, we have no honorable option but to continue our support of Chiang Kai-shek. These considerations can always be cited to justify a static, negative policy toward China, but what justification is to be found for the petty war of harassment which continued American support enables Chiang Kai-shek to wage against the mainland Chinese? Recently Formosa's lonely, frustrated Napoleon issued a communique in which he announced, with considerable fanfare, that his forces had carried out, in the last six months, twenty-four patrol missions against Red China, killed "scores" of Communist soldiers, and captured precisely twenty-one junks and other small craft. At this rate the conquest of the mainland will be the longest and costliest military operation in history. But query: is the Generalissimo still on leash, or has he once again been unleashed? Or are these bristling communiques, perhaps, merely by-products of his morbid imagination? If they are not, then we are paying a high price in subsidies and subventions for these petty harassing raids which are obviously aimed not so much at annoying the mainland Chinese as at gratifying an old man's military conceit.

New Test for Obscenity

The obscenity case against Allen Ginsburg's *Howl* was closed last month when Judge Clayton W. Horn of the San Francisco Municipal Court found Lawrence Ferlinghetti, a local bookseller, not guilty of a misdemeanor for having sold the book.

Judge Horn's decision followed the general line of enlightened opinion in this area—words are not obscene in themselves, an author's intent must be given full consideration, "good taste" and conventional mores are not binding on a writer who wishes to comment persuasively on sections of society where such restraints are not recognized. The judge, however, added one important concept to the country's judicial opinion about obscenity. He stated that for material to be judged obscene in California, it must present a "clear and present danger of inciting to anti-social or immoral action." By applying Holmes's famous test in the area of obscenity, Judge Horn effectively blocks the zealous district attorney who inveighs against a book because it might conceivably move some peculiarly susceptible individual to reprehensible behavior.

Bulletin from California

California's political feud between Governor Goodwin Knight and Senator William Knowland, both Republicans, has taken a surprising turn with the formation in San Diego of a finance committee for Knight's gubernatorial primary campaign. The significance of this lies in the personnel of the committee and the reasons given for supporting Knight. Leaders of the group are banker-industrialist C. Arnholt Smith, manufacturer Roscoe Hazard, insurance and realty broker Ewart Goodwin, department-store owner George A. Scott, and industrialist William P. Elser. All are rock-ribbed, old-line Republicans and supporters of Vice President Nixon. Logically they should be in Senator Knowland's corner. Banker Smith and Roscoe Hazard, both multi-millionaires, are close to James Copley, head of the reactionary Copley newspaper chain which drools over Dick Nixon.

Explaining their support of Goodie Knight, Hazard stated: "We are backing Knight because we believe he is our only chance to keep California in the Republican column. If Senator Knowland should be elected governor and continue his fight on the labor unions, we believe it would start a labor tie-up in this state that would be disastrous to us all. To run his [Knowland's] campaign on this issue certainly seems strange when a [state] constitutional amendment is the only way that a right-to-work law can be passed. One such amendment has failed to pass the Legislature."

Cloak-and-Dagger Politics

Recent disturbances in Guatemala underscore the limitations of cloak-and-dagger politics (see Charles Edmundson's article, p. 315). The putsch engineered by the agents of Mr. Allen Dulles in 1954 ended, of course, with the installation of Col. Castillo Armas, who was assassinated last July 26. To ensure the election of the Army's hand-picked candidate, the Government refused to permit the left-wing parties to run their own candidates in the October 20 election. So the left-wing elements, of all varieties, executed a neat, amusing switch by casting their ballots for Gen. Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, the extreme right-wing candidate. Dismayed by the size of the Ydigoras vote, the Government declared Miguel Ortiz Passarelli elected, although there was good reason to doubt that he was in fact the winner. Popular indignation was such that the Government was then forced to relinquish power to a three-man junta which promptly invalidated the ballot and announced that a new one would be held some time in the future. A massive effort has been made by the Government, seconded by most of the American press, to lend an appearance of constitutional legitimacy to the comic-opera procedures by which the results of the election were ignored. Thanks to the handiwork of Mr. Dulles' agents, the Guatemalans have now been saddled with a military dictatorship of the kind that afflicted the country for decades prior to 1944 (see two articles by David Graham in *The Nation:* May 21, 1955; July 14, 1956). A few more cloak-and-dagger "victories" of this kind and American prestige in Latin America will be reduced to zero.

The Dulles Brothers in Diplomania . . *by Charles Edmundson*

TWO THINGS make it extremely likely that the next session of Congress will see a renewed demand for Congressional supervision of the oft-investigated Central Intelligence Agency. First, there is the agency's failure to warn of the launching of the Soviet satellite moon or the testing of a Soviet intercontinental missile allegedly capable of reaching any point on earth. Second, the CIA's intrigues and counter-intrigues in the Middle East need to be brought under Congressional direction lest they outrun any democratic conception of the control of foreign policy.

Neither the CIA nor the Russian secret service, of course, advertises its presence or maneuvers in the struggle for ascendancy in countries like Jordan and Syria. But their acts could prove a prelude to the Third World War. That is why about a third of the members of the Senate, led by Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, went on record two years ago as believing that Congress, through a special committee, should oversee our activities in this field.

At present the CIA, operating secretly in the most sensitive situations throughout the world, is immune from the scrutiny of Congress even as to its appropriations. The several hundred million dollars a year which it receives appear to Congress only as disguised items in the budget requests of the Department of Defense, the Department of State or other agencies.

Congressional participation in control over the CIA has been recommended by the Hoover Commission on Government Reorganization, by a special Hoover Commission task force headed by General Mark Clark, and by the Senate Rules Committee. But in 1956, nevertheless, the Senate voted, 59 to 27, to kill a resolution which would have set up a joint committee on intelligence patterned after the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. The resolution was defeated only after Allen Dulles, director of the CIA, made a special trip to Capitol Hill to testify against it and after President Eisenhower countered with the appointment of a civilian board which would meet twice a year to rubber-stamp the agency's program.

THE launching of Sputnik and of the Soviet intercontinental missile has reawakened keen interest on the Hill in the whole issue. Yet the Russians' latest achievements mark only the culmination of a series of dangerous errors committed by American intelligence. At the close of the last World War, we were given to believe that ten to twenty years would pass before the Soviets developed an atom bomb. They exploded one in 1949. Then the Soviets developed the hydrogen bomb in 1953 — four years before intelligence sources expected them to.

In the fall of 1951, after crushing losses of B-29 bombers in Korea to Russian MIGs, the late General Hoyt Vandenberg admitted that the Soviets had produced an "extremely high-speed aircraft . . . which equals and in some respects excels all that we are able to demonstrate in warfare at the present time." It was a repetition of the story, in the months after Pearl Harbor, of the swift Japanese Zeroes coming in on the unarmed tails of our Flying Fortresses and shooting them down.

Any well-informed war correspondent can cite instance after instance in which it took an explosion of Congressional and public indignation to blast military bureaucrats out of their lethargy. In each instance, hundreds or thousands of American lives were needlessly sacrificed because of delay in making adaptations the need for which should have been foreseen — and, indeed, usually was foreseen by persons incapable of making their views effective.

Of course intelligence reports cannot be made public, but they can and should be subject to review and criticism of a select joint committee of Congress. That is what Senator Mansfield asks for. His proposal envisioned a joint intelligence committee of twelve — three members each from the Senate and House military affairs and appropriations committees.

The Central Intelligence Agency, by the best informed estimates, has a budget of about $350,000,000 a year and employs no less than 16,000 persons, including non-Americans, and expects to have more. Near McLean, Virginia, across the Potomac from Washington, the CIA is building an elaborate new $49,000,000 headquarters capable of housing up to 16,000 employees.

The CIA operates in every country on the globe, including several from which State Department personnel are barred, and at least one, China, where there are no American correspondents. Operating in privileged secrecy, beyond the eyes of Congress and the press, the CIA is free to execute projects without reference to the reaction of the American public. These projects include not only the gathering of intelligence but also, from time to time, sabotage and the work of *agents provocateurs.* It is no exaggeration to say that the resulting incidents could set in motion a train of events such as might make war unavoidable. Thus the constitutional function of Congress to declare war could be made meaningless.

Although presumed to operate with the utmost secrecy, the CIA

CHARLES EDMUNDSON, a former Washington editor of Fortune, *resigned from the U.S. Information Agency in Korea last year because he disagreed with the manner in which the foreign-aid program was carried out.*

has not always resisted temptation to tell of its exploits. In what appeared to be at least a semi-authorized article three years ago, the *Saturday Evening Post* revealed that CIA agents had worked with General Mohammed Naguib and Gamal Abdel Nasser in plotting the overthrow of King Farouk in Egypt in 1952, had helped to oust Mohammed Mossadegh as Prime Minister of Iran in 1953, and had directed the successful coup against the left-wing government of Jacob Arbenz Guzman in Guatemala in 1954. The authors also described sabotage activities, telling how a plastic explosive was used to blow up a railway bridge in one Soviet bloc state and how slow-down strikes were promoted in another. The CIA also had a hand in sending up plastic balloons over Eastern Europe until protests by the Royal Dutch Airlines and the governments of Czechoslovakia and Hungary forced discontinuance of the practice. And a year or two ago, the CIA was the moving spirit in digging a tunnel a third of a mile long into East Berlin to tap Communist telephone and telegraph wires.

Almost from the end of the civil war on the Chinese mainland, the CIA used Formosa as a base to support a force of Nationalist Chinese operating in North Burma. This force was supposed to harass Communist Chinese just across the border, but Burma and Thailand, militarily weaker, suffered more from the depredations of the Nationalists than did the Communists. The American Ambassador to Burma, William J. Sebald, was not let in on the secret and in good conscience long denied U. S. involvement. But Prime Minister U Nu became so indignant that he suspended U. S. Point Four activities in Burma, and American prestige was set back in all neutral Asia. Eventually a four-power conference — the United States, Burma, Thailand and Nationalist China — was held in Bangkok and 7,000 Nationalist guerrillas were evacuated to Formosa.

The Mossadegh incident, mentioned above, perhaps explains Soviet excitement over the recent trip of Deputy Under-Secretary of State Loy Henderson through the Middle East. As Ambassador to Iran in 1953, Henderson was a chief mover in the coup which overthrew Prime Minister Mossadegh and put General Zahedi, a friend of Henderson's and of the United States, into power. As the *Saturday Evening Post* pictured developments, Henderson and Allen Dulles met in August, 1953, in the Swiss Alps, ostensibly for a vacation. Here they were joined by the Persian Princess Ashraf, sister of the Shah. The three planned the coup, which was directed in Tehran by Brigadier General H. Norman Schwarzkopf.

With two members of this American team now giving attention to Soviet-oriented Syria, it was to have been expected that Russia would get excited.

INTEGRATION of the CIA into U. S. foreign policy is measurably facilitated—perhaps too much so—by the relationship between the present Secretary of State and the present director of the CIA.

When the "revolt" against the Arbenz Government in Guatemala was coming to a head, James Reston wrote a column in *The New York Times* entitled "With the Dulles Brothers in Darkest Guatemala":

> John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, seldom intervenes in the internal affairs of other countries, but his brother, Allen Dulles, is more enterprising.
>
> If somebody wants to start a revolution against the Communists in, say, Guatemala, it is no good talking to Foster Dulles. But Allen Dulles, head of the Central Intelligence Agency, is a more active man.
>
> He has been watching the Guatemalan situation for a long time. It was his associates who spotted the big shipment of Czech arms from Stettin to Guatemala in the first place. . . .
>
> The guess is that the revolt against the Communists will succeed. . . .

In such serious affairs, it is of course the opinion of the Secretary of State rather than that of the director of the CIA which prevails. Secretary Dulles' attitude is that of a pronounced activist, with few qualms about using force. Some years ago, in an article in the *Annals of the American Academy of Social and Political Science,* he argued "the conception that intervention by military force is a peculiarly obnoxious form of interference by one state in the affairs of another.. . . .I submit there may well be situations where intervention by military force is the most humane procedure." It follows that if Secretary Dulles looks with complacency upon military intervention, he would be even more ready to use all the classical means of intervention short of military.

Like his older brother, Allen Dulles is rounding out in government service a successful career as a corporation lawyer. For twenty years he has been a behind-the-scenes leader in the "modern" wing of the Republican Party. Before beginning his legal career, he spent several years with the U. S. Foreign Service and with the State Department in Washington. During World War II, he headed the Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland and was a figure in planning the near-successful attempt to kill Hitler with a time bomb in East Prussia in the summer of 1944. The Soviet press honors him with the title "master spy." Ilya Ehrenburg wrote: "If the spy Allen Dulles should arrive in heaven through somebody's absent-mindedness, he would set about blowing up the clouds, mining the stars and slaughtering the angels."

The record shows that the CIA is hardly that good. I have already noted some of its slips. There was another which occurred in the fall of 1950, in the Korean War. Having recovered from early severe reverses, the U. S. and U. N. forces had to decide whether to push the Communist invaders back to the 38th Parallel, or beyond into North Korea. On the basis of reports which he had received while traveling in Southeast Asia a few months earlier, Justice William Douglas personally warned President Truman that if U. N. forces crossed the 38th Parallel, Communist China would enter the war on a massive scale. A similar warning was delivered to Washington through Indian representatives in the United Nations. But the CIA advised President Truman that these warnings could be disregarded. General Mac-

Arthur was told to march into North Korea, and Communist China, responding with an army of 600,000 "volunteers," forced the Americans to retreat.

Early this year, Allen Dulles was sharply questioned in Senate hearings to determine why the United States did not try to forestall the British-French-Israeli attack against Egypt in the fall of 1956. John O'Donnell, Washington correspondent for the New York *Daily News*, wrote, "Our Central Intelligence Agency fell on its face." And in his testimony before the Senate Committee, Secretary of State Dulles admitted, "We were considerably taken by surprise when the attack occurred."

In neither house of Congress is it hard to find members who caustically criticize the CIA off the record, but who will not be quoted for publication. These statesmen will cite chapter and verse of cases in which intelligence reports are written to favor the point of view of the State Department or Department of Defense when the facts point in an entirely different direction. From a conservative and highly respected Senator, this reporter heard one of the bitterest and most telling denunciations, fully documented, of the U. S. intelligence services that it is possible to imagine. But the Senator would not be quoted. For the CIA has the glamor and prestige of an adventurous secret service, and there is always the fear that demagogues can make even the most responsible criticism appear ungrateful and unpatriotic.

THE CIA has charge of political and economic intelligence, so far as its evaluation and delivery are concerned, as well as of military intelligence. But it has concentrated almost exclusively on military reports, and strategic political and economic intelligence have suffered accordingly. The Republic of Korea, for example, gets more U. S. economic aid (and advice) than any other country in the world, but the economy is so inefficiently and corruptly managed that what has developed is a caricature of capitalism. Afghanistan is an example of the failure of both economic aid and CIA intelligence. The CIA was warned in detail, well in advance, that unless aid policies were better administered, Afghanistan probably would swing into the Soviet orbit. Nothing was done about it, and now Russia has a putative ally at the gateway to Southeast Asia.

The State Department, the CIA and the U. S. Information Service all concentrate too much on obtaining the support of kings, presidents and cabinet ministers, while neglecting the people. Presidents and cabinet ministers—and kings as well—have a way of losing out when they fail to carry their people along with them. Even if rulers manage to remain in power without popular support, their armies are likely, in case of war, to be liabilities rather than assets. Our experience with the armies of Chiang Kai-shek in the postwar struggle for the Chinese mainland should have taught us that. Yet we continue to place all our bets on King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and King Hussein of Jordan.

THE SECRET operations of intelligence agents can easily be manipulated to channel public opinion according to the wishes of those in charge. If a provocative incident occurs, the CIA's role in producing it cannot be told. Yet all the luxuriant machinery of government publicity can be, and is, marshalled to make the incident serve preconceived ends. Thus public opinion is made the servant rather than the master of foreign policy.

One example of this is the manipulation of the facts concerning the imprisonment of Americans in mainland China. The State Department has at all times insisted that the Americans held prisoner in China are illegally held. This is not true. The means of establishing that at least two of the prisoners still held are secret agents can be found in the files of *The New York Times*; some prisoners who have been released have confessed that they were intelligence agents.

The Chinese, of course, knew this. The government knew it. Many U. S. newspapermen knew it. The only ones deceived were the American people. When Richard Fecteau told American students who interviewed him in China in September that he and John T. Downey, another prisoner, were CIA agents, he was revealing what might have been publicly known all along. The plane on which the two men were traveling was shot down over Manchuria in November, 1952. The State Department said at the time that the plane had accidentally wandered over Manchuria while on a routine wartime flight in the opposite direction—from Seoul to Tokyo.

Although this explanation was fantastic and conflicted, in effect, with other information published from time to time in the press, the public quite naturally believed it. The story was a key item in the State Department's justification for forbidding American newspaper correspondents to enter China. Only President Eisenhower, in a sort of backhanded way at a press conference, ever indicated that there might have been a legal case for China's holding any of the prisoners.

Although Soviet Russia has no freedom of the press and acknowledges no democratic responsibility to deal forthrightly with its citizens, it does not, apparently, misrepresent the facts when its spies are caught. When the Soviet master spy, Rudolph Ivanovich Abel, was arrested in New York City last June by the counter-intelligence section of the FBI, the Russian Government preserved silence. It did nothing except to round up a dozen or so alleged American spies (not of American citizenship) in Russia and the satellite countries. Presumably these will be held as hostages against exaction of the ultimate penalty—death—against Abel.

SPIES perform a brave and patriotic service for their country, but they should not and undoubtedly do not expect, when caught, to be made the subject of false propaganda which cannot possibly help them, and which misleads the American people. The very existence of the CIA makes it doubly necessary for the President to see that the public is not thus gulled. Otherwise, foreign policy becomes the domain of a self-appointed "elite," with the CIA furnishing the raw material for propagandizing the public into believing whatever the "elite" wants it to believe.

If anyone is inclined to doubt Secretary Dulles' will to manipulate public opinion, he should consider this sentence from the Secretary's letter to *The New York Times* defending the ban against U. S. newspapermen in China: "Foreign policy and diplomacy cannot succeed unless it channels the activities of our people, and in this respect newspapers also have their loyalty and patriotic duty."

For those who consider the human mind a sovereign agent to form its own opinion based on facts, such talk of "channeling the activities (read *thought*) of the people" is an arrogant denial of the basic thesis of democracy.

What, then, is to be done about the CIA? Abolish it? Of course not; the CIA is needed to gather intelligence and to oppose the underground activities of communism. But it should never be forgotten that such a huge and well-heeled secret agency as the CIA represents a continuing potential danger to democratic government. That danger must be minimized by safeguards written into law and, above all, by public determination not to let the potential danger become actuality. The following suggestions are submitted as a minimum to insure that the CIA is not perverted to undemocratic uses:

1. Let Congress appoint a confidential committee to watch over CIA policy and its execution—the measure which twenty-seven Senators are already on record as approving.

2. Let the press and other opinion-forming media be constantly alert against the employment of CIA-induced incidents to manipulate public opinion.

3. Let everybody concerned be on guard against the idea that cloak-and-dagger activity can substitute for the appeal of valid ideas and ideals in the contest against communism.

Finally, the President would do well to refrain from appointing as director of the CIA a close relative or associate of the Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff or head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Too much cozy conformity leads to static policy and blunts the cutting edge of strategic intelligence and military technology. How do we know this? We are seeing it vividly demonstrated at this moment.

SCIENCE NEEDS a LIVING WAGE . . *Maurice B. Visscher*

WHEN THOMAS CARLYLE assumed the Rectorship of the University in Edinburgh in 1866, he addressed to the academic community some observations he had made in the seventy years of his active life. Commenting on the fact that while "there is an abundance and overabundance of money" in Scotland, the Scottish universities were nevertheless poverty-stricken: "Endowments are not given now as they were in the old days. . . . All that has now changed. . . . And truly the reason may in part be, that people have become doubtful whether colleges are now the real sources of what I called wisdom; whether they are anything more, anything much more, than a cultivating of man in the specific arts."

Today, almost a century later, one might make similar observations on the American scene. True, endowments have become fairly liberal in the case of some institutions, when compared with the record of the past. But the fact remains that support of scholarship in the Western Hemisphere has nearly always been stinted, and that it has deteriorated badly over the last two decades despite the general prevalence of an unprecedented prosperity. The Beardsley Ruml report shows that the relative economic status of the academic profession has gone down rather steadily over the last half-century. Only the Great Depression years were good years for the academic world, both in terms of buying power and as regards recruitment of talent. Today, relative to competing segments of the population, the academic profession's economic status is little better than half as good as it was in 1900. The consequences of this situation can be disastrous to American society.

The power and the wealth of the Western world rests upon basic science as well as technology. This is a truism which, amazingly, American society does not appear willing to accept. Rather, it acts as though basic science were a luxury to be indulged in, or ignored, with impunity.

The question needs to be considered very carefully in the wealthy Western world, and especially in the United States, as to whether prosperity itself is not a corroding influence when it is not shared by the people who must make the more fundamental scholarly advances. Stated in other terms, is it not time to consider making the rewards of the creative life such as to attract more young men and women of the highest competence who otherwise choose more "practical"—because more profitable—pursuits? It is a little distressing to hear people who should know better say that scholars should be so happy to be doing what they like that they ought not to consider the economic deprivation involved. There will always be a few such idealists. But society needs not only the esoteric few, but many persons of the highest intellectual ability to do scholarly work. There must be more competition for top academic positions. One of the great calamities in America today is that there are more of these positions open than there are properly trained persons to fill them.

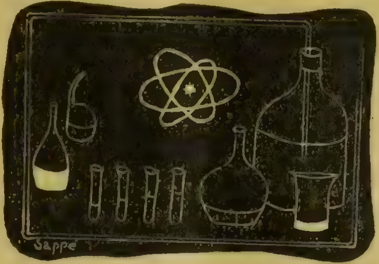
MAURICE B. VISSCHER, professor of physiology at the University of Minnesota, is world-renowned in his field.

One of the reasons for the excellence of the pre-war German universities was the existence of real competition for academic posts. A dozen men of considerable competence were left by the wayside for every one who achieved a professorship. Except when corrupt factors entered into choices, only high talent reached the top, and the post of a university professor was considered a prize. In the United States, the situation is—and has always been—very different. Great social prestige has never been attached to an academic position here, and the economic rewards are relatively much less. His basic salary, plus income from student fees which is part of his regular pay, may give a professor in a German university an income four to six times that of a skilled workman such as a house painter. In U.S. terms, this would be equivalent to an income of $24,000 to $36,000 per annum. Where are the American professors who earn this much?

In this country, the scarcity of talent among prospective graduate students in the basic sciences becomes steadily more alarming. In one basic-science department of an American medical school, more than half of the formal applicants for admission to graduate study last year were persons whose academic achievements were too low to admit them to a medical school. What will the future of science be if that is the level of competence of the recruits into it?

IN THE field of medicine, the economic rewards are so much greater in clinical than in basic science that most competent young medical men who want to do scientific work go into a combination of clinical research and practice. Who can really blame them? But it would be a delusion to think that science will prosper if most of the best talent goes into applied fields. And since the ground-breaking discoveries must come at the basic levels, it is obvious that once the backlog of basic science has been exploited, the applied scientist will have to wait for more ground work to be done.

In a society based on free competition for opportunities and economic rewards for performance, it would seem that the whole problem ought to be easy to solve. One need only make basic-science careers as attractive, in terms of the value norms of contemporary society, as careers in business administration, law, medicine or engineering. Given two or more attractive prospective careers, the economic factor weighs very heavily in determining choice. And what wonder? Luxuries aside, even the so-called necessities of life in America cost a great deal of money. Automobiles, houses, television sets, labor-saving household appliances, insurance, club and society memberships, books, journals, children's education, vacations, opera, music, drama, not to mention food and clothing, are not to be paid for out of spiritual rewards. The youth who sees that academic people generally are not able to support their families as well as practical professional people with lesser training, will think a long time before he enters the more satisfying but less lucrative occupation. Or, if he is married, his wife may make the decision for him; twice within the last ten years young men working with me resigned their basic-science positions because their wives had threatened divorce if they did not switch to a more "profitable" field. Many of my abler students have told me candidly that only economic factors deterred them from careers in basic science.



The low economic rewards of academic careers tend to limit the field today to two groups of persons: (1) a few who enjoy large inherited wealth and (2) a majority who come from a very modest financial *milieu*. Studies of the origins of scientists show that the sons of teachers, farmers, preachers and small merchants are especially well represented in academic careers. It would be interesting to study the origins of the wives of academic people; it would be surprising if they, too, did not also come, in the main, from families of very modest income.

THE stock answer to any suggestion that more money be allocated to improve such "non-essentials" as scholarship and education is that the community cannot afford it. In a country which spends more money for alcoholic beverages and tobacco products than it does for education, such an excuse is positively irrational. It can only be explained on the basis of ignorance or of complete callousness to the welfare of generations to come. It is certainly true that an investment in brain-building for the years 1975 to 2000 will not show as a capital gain or in current income for 1960. In fact, the reverse might be true. But if Americans have so little concern for the welfare of their children and grandchildren, then I am ready to concede that the American Dream is a chimera.

However, I am not at all sure that the American people have ever seriously thought about the problem. I do not believe that any attempt has ever been made by responsible government officials to lay the case before the public in its stark realities. No President of the United States in the last score of years has made it clear to the American people that, in the technological age in which we live, creative scholarship is actually the basis of our present prosperity and our future progress. One wonders whether the Presidents themselves have ever taken the trouble to think through this problem.

Today, this country needs statesmen who understand the requirements for national survival in the age of push-button war, electronic brains, synthetic materials, raw-material depletion, energy-source exhaustion and disappearance of peasant populations. No one nation, no one race, has any monopoly on brains; the important question is whether a reasonable proportion of these brains will be fully utilized. Is it conceivable that we, in the richest country of the world, will continue to allow so large a proportion of our best minds to be lured away from those fields which encompass our future strength and wealth?

In all candor it must be said that in basic physiology, the field with which I am most intimately acquainted, the United States has not produced its fair share of scientific progress during the thirty-five years of which I can speak with first-hand knowledge. Compared with their resources in men and money, the British, the Belgians, the Scandinavians, the Swiss and the Germans have done more to add to the stock of basic information than we have. The same condition probably does not prevail in some other areas of basic science, particularly in those disciplines in which very large investments in equipment are necessary for investigations. The situation would not be so alarming were it not deteriorating, with no relief in sight. One hesitates to wish for another depression, yet unless a rational solution to the problem can be worked out, the country would probably be better off for its long-term future if a depression did strike and change dramatically—as it must—the relative attractiveness of various vocations.

A look at the economics of the problem is essential to its full consideration. If I confine my remarks to the basic medical sciences, it is because of my greater personal familiarity with this field. There are some eighty medical schools in this country. There are ordinarily six basic-science departments in each, averaging perhaps three professors apiece. If $10,000 per annum were added to the salary of each professor—a sum sufficient to bring his income roughly into line with that of a medical practitioner—the total cost to the country would be $14,400,000. This is not a negligible sum, but it is only a minor fraction of what is already being spent on the work of these same people. The total national annual outlay for medical research, outside of industry, is about $150,000,000. Thus if 10 per cent of that sum were devoted to improving the intellectual capacity of the recruits into basic medical science, one might easily get double or even ten times the return on the total investment.

All that is necessary, then, is a redistribution of money already being poured into medical research. Similar situations exist in other fields of basic science and comparable solutions are possible.

I think it important to emphasize that any plan for increasing the earning power of basic-science researchers and teachers should not be urged in terms of "equitable rewards" for the services which scholars perform. The issue is not one of doing justice to scholars; it is one of doing justice to ourselves as a nation. It is for the sake of our own future that our best brains must be induced to work in the fields where the nation needs them most. Realism, not morality, should be the motivation. If democracies cannot accomplish this essential step, their leaders will have only themselves to blame if the more dictatorial societies win the race for scientific and technologic supremacy. Following Carlyle, one can reasonably doubt that a society devoted excessively to the "specific arts" will long survive. A little wisdom is undoubtedly needed.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GERM . . *by David Cort*

THE MOST FEARFUL problem of industrial civilization is, in the long run, its refuse. Let us pass over the great industrial slag-heaps, the sewage-fouled rivers and lakes, the noisome garbage dumps, and even the radio-active fall-out and radioactive waste which are the refuse of the atom bomb. The garbage and the sewage represent something taken out of the soil and not returned to it, but instead disgustedly swept under the rug of Western civilization. It is not surprising that our soil has gradually degenerated, no matter how much synthetic fertilizer we pour into it.

If Western man were an incurable fool, we could confidently expect America to end as an ungodly, barren, foul-smelling mess, hardly fit for vermin. Still, the anti-foolishness has a hard time making itself heard. Government has been no help, nor has big business, nor even the scientists. Indeed, these latter talk mostly rot, and not even good, nourishing, organic rot.

Into this dismal landscape, enter a smiling, open-minded countryman with the Yorkshire name of Stanley Fred Bulpitt. His father, Henry Bulpitt, had been an apprentice gardener for Queen Victoria and Edward VII and came to America in 1911. After working for various millionaire estates (Hamilton, Milbank, Mallory) in Tuxedo, N. Y. and Greenwich, Conn., he started the Brookside Nurseries in Darien, Conn., in 1925. The son took the two-year horticultural course at New York City's Bronx Botanical Gardens. In 1944, he was stricken with agonizing acute myalgia and, with plenty of time to read, found the works of Sir Albert Howard on organic agriculture.

Soon the two Bulpitts were playing around with soil. By the time the father died, in 1951, Stanley had licked his own sickness and made some headway in the therapy of sick soil. In fact he was the only man in the United States in the business of manufacturing whole soil out of civilization's waste materials.

Basically, he did this by combining nitrogenous with carbonaceous materials, generally in the proportions of one to three or four. In the first group were green vegetation, various animal manures, slaughterhouse blood, dried fish, fish emulsion, leather scraps and ordinary garbage.

DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture *and other books, is a frequent contributor.*

In the second group were sawdust, wood chips, dried weeds, hay, dead leaves — and ordinary newspapers. The important factors in these combinations were bacteria, which consumed the nitrogenous stuff to grow and propagate, and used the carbonaceous stuff for energy.

Solely to give the combination structure, to let it breathe air and water, he added an inorganic material: sand.

At this point the city man may require a quick briefing in the present war being fought over the farmer's and gardener's heads by the great chemical companies and the "organic soil" champions such as Bulpitt.

The funny thing about the war is that the truths used by both sides were perfectly well known fifty years ago. Science knew then that plants need and take from the soil nitrogen, phosphates and potash (as well as oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, magnesium, calcium and iron). Yet an acre with as much as 7,000 pounds of each of the first three in the top foot of soil may not grow wheat or hay. The addition of still more of the three elements, however, seems to help. The great chemical companies (du Pont, American Cyanamid, Allied Chemical, American Potash, Davison, Duval, National Potash, Tennessee) have made fortunes out of this crude chemistry by selling inorganic chemical fertilizers. They finance an increasing percentage of soil research in this country and abroad; and the schools do not like to annoy them.

It was equally well known fifty years ago that the soil's fertility depends on a myriad microscopic life in it. A single gram of good soil may have a population of 28,000,000 micro-organisms. These change nitrogen into nitrates as well as into the protein which is the body substance of bacteria and the principal constituent of all mature composts or soils. Some bacteria can seize and use the inert nitrogen of the air. Some can "etch" sands, clay and hard rock, capturing supplies of phosphates, potash and the so-called "trace minerals."

But since all this became known, the word "germ" has become an unspeakably dirty word. And, of course, these priceless inhabitants of the soil, the bacteria, are germs (the word comes from the Sanskrit for "birth" or "creature"). The excommunicated and accursed germ has brought into being the great industries of the detergent and the germicide, so that these latter are worshipped as bright angels of virtue and godliness and life. But they are by definition and intent life-killers. They certainly annihilate bacteria, and we do not know what they do to enzymes, auximones and hormones. However, the American heaven is a life without germs, without risk, without flavor and without life. I have relatives whose terror of germs makes them boil anything not canned or bottled, eat off a well-deterged enamel table and nearly give up eating entirely; but such people are now quite numerous and respected, even though continually ailing.

In such a world, people who talk about "organic soil" are anti-Christ and subversive. Meanwhile, in 1955, 22,000,000 tons of chemical fertilizer were dumped into the American soil at a cost of $1,363,000,000, and soil fertility continued its steady and ominous decline.

Stanley Bulpitt found himself in this war with an inherited nursery, a family, some compost piles and no fear at all of life, i.e. bacteria, i.e. germs. With all the naiveté of a countryman, he began asking the orthodox scientists about the organic theories of the English Soil Association (publication: *Mother Earth*, Hyde Park Mansions, Marylebone Road, London) and the American Friends of the Soil. The scientists, as he says, "just walked away."

We must comfort him by explaining that whereas any science of the soil must be a science "of the whole," there is no such science in America at present. A truly qualified agrologist would have to be an ecologist, chemist, physicist, zoologist, bacteriologist, entomologist, mycologist, helminthologist, botanist, hydrologist, geologist, geographer, statistician, and a half-dozen more. But a number of these disciplines are in bitter dispute with one another; to combine them would bring on a schizophrenia.

It is therefore not too surprising to hear from Sir William Gammie Ogg, M.A,, B.Sc., Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Consultant Director of the Commonwealth Bureau of Soil Science and ex-President of the Society of the Chemical Industry, that after profound examination, he concludes that the chemical companies' fertilizers are the best ever and that "organic manuring" has simply not made its point.

But Mr. Bulpitt could see that organically nourished fields without any chemicals grew crops three times as big, healthy and flavorsome as the chemical fields. Furthermore, insects thrived on the well-sprayed chemical fields and seemed to avoid the unsprayed organic fields. Bulpitt learned from the famous Haughley comparative test farms in England, the project of the Soil Association, that cattle fed on chemically-enriched soil grew smaller and gave less milk with less solid-non-fat-content, and developed barrenness, malformation and miscarriages.

Some of the differences, but by no means all, can be explained. Insecticides tend to kill all but the strongest individuals in a pest species, and may kill in addition the pest's natural enemies. When the shooting is over, the surviving pests run riot in what has been turned into a bug's heaven. On the other hand, healthy, organically-nourished plants are almost impervious to the pests. Chemically-fertilized fields of potatoes will be wiped out by microscopic eel-worms on the roots; in the next field, an organic soil nourishes several species of fungi that have a genius for slaughtering eel-worms in a gruesome but satisfying way.

In Argentina, the progressive exhaustion of organic elements in the soil is given as the cause of hypocalcemia in cattle and of dental caries in children who consume the milk, wheat and meat.

These are empirical facts, but the word "empirical" has the subsidiary meaning of "charlatan" and is not in good repute. The mortifying truth is that there is a great deal about the soil and nutrients that we simply do not know yet. And the little we know may be yet more dangerous than ignorance, as is indicated by the primitive agriculturists of India and Mexico, who produce crops more flavorsome and less perishable, though smaller, than ours.

What is also needed is basic research, toward which ex-Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson of Detroit expressed the immortal opinion: "Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing." The epigram is perfectly true; but Wilson, accustomed to stock-holders' requirements, could not know that it is only when you don't know what you're doing that you are brushing the mysteries of the universe, which does know what it's doing.

BULPITT ENLISTED in the fertilizer war on the side of empirical research. To find out what industrial civilization is taking out of, and not returning to, the soil, he simply looked at what civilization throws away. Childishly simple. It was obvious that in a "package" civilization, about 75 per cent of most garbage is paper. He therefore tried throwing a few cans of garbage into an Agromat, with water, and chopping it fine as in a food-mixer. Almost at once, it ceased to smell like garbage. What came out was ordinary mud.

Another great mass of trash is old newspapers. This wood pulp is a combination of carbohydrates, nitrogen, potassium compounds and some other inorganics. Sounded good to Bulpitt. He chopped it up in a water bath and spread the mulch over his fields. The plants—delphinium, phlox, iris, thyme, sedum, bleeding heart, aster, columbine, English holly, etc.—grew through it. Later, he digs it into the soil. For these purposes, the cheap tabloid papers are best, and the slick magazines, with coated stock and colored inks, almost useless. The first year Bulpitt raked off the newspaper mulch, intending to throw it out. When he dug into the pile, he found it full of earthworms, a sight to gladden any nurseryman's eye. It is now one of his favorite fertilizers—"soil aids" to him.

When he makes a compost pile, his rule is to keep to the ratio of one to four in combining mainly nitrogenous and mainly carbonaceous material. The pile is never wider or higher than six feet, but can be built as long as one likes. Inside, it will reach a temperature of 160°. Air must be able to penetrate it. In ninety days, it is ready; at no time will it draw flies or smell.

This last boast was disbelieved by a customer, who agreed to pay for a compost heap of chicken manure and hay—if it did not smell. Bulpitt built such a sweet-smelling pile that the man gave a barbecue picnic beside it. However, the customer had his own men build an adjoining pile. To get rid of the chicken manure in a hurry, they made it 50-50 hay and manure, thus destroying Bulpitt's one-to-four ratio. This pile immediately swarmed with flies which, however, did not alight on the first pile.

Bulpitt is constantly trying out new combinations of the wastes listed earlier.

THE FINAL refuse of civilization is sewage. Several great cities—Chicago, Milwaukee, Pasadena—have tried to reclaim their sewage, processing, drying and pressing it for sale as fertilizer. On this subject, Bulpitt is as radical as he is empirical. He tried some of it, costing five cents a pound. He worked two inches of it into eight inches of soil over an acre. But nothing would grow—not even crabgrass.

Why? For one thing, big-city sewage has far more industrial waste than organic human excreta. Its processing usually involves cooking at 1500° temperature and a heavy dose of chlorine. All bacterial life is thus dead on arrival. The sewage also has poisonous traces of zinc taken from the pipes. Bulpitt had to correct his sewage-treated acre with four tons of lime.

However, in theory, Bulpitt will agree that live human sewage would be useful, and might be reclaimed in towns and cities that have no important industries.

China has maintained its soil fertility for forty centuries—thirty-seven more than we—by dumping all fecal matter into the family pit in which lives a coprophagous pig. In the cities, the slops are dried, caked and sold to the farmers. However, where raw night-soil is used, the associated fatal diseases of hookworm, liver fluke, intestinal fluke and blood fluke account for one-quarter of all Chinese deaths. This is a price no people would willingly pay to maintain the humus content of the soil.

IF WE can put aside both scatology and euphemism, the trouble with shit is that it is highly acid and greasy and tends to exclude air. Its evil smell and pathogenic menace might be eliminated by chopping it up, combining it with four times as much carbonaceous material—wood-pulp, sawdust or paper-heavy garbage—and fully aerating it. The end product would be "clean" soil.

It should be emphasized that Mr. Bulpitt, an eminently practical man, does not concern himself with this last aspect of civilization's wastes. It is too loaded with popular sensibility and, even worse (and in consequence), politics.

For politics and prejudice have laid their clammy hand on Bulpitt. When word got around that he was using garbage for a compost, a neighbor half a mile away complained to the Darien authorities that the garbage smelled. I got within, not half a mile but half an inch, of Bulpitt's treated garbage, and it did not smell at all. The complainant was the wife of the president of a chemical company. You may not find this as interesting as I do, but these occasional patnesses in human affairs are so interesting that I am laughing. The chemical president's wife was blessed with a nose that would be the despair and envy of a champion bird dog. What a girl to shoot over!

FOR Bulpitt, the complaint was no joke. It ushered in half a year of anxiety and the threat of a jail term; and he with a wife and three children, and a lot to do. The complaint went to the Darien health officer, a Darien doctor. In January, 1955, the town prosecutor ordered Bulpitt to keep his garbage in a covered water-tight pit and remove it once a week between May 1 and October 1. He was fined $100 for refusal to do so, and was held in contempt of the state power. Continued refusal would mean a jail term. A local committee of seven was appointed to smell Bulpitt's garbage. Six could smell nothing; the seventh, the health officer, carried the prosecution up to the state sanitary engineer at Hartford. In July, 1955, Bulpitt's garbage compost was adjudged inoffensive by the state.

The health officer appeared again at Bulpitt's nursery and threatened to start the prosecution all over again. Bulpitt went to the Board of Selectmen and charged that the public nuisance was not himself, but the health officer. The next morning the officer's resignation was accepted.

The story was never reported in the newspapers (granted, it is not quite on a par with the Dreyfus case); it was all transacted *in camera*. Still, the secrecy takes a little of the edge off all the prizes Bulpitt's germ-grown flowers have won—Special Trophy of the New York Florists' Club, Charles H. Totty Memorial Medal for Horticultural Achievement, A. L. Miller Trophy, New York Horticultural Society Certificate of Cultural Merit, International Flower Show Special Trophy for Excellence and the Belgian Begonia Growers' Association Award for the Best Exhibit with Tuberous Begonias.

A man like Bulpitt cannot really do very much. He has kept alive a small area of land and given some leadership to others. He was able to dissuade the nearby city of Norwalk from installing a garbage incinerator. The city fathers were probably glad of the excuse to save their money; still, they may also reclaim their garbage.

To a nation that owns the inorganic atom bomb, a preoccupation with organic soil and germs must seem very hick. It is a wonderful thing to have mastered the universe even as one bankrupts one's backyard. Death the one way will be spectacular; the other way it will be ignominious, a nightmare of malformations, cripples, miscarriages and mysterious pox. If the end is deferred a hundred years, one can imagine that the public polls of the day will record that some 50 per cent will welcome extinction, the others, being a little weaker, having the usual "no opinion." To be extinguished "with no opinion": what an end!

LABOR in PUERTO RICO . . *by Dan Wakefield*

San Juan, Puerto Rico

FRANK RUIZ, the secretary-treasurer, ace organizer and grizzled, informal diplomat of the Puerto Rican branch of the United Packinghouse Workers, drove down a road through the giant green stalks of a sugar plantation and explained that part of the scene which the eye can't see. Despite the surplus of workers on the island, the sugar plantations were having trouble hiring men — especially young men. Frank explained that when the boys came back from serving in the U. S. Army they didn't want to work as their fathers did at the back-breaking, low-paying job of sugar-cane harvesting.

"The army," said Frank, "has refined them."

The process of "refinement" of workers in Puerto Rico is a major concern to the Commonwealth government, the U. S. Government, the New York City government, the 455 United States companies that have opened new branches in Puerto Rico in the last eleven years, and the ten international unions from the mainland that have followed on the heels of the factories. The widespread concern for the workers is something new on an island that until very recently was largely owned, operated and governed by outsiders — first Spanish, then American. Although Puerto Ricans were made U. S. citizens in 1917, the island did not officially shake off the status of "possession" until it was made a Commonwealth, self-governing in local affairs, in July of 1952.

But the real transformation from the past began in 1940 with the formulation of plans for the now famous "Operation Bootstrap" to bring in U. S. mainland industry with the promise of a ten-year tax exemption. In 1940, Puerto Rico was a struggling island slum with a one-crop agricultural economy based on sugar cane. Since that time the 455 factories have come, with products ranging from stoves to brassieres; the average annual family income has risen from $600 to $2,360, and Puerto Rico has achieved the highest standard of living in the Caribbean and the second highest in the entire Latin American area.

The rise has been phenomenal, but for all its bright figures and newly-hatched homes and hotels, it is still far from making Puerto Rico an island with chicken and rice in every pot. The progress has its built-in problems, and with one of the highest population densities in the world (twelve times that of the United States) Puerto Rico has become increasingly crowded as the death rate goes down and the life expectancy goes up in the constant

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improvement of living conditions. Today, despite the new industrialization, one out of eight Puerto Ricans is unemployed, and two or three of the seven employed have only part-time or seasonal work.

The migration to the mainland, both seasonal and permanent, is thus a necessity for the health of the island economy, and, contrary to popular prejudice, has also been profitable for United States business; and, rather than taking jobs from his fellow citizens on the mainland, the Puerto Rican worker has more often filled low-paying jobs that were going begging.

In New York City, which has the largest Puerto Rican colony of any place in the world, including San Juan, the 600,000 first- or second-generation citizens from the island painfully discovered that U.S. unions were seldom a help in their struggle to rise from the sweatshop conditions prevalent in the garment, plastics, toy and novelty industries that recruited them. Preyed on by racket unions working in collusion with owners, the many Puerto Ricans in New York who were victimized by the process have become distrustful of the entire labor movement.

The international unions that have recently opened branches in Puerto Rico, however, have not met with any corresponding hostility from workers on the island. Yet they face an entirely new and awesome set of problems.

Early this fall, Robert Gladnick sat in his office on Avenida Ponce de Leon, in San Juan's booming new suburb, Santurce, and ran the second strike in the Puerto Rican history of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Ten of the girls sat chattering excitedly on the other side of the slat-wood panel that separates Gladnick's desk from the rest of the office, and a secretary popped in and out with messages.

"Things are usually quiet around here," Gladnick said between hurried phone calls. "Today," he smiled, "It's almost like the old days."

Alberto Sanchez, one of Gladnick's organizers, had been taken off the picket line and roughed up in the police station. Gladnick was calling the Governor's office to complain, but the Governor was in New York conferring with Paul Hall of the Seafarer's International Union about the strike in San Juan of the dockworkers on the Bull Lines ships.

THERE WAS, however no need to look to the old Spanish fortresses to see if their walls were about to be scaled by militant workers seeking to capture the Commonwealth. Most of the new international unions are still fighting to get established, and the "pre-Bootstrap" union movement in Puerto Rico has an honorable but rather ineffectual history. Unions here traditionally functioned in the form of independent locals, and recurrent attempts to unify them were never long successful. These small independents existed until the 1940s—and some do to this day—in a state of poverty that required passing the hat for donations as a substitute for charging dues. Too small and poor to exercise any real power by themselves, they looked for a voice through support of political parties and candidates from the ranks of union leadership. The whole play for power on the part of unions came within the ranks of political parties, and the big names of the labor movement were, and still are, union leaders who have won seats in the Puerto Rican legislature. The real advances won for the workers were in labor legislation, rather than collective bargaining.

The advanced labor laws of Puerto Rico provide for the sort of security that was gained in the United States through union collective bargaining. Puerto Rico has a workmen's accident compensation act that applies to every business on the island with three or more employees, no matter what the wage levels may be; a maternity-welfare law guarantees time off and half-pay four weeks before and four weeks after childbirth for women working in offices, commercial and industrial establishments and in public-service enterprises; workers in non-seasonal jobs are entitled to one month's severance pay if laid off without just cause.

Wages, too, are largely determined by government action. Minimum-wage committees composed of representatives from management, labor and government set the minimum legal pay rates for different types of work within each industry. A U.S. federal committee meets once a year to determine the rates in industries engaged in interstate commerce, and a Commonwealth committee meets every two years to hold hearings and set minimums for businesses in intrastate, and also those in interstate, activities. Thus, workers in a plant that is engaged in interstate commerce get a wage raise once every year from the U.S. commission, and every other year an additional one from the Commonwealth commission—all without necessarily belonging to a union.

The unions actually spend tremendous effort and are very effective in increasing wage rates at the committee hearings. But since the unions' role in the hearings is to press for as high a rate as the industry can bear, they are unable to go much higher when it comes to their own collective bargaining with companies of that industry. The direct benefits they are able to offer the worker as reward for paying dues and initiation fees are necessarily small. The real bargaining table in Puerto Rico is the minimum-wage board hearing, and the unorganized worker benefits just as much as the union man.

THERE may be, after all, some poetic justice in the fact that the U.S. labor movement is sweating by necessity for workers in Puerto Rico who aren't yet paying dues, considering how many Puerto Ricans are being sweated out of dues by racket unions in New York City. It is not, of course, the racket unions who are going through this perspiring process on the island. The mainland unions now in Puerto Rico are not there for the quick buck—it's not to be had. They are, in fact, for the most part, operating at a loss in the present with hopes for getting a firm foothold for the future.

So far only twenty-seven of the 455 new "Operation Bootstrap" plants have been organized. The unions, as well as the pro-labor Puerto Rican government, are hemmed in by the hard fact that the main attraction for the "Bootstrap" industries, besides the ten-year tax exemption, is the cheap labor, with wages still running at a third of the mainland level in many jobs. Above all legislation and union activity hangs the constant threat from the new plants of moving away.

GLADNICK, the head of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, explained that "Our role here now is not to impede industrialization, but to prevent exploitation."

It is not exactly a glamorous banner to wave at the workers. And the threat of business departure that makes the banner necessary operates in an even more specific way on the workers. The threat of closing down carries an especially heavy weight in the small, interior towns of Puerto Rico, where the plant is often the principal source of employment. When faced with the choice between the limited union promises and company threats of closing down, the worker in the small, one-plant town is hesitant to gamble.

A typical defeat for the I.L.G. occurred in a small town in the interior called Coamo, where the union had signed up the workers in a knitwear shop. Before the representation election, the plant manager appeared before the workers to explain how offended he was by their lack of gratitude. He said he had just talked with his partner, who explained that there really was no profit in the firm's staying in Puerto Rico, since the sweaters made there cost $1 more than sweaters they could make in Japan. They had only come to Puerto Rico, the manager explained, because they heard that the people needed jobs and they wanted to help out. But if, for all their trouble, the workers were going to show their gratitude by joining a union the owners would, regrettably, have to move on.

This fall the I.L.G. held a strike in San Juan which was the second in its two-year history on the island —but the girls carrying umbrellas against the sun and bright-colored picket signs reading *Viva la I.L.G.* are still a strange sight, and the 3,800-member local's greatest organizational gains have come through mainland pressure. The pressure was applied in New York on companies, with I.L.G. contracts, which also had shops in Puerto Rico, and resulted in a four-year contract with sixteen firms. The wage raise guaranteed in the contracts was 5c an hour above the legal minimum for the industry, which under the Puerto Rican setup is a good boost—many union contracts there provide for wages according to the legal minimum. The I.L.G. contracts included a welfare plan; and welfare is just about the union's only area of promise for the worker now, although the Commonwealth labor laws fill in even much of the fringe of the possible fringe benefits.

Offers of better frosting on the cake from the union can hardly compare with company threats to take away the cake. That is the present organizational challenge that the unions face in Puerto Rico—but it is not a permanent situation. The government minimum-wage committees only have the power to fix the wages up to the federal mainland minimum of $1 an hour. The wages have already reached that in some divisions of work, are fast approaching it in others, and are being pushed up constantly by the hearings. From the dollar mark on, any advances will have to come in collective bargaining. That will give the unions a new significance. And at about the same time, as this mark is reached in more and more types of industry, an increasing number of industries will be reaching the end of their ten-year tax-exempt period. The guess is that those who are going to leave, will leave then; and those who stay past that mark will be permanently on the island. The unions hope and expect that most of the factories will stay, partly because by that time enough investment will have been made by the companies in their island branches to make it unprofitable to move away. The union will then be able to bargain more effectively, and at the same time, with the minimum-wage committees on the way out, it will be the workers' sole source of bargaining.

In the meantime, the unions face a rough road ahead in organizing the labor force of 650,000 in Puerto Rico. It is estimated that roughly 35 per cent of that number are unionized, though many of these are in the more than a hundred independent locals scattered throughout the island. The largest of the internationals is the Packinghouse Workers, whose local branch, the *Sindicato Azucarero* (Sugar Workers Union) has roughly 20,000 dues-paying members.

BUT THE key union strength in the fight to organize the largely virgin "Bootstrap" plants lies in the strategic stronghold of the waterfront. It is there that the future has already been reached in the Puerto Rican labor scene, for shipping is a vital and permanent operation here, and the government-set minimum wage has been eliminated by the rise above the federal minimum to $1.68 an hour for stevedores. The International Brotherhood of Longshoremen has a healthy, 6,400-man local. Working with it is a small but tough S.I.U. branch headed by Alfonse "Frenchy" Michelet, who also has the charter for the new Teamsters local on the island, and will thereby have a hand in the control of both unloading and trucking the goods to island factories.

The "refinement" of Puerto Rican workers to a militant trade unionism has already been accomplished on the waterfront. Those new-style workers may be the ones who can help their brothers on the island pull up the bootstraps of organized labor in Puerto Rico for the first time in history.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Heritage of Storm: Lord Byron

BYRON: A Biography. By Leslie A. Marchand. Alfred A. Knopf. 3 vols. $20.

Peter Quennell

WHEN one learns that an academic biographer has spent more than ten years in the preparation and consolidation of his work, that he has visited every single locality where his hero is recorded to have set foot, and has examined, copied and classified, so far as lay within his power, every scrap of writing, however brief and unimportant, that a great man left behind, one is sometimes overwhelmed — perhaps quite unreasonably — by a mood of dark depression. The volume or volumes must surely prove to be a gigantic forest of facts, laid out with a minimum of literary art, from which no distinct impression will emerge of a comprehensive human character. Such fears prove to be quite unjustified when we turn to Dr. Marchand's *Byron*. True, his magnum opus is remarkably long — it runs to three impressive volumes, containing nearly 1300 pages of text, with a weighty apparatus of notes attached to the end of each section; but the author never forgets his way in the amusing intricacies of his own scholarship and he never loses sight of the literary biographer's objective: to depict a human being so vividly and sympathetically, with so firm a grasp both of the minor details of his existence and of his deeply rooted, unchanging traits, that we begin to recognize the tones of his voice and are prepared to greet him as an old acquaintance, more gifted, it is true, than ourselves, yet unmistakably a member of the same species.

Among Dr. Marchand's most obvious virtues is that, while surveying Byron's progress through the world, he has continued to keep an open mind. He has occasionally been asked, he tells us, exactly what his thesis is — a question that surprises and annoys him, "because the assumption . . . seems to be that the biographer should explain everything in terms of some one dominant humor. My reply generally is that I have no thesis and have consistently avoided formulating one. . . . My only thesis is that Byron was a human being shaped by the strange combination of his inherited traits and his unnatural upbringing . . . likable, disarmingly frank . . . with a delightfully fresh observation . . . and a unique facility for lucid and concrete expression." This point of view he has succeeded in presenting, more forcefully, I think, than many previous biographers. He shows us Byron the victim of heredity, doomed by his fatal "heritage of storm," and Byron the mercurial worldling who often protested against his tragic lot, enjoyed laughter, cherished his friends and could be tenderly sensitive as well as cold and cruel; although, if it were a question of sexual love, possibly through no fault of his own he seldom failed to inflict misery.

BETWEEN these two aspects of Byron's character — the personality that we can already divine in the records of his childhood and boyhood, and the self that gradually developed as the stormy exhausting years went by — Dr. Marchand holds a judicious balance and sometimes draws a shrewd comparison. Particularly interesting is the picture he gives of the circumstances of his hero's youth. No biographer has yet dealt so fully with that decisive early phase, passed in provincial obscurity under the guardianship of his ill-tempered mother, whom his father had stripped of her inheritance before leaving England to die of drink abroad. Dr. Marchand throws new light upon an especially revealing espisode. "My passions (Byron declared in a note book jotting) were developed very early — so early, that few would believe me, if I were to state the period. . . . Perhaps this was one of the reasons which caused the anticipated melancholy of my thoughts—having anticipated life." Of the two Scottish sisters who attended his nursery, Mary Gray was both a grimly devout and, it would now appear, a drunken and promiscuous woman; and Hanson, the family lawyer, afterwards confided to Byron's friend Hobhouse that she had been dismissed not only for ill-treating her charge but for initiating him, when he was nine, into minor sexual malpractices. Besides arousing his dormant passions, she helped to instill a Calvinist sense of sin; and her influence, together with that of the vulgar, tempestuous Mrs. Byron, must have done much to determine his later attitude toward the opposite sex, in which attraction was mixed with resentment, and physical dependence with moral repulsion. Byron's mistresses were obliged to pay the penalty for the vices and follies of his early guardians.

This experience also encouraged his cult of "ideally beautiful, unpossessed love, which [says Dr. Marchand] had numerous embodiments male and female during the rest of his life." Such was his "violent, though *pure*, love and passion" for his Cambridge protégé Arthur Edleston, whom Dr. Marchand identifies with his mysterious heroine "Thyrza," and for a variety of very young girls, Margaret Parker, Mary Duff and the eleven-year-old Charlotte Harley. As a rule, his homosexual passions were far more lasting and more romantic — they were remembered, at least, with more romantic and nostalgic feelings—than the heterosexual affairs he indulged in as Regency *homme à bonnes fortunes*. That Byron possessed a bisexual temperament no biographer could now deny. Probably at Har-

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row and Cambridge, certainly on his Levantine tours (when at home among the Turks he acted as the Turks did), he seems to have given fairly free rein to his homosexual appetites. His last love, at Missolonghi, would appear undoubtedly to have been an attractive youth, his page Loukas Chalandritsanos, to whom he addressed some fervent verses; but on that occasion, as with Arthur Edleston, the relationship may well have remained platonic.

DR. MARCHAND neither shirks this aspect of his emotional life nor unduly emphasizes it. Byron's sexual restlessness was a manifestation of his abounding personal energy; and it was his sheer energy, creative, emotional, nervous, that gave him his peculiar hold on the imagination of nineteenth-century Europe. The *Childe Harold* legend enthralled his contemporaries; and, although Byron himself was often apt to laugh at it, remarking that he was a very "facetious" personage who bore not the slightest resemblance to the melancholy, atrabilious Childe, it represented a side of his nature that always lurked beneath the worldly surface. How else can we explain his entanglement with his unfortunate half-sister Augusta Leigh? He had been "cunning in his overthrow," he wrote after his separation from his unforgiving wife. He had felt a morbid excitement at the prospect of committing a sin for which, as his closest confidante had observed, there could be "no salvation in this world, whatever there might be in the next." He and Augusta were both Byrons, inheritors of the strange Byronic destiny; and it was appropriate that, as the drama developed, they should share a common nemesis. Nevertheless, during his lighter moments, he did his best to disclaim a tragic role. The play of light and shadow throughout his short existence—*Childe Harold* and *Don Juan* perpetually competing for the center of the stage—still makes him one of the most fascinating subjects in the history of English letters.

Dr. Marchand discusses Byron's marriage, and the motives that induced Lady Byron to seek a legal separation, in as sensible and direct a style as the limited material at his command allows. He was not permitted to examine the Lovelace Papers; and until those papers are eventually published—they include Lady Byron's own statements as to why she left her husband's roof—the final word cannot be uttered and some air of mystery must surround the problem. It is unlikely, however, that they will affect the general outlines of the narrative. Lady Byron had stuck to her post as long as she could persuade herself that she was dealing with a sick man. But his outbursts, aggravated by a sense of guilt and the alcoholism in which he had begun to seek refuge, had grown more and more violent during the last few months of married life—even Hobhouse admitted that his friend's behavior had passed all bounds; and, as soon as she had retreated to her parents' house and learned simultaneously from Byron's medical attendant that her husband's sanity was not endangered, she broke down and made a partial admission of what she had been suffering since the day of her marriage; at which her legal advisers stepped in and the situation drifted beyond her control.

Dr. Marchand cannot be said to have revolutionized our previous estimate of Byron's character. The Byron he presents is the Byron we knew; but, thanks to the patience with which he has scrutinized all the available unpublished documents, and the intelligent use he has made of various important works that have appeared in England since the publication of the last full-length biography, he has produced a portrait far more richly detailed than any we have yet had. As for the literary workmanship of his book, it is lucid, coherent and compactly put together. My only serious complaint is that Dr. Marchand pays surprisingly little attention to the aesthetic value of his hero's poems, and rarely attempts to analyze their individual merits and defects. His concern is not so much with Byron's achievement as with the character from which that achievement sprang. He is dominated by the poet's human likeness. The underlying creative intelligence is very largely disregarded.

A Single Vision of Theatre

INDEX TO THE STORY OF MY DAYS. 1872-1907. By Edward Gordon Craig. The Viking Press. 308 pp. $7.50.

Harold Clurman

WHO is Gordon Craig? Any earnest young person who aspired to the theatre could have given you the answer—probably the wrong answer—in the early Twenties. Nowadays most young people pay no mind to anyone who is not in the swim. It's a pity.

Lee Simonson in his book *The Stage is Set* went to some pains to show that Craig's designs were not practicable. I have no wish to argue the point—even though Yeats wrote to Craig in 1901, "I thought your scenery to *Aeneas and Dido* the only good scenery I ever saw. You have created a new art." What is important is the comment Craig makes on Yeats's compliment in his *Index*: "If it had not been a poet . . . one would have murmured 'And it is only scenery you saw?'" Later Craig adds "I am not a scenic artist . . . scenery is nothing to me in itself."

Those who knew about Craig in the "old" days and those who still remember the name connect him with the idea that we must someday replace the actor with a supermarionette. This paradox made him "famous"—and negligible. The catch is that Craig never meant it: the supermarionette was a metaphor for the actor minus an obstreperous ego, the actor who would lend himself to the overall needs of the production.

CRAIG never was a good writer. He is, moreover, an unregenerate romantic—his literary gods are Shelley, Blake, Whitman (not bad at all, mind you!)—and in the pedant's view such people often say confusing, misleading things. This book, presumably notes for an autobiography (from the author's birth in 1872 to 1907), has its exasperating side: omissions, negligences, divagations, hasty judgments, crotchets, eccentricities. Still I am all for Craig.

Here in brief is what Craig stands for: the unified theatre, the theatre as an art in its own right—not the mere illustrator of dramatic texts. The importance of this—and it has greatly influenced the entire modern theatre beginning with Reinhardt—is that it taught us that every element in production had to be judged in relation to the whole, that everything in theatre must stem from and contribute to a single creative concept which would make what we experience in the theatre not an ensemble of "credits" but an organically unified work.

From this sprang the idea of the director as the "author" of the theatrical performance. Since Craig rarely spoke reasonably but almost always in exaggerations or parables, he insisted that the director ought to create the text, the scene (the sets), the action (with actors who would embody the director's dream with selfless fidelity), the costumes, the music. There are directors who can do many of these things and some who, unfortunately, try to. But once again, the notion is symbolic of Craig's fundamental premise that a single vision must inform the entire production.

The simplified, the atmospheric set which attempts to establish the environment or a mood for a play rather than confine itself to the indication of a literal place (Robert Edmond Jones first introduced this kind of set for us) arose from Craig's aesthetic and example. But this was simply a consequence of his general approach: lofty, mysterious, poetic; a quest, as most art is, for the meaning which transcends what is represented.

ON THE personal side, *Index To The Story of My Days* tells of Craig's illegitimate birth, his defense of the quixotic (he calls himself an "impossible"), his love affair with Isadora Duncan—a disappointing account. What I much prefer in the book is his common sense about Shakespeare ("I am all for new interpretations of Shakespeare"), his remarks on farce, his comments on acting—sometimes shocking and always valuable. Craig, remember, was once an actor himself, and judging by the illustrations in the book, a beautiful man.

Fanatics of the theatre will read this book; academicians and people eager to learn the tricks of the trade or how to produce a smash hit in umpteen easy lessons should avoid it.

Prophet of the Possible

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Edited by Jacques Barzun. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 294 pp. $5.

Melvin H. Bernstein

COMPLIMENTS to the book publisher who has taken this flyer on John Jay Chapman. The works of Chapman may be out of print but what he has to say is not out of date. There has been a steady number of library readers of Chapman in America, England and France; with Jacques Barzun's *Selected Writings* from six out-of-print books, the number of home readers will increase markedly. Before this book appeared one read an occasional allusion to Chapman; now he will be again part of our conversation, in the living exchange of opinions and values, where in his own lifetime he tried to be a force.

Chapman passionately believed in the power of talk, of conversation, of badinage, of formal speech and cart-tail harangue. He was an indefatigable talker. His writing was an extension of his talking—and he was an indefatigable writer. Open Barzun's anthology to any page of Chapman. Read it aloud. You will hear a remarkably lucid amalgam of the talking-writing style that Chapman assiduously fashioned to carry the freight of his convictions.

It is a piece of brass to reduce a man's life's work to a sentence, but let us tentatively try. Chapman's task was to rescue life from the specialists who destroyed the democracy of initiative and protest, of experiment and criticism. Politics, for instance, was not a matter reserved for specialist-politicians. His *Political Nursery,* a gadfly journal of Chapman opinion and protest that he edited almost single-handed, insisted that the principles of politics were as simple as nursery truths; all one needed was a conviction of the truth—and this was available to the man-in-the-street. Education, for another example, was not restricted to big-business-minded expansionists and empire builders who talked in the now fashionable jargon of "educational plant and facilities" and were turning universities into mirror images of industrial corporations. Chapman argued that if the university and its unfettered teachers insisted on paying attention to the power of heart and of intellect in history and not to the siren song of the dynamo, the educational system could still be saved for its service to America.

To the evaluation of the American scene, Chapman brought his passionately lucid, humanist-trained intelligence. Ironically, considering his neglect, the past was interpreted in terms suitable to the most pragmatic of practical Americans: it was usable, Chapman kept saying, now and tomorrow. The unity of the past, present and future in Chapman's mind—and reflected in the many facets of the subject matter of his twenty-five books—was predicated on the unity of human nature. His view of man's possibilities for greatness shows the "massive retaliation" of Jefferson's Virginia and the littleness of Little Rock's political leadership in Lilliputian perspective.

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BERLIN LETTER

William Weaver

ELECTIONS are over and almost forgotten, and now, instead of Adenauer's craggy face on billboards, there are posters of Queen Nefertete in lovely full color, announcing her return to Berlin with as much excitement as if she were a movie star or a football player. And in the Dahlem Museum (a long subway ride from the center, and then a considerable walk), there she is in her glass case, as beautiful and inscrutable as ever, having survived this war as she has survived a hundred others. I went to see her—and the rest of the splendid collection in Dahlem—on a weekday, during office hours, and the museum was crowded, largely with Berliners.

Shut up as they are in their city, the Berliners love it; and they are right, since West Berlin is surely a singular capital, one of the most fascinating cities in the world. At the principal intersections there are glass-encased models of the new city as it has been planned, and the citizens study these with passionate interest, as shiny new buildings go up all around them. The huge Interbau show—an architecture, decorating and city-planning exhibit in the Hansa quarter, a section being rebuilt by architects invited from all over the world—closed last week, after being jammed with visitors during the summer months. Berliners also swarm over the newly-opened Kongresshalle, built by Philadelphia architect Hugh Stubbins and given to the city by the Benjamin Franklin Foundation.

But the citizenry is not interested only in architecture. In a burst of fine, fall weather the annual Berliner Festwochen began. This is not a festival in the Salzburg-Bayreuth sense, not a limited season of special events in a remote place; rather, it is a kind of spectacular *antipasto* to the regular winter theatre and music season, a rich assortment of performances calculated to whet any theatre-goer's appetite. The appealing aspect of the Festwochen —in addition to the high quality of the works and the performances—is the fact that they are patronized by the people of the city (in other festivals, the public consists largely of guided-tour groups). Every event is sold out, and one senses that this is a city of theatre-fans, like London or New York.

THEY ARE also discriminating audiences and, at times, vocally disapproving. At a performance of *Idomeneo,* when a soprano, having sung poorly, received a polite sprinkle of applause, the few applauders were indignantly sshhushed by the rest of the public. And at the opening night of a new ballet, *The Dance Marathon* by Hans-Werner Henze, Germany's most controversial young composer, the public argument at the end approached a pitched battle. By a curious coincidence, the first part of the program had been dedicated to a new choreography by Mary Wigman, the Grand Old Lady of modern dance, of *Rite of Spring*, which in 1913 had caused such a ruckus at *its* premiere. Now both Wigman and Stravinsky are dignified classics and the public received the somewhat dated choreography with enthusiasm. The Henze ballet is another matter; it is a "story" ballet, by Luchino Visconti (the Italian film and stage director), describing the sordidness and deathly horror of a contest in a poor suburban dancehall. In spite of Henze's effective and varied music (with two jazz combos on stage) the poetic and grim set by Renzo Vespignani (whose moving, abandoned landscapes of Rome are in many U. S. museums and private collections), and some fabulous, desperate dancing by Jean Babilée, some members of the public were scandalized and the result was a violent demonstration. When Henze left the theatre hours later (after a party in his honor in the foyer), groups of balletomanes were still arguing in front of the theatre.

The Dance Marathon, though the most discussed event of the festival, was not the only one of high interest. A German version of *Un Ballo in maschera* with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau showed that Northern productions of Verdi can still combine Italian warmth and German musicality to a result that Verdi might well have admired. There were also performances of Wladimir Vogel's interesting and occasionally moving oratorio, *Wagadu's Downfall,* a primitive story of a proud warrior race and their undoing, set for chorus, soloists, speaking voices and five saxophones, which created a mysterious, organ-like accompaniment. Also performed (in the Kongresshalle) was Boris Blacher's *Abstrakte Oper No. 1,* in which young singers sang an abstract, nonsense-syllable text (by Werner Egk), expressing a series of emotions listed in the program: Love, Panic, Fear, etc. Musically, the work was well-made; but nonsense is nonsense, and the spectators sometimes had to fight off *fou-rire,* that eternal enemy of the *avant-garde.*

In addition to these new works and to the standard operas performed, all of Berlin's legitimate theatres were sold out every night. During the festival weeks there were openings of *Look Back in Anger, Separate Tables, Under Milk Wood,* among other plays; the Burg Theatre came from Vienna to do Schiller's *Mary Stuart* for two nights, and other guest companies came from Cologne and Düsseldorf. Jose Limon danced; John Gielgud read Shakespeare; there were art exhibits and lectures.

LIKE Munich, Berlin is a city that shows its prosperity; but, somehow, it is not a materialistic city. It is at the very edge of the Curtain; a short subway ride and you can come up in the midst of ruins, covered with weeds and posters about the wonderful life in the Bulgarian People's Republic. The East Sector is another, and an alien, world; its drab and menacing presence gives an added quality of daring to the life in West Berlin, where the soaring, glassy surfaces of the new buildings are only the outward expression of a thrilling, creative surge. West Berlin is a phoenix; its ashes now have almost disappeared.

ART

Maurice Grosser

IT HAS recently been my great pleasure, traveling south, to visit the Cone collection in the Baltimore Museum, the new Museum of Art at Raleigh, North Carolina, and the Ringling Museum in Sarasota, Florida. The pictures are well worth seeing; even more interesting is the character of the collections themselves. For just as the quality of his pictures demonstrates the taste and knowledge of a collector, so the nature of his selection indicates what use the pictures were intended to serve.

The Cone collection consists of works by Impressionist and Modern painters. Dr. Claribel and Miss Etta Cone were women of independent mind and assured and sensitive taste. They bought principally in Paris, if possible from the painter himself, often with the painter's advice. They acquired Picassos and Matisses as early as 1905, long before the famous Armory show had brought modern art to American attention. They bought for their own pleasure, for their own use, for their own home, solely because they liked pictures. Consequently their collection is all of a piece. There are many charming and intimate works, few dominating exhibition pieces, and almost no inferior examples. It is, so to speak, a "domestic" collection, made to be lived with. The museum rooms seem to retain some of the charm the Cone house once certainly possessed.

The work of Matisse, their life-long friend, forms the principal part of the collection—some forty canvases, a number of small bronzes and many drawings and prints. The works date from 1895 through 1947 and include examples of all the painter's styles: the early still lifes not unlike Bonnard, *The Blue Nude* of his Fauve period—a large, crude picture, probably intended as an exhibition shocker and here somewhat out of place—a considerable number of the small landscapes and interiors with figures of the early Twenties, by far the most pleasing group, as well as some of the larger, brighter, thinner pictures of his later manner. It is the most sympathetic presentation of Matisse I have yet seen, showing him as a calm and workmanlike painter in the late Impressionist tradition, not too unlike Bonnard or Vuillard, using for subject matter, as do so many of the good French from Chardin down, the painter's domestic life. Here, reduced to domestic size, he appears more human and more congenial than in the large, professional, and impersonally decorative work by which we know him best.

"Matisse and his Period" the collection might be called, for almost everybody is here, from Corot to Max Weber, and in good examples. Of Cézanne there are two of the best—a wonderful Mont St. Victoire and a most engaging small *Bathers*. There is a beautiful Gauguin, a Tahitian woman in a violet robe, an unusually handsome landscape by Derain with sunbaked southern fields and olive trees, and a fine picture by Theodore Robinson, an American Impressionist, of a little girl on a wood path practicing her violin.

Picasso is represented by a few oils and many drawings and studies, almost all done in the early 1900s. There is in particular a study in gouache and pastel of some of his circus characters—of the fat man in red tights and a ruff, with the thin little boy leaning against his knee. The most important oil shown—the well-known *Mother and Child* of 1922 in his Neo-Classic manner—is in reality a drawing, not a painting at all. Examining the canvas, one can see that the painter began in color with pink flesh, white dress, a blue coat on the child, and a background of green landscape or leaves. Then, dissatisfied with what he had done, he effaced it all, leaving only areas of color. On these, with a brush dipped in brown, he redrew his sketch. The picture, never carried out in paint, remains a drawing in line on a tinted background, an example of how this artist is able so frequently to escape the problems of oil paintings by a brilliant and charming trick.

THE collection at Raleigh has another character altogether. The museum there is quite new, created recently by an act of the North Carolina legislature, and housed in a handsome new building next to the capitol. The greater part of the collection was bought with state funds by a local committee headed by Dr. W. R. Valentiner, the Museum's director. The purpose of the collection is public and didactic—to attract tourists and to disseminate knowledge of art. Consequently, the collection contains many large pictures and many great names. The paintings are highly varnished, in good repair and obviously of immense value. Few of them are possible to imagine in a private house. One is struck by the importance given to English portraiture, to Rubens and his school, and by the many large and unwieldy pictures with biblical subjects—the most extraordinary example of this official painting being a picture of Joan of Arc at prayers, by Rubens, whose greatest interest lies in the improbable concurrence of the two names.

Fortunately the collection is large and contains more and much handsomer pictures than these. I can mention only a small Jan Breugel, a harbor scene with fish, boats and hundreds of people, whose pretext is some embarkation of St. Paul's; a magnificent collection of Dutch and Spanish still lifes; a group of 17th century Italian landscapes of city architecture, and a particularly fine early Tiepolo of Cleopatra drinking her pearl. One is grateful, too, for the many 19th century Americans. It is time someone began to bring them out.

THE Ringling collection has something of a mixed character, being a private collection, taken over by a state authority, and reorganized by a curator of highly individual tastes. It consists principally of the pictures acquired by John Ringling. who had a passion—one would like to think of it as a circus owner's delight in showmanship—for large and opulent works of art. For these he built a statue-studded Italianate palazzo, as large and opulent as the pictures themselves, and willed it all to Florida. For ten years after his death the museum remained closed, but in 1946, the state appointed the late A. Everett Austin, Jr., of the Hartford Athenaeum as director.

Austin was a man of charm, energy and originality, with a sure taste in pictures and a profound knowledge of the theatre. It was he who was responsible for the original production at Hartford of *Four Saints in Three Acts*, the Stein-Thomson opera. His specialty, Baroque painting, as well as his talent as a showman, made him particularly suited for Sarasota. The paintings, after a decade of neglect in the Florida climate, needed care and restoration. With the funds available, he made the necessary reparations, and increased the collection with, among other things, a unique 18th century theatre interior brought complete from Asolo above Venice. During his incumbency the museum became, with its exhibitions, concerts and lectures, something of the intellectual center of the state. His unexpected death earlier this year is everywhere deplored.

THUS the character of the present collection is due to Ringling, to Austin and to the state of Florida. Many of the pictures bought by the circus owner are of the finest quality, among them the four Rubens tapestry cartoons, the huge still life by Snyders and the Veronese *Rest on the Flight into Egypt*. Some are merely opulent. The additions made by Austin, such as the imaginative landscapes by Monsù Desiderio or the delightful pictures of the Italian comedy, less important as names or values, are nonetheless of highest quality. As for Florida, one can suppose that the demands of art education and of the tourist trade are responsible for the retention in the collection of many inferior pictures, often more interesting as names than convincing as execution. It is nevertheless still worth visiting.

And worth supporting too. One cannot overestimate the importance of these local museums in our cultural life. Knowledge about painting cannot be got from lectures, or books or slides or reproductions. It must be acquired in the presence of pictures. Unlike recordings of music, reproductions of pictures do not approximate the thing itself. They give little idea of the original's color and paint quality, nothing of its scale, and only a hint of its effect and communication. Only in museums such as these can young painters learn the possibilities of their trade, and people who do not live in the great cities learn what painting is about.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I DO NOT particularly admire Saroyan's *The Cave Dwellers* (Bijou) but I shall praise it.

I shall praise it because it is by Saroyan He is a writer, he is a poet, he is a personality. Among our dramatists he is one of the few who speak in a distinctive voice. It is a gentler voice than that of most others who write for our theatre. It uses a simple, sane vocabulary which refers to smells and sounds and easily identifiable things seen and heard. It is good humored, and slightly inebriate. It has in it a faint flavor of the foreign, yet it is unmistakably American. It reflects the genial aspect of San Francisco where the sea, the harbor, the market place are not overwhelmed by the great hotels, and where the small bars and restaurants have not yet been transformed into machines.

Saroyan's plays have something else that we cherish in the theatre: they have color and fancy—not laid on but organic to his message and his plots. His germinal ideas lend themselves to the *optique* of the theatre. Something in them calls for the magic of stage lighting and the imaginative costumer.

Most of these attributes are present once again in *The Cave Dwellers*. The design of the play is pleasing. A broken-down old actress, a used-up clown, an ex-pug, a pretty young waif, fired from her job in a toy factory, all seek refuge on the bare stage in a soon-to-be-demolished theatre. The three older people have made a little kingdom of their cold, shadowy haven. The actress is the queen, the clown the king and the pug the duke. They adopt the little girl, who becomes an honorary subject.

In their little world these people dream with pleasure or fear of their past, they seek out food for one another and they give shelter to a man who has trained a bear and whose wife gives birth to a child among them. The pug steals milk for the new-born baby; the milkman's apprentice, a mute but prince-like boy, allows these people to keep the milk and brings more because he recognizes their plight and falls in love at first sight with the waif. They all entertain one another with shreds and patches of their talents and when the wreckers arrive—the wreckers too are kindly people—they all depart each his own way into the mysterious night.

WHAT meaning informs this allegory? Its "philosophy" might be called sugared existentialism. We do not know why we are here, we cannot comprehend the universe we are in, we shall never understand the great pattern, if pattern there be, of life. No matter: there is goodness, there is love—even hate is love. We get up in the morning, go to bed at night; in between we play wondrously—and that is enough. We require no more, for the spectacle is bright and even the dark is light enough.

I do not scoff at this, because, for one thing, there is little difference, artistically speaking, between "Life is a dream," and "Life is real." Both propositions may be the seed of beautiful statements. I shall go even further and say that I share Saroyan's sentiments. statements. I shall go further and say that I share Saroyan's sentiments. But *The Cave Dwellers* is still not only slight but I'm afraid somewhat threadbare.

For goodness and love (at times the play reminded me of Chaplin's song about love-love-love-love) have significance only where there is a confrontation with pain and evil. You can have no goodness or true love without a full awareness of the *objects* which are the substance of life. The substance or material of life is always resistant and this resistance—the subject of drama—is what we have so much difficulty in accepting. Saroyan tries nonchalantly to eliminate life's negation: he waves pain away, as in one of the play's best lines, "My cough is simply a language I have not yet learned to understand."

The play—unlike *My Heart's in the Highlands* and *The Time of Your Life*—does not spring from any contact with reality: it is more pose than spontaneous reaction. Its wistful smile is painted on as on a doll. This "poem" is constantly explaining itself—which only a bad poem does. The language, though fluent, is exposition rather than speech. There is a thinness in the writing which comes from a lack of genuine dramatic impulse. As a result, much of what is said and shown, instead of being touching, becomes platitudinous. If there is wisdom here, it is only for hobos.

Friends of My Bones

for Daniel Langton

Where are those friends?
Dead, disappeared, estranged,
they hold out their hands
in my dreams.

Those early ones
with whom I first knew trees,
alongside what sky
do they rise?

How can I trace
the departure of them
from the shadowed paths
in the woods?

Why did it end,
friends who vowed with their blood
the inviolate
trust of leaves?

And yet they call:
ghosts of ungiven love
in the keepsake streets
call my name.

MICHAEL GRIEG

YET the play is good enough in concept for us to wish it were much better. A really imaginative production would help. (It is my guess that, because of its remarkable stage potentialities, the play will be produced in many theatres abroad as well as in little theatres in our country.) Not that the present production is bad. The cast (which includes Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, Susan Harrison, Gerald Hiken, Ivan Dixon) is in the main well chosen. These actors have nice qualities and act creditably. (I wish Leontovich would remain as simple throughout as she is in her better moments, for a queen—even a footlight queen—is always basically simple, not stagey.) What is missing is true style.

There are two possible styles for this play. One would seek that poetry of the spirit which is evoked when the soul of the actor as a person is stimulated beyond the surface truth of each scene. Another style might be created through delicately but frankly picturesque characterization and stage movement heightened with memorably graphic craftsmanship. At the Bijou, the actors are merely themselves in the least interesting sense of the word. And yet—such is our theatre nowadays—the show has freshness.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THERE IS a kind of plot, steadily increasing in popularity, that bears much the relation to life that a chess problem bears to the game of chess: the men and the moves are the same, but there is something very arbitrary and implausible about the positions.

Time Limit, a moral melodrama, is a movie in point. It concerns an Air Force major who, while a prisoner in North Korea, had collaborated grossly and who now, back in the States, refuses to defend himself or, indeed, to make any statement except to affirm the general rottenness of life. However, the colonel investigating his case knows virtue when he sees it and, by a series of emotional ruses that produce a quantity of manly tears, he uncovers the story. The major signed those leaflets and made those broadcasts because his captors had assured him that if he did not all sixteen of the men in his camp group would be summarily executed. And he has been unable to explain his actions because the Chinese had issued this ultimatum after his hut-mates, despite his passionate protests, had garroted an informer found in their midst. Apparently this tale, if it got out, would expose his old comrades to court-martial. As an added irony, the stool pigeon is the son of the general who has been impatiently demanding that the cowardly, obdurate major be tried and punished without further delay.

In the great confrontation scene, the major defends the informer — "there should be a time limit to heroism"; and defends himself — a man cannot prefer his honor to the lives of his fellows. The general, on the contrary, holds that a soldier must live by the soldier's code, that nothing excuses treason, that for a man to take morality into his own hands is chaos and disintegration. And there the picture rests, the audience, as it were, being invited to send in its solution.

It is a teasing puzzle in ethics—in fact it is quite insoluble because the picture advances simultaneously and with equal weight two different philosophies of human behavior. Clever writers can always snare you in this sort of moral maze by getting you to grant that there is an absolute known as "right."

But I don't mind the trick; what disturbs me is the cleverness. In many ways, the Korean War was the most appalling in our history. Our men, too many of them, behaved badly in captivity and for reasons that had little to do with honorable dilemmas but much to do with confusion, ignorance and bad conscience. It seems heartless to use their agony for a brain-teasing entertainment. It is also a poor public service to manufacture moral conundrums in a period already quaking with ethical quicksands.

Time Limit is efficiently designed and sharply directed by Karl Malden. Richard Basehart plays the major, Richard Widmark is the perspicacious colonel. They act with that professional emotional dexterity that looks, I'm afraid, very much like aplomb. The picture is designed in a small, neat package that will look effective on television. All the important shots are made in one room, with rarely more than three actors in the scene. I suspect that more and more movies will be issued in this family-size package.

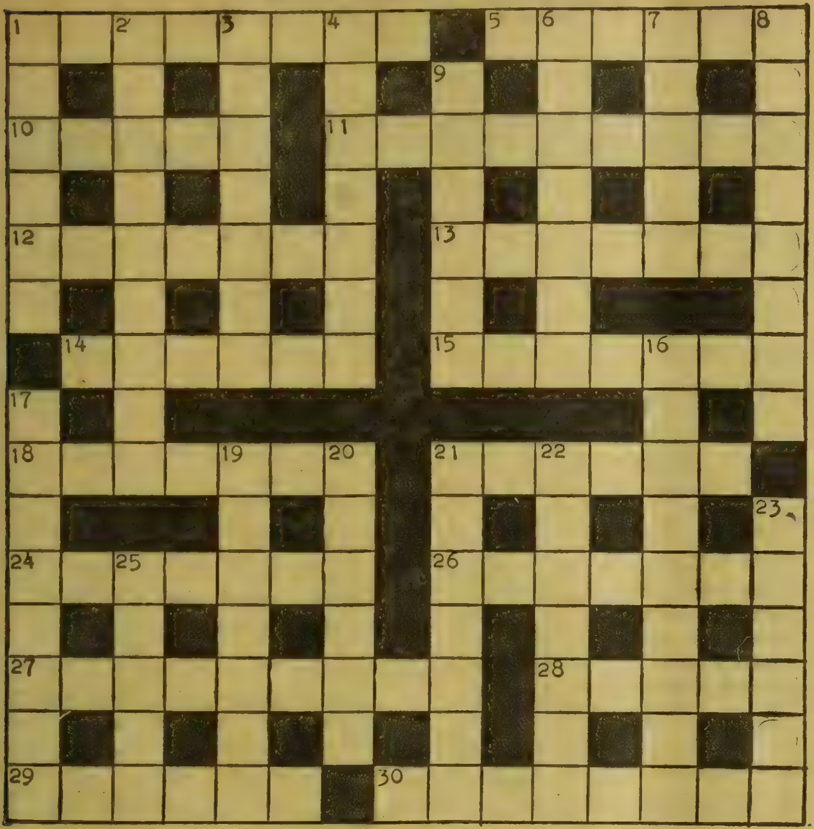
SACHA GUITRY was a terrible rascal and we miss him. He was irreverent toward everything, including his own talent, and he made a fine art out of rewarming chestnuts.

Consider *The Virtuous Scoundrel,* which features those identical twins — one a sour pillar of respectability, the other a merry wastrel — both played by the same resourceful character actor. You might not think it could be done again, but Guitry did it by employing the strong if somewhat blatant gifts of Michel Simon and by saucing the whole thing with boulevard irony. It's a fetching bit of buffoonery — though a little wordy in spots, so that you feel the subtitles.

THE MYSTERY OF PICASSO is still another kind of game and if you take it too seriously you may become indignantly suspicious that your leg is being pulled. Of course this is not a real insight into the creative process, as the foreword blandly suggests. Picasso is a showman and Clouzot, the director, is one of the most implacable tricksters in the business. The picture is sleight of hand, not initiation. Nevertheless it is rare fun. Chalk talks have always been that, and when a hand as sure, as ingenious and as witty as Picasso's is holding the chalk, it would be foolish to miss the opportunity.

Crossword Puzzle No. 745

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This sort of demon may save a long walk home with it! (3, 5)
5 Bits that might belong in the ring. (6)
10 Points raised by one deed in more than a hundred. (5)
11 Do a knee-bend? (9)
12 Sing out, when turning out! (7)
13 Pull a fish back on the sheltered side. (7)
14 It might be good for serving tea in bed, but you might get scalded. (6)
15 To deny responsibility was void here. (7)
18 Get help back in time for speed to spread. (7)
21 One of Puck's foolish things. (6)
24 Behaved rather attractively. (7)
26 Sitting birds might be. (7)
27 Attributed by astrologers to the influence of heavenly bodies. (The second syllable is enough for us!) (9)
28 Join in the fun, it evidently appears. (5)
29 Oratorical evidence of a hoped-for wind-up. (6)
30 Led into danger, and treed by a different form of it. (8)

DOWN:

1 It implies a long sound. (6)
2 This model has over-all length, but not much road clearance. (9)
3 A mixed type in a vegetable, which might give rise to some dispute. (7)
4 Given just one ring, probably, you can tell it's busy. (7)
6 Such chests sound as though too much smoking might be responsible. (7)
7 It takes a long time to get up in place of the contestant. (5)
8 One sometimes does in a long-standing labor dispute. (4, 4)
9 Put a line out, as the square has to be right. (6)
16 A growing quality that gives half-a-dozen competence. (9)
17 Indictment belying the fact that William should be trusted. (4, 4)
19 Sounds like a vicious growth! (7)
20 Traditionally the public likes a happy one. (6)
21 How on earth would you find such a man nude? (7)
22 A life-saver, perhaps. (7)
23 Geared in conformed fashion. (6)
25 Stiff battles, in a minor way. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 744

ACROSS: 1 and 4 BUMPER TO BUMPER; 10 BUSTLED; 11 KATYDID; 12 HEADS; 13 URN; 14 RAILS; 15 ORDER; 17 ALTHOUGH; 21 STATUTES; 23 DICER; 26 SHRUB; 28, 19 down, 5 down, and 33 across THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET; 29 VOWED; 30 ABALONE; 31 UPRAISE; 32 DRESSING. Down:: 1 BABYHOOD; 2 MUSTARD; 3 and 25 down ELLIS ISLAND; 6 UTTER; 7 PADDING; 8 RADISH; 9 ADJUTANT; 16 RAT; 18 TASTEFUL; 20 GRADIENT; 22 TERRACE; 24 COWLICK; 27 BOOMS; 28 TOE-IN; 29 VIRTU.

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LETTERS

Business Unionism

Dear Sirs: I have just read Mr. George Kirstein's piece on the Teamsters Union in the October 19 issue of *The Nation.* I was interested particularly in his statement that "We can now face the real issue whether the already divided labor movement should be further divided."

I feel that the real issue is altogether something else: Are we to have business unionism or are we to have rank-and-file democratic unionism? Business unionism lives on collusion and back-door "sweetheart" deals; it rules through dictatorship from the top. Thievery, corruption and corporation-presidents' salaries and expenses for union officials (Cadillacs and all) are the inevitable by-products. Business unionism does not have a real economic program to meet the challenge of automation, speedup, declining standards of living and job insecurity. And what little program it has, it does not fight for. It has failed to attract the millions of unorganized workers into its ranks.

Business unionism, under the leadership of Mr. Meany and his associates, remains mute while a federal judge moves in to take control of the labor movement. It supports the sinister campaign of the McClellan committee to cripple the labor movement.

In the arena of public affairs, business unionism has abandoned rank-and-file independent political action and has no effective legislative program for the people. Business unionism practices its own brand of McCarthyism in its internal affairs and joins hands with the employers and Congressional witch-hunting committees to fire and blacklist its members who dare invoke their constitutional privileges under the Bill of Rights. It fails to mobilize the millions of its members in the fight against discrimination. And, on the paramount issue of peace, it works to intensify the cold war and its chief spokesman, AFL-CIO President Meany, even exceeds Mr. Dulles in his incitement to war.

To be sure, unity is the real issue, but in my judgment it has to be unity of the rank and file for democratic unionism and against business unionism.

JAMES J. MATLES
Director of Organization,
United Electrical Workers (Ind.)

New York City

Mr. Matles makes many valid points, but none relevant to the single issue to which I devoted my article, i.e., will the labor movement be better off with Hoffa's Teamsters outside the AFL-CIO, or inside? It was within this context that I posed the question as to whether the already divided labor movement should be further divided.

GEORGE KIRSTEIN
Publisher, The Nation

New York City

Satellite Hysteria

Dear Sirs: Harlow Shapley, in his article, Satellite Hysteria, in your October 26 issue, may be perfectly correct, speaking from the cold viewpoint of a scientist, in saying that we can gain as much from the Sputnik information-wise as can the Russians. But he seems not to realize that Sputnik was a psychological Pearl Harbor—that it made tens of millions of people around the world believe Russia to be far ahead of us in offensive striking power. Second, Dr. Shapley does not even mention that in sending the Sputnik—of considerable weight—into outer space, the Communists demonstrated they had perfected rockets of tremendous thrusts capable of sending nuclear warheads thousands of miles. Third, the Sputnik shows that the Reds are leaping ahead of us in the development of scientists and basic research.

The launching of the even heavier Sputnik II, since Dr. Shapley wrote his article, further emphasizes the points I have made.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

[*Dr. Shapley was asked to write about Russia's satellite from the "cold viewpoint" of the scientist, and did so. With respect to Mr. Klein's first two points, Dr. Shapley took note, in his article, of "the psychological effect the launching seems to have on world chancelleries," adding that "this effect . . . is likely to be decreased by our own rocket and satellite accomplishments of the next few months." As regards Mr. Klein's third point, Dr. Shapley reminded his readers that all the "basic science" involved in the Soviet achievement "has long been known" and that what we now face is merely a "tough, technical job."*

Incidentally, one of Dr. Shapley's assumptions has already been confirmed. A U.P. dispatch to The New York Times *of November 3 quotes a spokesman for the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory as stating that "the Soviet satellite has been of immense help to the U.S. satellite project."—Editor.*]

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Plus and Minus

For political reasons the President, in his broadcast last week on Science in National Security, apparently concluded that it was necessary for him to answer the critics of his defense policies by emphasizing the need for an intensification of missile and related programs. In taking this position, he checked the force of the political attack which has been building up but, by the same token, missed an excellent opportunity to underscore the folly of the present arms race. His address, however, was notable in at least one respect: it marks, one would think, the end of the period of extreme secrecy in scientific matters bearing on defense. By pointing to the absurdity of denying information to allies which is already known to "the enemy," the President revealed the secret of secrecy, namely, that in science secrecy is short-lived.

In almost casual fashion, President Eisenhower assumed that henceforth information would be more freely shared with our allies—as though this were, as indeed it is, a self-evident proposition. But it was Sputnik I and II that made it possible for him to adopt this casual tone. For it is now obvious to all except the paranoids that the Russians could not have stolen secrets that, in this instance, we did not possess. It may well be, therefore, that the unprecedented atmosphere of secrecy and suspicion of the last ten years, which produced such disgraceful episodes as the Oppenheimer case, will now be dissipated.

The President made an excellent selection in naming Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., as his scientific defense expediter. But if this selection was first-rate, the President did not do so well in selecting the personnel of the Civil Rights Commission. In this field, Mr. Eisenhower had rich resources to tap; there are countless citizens of impeccable character, background and reputation, who have shown a genuine dedication to civil rights and civil liberties. Instead of selecting a commission made up of such individuals, or at least one leavened by them, the President has named a commission which occupies "the extreme center" position on civil rights. But even this commission, one may assume, is likely to be viewed askance by Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Generals for Peace

A remarkable moral and intellectual phenomenon is to be found in the eloquent advocacy of peace by former military commanders of high rank in this country. The outstanding example, of course, is that of the present Commander in Chief, President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Still another is General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Beginning with an address in Los Angeles shortly after his retirement, General MacArthur has continued to voice impassioned pleas for peace. A recent addition to the roster of Generals for Peace is another General of the Army, Omar N. Bradley. General Bradley—the soldier's soldier—finds immense and awful irony, in his November 5 address at St. Alban's School in Washington, in mankind's attempt "to stave off this ultimate threat of disaster by devising arms which would be both ultimate and disastrous . . . inevitably this whole electronic house of cards will reach a point where it can be constructed no higher."

Would that all our generals and admirals on active duty, as well as our clergymen, our college presidents, our business and labor leaders and, above all, our Senators and Representatives, could see the folly of the current arms race as clearly as do Generals Eisenhower, MacArthur and Bradley! Unfortunately some of the most influential Congressional spokesmen on military matters—one thinks of Senators Symington and Jackson—remain convinced that the way to prevent war is so to overwhelm the Soviets with obsolete manned bombers and interceptor planes that they will sue for peace—on our terms. This type of thinking is tragically outdated. The real challenge of our time, as General Bradley sees it, is "how to employ human intelligence for the salvation of mankind . . . to concentrate human intelligence less on earth satellites and more on this satellite, earth."

The Uses of Backwardness

One of the paradoxes of Sputnik I and II is that the Soviets, with their inefficient transport, negligible motor traffic and often impassable roads should have scored such a stunning triumph in the field of astronautics. It is as though with one mighty leap they had managed to hurdle several intermediate phases in the development of the art of getting from here to there. But as Isaac Deutscher—and Veblen before him—have pointed out, the late-comer often enjoys advantages relative to the first-comers in technological competition. Japan and Germany were Veblen's examples; the USSR is Deutscher's. For example, during World War II the Soviets were handicapped by lack of effective air power, but they were able to move into the post-war period unhampered by vested interests and the blight of obsolesence which such interests foster. Unfortunately, as a first-comer in aviation, we were not so blessed. As the concept of strategic striking power gained ascendancy in Washington, the Air Force began to gain relative to the other services in the biennial battle for appropriations. The Air Force initially regarded the missile as a threat to its preferred position and expanding personnel. But when it became apparent that missiles threatened to supersede not merely the manned bomber but the manned interceptor plane as well, the Air Force, which shares a remarkable identity of interest with the aviation industry, suddenly decided to pre-empt the missile field. This, as we pointed out in an earlier issue (see editorial, The Aircraft Lobby, July 20, 1957, p. 22) was the real meaning of the Nickerson court-martial in Huntsville, Alabama. If it develops, as now seems likely, that the Soviets have evolved a new fuel, the fact that we have been left behind in this respect may also be traced to an Air Force-aircraft industry preference for liquid fuels. As the USSR has discovered, backwardness has its uses.

The View From Below

In weighing the practical and moral aspects of the issue of whether the AFL-CIO should expel the Teamsters Union unless Jimmy Hoffa is ousted as president, little consideration has been given to the views of rank-and-file teamsters, particularly the rebels or militants within the union. Recently the *Wall Street Journal* (November 7) reported that the rebels—specifically those who are supporting the litigation against Hoffa—feel that their position would be imperiled should the union be expelled. Their energies would then be directed not to organizing a movment against Hoffa, but to a desperate effort to stay in the union. Speaking at a meeting of anti-Hoffa forces in Syracuse, Pat Kennedy, one of the rebel leaders, had this to say: "If the teamsters are expelled from AFL-CIO and we pull out, then only the thieves will be left to vote in a court-supervised election. Don't pull out of the union whatever happens." In general, the *Wall Street Journal* finds that the strategy of fighting Hoffa is viewed quite differently by the rank-and-file of the union than by the AFL-CIO leaders. The rank-and-file see nothing but trouble in the suggestion that, following expulsion, a rival union should be organized with which they could affiliate. "If the AFL-CIO starts issuing federal charters to anti-Hoffa locals, or begins a rival truck union," states one of the rebel leaders, "you won't see the end of it in our lifetime. It'll be murder with the unions fighting each other and the employers in the middle, getting it from both sides." The views of these rank-and-file leaders should be studied with care; no group is risking more in the struggle against Hoffa.

A Modern Cellini

In the matter of the cynical maneuver by which Governor Goodwin Knight of California has been undercut and shunted aside, we suspect that Senator Knowland is telling the truth when he says he has made no deal either with Knight or with the matinee-idol Machiavelli in the Vice-Presidential chair. No one denies that the "rumor technique" used against Knight—the time-honored stratagem of starting a missive report that a man is going to quit in order to help pressure him into quitting—originated with the Nixon forces. The rumor started only a few days after Los Angeles papers announced the addition to the Knowland team of a number of Nixon's hand-picked buddies.

The routine interpretation is that in return for this assist to Knowland's gubernatorial hopes, the Senator has agreed: (1) not to enter the 1960 Presidential primary outside California; (2) not to enter such primary *in* California; or (3) to wait until 1964. But if this interpretation is wrong, as Knowland insists, what prompted Nixon to nudge Knight aside in favor of Knowland? California is a peculiar place, and it's well to keep in mind that Knight is more popular than Knowland with the totality of voters, due to some labor support which the present Governor enjoys and to Knowland's charge with the "right-to-work" brigade. Suppose, as is generally expected, that Knight declares for Knowland's Senate seat. Knight and Knowland would be the top of the state GOP ticket for '59. *But*—and this is the crusher—no matter which Democrats ran, no matter who won or lost, Knight would almost certainly get more votes than Knowland. How could the GOP seriously consider as Presidential candidate a man who couldn't lead the ticket in his own state?

California's Republican machinery is already divided into thirds, and Nixon's is the only share that can't grow smaller no matter what happens. Indeed, if political acumen were gold, Nixon's deft touch would make him a Cellini.

THE SHOWCASE WAR . . *by Carl Dreher*

OUR SHOCK reaction to the Russians beating us into orbit is perhaps as important as the event itself. Diastrophic technological change dominates the economic and military scene and we must learn to live with it. In the technological contests ahead it will be well not to be too elated at our triumphs, too dejected at our defeats, for in the nature of things both will be ephemeral. The war of demonstration and nerves is going to be with us for some time to come. God forbid that we should see an early cessation, for, as things are, only a thermonuclear war could stop it. But it can be a substitute for war; in this strange form William James's prophecy may come true.

That we lost this particular round is not at all surprising: it is even to our credit that we lost it. As early as June, 1954, Dr. Wernher von Braun and his colleagues at Army's Redstone had a plausible scheme for launching an earth satellite by 1956. This was Project Orbiter. But the White House decided in July, 1955, that the project was properly a scientific effort for the International Geophysical Year. The Army was frozen out and the project was assigned to the National Science Foundation and the Navy on a basis of high instrumentation and low priority, the latter designed to prevent such an obviously long-hair project from interfering with military-missile development. With his usual frankness, Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson said he didn't care whether the United States or the Soviet Union was first in putting up an earth satellite. *That* was the time for editorial writers to cry out, not after Sputnik had started orbiting.

Of course, from a propaganda and domestic political standpoint, it became clear on the morning after October 4, 1957, that the White House decision had been wrong. But not from any other standpoint. The project *was* of a scientific nature and the elaborate American satellite will pay off in scientific data when it does go aloft. The Administration could further defend its stand (but won't) on the ground that international efforts in this field may ultimately contribute to international security, even though in the instant case the party that did not separate scientific, military and propaganda goals gained a temporary advantage. It is also hard to see how the Congressional majority can complain, since Congress refused to appropriate an additional $32 million requested for the program at the last session.

THE public, bemused by a synthesis of secrecy, science fiction, and military and corporate press-agentry, assumed that the United States was automatically in the lead in everything technological. Since 1945, in both the United States and the Soviet Union, the mass media have labored to the end that the common man should see no vestige of good in the other's system. But in the Soviet Union this endless vituperation has been controlled for exclusively political purposes, so that relatively little of it has spilled over into the areas of science and technology. The Soviet experts in these fields were under no illusions; they knew the branches in which they were inferior to the West. Consequently they and the government, equally clear-eyed in this respect, were in a position to take all necessary steps to catch up. They have now surpassed us in some fields and may surpass us in still others.

Scientific and engineering history teaches that Europe first, rather than America first, has been the rule not only in basic science, but in engineering as well. We tend to remember the exceptions, such as the airplane, the atomic bomb (which was really an international achievement) and the atomic submarine. Historically, however, our métier has been mass production of what others have created. In the era of super-technology, this will not qualify us to play the leading role. We shall have to do for ourselves some things we have been accustomed to having done for us, and we shall have to do in cooperation with others things we have been accustomed to doing by ourselves.

And we must discard the notion that by some sort of technological charism we are bound to come out on top. Even the level-headed and immensely capable Dr. Vannevar Bush argued in 1949 that democratic nations have an inherent advantage in technological development. He cited the Nazi failure to develop the atomic bomb and extrapolated it to the Russians. They could not, he said, "even apply science to war in the forms it will take in the future, without mistakes and waste and delay." Of course they can't, nor can anyone else, and can we be sure that in every field it will always be more true of the Russians than of us? As for the German atomic failure, there are at least three conflicting accounts of what happened. One is that the Nazis didn't put the necessary resources and facilities at the disposal of their atomic scientists. Another explanation, offered by J. Bronowski, does tend to support Bush: it is that whenever one of the younger men came up with a good idea, he was shoved aside on the ground that Heisenberg had all the answers already. Robert Jungk, however, says that the German scientists didn't like the Nazis any better than did their colleagues abroad and deliberately dragged their feet.

WHATEVER happened in Germany fifteen years ago, recent events have proven wrong every nationalist, racist, ideological or other theory invoking built-in superiority in science or technology. Technological advance is a very arduous and sober enterprise. Seminal ideas don't come easily or predictably. They don't come because you are or are not a democrat, a Communist, an American, a Russian, or a Jew. And when you have found the answer to one problem, if you let it give you a swelled head, you won't find the answer to the next one.

CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is Automation, *just published by W. W. Norton.*

What has been the effect of the Sputniks on the short-term military outlook? Are we imperiled? Suddenly great numbers of editorial and feature writers, some of whom were only recently under the impression that a perigee is a type of wig, are busily analyzing the strategic consequences of what has happened. Many of them have us hanging on the ropes, whence only a czar, a crash program, a mass awakening followed by a mass belt-tightening, can save us.

Actually, things don't look so bad. Certainly they are no worse than when the Russian announcement of August 26 that they had tested an intercontinental missile was brushed off by the President and Mr. Dulles. Although their intercontinental missile is probably a year or more from operational status, they do have an operational intermediate missile. But we have a good many lethal devices, too, and nobody is going to fire big missiles out of hand. We are passing through a period of Sputnik diplomacy and it should be seen for what it is: war by demonstration, known to primitive tribes and brought up to date in the form of atomic-bomb testing. It will be remembered that a group of American scientists petitioned Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to drop the first atomic bomb in Tokyo Bay instead of on a Japanese city. In a shooting war there were obstacles to such a humane and sensible course, but by all indications demonstration will be increasingly exploited by the Great Powers as the only alternative to anthropocide.

TERMS LIKE "atomic diplomacy," "rocket diplomacy," etc., are merely complaints by the side which is momentarily lagging in some phase or other of technological development. General Maxwell D. Taylor refers to "the atomic missile blackmail which we may expect to encounter in the coming years." When they do it, it's blackmail; when we do it, it's defense of the free world. In 1946, the Russians were crying "atomic diplomacy" at the Baruch Plan; now it is their turn with rocket diplomacy. But the Russian advantage will in turn fade, and even while it lasts it is scarcely comparable with the advantage the United States formerly enjoyed in atomic technology and still enjoys in atomic bombs carried in manned aircraft operating from bases close to the borders of the Soviet Union. The United States has the further diplomatic advantage of actually having used atomic bombs in war. In contrast, no one has yet fired a big rocket in anger and by all available information no nation has rockets in production which are capable of accurate delivery over intercontinental distances. Rocket diplomacy is, for the moment, largely bluff, and the reaction to it in the United States is largely hysteria on the part of the uninformed and, on the part of some of the informed, a God-sent opportunity to get larger appropriations and procurement contracts just when the economy needs a shot in the arm.

THE SPUTNIKS themselves cannot put even a spoonful of borsht onto the United States. Their only significance is that the Russians are so far advanced in rocketry that they can boost 1,000 pounds fairly high into the heavens. But it is one thing to swing an inert object into orbit in accordance with the laws Isaac Newton formulated nearly three centuries ago, and quite another to have a thermonuclear bomb which will re-enter and traverse the earth's atmosphere intact and strike on or close to a city or air base 5,000 nautical miles away. Of course, the radius of destruction being what it is, such a missile doesn't need to be as accurate as an artillery shell; nevertheless, there are limits to the allowable error if the weapon is to be useful. Suppose, when the ICBM does become operational, that its accuracy at the outset is no better than 1 per cent of the distance spanned. On this supposition, a missile aimed at Grand Central Terminal might land north of Newburgh, N. Y., or off the coast of New Jersey, or around Port Jefferson, Long Island, or Easton, Pennsylvania. When the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy said that the Russian test ICBM hit the target "exactly," he was talking the language of diplomacy, not in technological terms.

Now suppose that an equivalent missile is fired only 1,000 miles. Other things being equal, the error would then be ten miles instead of fifty. But that is something *we* are in a position to do to the Russians (and the Russians to the nations of Western Europe), if not with missiles, then with bombers; but the Russians are not presently in a position to do the same to us. If one regards the Cold War as initially unavoidable (as the writer does not, but most Americans do), then the establishment of the air bases ringing the Soviet Union was good nuclear-air strategy which will retain its value for some time to come.

True, the prospect of intercontinental missiles traveling in twenty minutes from Russian launching sites to American cities is not a pleasant one. But the missiles, if launched, will travel just as fast in the other direction, and there is no reason to believe that American guidance systems will not keep at least abreast of the Russian ones.

WHAT does it add up to, then? If the best we can hope for, under present conditions, is a war of technology and nerves, we must get used to it. The Russians are made of flesh and blood the same as ours. Their nerves have withstood the 400 atomic air bases with which we have girded their domain. They have withstood Major General Anderson (he who announced himself prepared to bomb the "five Russian A-bomb nests" and to justify the deed before Jesus Christ in person), General George C. Kenney, Admiral William H. Standley, Major General Grow (he of the stolen diary: "Communism must be destroyed! . . . War! As soon as possible. Now! . . . We must start by hitting below the belt. . . .") and many other strong, hysterical Americans, both military and civilian. If the Russians have remained calm in the face of all this, surely we can remain calm before a weapon which, by its nature, is better held in reserve as a deterrent or threat, and which, if used, is just as likely to annihilate the user as the victim.

The pace of technology, already

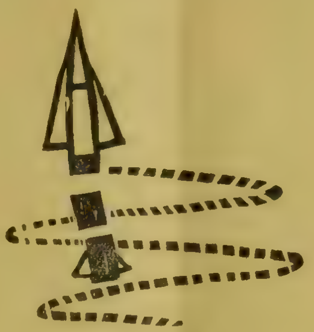
disconcertingly rapid, must be further accelerated for the ends of the "war by development and demonstration." War in the traditional sense is obsolete. The new type of war involves testing of both weapons and nerves. Insofar as shooting war is still contemplated (and how reluctantly those in the seats of power relinquish the chief staple of their commerce!) it is of the "limited" variety. But the threats associated with technological diplomacy are still of unlimited magnitude—massive retaliation on the Soviet Union, wipe out Turkey in a day, etc. Big threats cost no more than little ones, and make better headlines.

AT THIS stage it is unrealistic to expect the nations to disarm or to abolish war by agreement. We would expect, and we have, a transitional stage. Combat by test and demonstration meets the psychological and practical requirements of the transition. Full national sovereignty is retained, with all the panoply of threat, force, coercion and crisis. War remains inevitable, but it cannot be fought; so the atomic firecrackers are exploded and the missiles are launched—but not at the enemy.

This is not remarkable, actually. The asymptotic upsurge in the power of weapons has raised to predominance countervailing tendencies as old as man's hostilities. Madness has played less of a role, and reason more, than one would gather from the conventional study of history. The conflicts which were resolved by kinetic force are given disproportionate prominence, if only because less is known of the conflicts resolved by compromise based on relative magnitude of potential force. Even the Mongols made a practice of sending emissaries offering peace in exchange for tribute. They attacked only when, in the customary mode of rejection, the unfortunate diplomats were put to death. In our time the Nazis' "Samson complex" has been much overrated. They thought they could win. Now, as then, madness is restrained only by the fear of defeat and reason prevails only to the extent that madness is checked —but in the present technological situation, that is quite enough.

In the inception of the coalition wars of the past half-century, it was not enough, for only one side was so deterred—or neither. There was still the intoxicating self-deception of superior strength (we can, we *will*, beat them!) and there was no substitute for the ultimacy of war. During and since World War II, technology has provided both the corrective and the substitute. All earlier armaments races have ended in war, but never before has there been an armaments race of hydrogen bombs and ballistic missiles.

In the transitional stage, operational weapons are indispensable, so that each contestant may feel the insecurity which springs from the possession by his adversary of the same lethal instruments which generate his own equally essential feelings of security. Both security and insecurity are illusory: security because the weapons, if used, would destroy both sides; insecurity because, on that account, the weapons will not be used. Yet the resulting equilibrium is real and stable. It is as real as the co-annihilation which the contestants know would follow if the balance were upset. It is stable because neither decisive retreat nor decisive advance is possible for either. Accoutered with their superweapons, the super-powers are frozen in mutual antipathy and impotence: the more powerful their weapons, the less their room for maneuver. And the neutrals they both woo in one of the areas of action still open to them receive gladly, but without fulsome gratitude, the offerings of both sides.



The Rubicon has been crossed, in reverse. The chances of a third world war are very small. Of course, George Eliot was right when she said that prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error. One cannot predict, one can only hypothesize. But the transition from trial by mass murder to trial by technological demonstration is not a prediction. It is already happening. It is the next stage that can only be hypothesized.

THE PRESENT stage has different internal effects in different countries. In the Communist countries, military spending is an additional strain on an already heavily strained economy, and, by holding down the standard of living, gives the anti-Communist coalition a sizable advantage in the Cold War. In the United States, military spending plays a generally beneficent Keynesian role, although onerous in respect to liability to inflation and funds available for private capital investment. Guns, atom bombs, missiles not only provide the Gemini of security-insecurity, but assure a continuation of butter and station wagons. Consequently, the United States is most reluctant to reduce military spending; and this, despite the anxiety of some big businessmen to hold it down to what they regard as an optimum level, is a major factor in the propagation of the technological war.

Another internal support of the security-insecurity coupling is the degree to which external insecurity facilitates government by, and on behalf of, the propertied or other dominant classes. In return for compliance, the governed are guaranteed conditional security against the alien menace. The promissory security must never be quite sufficient to banish insecurity entirely or for long. But there is no danger of this in a modern armaments race, where the lead continually seesaws and the military and corporate press agents continually try to plunge the populace into a state of anxious gloom, from which it will shortly be lifted by another technological miracle.

Two possibilities of global war by co-annihilation remain. One is the proposed regression to initially "limited" wars which Dr. Henry Kissinger, the Army's director of clairvoyance, advocates as "a gauge of the determination of the contenders." If we are not prepared for such wars, international communism will gradually enslave us by subversion, insurrection and alienation of our dearly bought allies. These limited wars will be fought with low- and medium-yield atomic bombs up to, say, 500 kilotons TNT, or about twenty times the yield of the Hiroshima bomb. It is, of course, conceivable that the contenders would continue testing each other's determination to the point where they were showering each other with megaton bombs, either through an excess of zeal or inability to read the labels.

SINCE THE END of World War II, limited wars without atomic bombs have been fought in Greece, Korea, Vietnam, Hungary (where the United States limited its testing to incitement and giving sanctuary to some of the freedom fighters and opportunists) and Suez. All were stopped short of the conflagration point. The recent Middle East war was fought entirely by threats, demonstrations and speeches in the United Nations. On the available evidence, there would appear to be considerable reluctance to allow local engagements to spread. This circumspection, induced by the hard facts of technology, might prevent the use of nuclear weapons altogether. Dulles, Radford and Nixon were in favor of testing them at Dienbienphu, but were overruled by Eisenhower and the British, as MacArthur was previously overruled by Truman. Whoever reverses the prudent abstinence so far shown would not only take on himself a heavy (but probably bearable) moral responsibility, but if the war went all-out and he providentially survived it, might find himself in danger of hanging, if anyone was left to hang him.

If it does not spread, limited war will *ipso facto* be inconclusive. If it is not settled by compromise as in Korea and Vietnam, the victory of one side or the other will still leave the loser in possession of the means of massive reprisal at a time of his own choosing. Being inconclusive, limited wars will lack the inspiring quality of wars *à outrance.* When the ultimate weapons were bows and arrows and soldiers were armed with bows and arrows, war was satisfying: a man was doing what a man could do. And so with rifles, cannon, aircraft and all the other pre-atomic contributions of technology. But when atomic bombs become available and only TNT can be used, or megaton bombs are available but even kiloton bombs involve the undesired risk of bringing the megatons into play, men will tire of staking their lives in such insignificant and futile struggles. The Korean War is an index to the popularity of limited wars: Eisenhower's overwhelming victory in 1952 was partly due to his promise to end it.

The other possibility of global disaster is unofficial aggression of megaton magnitude, or one capable of precipitating reprisal on a megaton scale. Officers of strategic air or missile wings could conceivably embark on divinely sanctioned missions, as the Japanese did in the bombing of the U.S.S. *Panay* and similar forays. Such assaults are unlikely, but point to the importance of the Great Powers keeping a tight rein on their janissaries, especially those of frustrated allies, until such time as the ambitions of the adventurous can be diverted to space travel.

THE armaments race will then become a moon race. And as the moon, and possibly other bodies of the solar system, come within reach, preoccupation with wars by development and demonstration on the earth and in its atmosphere may be expected to diminish. They may well end before that time. Actually, there is only one solution—coexistence—but those who call for coexistence with peace are premature. (Which does not absolve men of good will from speaking up on every possible occasion for a *détente* and explaining to everyone who will listen why, and for whose benefit, wars of whatever kind are waged: prematurity is necessary in every good cause.) What is possible, and already here, is coexistence with technological war as we have known it for the past ten or twelve years.

The question is not whether the prognosis is pleasant, but whether it is plausible. There is certainly considerable sentiment against atomic war, but practically none against technological war. Out of some 600,000 scientists and engineers in the United States, fewer than 350 belong to the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, whose members refrain from working on military projects, each deciding for himself what is sufficiently removed from direct military application to permit him to participate with not too bad a conscience. Of course, not all who sympathize with its aims belong to this organization or even know of its existence, but even if we estimate the potential membership as tenfold the actual membership, it would only be of the order of .5 per cent of the total number in these professions. The ratio among other citizens is probably no greater; the protesters against air-raid drills are a handful among millions who troop obediently to the shelters. The common people have been propagandized into a state of political catalepsy. None of the contending governments is under pressure from its subjects to strive actively for peace. This is unlikely to change soon, consequently the armaments race is unlikely to be stopped by international agreement in the calculable future. The prospects that it will remain an armaments race are, however, excellent.

THEN, AT SOME point, perhaps gradually, perhaps rapidly, eroding forces will come into action. Even the cataleptics will begin to see that, technologically, verbal menaces have effects precisely the opposite of those intended. Dr. Louis N. Ridenour has noted that the British were some seven years ahead of us in appreciating the importance of electronics to the war in the air. Hitler's threats impelled them to develop radar. By the same condign process, our resolve to destroy the Soviet system has stimulated the technological initiative and inventiveness of the Russians, and vice versa. This will begin to be generally understood. It will also be understood that Gargantuan economies could be realized, public morals and manners could be immeasurably improved, and people

could live without fear if international competition could be kept on a non-military basis, with weapon-making only implicit in the technological developments.

INEVITABLY, when weapons are no longer used, only tested, the time will come when they will no longer be made. That time is not yet. For the present and the discernible future, the situation is far from ideal. If Vernon L. Parrington could complain, in his day, that science had been made the drab and slut of industrialism, what would he say now? Moreover, since witch-hunting is a natural concomitant of any type of armaments race, it would be rash to assume that even the present slackening will be permanent. Realistically, intensification of political persecution at critical junctures is to be expected. Just the same, the general outlook is better than it was only a few years ago, when McCarthy was powerful enough to lay hands even on such a one as John J. McCloy, and an American variant of fascism was by no means precluded, and the technological war was not far enough advanced so that one could be sure it was not the prelude to Armageddon.

Now we can see the future. It works badly, but it works.

FROM ETERNITY to BROOKLYN . .

by Dan Wakefield

> I have eaten your bread and salt.
> I have drunk your water and wine.
> The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
> And the lives ye led were mine.
>
> —Rudyard Kipling, *as quoted by James Jones on the dedication page of* From Here to Eternity.

AMERICAN literary realism reached its high-water mark several weeks ago in Room 123 of the Kings County Supreme Court in Brooklyn, New York. James Jones, author of *From Here to Eternity*, took the witness stand for his publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons and The New American Library, who were being sued for a half-million dollars in libel charges. The complainant was a short and swarthy Italian-American from Brooklyn who served with Jones in F Company of the 25th Infantry at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, in 1940. His name was Maggio.

As is known by the more than two million readers of the novel *From Here to Eternity*, and the millions more who saw the movie, one of the tale's main characters is "Maggio"—a short, swarthy Italian-American from Brooklyn who served in "G Company" of the 25th Infantry at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, in 1940.

There are, however, as counsel for defense pointed out to the jury, certain differences in the lives of the two characters in question. The Maggio in the book once lived on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn; but the Maggio who sat in the courtroom never lived on Atlantic Avenue, nor had he, as had the Maggio of the book, ever lived above a grocery store. Furthermore, the Maggio of the book was "Angelo Maggio" and this fellow on the front bench was Joseph Anthony Maggio—though he claimed that his nickname at Schofield had been "Angelo."

Joseph Anthony Maggio works as a mail-handler at the Church Street post office, and for the past four years the passion of his life has been the hope of proving his identity as a character of James Jones's imagination. He is not a man who spends his Sundays with *The New York Times Book Review*, and his discovery of Jones's chronicle of the days at Schofield was therefore a bit delayed. The book was published in February, 1951, but it was not until after the movie came out that the boys from the barracks heard about the story. We may assume that if it hadn't been for the movie, the trial in Brooklyn would never have taken place; some of the men from Schofield who testified still haven't read the novel. Jones's "realistic" use of the names of the men in the old company was no doubt based on a well-founded belief that none of them would be likely to see their names as long as the story was hidden in the covers of a book. Even when the book became a paperback bestseller, the author was safe; it was the movie that started the trouble. When Maggio held a reunion of his buddies in Company F at his house in Brooklyn in 1953, most of the guys had seen the movie, which promptly became the main topic of discussion. It figured that someone ought to be cashing in on the thing besides Jones and Frank Sinatra (who played the part of Maggio in the movie), but no one knew quite how.

Later that year, Maggio found out that Paul Slade, a fellow worker at the post office, was reading *From Here to Eternity* on his lunch hour. Maggio explained that he was Maggio, and his co-worker was quite impressed. Slade, a free-lance photographer, suggested they work up a magazine picture-story of Maggio the mail clerk; a kind of "Where is

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***DAN WAKEFIELD** is a staff contributor.*

he now?" postscript to the popular novel. Maggio agreed and got a check for $35 as "modeling fee" for the pictures. The piece was taken by *Carnival* magazine of the Hillman publications, but never printed; the publishers didn't want to risk the possibilities of libel.

Having tried and failed with the magazines, Maggio went to the courts. His first attempt had been to advertise his identification as Jones's Maggio; his next was to say that such identification was libelous. In March of 1954, a Brooklyn lawyer named Harry Ander filed for Maggio a charge of criminal invasion of privacy against Scribner's and Columbia Pictures. Magistrate Alfred Dunaif dismissed the case and ruled that "except for the alleged identity of name the property did not in any wise point to or identify the complainant as the person in the book and the film." The court observed that, after all, the name Maggio was "fairly common." Ander and Maggio retreated to Brooklyn to recoup their forces. They marched again this October, striking in civil court with charges that Maggio's character had been defamed by his picturization in the novel as a hard-drinking, gambling soldier who picked up "queers." This time they drew James Jones up from Marshall, Illinois, where he was settled down with his wife and the proofs for his new book, *Some Came Running*, which is scheduled for publication this winter. The memories of Schofield were presumably far removed from Jones's present address of 1 Beech Street Lane, Marshall, Illinois—but Room 123 of the Kings County Supreme Court was full of them. It was, in a sense, a reunion by subpoena.

A blackboard sat on one side of the room with the names of all the men who served with Jones at Schofield and whose names, reproduced in part or with variations, appeared in *From Here to Eternity*: Martuscelli, Maggio, Griffin, Marticelli, Jenkins, Wilkinson, Russell, Stewart, Jackson, Palusco, Malloy, Ickivitch, Bloom, Kovac, Mallenox, King, Napp, Nair, Harris, Wells. Further bringing back the memory of Schofield Barracks was the reading by counsel for defense of 250 pages of the novel. Finally, there was that most hallowed of all memorial relics—the big official company picture, which Ander thrust at Jones for identification. As happens in all reunions, the faces and shapes of the men present had altered somewhat from the image frozen in time by the group picture. Maggio, who then was short and scrawny, is now turning fat, and his dark, jowly face resembles the face of Richard Nixon more than it does Frank Sinatra. Jones, who appeared on the paperback edition of *Eternity* with his broad shoulders thrusting nearly out of a striped t-shirt, has since acquired a dark, pin-stripe suit, black-rimmed glasses and a red, pencil-thin mustache.

However, as is also true of any reunion, little else had changed but appearances. Jones was still the outsider, and Maggio, Ted Orlowski and Joe Martuscelli were still trying to work a deal. On the next to last day of the trial, Orlowski testified for Maggio that Joseph Anthony Maggio was commonly called "Angelo" by the men of Company F. This was a key point in the case, for Jones had claimed that Joseph Anthony Maggio was known only as "Joe," or sometimes "Joe DiMaggio," but nothing else; he therefore could not be Angelo Maggio, the character in the book.

JONES stood outside the hall during a recess after Orlowski had testified, shaking his head and saying Orlowski knew very well that Maggio was never called "Angelo" at Schofield. "You see," Jones explained, "Orlowski was an athlete—one of the jockstraps. He was one of the company's operators. Maggio wanted to be, but he was never really on the inside, because he wasn't a jockstrap. But he always hung around with them. Now here they are all trying to pull a deal again."

It was seventeen years later, but everything was really the same. The jockstraps never inherit the earth, although they are always trying—and always will be, from here to eternity. The trial was another chapter in the book. One expected any minute to see Robert E. Lee Pruitt arrive (there was a man in F Company named Robert Lee Stewart, who, like the Pruitt in the book, was a bugler and a boxer born in Kentucky) and tell the court that he now was employed as trumpet man in a burlesque pit band in Calumet City, Illinois.

It could have been written years ago that Maggio would get as his counsel in this case Harry Ander, who was self-described in court as a "nine-to-five lawyer" in Brooklyn. Jones, now in league with the venerable firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, could have had no one but the Scribner's lawyer, Horace P. Manges, who conducted his case not only with brilliance, but withering dignity.

Horace Manges, a man who has obviously read all of Proust, sized up the jury and held up to them as proof of the greatness of *From Here to Eternity* that it won the National Book Award over "the wonderful *Caine Mutiny*." Manges misses no nuance; he is the lawyer we all imagine ourselves to be in the courtroom scene of our fantasy.

He got James Jones on the stand to explain the craft of fiction to the jurors, who might have some mistaken impressions of how books were written: especially the book *From Here to Eternity*. Manges asked Jones if, in his job as assistant company clerk for F Company, he had access to the biographical files of the men, and if he had been taking notes then and there for his novel. Jones assured the court that he had not copied *From Here to Eternity* out of the F Company files, and that the only notes he took while at Schofield were the kind a man takes who is learning to write: ". . . Impressions of the island and the city of Honolulu" and descriptions of scenes, such as "the way the dust would rise when the men were marching. . . ."

AS TO HOW he happened to think up the novel, Jones told Manges that it sprung from the idea that "The army seemed to destroy its best soldiers . . . the paradox of this intrigued me." The theme, he said, was the attempt of the first sergeant to save the private (Pruitt) for the army. Now, it might not seem to the jury that the love affair fit into that vision. But Jones explained that the love story of Captain "Dynamite" Holmes (there happened to have been at Schofield a real Captain "TNT" Griffin, who, like "Dynamite," had a wife and young son) was added later, and that any novel has to have a love affair if you want it to sell.

These matters of craft seemed puzzling to Harry Ander, who kept asking Jones why he wrote the book. Mr. Ander felt it was a piece of subversion, and assured the jury in summation that Jones could not get away with "impressing his personality on the world" and "using that kind of language." We here in the United States can take criticism, Ander said, but "not of a degrading nature," which included such tactics as "terrible language against nationalities." This was in reference to the fact that the Maggio of *Eternity* was referred to by his barracks buddies as "Wop."

When Ander finished his summation, he further enlightened a visitor by saying that Jones had profited by using the real names of the men in F Company. "That's realism," Ander explained; "that sells books. Why did he have to use those names? Why couldn't he have used the name 'Charles Scribner' for one of those characters?" The visitor agreed that using the name "Charles Scribner" as a GI of the peacetime army at Schofield would indeed have been a blow against realism.

The jury evidently didn't have the heart to fight this literary school. They knew, for Horace Manges had told them, that "The eyes of the book world are upon you." That threat in itself is enough to assure an early verdict from a civilized man who wants to go home again to hearth and sanity. The jury voted 10-2 in favor of the defense, and Maggio is back at the post office. It is just as well, because he would only have put that half-million into stocks for turning sea water into gold, and Ted Orlowski, no doubt, would have taken his cut to leave his truck-driving job and the Teamsters and set himself up as a transportation-relations consultant.

Order has been restored, and we can now pray that this quelled insurrection against literary realism doesn't spread below the Mason-Dixon line. I have it on the best authority that a visitor to Oxford, Mississippi, was asked if he wanted to meet Temple Drake. If she and the Snopeses get wind of this thing, they'll have William Faulkner in court so long he won't have time to write.

NO TIME to LISTEN . .

by Kay Boyle

Frankford, Delaware

MR. SAMUEL DODSON is the kind of man who might give you a lot of trouble if you didn't make things clear to him from the start. Unless I can make him understand about the responsibilities of a writer, he's going to keep right on interfering with my work, and I'm too busy to have interruptions. Working late at night every night of the week is wearing enough in itself without Mr. Samuel Dodson coming up the stairs into my room at any hour of the night or day and simply standing there.

The trouble is, Mr. Dodson has been around too much and seen too many other ways of living. I knew it at once when I had lunch with him in the school cafeteria that day. He's taken courses at integrated universities, and he's learned from first-hand observation, he said, that many white persons are intellectually dull, and he's learned in scientific studies that racial superiority is a white man's myth. He's sat down in theatres and restaurants in other states just like any other American, and he's traveled in Canada where people looked on him not as a Negro but as a cultivated, self-respecting man. He happens to be tall and distinguished-looking, with a light tan skin, and there's an air about him that might mark him for a minister. But the fervor of belief has turned to bitterness in him. You can tell this as soon as he begins to speak. He's been working-principal of the Negro elementary school in Frankford for sixteen years, and he ought to be used to things by this time. But instead he's filled with grief and acrimony. He says when he drives down from Canada and finally crosses the Delaware Memorial Bridge, it's not only the temperature that alters, but socially and psychologically it's as if he walked out of an air-conditioned room on the hottest day of summer onto the burning sidewalks of the South.

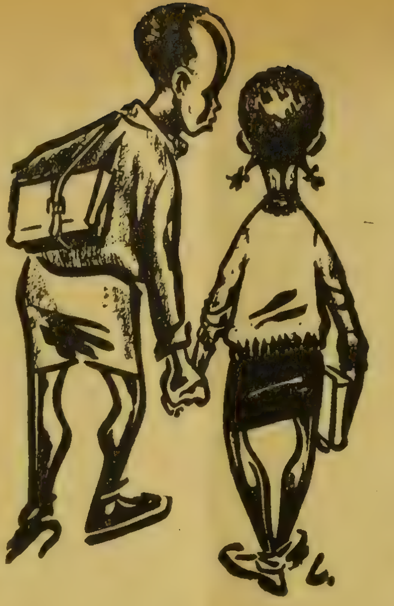
In the first place, Frankford, Delaware, doesn't mean anything at all to me. I came here for the first time ten days ago. It's a place you can hardly see on the map, down state in Sussex County, with parched cornfields and chicken-farms spread all around the town. The residential district is made up largely of frame houses, and the homes of the white people are white—some of them Georgian, with tall pillars soaring, unblemished, on either side of the front doors—while the Negro homes are weathered and gray. But the Negro elementary school is a modern building, set a little way out of the town where it won't bother anyone at all. There's a big playground at the back of it, and the desks and chairs and tables look new, and the floors are bright, and the whole place is as clean as wax. In the town of Easton, dynamite was found outside a Negro's home on September 13, after the opening of school, but that's over the state line in Maryland and has nothing to do with Frankford, Delaware. There hasn't been any trouble like that in Frankford because the schools haven't integrated here. But Mr. Dodson has lost his perspective on the situation.

KAY BOYLE's most recent novel is The Seagull on The Steps.

He says that the lines of communications are closed like a fist. The white and the Negro school boards are separate, he says, and the teachers' institutes are separate, and the Parent-Teacher organizations, and all recreational and amusement activities, and all parades. The town council has no Negro representation, he tells you, and he makes it seem as perilous as if he were a captain seeking to bring a foundering ship to port in darkness through a wild sea.

Perhaps if I told Mr. Dodson about the book I'm writing he'd stop getting in the way of the sentences I want to get set down. I'm writing a novel about Germany, and it has a certain importance because I hope it will make people understand about the things that have always happened there, and that are still happening now. I'm writing about the German school system, for instance, where the sons of workingmen are written off, and higher education is reserved for the sons of the socially elite. This is a fairer procedure, they will tell you, for then students without an adequate social background are spared the embarrassment of finding themselves out of their *milieu*. I'm bringing into the book the conspiracy of the German medical profession to keep the simplest kind of medical knowledge from the man in the street so as to safeguard the prestige and the tradition of the man with a degree. I want Americans to know what kind of injustices and inequalities are condoned by custom in other countries, but when Mr. Dodson comes into my room and stands there by my typewriter, I can't think of anything except the things he said to me at lunch that day.

He kept talking about communication as though that was the only thing that mattered in life—interracial communication and even communication between man and man. He was going down to a migrant labor camp next day to talk with people; but what language is there to speak, he asked, if there is no word of hope to give men and women who live in abandoned chickenhouses, or even above and adjacent to the chickens, and who have no destination beyond the ending of each day? They have only kerosene lamps, or low-voltage electric lights, he said, to penetrate the darkness, and no designated part to play in either the Negro or the white community. He said that the required mile distance from home to elementary school which entitles a child to bus transportation seems to be differently applied at times for Negro children, or else the distance must, at times, be measured differently. "The punishment involved in waiting along the highway for the often uncertain arrival of the bus, the trudging to and from the bus-stop in rain, hail or snow," he said, "is one of the causes of children giving up school in discouragement. And then they start helping their parents on the land, and that's the end of potential individuals, potential citizens," he said, sitting there larger than life in the school cafeteria, forgetting to eat the potato salad and the canned peaches on his plate that day. "But, damn it, a mile isn't far, Mr. Dodson!" you might want to cry out, but then he'd answer: "It's far when you're six or seven years old, it's far at the wrong time of year. And it's farther than ever when you've missed the bus, and started to walk, and a bus carrying white children who live only a couple of blocks away from you passes you by. That makes the difference farther than any living child should have to walk, no matter how long he lives," he said.



I tell you I can't do anything about it, Mr. Dodson. I haven't got the time. Today I'm supposed to be correcting proof on my novelette about Spain which is going to be published in the spring, and it's essential that it be printed so that people who haven't been there will know. In this story I tell of the labyrinth of caves that the outcasts of the civil war in Spain have excavated in the clay soil surrounding the city of Madrid. Fifty thousand or more, when I was there, living like prairie-dogs underground in the clay. There, children are sleeping on beds of rags while their fathers are on the run, twenty years later still in-and-out of political prisons and on the run, and their wives and their children living—if you call it that—and rotting and dying there. It's the contrasts that are so flagrant in Spain that I want to make clear to Mr. Dodson. There are women so elegantly dressed, so handsomely jeweled, that you stop and look in wonder; and then, just beyond the reach of their gloved hands, those others who sell their ration cards to buy a shirt, and who live on refuse and market pilfering. That's the kind of thing I'm trying to say.

I haven't the time to listen to Mr. Dodson saying that when he stands up in assembly every morning, the words stick in his throat, and he can't get them out. "These children here haven't been given any part to play in life," he said that day. "They're born, and they accept the years of school the law has sentenced them to, and they feel they're doing time until the doors of their teenage years open and let them go free. All they want in the end is a little cash to jingle in their pockets, and maybe a hot rod, if they can hope that high. That's the fulfillment of their lives. There isn't anything beyond that for them, and I can't tell them any differently."

There must be a way of making Mr. Dodson understand that I have my own work to get on with and I can't listen to him. There must be some way of keeping him from crossing the Memorial Bridge and getting out of Delaware.

FALL BOOK SECTION

Weekend with Ezra Pound

David Rattray

IT WAS raining in Washington when I arrived, and the dull red buildings of St. Elizabeth's seemed particularly discouraging. After checking in at the main office, I climbed the spiral stairs, all steel and dirty enamel, chipped and peeling walls, to the heavy black door of Ezra Pound's ward, and rang the bell. I could hear radio music inside.

A Negro attendant with a great jingling ring of keys let me in. Half a dozen patients gathered round a TV set next to the door. The hall was very wide and dark as a subway station. There were benches on either side, and patients were sitting or lying on them. Doors opened on rooms for two or three, and there were several alcoves where rooms might have been, with tables for games, and chairs. Pound and his wife, with a young novelist named Jean Marie Châtel, and a painter, Miss Martinelli, were sitting in one of these alcoves when I arrived.

Pound sprang up from the canvas lawn-chair and shook my hand. "You're Rattray? How fortunate you got here at this moment—John here was just beginning to be tiresome, and so now," and he laid his hand on the chair in which Châtel was still sitting, next to his own, "*he* will sit over there, and you may sit here." Châtel, looking a little embarrassed, took a seat in the corner on the other side of the round game table. Pound picked up his overcoat from the arm of my chair and flung it across the table after him.

He sat back down, in a reclining position with his legs crossed, eyes half closed, looking exactly as he did in the Wyndham Lewis portrait made many years ago. His hair is now white all over and he is getting bald. He was dressed in tan shorts too big for him, tennis shoes and a loose plaid shirt. His face looks weathered, like that of a man who has worked outdoors all his life. His heavy-wristed hands are coarse and calloused, but the fingernails neatly cut short and square. I was surprised by the appearance of his arms and legs. There was no sign of that flabbiness that comes even to some of the strongest men in their forties and fifties. The Greeks spoke of "old age that unstrings men's knees," but as I watched Pound stride up and down, his knees strung taut, his calves bulging like an athlete's, I thought of some lines from Ramon Guthrie's poem, "E. P. in Paris and Elsewhere":

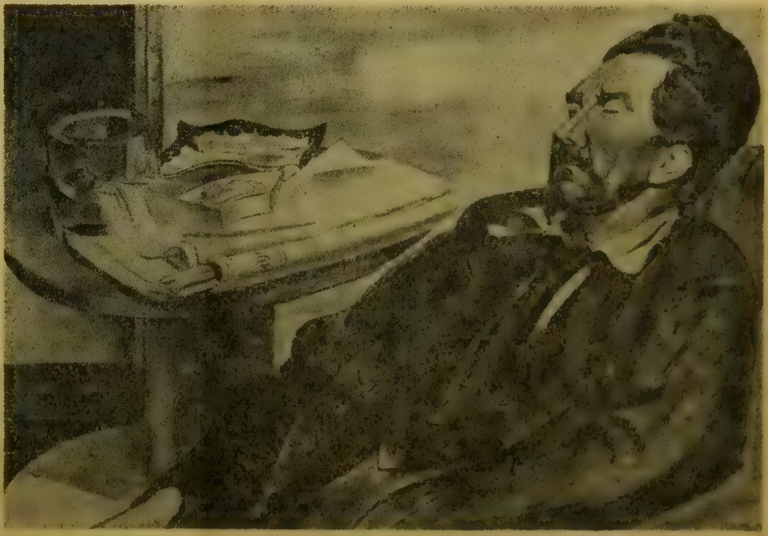
> "This is not walking.
> This is stalking, pacing
> as done by jaguar or ounce
> in Zagreus' days, tracing
> the lay-out for the Labyrinth . . ."

Before we had a chance to talk about anything, Pound jumped up again: "You'll have tea, won't you?"

I said that I would, and immediately he was everywhere at once, in a frenzy of activity, loading himself with jars of various sizes, tin boxes of sugar and tea, spoons and a saucer. I stood up in embarrassment, not knowing what I ought to do, but Mrs. Pound beckoned me from her corner: "Let's sit here and talk while he makes the tea." She was sitting behind a ramshackle old upright piano, so as not to see the people in the hall or be seen by them. Miss Martinelli was making sketches for a portrait of her.

Suddenly Pound was standing before me, holding out a peanut butter jar filled with hot tea. When we got settled again, he glared up at me and said, "Well, what specific questions have you? Or did you just come to talk? I'd just as soon talk."

So we talked quietly. Pound took a sip of his tea and sat back with his eyes closed. I sipped nervously at mine. Miss Martinelli went on sketching Mrs. Pound, the two seated next to the barred windows, in which the gray day peered uncertainly, through a tangle of wet vines laced over the trellis-work of the bars. It was dark in the alcove, but a bare electric bulb blazed from the high ceiling of the hall. Châtel, with his back to it, was reading, his face



The Tate Gallery; London

Ezra Pound. Portrait by Wyndham Lewis.

DAVID RATTRAY, pianist and poet, graduated from Dartmouth in 1957. He is now a Fulbright Scholar in France.

concealed from us by a huge newspaper, *Truth.* I hitched my chair over out of the light.

"D. P. has a beautiful face," said Miss Martinelli, "I think she has a beautiful profile, but it is so *difficult* . . . yes, of course, that's why. Maestro . . ."

"Yes Ma'am," said Pound, jerking around to sit on the edge of his chair.

"Will you look at this drawing?" Pound looked at it, squinting in the light, then said, "It's a likeness," and swung himself violently back into the reclining position.

I told him I was planning to spend a few weeks in Dalmatia.

"So you're going to the Damnation Coast? Don't know what the Hell you'll see there, do you?" I said that I had friends in Split and Dubrovnik. One of them was a painter, who wanted to show me the medieval frescoes.

"If I were you, then, I should get to the heart of the matter, and see them in Turkey. I hear they've done a lot of work there recently, restoring them where the Turks had painted 'em over." He told me about a Professor Pearson of Yale, who is an adviser on the selection of Square Dollar Books ("American textbooks for students who want first things first") and who is very interested in Byzantine frescoes. He jumped up and rushed to his room to type Pearson's address.

"You could make an appointment with him if you happen to be passing through there any time. He'd confirm what I told you about medieval Greek. Now there's something that's wide open, plenty there's not even published yet, not chewed and hashed. . . . Now you're talking to an old man that never learned his Greek properly, but you, you're lucky, to know it at the beginning of the game. But I know it well enough to recognize style when I see it, and Psellus' style, he's seventh or eighth century, Psellus in the Chronographia, he writes with the precision and economy of Flaubert or the Goncourts. And Psellus had enough perception to see 'em fall into just about the same categories they do today. He knows the difference between true credit and *creatio ex nihil.* . . . So you're going to southern France next year. Well, I've been trying to make some people wake up to a number of simple facts, and they'd better hurry up, if they don't want to wake up too late to *do* anything. Now if you want to *do* some really live historical research, something that hasn't been chewed over, look into Bertran, Bertran de Born I mean, '*Baros mettez en gatge* . . .' you know the one I mean, 'Barons, hock your castles.' You'll probably walk that country a lot, and see those castles, the ones he was talking about, the ones they *hocked.* Bertran knew a usurer when he saw one—they hocked 'em to go on crusade, you know. That would be some *useful* research, what you told your reader, your reader could put to use—the area still suffers from when they put their lands *en gatge*—you could find out for yourself, and tell your reader what happens when you hock your castles to the Jews."

MRS. POUND interrupted this tirade by telling about the walks they took together in southern France.

"We always used Toulouse as our base. Toulouse itself is a mediocre town, but one comes to grow fond of it, and the country all around is as beautiful and full of Provence as any place else in the South. I went with him on his last two walks. We had been married only a short time, and we went all over with rucksacks, and slept outdoors, but then the War interrupted all that."

"I don't suppose," said Pound, "that the old cupboard is still there, the one that was bulging with pornographic books. And old Pere—is dead. Now let me see who *is* still alive." Then he slowly unraveled the number of his acquaintances now living in France, who were interested in Provençal literature: Laubies, Vanderply, Pellizzi ('a civilized wop') and Brancusi ('probably gaga by now, if alive at all'), and told an anecdote about each.

"And you *could* go see old Aldington as to Greek or Provençal, but better not as from E. P.; you'd better just be the *jeune homme modeste.* He lives in Montpellier now, I believe."

Mrs. Pound repeated the list of poets and scholars back to him, counting them off on her fingers, and he went to his room and typed their names and addresses for me.

When he came back, we sat for a while in silence. It was late afternoon. Miss Martinelli was perched like a bird at dusk, her feet planted on the rung of the wooden chair. She was still at work on her sketch. Looking at her, with her golden hair falling down around her thin shoulders, I thought of Pound's line,

> In the gloom the gold gathers the light against it.

She was dressed in blue jeans and a checkered blouse. Her appearance suggested a frayed and faded survivor of the early bobby-sox days. She had huge eyes like a cat. They bulged in a flushed face that tapered down from an enormous forehead to a tiny chin and tinier double-chin. Her lips were tight and pale, but sometimes relaxed and parted into a naive smile. I assumed that she was a patient from another ward.

Pound jumped up and strode across the hall to his room, making a sign for me to follow him. He gave me one of the Square Dollar books, *Roman and Moslem Moneys* by Alexander Del Mar. The notice on the jacket informed me that Del Mar was among those "American writers who can hold their own, either as stylists or historians, against any foreign competition whatsoever," who are being printed by the Square Dollar Series. I was further impressed by the following paragraph on the opposite cover:

> The sheer incompetence, triviality and worthlessness of our universities is nowhere more blatantly exposed than in their ignorance of Del Mar's writings, published from 1862 onwards in both London and the U.S. Had one not met some of the low-grade personnel of the faculties, one would be unable to attribute the historical blackout to anything save the great conspiracy which some fanatics claim to be at the root of it.

Pound's room was strewn with wadded papers, bits of envelopes, trampled books, pencils, lengths of string, cardboard files, trunks, old paint cans, jars filled with teabags or scraps of food. The walls were hung with paintings, some by Miss Martinelli. There was a dressing table with a huge mirror which reflected the glow of sunset, and filled the room with it. The old man dove under the table looking for a couple of large tin paint cans. I noticed again how strong his bare legs looked. A person who saw him that afternoon might have had the impression, not of a poet who had lived ten years in the sordid prison described by MacLeish, but of an old-time seaman, aged but still spry from climbing the rigging every day, sitting at his ease in a coffee-house or tavern between voyages of exploration or privateering on the Spanish Main. He pulled out the tins and pried them open. They were filled with doughnuts and bread. He put some into a paper bag and tossed it to Miss Martinelli, who was standing at the door. Then he poked around under the bed until he found a box filled with boiled eggs and salami. This he handed to me to give to Châtel. It was marked *Books,* sent by Witter Bynner.

When we reached the big black door at the other end of the hall, near the TV set, Miss Martinelli saw a pair of singing comedians on the screen,

"Look at those fairies! Isn't it disgusting?"

Pound threw his arms around her, hugged her, and kissed her goodbye. He turned and asked me to come the next day. The attendant unlocked the door while we made our farewells. I was a little surprised to see that Châtel and Miss Martinelli were only visitors.

Châtel put me up for the night on a couch. We had the food Pound had given him for supper, and talked about literature and politics for several hours. He told me that he and Miss Martinelli were supplied with almost all their food by Pound, who gets it from the hospital cafeteria. In our conversation he revealed himself as a fanatic disciple of the "Maestro"; he apes his every like and dislike, even imitates his ner-

Ezra Pound in Paris and Elsewhere

the loneliness of death came upon me
at 3 P.M., for an instant
E. Pound: Canto LXXXII

1.

They nudged "who's that?"
whenever in the street he,
fur-collared and no hat,
passed like a duke of Moscovy
. . . in the old days . . .
head aetherial
on neck and shoulders verging burly
and profiled like a surly
somewhat older Ariel
with a streak
of Viking in him
or pre-Attic Greek,

His striking
red-gold beard and mane
curried by gales.
Whiffing centaurs' trails,
Houyhnhnm,
his gait seemed stamped with the device:
"This is not walking
This is stalking, pacing
as done by jaguar or ounce
in Zagreus' days, tracing
the lay-out for the Labyrinth . . .
Cowflops" (here
a flash too golden for a sneer)
"plotted Boston."

The brow bull-willed
jutting as if embossed on
Assyrian plinth
where Tiglath killed.

2.

Zagreus, they
are no maenads who gnaw thy bones to-day.
No pipes or cymbals whip a frenzy cold
as a dead snake's eye.

Orpheus, make no mistake
These cryptogamic bald
neuters are no bacchantes. When
these busy-body scarabs have sucked their glut,
no hell would take you in.
The frowsy slut
you would have breathed
—forsooth—a soul into
has got
her teeth snagged in your jugular.

What Furies it was your delight to hatch
are now superfluous.
What perversities you cultivated
could never match
those pitted now against you.

Against such gloating odds
as these,
there *are* no gods,
sere Herakles.

3.

And yet . . .
and yet . . .
'*So few drink of my fountain*'
(although the *best* did
and came away changed men)
Admittedly
his true Penelope was neither Hetty Green
nor even Old Nokomis . . . Howlers in
eleven languages . . . And yet . . .
and yet . . .

Ecbatan to Pisa and thereafter,
il miglior fabbro . . .
Nothing that he ever did
or any else has done
has changed that . . .
il miglior fabbro
del parlar materno.

Ramon Guthrie

vous tics and manner of speaking, and way of jumping up and stalking around. Next morning his father invited us to lunch.

Châtel's father, now a modest insurance man, was before the war a *colon* in Algeria; then joined the Free French and emigrated after the war. While we were at lunch, Châtel showed his father the copy of *Truth* which Pound had lent him, and which was filled with financiers, munitions manufacturers, a McFadden speech of 1932, and a "recently uncovered" Rothschild letter of 1862, "when America was sold to the Jews." M. Châtel read page after page, murmuring *"Très intéressant, très intéressant. . . ."*

While we were on the way from his father's to St. Elizabeth's, I asked my young companion if there might be some connection between the Kasper of Kasper & Horton Square Dollar Books, and the Kasper of Clinton, Tennessee. He laughed loudly and slapped his gloved hand on the steering wheel: "Ah! at last, the Great Dawning . . . why yes, of course, they're one and the same."

Kasper had recently opened a bookshop in Georgetown, D.C., organized the Seaboard White Citizens' Council and affiliated it to similar councils in the Deep South.

The group aimed to end "integration" in Washington, put the NAACP on the Attorney General's "subversive list" and abolish "rock-and-roll." Membership was open to anyone 18 and white, who "believes in the divinity of Jesus Christ." Jews were not allowed. *The New York Times* quotes from a pamphlet sent out by the Council. It condemns "pink punks . . . freaks, golf players, poodle dogs, hot-eyed Socialists, Fabians, scum, mold on top of the omelette . . . liars for hire, the press gang, degenerate liberals crying for the petrefaction of putrefaction."

The phrase "petrefaction of putrefaction" had rung a familiar note, and I must have suspected what Châtel's answer would be, but it wasn't till then that my mind began to work, and the passage quoted above came to me, together with Cantos XIV and XV, Pound's Inferno, and the following phrases from them:

> n and the press gang
> And those who had lied for hire . . .
> . . . a circle of lady golfers . . .
> and the fabians crying for the petrefaction of putrefaction . . .

I mentioned this to Châtel. The sun had just broken through the clouds and was kindling a fire in his stiff brown bush of hair, lighting up his pale unshaven face, marred by pimples and a huge insect bite on the forehead, while his coarse features labored with excitement.

"Of course, of course," he said with a wave of his hand, and stepped on the gas. "And you know what else was in that proclamation . . . no, you could never guess, because the book he took it from was burned up by order of the International Jews after the war, every copy they could lay hands on. The important part, where he sets forth the economic program, is straight from Feder . . . Gottfried Feder, do you know who he was?"

I indicated by a smiling nod and a properly righteous shudder that I did.

"Feder's book on the Nazi Economics. That's the important thing, the Negro business is just a front, he knows it's the only way he can get the Southern farmers to vote for him, but *then*, when he gets the power (and they've already won here and there, Charlottesville is one place) then, he can get to work on the economic program."

I WONDERED, as we turned up the road to St. Elizabeth's, if Pound might not have turned out that "Seaboard" pamphlet, and had a hand in *Truth* as well. As it happened, I came away convinced of it, having met the Maestro in an Economic Mood that afternoon, and also made the acquaintance of Mr. Horton of Kasper & Horton.

When Châtel and I arrived, Mrs. Pound was already sitting in her corner. Pound said:

"Glad you could come again. Hell of a lot better company than what he brought with him yesterday, I'm sure. Sit down and I'll make you some tea."

Mrs. Pound explained that an uninvited caller had made his way into the ward with Châtel, having given him to understand that he was invited by Pound and authorized by the hospital. I asked who he was.

"He is a journalist and we don't like him. In fact, E. P. has a violent aversion to him, and so we got the attendant and had the man ejected."

I started to question Pound about Provençal music, and he said he had heard that more than 250 tunes survive, but he didn't know where they were published.

"OH YES, it seems to me that one of those old fellows, the ones I told you about yesterday—could it have been Pellizzi?—one of them told me something about a facsimile edition being printed in Barcelona. Of course you know that most of those old manuscripts are just *motz* without *sons*. I've seen 'em with the staves carefully drawn on, but no *sons*, just the verses underneath, an entirely understandable bit of laziness: the fellow knew how it went, a perfectly simple tune, why waste time writing it all out? And as you know, transcribing those songs from the original to the modern notation is a job for a musicologist. Maybe that's why so few have been published. But you know, that old notation, it's just a kind of musical shorthand, an aid to memory, to be used only by someone who had already heard the tune at least once."

I told him about the record of Provençal songs made by Yves Tessier, who in addition to being a musicologist was an excellent singer. He waved his hand impatiently.

"Don't expect Grandpa to know anything about Provençal after 1920. That's all after my time. You have my *Spirit of Romance?* You do? All right, I cover all that in there."

I had noticed several times before Pound's unwillingness to be told anything that he hadn't already found out for himself; and yet, he declares that he never reads anything unless it's going to teach him something.

"At my age I can't waste the time. I read for information. I am not on the examination board to determine whether a young fellow's past the sophomore level in writing, or whether he should graduate with senior honors. I used to do it when I was young, but now I leave it to the young men . . . But speaking of notation as an aid to memory, that's the way I did my opera *Villon.* I have the only copy in existence over there in my room. BBC put it on in 1932 and they had some copies, but lost them. Too bad they didn't make a record of it, because I wrote out the *motz el sons* just the way the old troubadours did, just as an aid to memory. I used the modern notation in the old simple shorthand way, and I can read it, but nobody else can without hearing it first—I could hum it or whistle it to 'em. I don't have much of a voice to carry a tune, singing, but whistling or humming, I could make it clear to the musicians. They wanted to do it again, and get the tunes from me here, with a tape recorder. No, that wouldn't be any good, I'd have to rehearse it with 'em the way I did before. Imagine, recording engineers, singers, all swarming around in *here*—it would be a madhouse. . . ."

His eyes were shining with good humor, and we laughed.

"No, that's one project'll have to wait till I get out of pokey. I guess I'll have some more tea; how about you?"

MISS MARTINELLI appeared just as Pound was gathering up the jars and tins for tea-making. She was wrapped in a heavy wool overcoat and a long winding scarf, and was flushed and winded. Pound embraced her and ran his hands through her hair, and they talked excitedly, each interrupting the other. I turned and talked with Mrs. Pound. Miss Martinelli sat down in her chair and piled her things on the floor, announcing to us that she had been working since five o'clock that morning.

"At this time last Sunday," said Mrs. Pound, "he was making a record of his own readings. An old friend of his from BBC, a man we knew we could trust, brought one of those tape machines. He's never consented to have a record of his reading hawked in the market place, turned out by one of the great American nonsense factories. But he's known this man for years, and we know he's honest."

"What did you read?" I asked him.

"Well, it wasn't anything really serious. I just wanted to get something on record. I conceived the whole thing more or less as a ribbing for Eliot. Eliot is like that old mule, you light a fire under his tail to get him started, and he goes forward just far enough to burn up the wagon. That's neither here nor there. Anyway I read *'l'Homme Moyen Sensuel'* (first time I'd looked at the damned thing for years), the *Usura* Canto, one of the John Adams, a couple of the Alfred Venison poems, and the preface I did for her book."

He made a gesture toward Miss Martinelli.

"I just wanted to give the old boy a jolt, some time when he's settling down for a nice cozy evening, if he turns on the Third Programme and hears E. P. reading Alfred Venison—I chose the ones he likes the least . . . As for her preface, I wanted to give her a boost. She's one of the few American painters of any promise, that I know of. The Esperia people in Milano did a book, in color, of her paintings last year, and I wrote the preface."

A DARK hulking man, dressed in a black overcoat, appeared.

"Hello, Dave," said Pound. It was Mr. Horton.

In the gloom of the alcove his wavy hair and clothing were black, but Horton's face shone white, soft and slippery, as if crudely modeled in soap. I grasped his huge, soft hand. His eyes narrowing suspiciously, he smiled, parting lubber lips to reveal a pair of fang-like eyeteeth.

He sat down on the piano stool, opposite Pound and me, and produced a letter from his coat pocket.

"It seems that Wang has lost an important address book.* He's been staying at the Dartmouth Club in

---

*David R. Wang, a member of the Dartmouth class of 1955, is distinguished as being the only Chinese poet of record who devotes himself to the cause of white supremacy. Since graduation, *The Dartmouth* reports, Wang has been touring the Ivy League colleges with the purpose of setting up White Citizens' councils on the campuses. He has characterized Secretary of State Dulles as a "wishy-washy Socialist."

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N.Y., and says there's a Jew been hanging around his room, hasn't been able to get rid of him. Says he suspects him of stealing the address book. Here, he says, '. . . contains names of all our nationalist friends and those working for our cause . . .' What the Hell do you think he's done with it? He enclosed this example of the Jew's handwriting."

He handed Pound a creased slip of paper with the following words crudely penciled in a large hand: "The home of the Jews is Israel."

Pound held it up to the light. "So this is a specimen of the Hebe's calligraphy. Strange thing for him to be writing."

"And the funny thing," continued Horton, "is that it looked exactly like Kasper's hand to me."

At this comment, I had to hold my mouth just right to keep from laughing.

I had known Wang fairly well while he was at college, and besides finding him personally repellent, I had concluded that he didn't amount to much, as a poet, or anything else. He has become a legend on campus, an object of ridicule for both teachers and students. But I'd never suspected *how* stupid and conceited he was till Pound showed me a letter Wang had written him.

"Remarkably sensitive to the language for a young Chink," said Pound, looking at me sharply and grinning, as he handed me the letter.

I wondered as I read if Pound really meant it, or was just baiting me. In it Wang referred to himself in the third person, as "Hsin"—his Chinese given name for all I know; it means "Heart-mind." His letter was filled with phrases such as "the Cause which alone keeps body and soul together, in this horrible city where all stinks of Jewry." The last sentence was "P.S. Hsin has learned, from a reliable source, that *Hudson* has been selling E. P.'s typescripts to the Jews."

"HOW ridiculous," said Mrs. Pound. "What difference would it make if they were, because at least they're publishing them."

"I don't think they would," said Pound, "I know the editor and he's honest. I think *Hudson* is honest. Now that's the kind of monkeyshine I wouldn't put past Laughlin, you know, Laughlin of 'No Directions'."

"There are very powerful elements opposed to the publication of the Cantos, you know," said Châtel.

"It was 'No Directions' that suppressed that passage about the Rothschilds in the Pisan Cantos," said Pound. "They wanted to leave the whole thing out without any indication of the omission, and I said, 'Black lines or nothing' and so in went the black lines, so all my readers could see the censorship. I guess they were afraid of losing the support of the New York banks, if they published the truth about international finance."

"And so," said Miss Martinelli, "Grandpa's got to do it with suicide troops. Like Kasper. Kasper is your suicide troops. I have a strange feeling about him. I have a feeling that he is going to die very soon. And Horton is our coming President."

Horton laughed, "No, no, don't say that. That's looking too far ahead."

"But has one of my prophesies ever failed?" said Miss Martinelli. "You know perfectly well that every one of them has come true. Grandpa says I know intuitively what it takes a great genius years of study to learn."

DURING the rest of the afternoon Pound and Horton discussed their mutual political acquaintances. Pound was continually shuffling in his recent mail, and pulling out letters and pamphlets which he would hand to Horton. Horton tried to keep up with these, pursing his lips and murmuring as he scanned each one, before Pound thrust another at him.

I noticed two Negroes sitting at a game table in a similar alcove just across the hall, both of them dressed in rumpled baggy suits and wearing pushed-in felt hats. They were playing checkers, but each seemed oblivious of the other. Once they pushed the checker board aside and talked loudly a minute in some unintelligible dialect. Then hitching their chairs over, they faced the checker board again. After a long pause, one of them carefully reached out both hands and moved two pieces at once. In a moment both men were moving pieces at random all over the board. When they stopped, one of the Negroes shuffled over to our alcove and stood in front of Pound, staring out the window, and extending an upturned palm. Without hesitation Pound reached into the pockets of his outsized drawers and fished up a handful of small change. With an abstracted air he selected a dime and a nickel and dropped them into the pink palm, then turned back to the stack of papers in his lap. The Negro stood there a moment, then turned without a word or even a glance at Pound, and stuffing the coins into his coat pocket, he went back across the hall. No one else had paid any attention to this little scene.

POUND pulled out a proofsheet of his biography which will appear in the next *Who's Who*, in which he pointed to a sentence vindicating his war-time actions.

"I had a Hell of a time with 'em over that, and told 'em they couldn't print the thing without that sentence, so they put it in."

It was time to leave, and Pound embraced Miss Martinelli as on the day before. As we went down the stairs, she said, "Grandpa loves me. It's because I symbolize the spirit of Love to him, I guess."

"It's true," said Châtel, "He wrote a whole passage in the 'Rock-Drill' about her."

I didn't have a chance to find out where that passage was.

We stood talking in front of Horton's shabby black car. A middle-aged Jewish couple walked down a nearby path, both of them extremely short and fat.

"Just look at those twin spheres!" said Miss Martinelli, giggling delightedly, "Isn't it too disgusting for words!"

Horton pulled a portrait of himself from the back seat of his car. He said his wife had done it, and it was just about her first painting.

"Oh, what a wonderful job for an amateur," said Miss Martinelli, "I can hardly believe it. Just think of it, her first painting."

I have seen portraits of great

dictators, the kind that are printed in color and hung on every wall. Whether of Stalin, Hitler or Tito, they seem to run to a type, and his portrait of Horton was a crude imitation of that type. It was Horton conceived as Our Leader, the Square Dollar President. The painter had given him a hearty complexion, removed his double chin, re-modeled his burly chest and shoulders, straightened his nose, lightened his lips, taken the heaviness from his eyelids and contrived to give him a calm and determined gaze.

I was taking leave of Mrs. Pound when the door of the building we'd just left flew open, and there stood Pound on the doorstep, waving a sheaf of paper in his hand.

"Hey John, come back here and take your god-damned manuscript! How the Hell are you going to become a novelist if you leave your work all over the place? Goodbye Dave, you'll come over Christmas Day, won't you?"

He nodded smilingly at us, and disappeared in the door with a little wave.

Châtel and Miss Martinelli gave me a ride to the railroad station.

Hip, Cool, Beat — and Frantic

Herbert Gold

"WHOEE, I told my soul." This urgent message from Jack Kerouac to his soul contains most of the sense which emerges from his frantic tirade in the form of a novel, *On The Road* (Viking Press, $3.95), and it is his ability to make such stuff hip, cool, beat and frantic, all at once, which has earned him a title more valued nowadays than that of "novelist": He is a Spokesman.

For what this time? Kerouac has appointed himself prose celebrant to a pack of unleashed zazous who like to describe themselves as Zen Hipsters — poets, pushers and panhandlers, musicians, male hustlers and a few marginal esthetes seeking new marginal distinctions. They have a center in San Francisco, another in Greenwich Village, and claim outposts in Tangiers, on merchant vessels, in Chicago, a fragment among the fragments in New Orleans, a fringe of the fringe in Mexico City. Despite all wandering, however, their loneliness for the herd sends them eagerly trumpeting back into each other's arms after brief periods of saying whoee to their souls among the outlanders. At least two of them happen to be talented — Allen Ginsberg, a poet of shock and wild wit, whose blathering *Howl* really does contain some of the liveliest epithets in contemporary verse; and Jack Kerouac, whose mammoth journal has been edited into the form of a novel by The Viking Press. One of the heroes of *On the Road,* of course, is Allen Ginsberg (under the name of Carlo Marx), just as one of the heroes of *Howl* is Jack Kerouac (under the name of Jack Kerouac).

Who are these hipsters, what are they? A distinction must be made between the authentic beast — a phenomenon of frigidity and shock — and its literary fleas, who are mainly Ivy League desperadoes, romantic dreamers fondly recalling hypes and heists that other chaps hyped or heisted. In the background of Kerouac's book glimmer the cultural signs that the people he is spokesmanning for are really here: their photographs in *Harper's Bazaar* and *Mademoiselle;* two issues of the *Evergreen Review* and *New Directions 16* largely devoted to their work; a publishing venture in San Francisco; articles on them in *The New York Times, The Nation,* the *New Republic, New World Writing, Dissent,* the *Chicago Review* and elsewhere; a few books, including Clellon Holmes's *Go!,* which belongs to an earlier period (1952), although it describes many of the people implicated in *On the Road.* (Historical periods rush upon us like men's fashions: "Bop was somewhere between its Charlie Parker Ornithology period and another period which began with Miles Davis. . . . ") Mr. Ginsberg and Mr.

HERBERT GOLD is the author of The Man Who Was Not With It.

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Gregory Corso recently teamed up to make an agitprop tour of New York which shook Madison Avenue real bad, though they have yet to appear on behalf of Schweppes (with beards), Hathaway (eyepatch), Marlboro (tattooed hands), or in poems by e. e. cummings (they too are free spirits, FREE, they told him).

On the Road carries the ensign of the hipster with considerable humor and vitality, much awe, and a little of the literary hipster's prevalent social disease, the faked-up pretension that these are underground intellects who know all about Zen Buddhism, St. John of the Cross, Proust, and good bad old Charlie Parker, and could tell us if they only cared to. The awe breaks to happy moments of lucidity which are those of a real writer. Kerouac then sees the hipster, agape and bedazzled, mumbling about the world-historical significance of bop — but only mumbling. What he tells, he tries to tell true enough according to his lights. At times he almost seems to understand that Charlie Parker blew fine horn, but was not God.

HOWEVER, there is a structural flaw in this contemporary revival of the literary-criminal or ecstatic-delinquent underground which makes Jack Kerouac's book a proof of illness rather than a creation of art, a novel. In the first place, Villon, Rimbaud and Jean Genet really lived by their criminal passivity and wits. They showed their rumps to society because they were caught from behind. These Americans, however, are *literary* in their coolness, hipness, beatness, and they are unauthentic exactly to the degree that they are literary. The hipster-writer is a perennial perverse bar mitzvah boy, proudly announcing: "Today I am a madman. Now give me the fountain pen." The frozen thugs gathered west of Sheridan Square or in the hopped-up cars do not bother with talk. That's why they say "man" to everyone — they can't remember anybody's name. But Ginsberg and Kerouac are *frantic*. They care too much, and they care aloud. "I'm *hungry*, I'm *starving*, let's *eat right now*!" That they care mostly for themselves is a sign of adolescence, but at least they care for something, and it's a beginning. The hipster is past caring. He is the criminal with no motivation in hunger, the delinquent with no zest, the gang follower with no love of the gang; i.e., the worker without ambition or pleasure in work, the youngster with undescended passions, the organization man with sloanwilsonian gregory-peckerism in his cold, cold heart. He has entered a deep cavern where desire and art

AUSCHWITZ

(from the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Laggiu, ad Auschwitz, lontano dalla Vistola,
amore, lungo la pianura nordica. . . .

There at Auschwitz, far from the Vistula,
O Love, upon that Nordic plain,
there in a camp of the dead, the rain falls
cold and heavy on the barbed-wire barriers
and on the rust of the palings:
no tree, no bird stirs in that gray air;
there is nothing but the apathy and pain
of a silence without irony or ire.

It is not an elegy you want, nor an idyll,
but a justification of our fate,
woman without delusions,
trembling in the ominous presence of a life.
Life is here
in every nay that seems a certainty;
O we shall hear the angel weep and the beast;
the hours of our lives will turn
in the air of time and not in an image
of dreams or in the semblance of a possible piety.
These are our metamorphoses and our myths.
Lacking the names of symbols, the name of a god,
they are our chronicles, the lands of our earth;
they are Auschwitz, my Love. Remember
the swift change of Alpheus and Arethusa
into drifting shades!

From that Hell opened by a piece
of white paper — "*Arbeit macht frei*" —
the fumes from the bodies of a thousand women,
herded forth at dawn from the canals
and lined against the wall of the firing squad
or suffocated screaming misericordia to the water
with skeleton mouths under the showers of gas,
coiled higher and higher in the brilliant air.
You will find them, Soldier, in your
history, in the shapes of rivers and of beasts,
or are you too the ashes of Auschwitz,
a medallion of silence?
Gaze at these long tresses, trim and sparkling
with amulets, locked in the crystal urns;
and the infinite shadows of tiny shoes,
and the long scarfs of the Hebrew women:
they are the relics of a time of wisdom
and knowledge of man whose only measure is his gun.
They are our myths and our metamorphoses.

On the plain, where love and the lament
will rot, and pity, too; under the rain
a nay cries within us to the death that died at Auschwitz.
Dark possesses the grim, ghost-shaken face;
a chill fills the flooding vein.
At the turning by the poplars where the road begins,
by the stagnant water black with the leaves of a dying autumn,
arched above the earth, the cold light grows.

Harold Enrico

are unknown; swimming blind, scarred and silent, he eats whatever is alive — a symptom of trouble, but hardly feeling it anymore.

Still, hipsterism has touched a number of writers, since the extremes always attract and the hipster fish is the coldest and clammiest and perhaps the deadliest creature of the deep seas in which we all now swim. "Nothing human is alien to me." Goethe, among others, said it. The hipster's pressured soul, squirting bile, excites the artist who, out of pity or morbidity, either saintly or slumming, dives into the world of the ice-blooded. Yes, something has made them that way. There are connections. They have carried their rebellion from society past the end: excising from their innards the cant of a mass culture, these fierce surgeons have also badly cut up their humanity. They are cool. Now they blow nothing but the miseries.

Bernard Wolfe has learned to keep a heavy leg outside, in the wide world of politics and philosophy, and therefore to make art of the hipsters' death-in-life; Norman Mailer has gone to school to them, and may yet graduate, as he has restlessly graduated from other ideologies. The poet Kenneth Rexroth is their youngish elder statesman, whose collected essays in their defense might be entitled, "Zen Strikes Back"; Lawrence Lipton contributes a hairy, academic *apologia pro vita nostruomo;* the late Isaac Rosenfeld was one of their most perceptive critics. There are others whom the stoolies of criticism have fingered with deadly inaccuracy, such as Nelson Algren, Chandler Brossard, Anatole Broyard and (may he put away his Harley-Davidson "74," nevermore to roam in nail-trimmed leather jacket and buttock-cracking jeans) Herbert Gold. But if we grant that the hipster-writer exists, the first thing to understand about him is that he is not a hipster, although he likes to play as if, any more than Nelson Algren is a Polish poker player. He is propagandist for a cause that does not ask to be preached. He is hung up on the dilemma of being cool and frantic at the same time. "Some of the best minds of our generation," chants Allen Ginsberg, "have given up thinking."

By definition an artist cannot be a hipster though he might follow the old style of dipping into forbidden waters, reminding us in various ways of Brecht, Gide, Gorki and a number of English and Spanish philosophical picaros. Coolness can be defined as refusing-to-care — not uncaring, but refusing. The hipster steals a car with a copy of *Swann's Way* in his pocket—a book he doesn't read, a car he doesn't want. The hipster's ideal is to smoke a cigar and study the *Daily News* while having immobile sexual intercourse. He has to carry out the act in order to refuse its meaning in vitality and refreshment and to debase the girl: he cannot simply abstain. The frantic man *swings*. He may move badly; his prose may be derivative and his reactions premature; but he *moves*, man. The ash spills from his cigar. He gets more than kicks out of life.

WHEN KEROUAC wails about "many and many a lost night, singing and moaning and eating the stars and dropping the juices drop by drop on the hot tar," he is in a respectable literary tradition, and the tradition's name is Thomas Wolfe. This is not hipster talk. When he passes through Fresno, sees an Armenian and thinks: "Yes, yes, Saroyan's town," he has some of that aging bucko's freewheeling self-love — and just as literary. When he hints at orgy, his real daddy is the daddy of all the living boheems, Henry Miller, though he practices a conciseness of sexual rhetoric which probably derives from the publisher's timidity rather than from any cool indifference. Sometimes he writes the purest straight-and-true Hemingway, as when he meets a Mexican girl: "Her breasts stuck out straight and true." Later his friend Dean is driving a car no-hands, but "it hugged the line straight and true."

This is not beat. This is not cool. This is not hip. This is the Columbia College boy vacationing on his G.I. Bill money, reading Papa. But despite all the bookish derivations, Kerouac retains a stubborn in-

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tegrity: "I had nothing to offer anybody but my own confusion."

HE HAS something more to offer. I would guess, writing before publication, that the bookselling business is not yet ready for a particular blend of nihilism and mush which might someday take its place in the gassy world of bestsellerdom. When Kerouac mentions the Bomb, he makes us blush: he doesn't mean it, it's pure stylishness, and we resent the fact that the great disaster of contemporary history should be used in passing to let us know that a poet "cares." However, beyond the pretense, the derivations, the plotless rambling, the grate of vacant noise, Kerouac somehow achieves communication of a happy sense for the humor of car-stealing and marital confusion, for the insanity and pomp of addicts, for the joys of being tormented. And he gives us a fascinating tape recording of the skinny bunyanesque car-thief, Dean Moriarty, craving intellect, wives, fast travel and bop, emitting fiery nonsense from the tail of his hurtling nuttiness:

> But of course, Sal, I can talk as soon as ever and have many things to say to you in fact with my own little bangtail mind I've been reading and reading this gone Proust all the way across the country and digging a great number of things I'll never have TIME to tell you about and we STILL haven't talked of Mexico and our parting there in fever—but no need to talk. Absolutely, now, yes?

He balances the crazed Dean with a certain wryness about himself, whom he calls Sal Paradise:

> She was a nice little girl, simple and true. . . .

Oh-oh, Hemingway again.

> . . . and tremendously frightened of sex. I told her it was beautiful. I wanted to prove this to her. She let me prove it, but I was impatient and proved nothing. She sighed in the dark. "What do you want out of life?" I asked, and I used to ask that all the time of girls.

Here he enlists both our indulgence and our sympathy for poor impatient Sal, and does it with wit and feeling and imaginative detachment. But at other places he is capable of the melodrama of the purebred domitory genius:

> I would be strange and ragged and like the Prophet who has walked across the land to bring the dark Word, and the only Word I had was "Wow."

At still another juncture he forgets that he is the Prophet of Wow and informs us that his word is Mad. There are other words in his sack, too.

But wha hoppin?

Nothin' hoppin, man.

Dean Moriarty is brilliantly transcribed, not rendered as a man through time and desire, despite all his velocity. He begins mad, he stays mad, he concludes mad: he is a stripped, tormented, dancing celluloid doll, burning fast, without a gesture that can surprise us although he says and does exactly what he would say and do. Kerouac is loyal to him. In garlands of prose, the words *mad, madness, madly* are the stems to which the buffeted reader can look for a principle of organization. It is the end of the philosophy for which the hungering boy traveler yearns, the great death-in-life to fill the boredom. He is fading away because of boredom, since nothing can make him happy, nothing can enlist him for more than a few spasmodic jerks, and the mad ones seem in his eyes to have an inner purpose. They are driven, while he is hung up. Unfortunately for communicative purpose, after many repetitions of the phrase, "It was *mad*," we hear not the trumpets of Blake nor the divine flap of Antonin Artaud, but rather an interior decorator describing last night's binge. "As in a dream," he adds — because he wants to make life a mad dream and so pronounces MAD and DREAM at us over and over — "we made the bed bounce a half hour." The precise report of the time arouses our suspicion. *Why was he looking at his watch?* Such modest journalism does not imply a dreamlike transport.

Kerouac's people rarely talk, respond, exchange warmth with each other. They split their guts to cross the continent, say, "Hello, whooee, wow, Charlie Parker, soul" to their

The Hot-Rods Ride at Dusk

Studillac, Fuick, Chevrolash, Chrysoto:
Burbank dreamed them just before he died.
Hooded like gryphons, like the mermaid tailed,
Sounding the centaur's educated neigh,
They hit the town square, thirty-five in second,
Then round and round, moths for brutal neon;
Their headlights moons to Beeler's Cut-Rate Drugs.
Then round, with tires baying at the curbs,
And round again and out.
Who hid the girls?

Their birth confounds legitimate Detroit.
Carbs with as many chambers as the six-gun,
Hollywood mufflers with a first-night claque,
Pennies in the risers, double-jointed pistons,
Barnum gears, a crew-cut engine head.
We said a Requiescat for this junk,
But iron Lazarus, newly sprung from rust,
Is carrying his tombstone in his trunk
For getaway.
Whereat we elders tut.

The half-breed is always villain. Sneaks the maps
To Sitting Bull, bootlegs kerosene
(Cut with a little whiskey) to the braves.
But fascinating! Eyes like bullet-holes.
The Colonel's daughter, saved a night too late
And bundled off by coach, brings forth quadroons
Who people Texarkana, Kiowa, Calexico,
Invent the cocktail, the double-take, the old one-two,
And colossal corn.
America is hybrid.

S. P. ZITNER

friends, get a quick divorce, make a quick marriage, and rush back to San Fran to a first or second or third wife, bringing along a girl from Denver. They zoom up and down the continent for no reason but bored impulse, though they call it "find our souls." Then they write 18,000-word letters explaining why they never had that good long talk. Words fly, but they cannot communicate. They "tell" each other things: "Went for a walk in the middle of the night and came back to my girl to tell her what I thought about during my walk. I told her a number of things."

EVEN the wonderful chatter of the run-on hero, Dean Moriarty, which is the strongest thing in the book, tells us only one thing: He began as a psychopath and ended as a psychotic. Though lively along the way, this is not much of a journey, and tells little of anyone's life—including the real life of Moriarty.

On the Road asks us to judge the lives of its characters; it requires no real-life acquaintance with them to see that they are "true" projections — that is, the book represents Kerouac's attempt to do justice to his friends. This is a very different matter from the artist's attempt to project meaningful people through the medium of his imagination onto the medium of the imaginations of readers: characters who will be true to possibility, not necessarily to fact. *On the Road* reads right along — it contains, essentially, some lively rambling conversation about the exploits of big bad boys — but it is deeply insular in its intentions. Kerouac has not faced an important decision about whom he is writing for — his "soul" (to prove that he has one), his friends (to prove that he is worthy of them), or the public at whom his editor and publishers aim the book. He seems to be confused by the difference between writing a novel about hipsters—a legitimate stunt in an age of antiheroes—and becoming a hipster in order to leave a track of paper.

Kerouac displays some of the belly-patting in-group satisfaction which is expressed, in another arena, by another confused champion, Homer Capehart, Senator from Indiana, who said, "I would rather be a friend of the President of the United States without brains than a friend of the Senator from Oklahoma with brains." Underlying Kerouac's autobiographical study of himself and his friends ("Fiction is not possible — my pals are too great — we must do justice," he seems to say) is the decision that he would rather be a friend of a mediocre poet with madness than a good poet without madness, rather a hip madman than a nonhip sane one, rather a beat bum than anyone else in the world. The writer and the senator are equally smug.

Another example of insularity: locked in the privacy of fond illusion, Kerouac even believes in the "happy, true-hearted, ecstatic Negroes of America" with an old-fashioned heartache of nostalgia that

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is quite touching except for the harm and ignorance it stands for. It is my impression that such writers as Ralph Ellison and James Baldwin are responding to a different sort of experience; the evidence of Negro life shows this people moving out of the Happy, True-hearted, Ecstatic category into a more complicated set of responses to the pressures under which they live. The reader can cite his own experiences, anything from bus boycotts to cool jazz, in support of this truism. It may be cause for sighing to the sentimentalists, but like the stationary hipster, "Movement," in Bernard Wolfe's novel, *The Late-Risers,* or the unnamed hero of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man,* the Negro today aims to be more white than the whites.

I TAKE the Ginsberg of *Howl* and the Kerouac of *On the Road* to be typical of their little boystown at its rare best, serious, convinced and trying hard. Through them, one can ask what this clan of superfrantic subhipsters wants. Are they bringing a scout's message, a Word? Do they represent a new style of American? Will they provide a bracing antidote to the chronic headache of American culture?

They seem to be more a wounded shrilling and shrinking than an angry and vital reaction. Curiously enough their command performance of ecstatic rituals has misled them; they feel no ease in the expense of impulse; puzzled, they withdraw from pleasure. Madness is the penultimate escape, which seems both to allow joy and illumination and to oil over the troubling itch of responsibility. It seems so, that is, to the broody tourist, traveling home to his mother's suburb to describe his friends to his notebook, and then justifying them to his editors. I am sure that from within madness is different, and less delightful. They are ascetics of excess. They yearn for the annihilation of sense through the abuse of the senses. They look for a society of unchanging virtue in which the risks of possibility have been removed; pure love will reign, green marijuana will be discovered in the mad glove compartments of every straight and true stolen car, Saroyan will live at peace in Fresno, souls will tell each other things. The terms of heaven have changed, but all this is very familiar. The ultimate goal is that single small step beyond madness.

What Kerouac wants is what the mystics driven by fright in all ages want, "the complete step across chronological time into timeless shadows . . . the stability of the Intrinsic mind." Such unhappy nonsense, such droopy-jeaned nay-saying to the blessed facts of time and change! There are other possible mysticisms, but Kerouac models his heaven on Marie Stopes's elegant, Swedenborgian, impossibly weary orgasm, saying "wow!" in advance just because he hopes to describe it as "MAD." No wonder all the fireworks. The experience he craves is simple, dark and in any case inevitable to all of us sooner or later — immolation. He is not content to wait. Mortality terrifies him; better death at once than the long test of life. He expresses this fantasy with convulsive violence, trying to disguise the truth from himself and from the reader, using breathlessness as a surrogate for energy. But he is compelled. The jitters are not an active state of being. He puts to the service of his rockabye dream of oblivion all the violence, sex, drink, dope, and the batty babbling buddies with whom he populates his heaven, anything, every easeful and bitter experience, even that of turning to rot in the Mexican jungle:

> The jungle takes you over and you become it. . . . The dead bugs mingled with my blood; the live mosquitoes exchanged further portions. . . . Soft infinitesimal showers of microscopic bugs fanned down on my face as I slept, and they were extremely pleasant.

It would help Jack Kerouac if he could find within himself the strength to stop writing about Love, Life and Death (with a dot dot dot between these stylish abstractions) and remember the real boy who enjoyed midget auto races. He might then discover that he knows something about death, life and love. At present he is a wolf of the hot-rod age, Thomas and Virginia melted together into a damp creature from which even Aristophanes, who loved thing resembling a merit badge; something like a commodity. Let us admit it, Experience with the capital E *is* something of a writer's commodity, and the reason for this, I think, is that modern fiction has taken it upon itself to show experience as ever-new and ever-valuable. The very form of fiction is that of experience itself. Everything is to be viewed as though for the first time. The representation of things is imperative, for the things of a modern man's life are important. They are important because man's career on this earth is held to be important. Literature has been committed to the assertion of this importance for a long time. Unquestioned value. But what is the source of the value?

For some time now the whole fictional enterprise has been running backwards. It is not importance which illuminates the facts. The facts as facts are assumed to be important. We bring forward characters, enumerate the facts and try to put it over on everyone that such numbering or naming is all that is necessary.

"He opened the door." Did he, now?

"She lit his cigarette." So what?

It is assumed that these declarations are important, or will seem so. But why? Documentation, observation, details of action, cannot by themselves give life, no matter how authentic or faithful to experience they may be. You can't construct a tree with twigs. You cannot give importance to events by the authority of Experience, merely.

THE LIFE of a civilized man is, increasingly, an internalized one, and towards this internalized life writers have been encouraged to take a gross and foolish attitude. They are the playboys of Experience. More Lord Byron? More Kipling? More *Noa Noa*? More Zola? These are very old-fashioned postures. It is ridiculous for writers to continue them.

Well, now, does it harm writers to teach in universities? I am not sure the question is a real one. It is to some extent a *postural* question. It assumes that by doing the right things we get the desired results. Those right things are conventional. Leave your home town; don't leave your home town; don't write for the movies; travel; don't be a sissy; don't tie yourself down—and you will turn out fine. But the wind of the spirit is capricious. I have known men of foresight who avoided every trap of bourgeois life, some after the manner of Rimbaud, and some after the manner of Baudelaire; I have known faithful followers of Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and D. H. Lawrence-men, *semper fidelis,* grown old and wrinkled and red-nosed and cat-whiskered and bad-tempered. But that wind! It bloweth whither it listeth. And in the end a correct posture can give you nothing more than the satisfaction that comes of fidelity to good form.

It is not easy to find the right way. You must learn to govern yourself, you must learn autonomy, you must manage your freedom or drown in it. You may strain the will after Experience because you need it for your books. Or you may perish under the heavy weight of Culture. You may make a fool of yourself anywhere. You may find illumination anywhere—in the gutter, in the college, in the corporation, in a submarine, in the library. No one man holds a patent on it. No man knows what it is likely to tell him to do. For this reason universities and corporations may find the illuminable type unreliable from a *personnel* point of view. A writer may do better in the anxiety of the gutter; he may do better in the heavy security of the college. Despite the purity of your posture he may do well. It's up to the spirit, altogether, and the spirit prints no timetable.

Cortaron Tres Arboles

(from the Spanish of
Federico Garcia Lorca)

There were three.
(The day came with its hatchets).
There were two.
(Wings traced with silver).
There was one.
There were none.
(I want to go naked, into the water).

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Mushrooms, Russia and the Wassons

Edmund Wilson

MUSHROOMS, RUSSIA, and HISTORY, by Valentina Pavlovna Wasson and R. Gordon Wasson (Pantheon Books) is a somewhat difficult book to review. Mr. Wasson is a Morgan partner and Mrs. Wasson is a pediatrician. They have no training as writers or scientists, and they make a point of calling themselves amateurs and being candid about their disqualifications. They have furthermore brought out their book in so unmanageable a format, at so high a price, and in so limited an edition that it can scarcely, in any real sense, be said to be accessible to the public. It consists of two elaborate volumes, handsomely printed in Italy, which are embellished with eighty-two plates, that include a brilliant series of watercolors—never before published and reproduced in color—of different species of mushrooms, by Jean-Henry Fabre, the once-famous French writer on insects. The set costs $125, and the edition consists of only 512 copies, and each of the volumes weighs a ton and is of a size and a shape so awkward as to make it extremely difficult, in any normal position, to cope with the voluminous text.

In spite of these obstacles, which seem calculated to occlude it from the reviewer as well as from the public, the work deserves special attention. Though sometimes inept and muddled, the authors have brought to light a good deal that is exciting and important. But, in view of the difficulty of acquiring the book, the critic must take as his aim to suggest how it may be reworked to present what is valuable in it in a form available to the ordinary reader rather than to suggest to this reader how he ought to approach it in its present form. Yet one cannot write an amateur review, one cannot, out of courtesy, assimilate oneself to however confessedly amateurish a book. So here is an account of the Wassons on mushrooms that makes no allowance for their amateur status and assumes that they offer their studies in the folklore and botany of the subject as serious contributions.

IN THE first volume, then, of *Mushrooms*, etc., the Wassons are seen at their weakest. The first chapters, by Mrs. Wasson, are bound to prove a stumbling block to no matter how sympathetic a reader. These originally constituted, we gather, the opening of a quite different work—a book about "the Russians and their food"—undertaken by Mrs. Wasson before the book about mushrooms grew out of it. For incomprehensible reasons, these chapters have been incorporated in the work that eventually resulted and have carried along with them a title which, besides being clumsy in itself, is entirely inappropriate to it. This is properly a treatise on mushrooms, not on history or Russia. Though mushrooms, as the authors show, are especially esteemed in Russia, Russian mushrooms are no more important, for the general scope and purpose of the book, than the mushrooms of any other country.

Mrs. Wasson's long summary of the history of Russia is completely irrelevant to the subject; and her personal reactions to mushrooms, as a patriotic Russian, strike a somewhat false note in a book which—however ill-equipped its authors in the discipline of botanical science—must be expected, from its very nature, to respect scientific procedure. What Mrs. Wasson here mainly gives us is what the Russians themselves call *klyukva.* This originally meant synthetic Russian atmosphere produced by Russians for foreign consumption: a man in a Cossack costume, accompanied by an accordion or a balalaika, singing *Ochi Chyorniye* or the Volga Boat Song in a New York or Paris night club. More recently, the Russian exiles of long residence in foreign countries have been—innocently and understandably—producing a kind of *klyukva* intended for their own consumption. Mrs. Wasson writes:

> This love of Russians for the earthy tribe of mushrooms, is, I suggest, a distinctive trait of the Slavs. In the face of an ever-mounting flood of printed matter and talk about Russia, that land remains for the English-speaking world as deep an enigma as ever. If among those who seek the key to the enigma there be some with an understanding heart and a poet's insight, let them lay aside for awhile most of what is written and uttered, and consider the lesson in Russian history and Russian ways that the mushroom has to teach. Here is evidence of our visceral attachment to the bounteous soil that is our Mother Russia. . . . With what astonishment my husband saw me, on our first walk [in the Catskills] dart with ecstasy to this fungus and that, and on bended knee strike what semed to him poses of adoration! . . . To what a world of wonder and delight the fungal vocabulary of Russia transports us! . . . Close to forty years have passed since I last gathered mushrooms in Russia, and revelled in the mushroom lore that we all shared. As I reread the lines I have written, I became aware of receding planes of memory, on the periphery of my consciousness, strewn with visions of mushrooms that I can no longer identify by name, and with names of mushrooms that are no longer attached to clearly defined images. What were those *belyanki** that refused to go to war because they were aristocratic ladies?

And so on for a paragraph: "I recall another curious name — the *skripitza,* or screeching mushroom: what could it have been?" etc. If

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EDMUND WILSON's most recent book is A Piece of My Mind: Reflections at Sixty.

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*I am making the Wassons' transliteration consistent with the standard one.

Mrs. Wasson had looked in Dahl's Russian dictionary or in the old Brockhaus Russian encyclopaedia, she would have found almost all of these "fungal" mysteries identified by their Latin names; and, as a matter of fact, when we get to the end of the Wassons' own second volume, we find, in Appendix II, the *belyanki* ticketed as *Lactarius Pubescens.*

In any condensation of the Wassons' book, these obstructive preliminary chapters ought certainly to be omitted. The one about the misuse of poisonous mushrooms in modern detective stories should be boiled down to a note. The only matter here that is valuable, the chapters on the Russian lore of mushrooms and the English antagonism to them, should be worked into the later chapter in which the curious contrast — brought out for the first time by the Wassons — of the attitudes toward the mushroom of the various nations is treated more comprehensively. Mrs. Wasson's own relation to the mushroom — emotional, national, personal — should be given its place in a foreword, which should also include the story of the conversion of the mushroom-fearing Wasson by the mushroom-loving Valentina Pavlovna and of the genesis in this conversion of their years of research and the present book — an interesting episode which they have here failed to make effective.

THE remainder of the first volume is entirely occupied with etymologies, which may bewilder the nonphilological reader but are likely, in the long run, to cause him to lose confidence in the judgment of the authors. The Wassons have looked up the vocabulary of mushrooms and of ideas associated with mushrooms in innumerable languages and dialects, and they have established some significant connections; but they have terribly compromised these by entangling them in a web of improvisations that have no basis in science or common sense. For example, they have thrown some light on the association of mushrooms with toads (as in our English derogatory "toadstool" and an old French term for mushroom, *"pain de crapaud"*), but they have clouded this with new attempts at derivation and definition that run counter to scholarly opinion and seem implausible if not impossible. They have discovered that an old French word for "toad" was *"bot"* and that a current Italian one is *"botta,"* and they propose to connect these terms with certain regional French words for mushrooms such as *"botet"* and *"boutarel."* Very well; let us grant that the laymen may accept this connection as possible. But they want to get the Devil into it, and go about it in the following way.

The Wassons have scholarly authority for deriving these French and Italian words for "toad" from an old German word *"buta,"* which means "blunted, clumsy, malformed"; and there is a French expression for "club foot," *"pied-bot,"* which is supposed to have the same derivation. Now, the Devil is sometimes imagined as limping, so the Wassons at once conclude that *"le bot"* was "a euphemism for Satan" — though their only evidence for this consists of the Elizabethan "a bots on" someone or something and the French exclamation *"Vrai bot!,"* which occurs in Rabelais. But the first of these refers to the cattle disease caused by the larvae of the botfly — see the big Oxford dictionary: it is an expression like "a pox" or " a murrain on " — and the second of them is defined in Huguet's *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française du Seizième Siècle* as a modified form of *"vrai Dieu"* (one would hardly say *"vrai Diable!"*). Yet Mr. Wasson assumes that his case is thus proved, and, in a paper more recently published, asserts, as if on good authority, that *"le bot"* in old French means "the Devil." And the Wassons go on in their book to try to show that the English word "bat," the animal, equals *"bot,"* and hence "Devil," though the accepted derivation for "bat" is the middle-English *"bakke,"* meaning "bat," brought over by the Scandinavians and ultimately deriving from *"blaka,"* an Icelandic word for "flutter." From this they take off in a flight that explains Old Boots as a name for the Devil, Puss-in-boots and the expression "Clumsy-Boots,"

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used by Bella to her husband in *Our Mutual Friend*, as based on "le *bot*," the limping Devil, who has never been anything other than a philological invention of the Wassons.

They even go to the length of asserting that to describe someone as "bats" is equivalent to saying he is possessed by the Devil. The queerness of mushrooms and toads and the fact that they are sometimes poisonous are enough to account for their association in the minds of simple people, and that the Devil was associated with both mushrooms and toads is shown in a variety of ways: an old Dutch word for mushrooms was *"duivelsbrood."* But the Wassons have overdone all this. In their chapter on the *Amanita muscaria,* a mushroom which has been supposed to owe its name to its efficacy in killing flies — the tradition has come down from the thirteenth century — they go out of their way to demonstrate that this species has been called "fly mushroom" for an entirely different reason: its supposed connection with the spirits of evil. The Wassons have had two sets of experiments made with the purpose of finding out whether the "fly-killer" — crushed in milk, with sugar, according to the old receipt — is actually fatal to flies; and one of these, performed in Oslo, gave only negative results, while the other, performed in Paris, seemed to justify the ancient belief: the flies that drank the milk did die. But even if this *Amanita* is actually pernicious to flies, the Wassons — apparently influenced by the mentality of the "New Criticism," with its napoleon-like "layers of interpretation"—contend that it is not improbable that the name "carries two layers of meaning, one for housewives and one for those initiated in sacred mysteries." This contention the two authors attempt to support by pages of far-fetched linkages between flies and the forces of evil — "bug," "bugaboo," etc.

The literary style of the Wassons is calculated to horripilate the literary as well as to alienate the scientific reader. Besides the examples already given, one may cite their delight in such phrases as "the gentle art of mushroom-knowing," their addiction to such dreadful words as "oft-times" and "unbeknownst," and their concoction of such chapter headings as *Mucus and Love* and *The Riddle of the Toad* and *Other Secrets Mushroomic.*

BUT NOW, having cut our way through the etymological creepers of Volume I, let us go on to the revelations contained in the second volume. These chapters, besides being more interesting, are noticeably better written. The Wassons here are getting their hand in, and since the book itself has been published, the short articles they have been doing for periodicals seem to show that they are becoming capable of presenting their ideas and experiences in a simpler and more clear-cut way. And they have here, in their expeditions in search of the "Sacred Mushroom," a very curious story to tell.

When the Spaniards arrived in America, early in the sixteenth century, they found that, on festive occasions, the Mexican natives ate mushrooms which made them deliriously and dangerously drunk. Several species apparently had this effect. They sometimes brought ecstatic visions, sometimes nightmares of doom; sometimes people laughed uncontrollably, sometimes they became suicidal, sometimes homicidal. The Wassons have collected and print here from the contemporary Spanish accounts, all the discoverable references to this phenomenon, and they have turned up a sixteenth-century drawing of a man sitting and eating mushrooms while an evidently divine figure, wearing a crenellated headdress and with clawed hands and feet, comes behind him and touches the back of his head. One species of these hallucinatory mushrooms was significantly known as God's Flesh. But these fungi were never encountered by any non-Indian again until 1936, when a traveling anthropologist, Mr. Robert J. Weitlaner, getting wind of a surviving cult in the remote town of Huantla de Jiménez, in the State of Oaxaca, Mexico, succeeded in obtaining some specimens, which eventually found their way to the botany department at Harvard. They were identified there as belonging to the genus *Panaeolus*, various species of which were already known in Europe and America. These have not ordinarily been eaten, but there is a record of one occasion, in 1916, when an American family who cooked and ate on toast what they believed to be *Panaeolus* mushrooms became wildly intoxicated. In 1938, another anthropologist and three other white people attended a rite in Huantla, at which the sacred mushrooms were eaten.

The Wassons decided to investigate Huantla, and in August, 1953, they went there with Mr. Weitlaner. An account of their adventures and researches in connection with the hallucinatory mushroom occupies

Three Religious Poems

The Secular View

The secular view is no longer in flower—
'Tis religion that's Sheening and Greene.
(See Niebuhr and Tillich. See Dwight Eisenhower.
See Auden. See Time Magazine.)

Progress

Sankey was moody, and Sunday, he ranted like Saturday night
While Aimée MacPherson (they say) went whoring.
Billy Graham has raised the Lord's standard all right
But he's rather boring.

And Smile Smile Smile

The difference between a Cheshire cat and Norman Vincent Peale
Is that—on the latter gent—even the grin isn't real.

Eric Bentley

about half of their second volume. They found that the natives believed that the god of the mushroom spoke to them, advising them about their affairs and prophesying the future. At a mushroom-eating ceremony at which the Wassons were present in Huantla but in which they did not take part, they inquired, since they had to pretend that there was something they wanted to know, about their eighteen-year-old son, from whom they had not heard since they left and whom they supposed to be in Boston. The priest of the mushrooms replied that the boy was in New York, that he was worried about some problem which he did not know how to deal with, and that "they" were reaching out for him to send him to war. His parents assumed that this could not be true, because the boy was exempt from the draft, but it later turned out that their son had actually been in New York at the time of the Mexican ceremony and that he had been going through a crisis about a girl and, as a result of it, had decided to enlist.

It occurred to the Wassons at about this time, though the connection had never been suggested, that the so-called "mushroom stones," found in quantities in Mexico and Guatemala — little statues of mushrooms with a human face or figure always embedded in the stem — must be images of the sacred mushroom, and that if this were true one could conclude from the archaeological evidence that the cult must have flourished from at least 1000 B. C. to about 900 A. D.

IN June and July of 1955, they visited another Oaxacan village and attended somewhat different rites, at which for the first time they were permitted — and had the courage— to eat the sacred mushroom themselves. While the woman of the household, all through the night, under the influence of the drug, was performing a long ritual of chanting and dancing, the Wassons had hallucinations that fully convinced them that the mushroom deserved its reputation. Mr. Wasson saw a desert with caravans of camels and landscapes of "the estuaries of immense rivers brimming over with pellucid water." There were also "patterns" and "artistic motifs" that "seemed the very archetypes of beautiful form and color." The visions of Mrs. Wasson are not described in this book, but she has written about them in an article in the *This Week* Sunday supplement of the New York *Herald Tribune* of May 19, 1957. She noticed at first that "my husband's red plaid sports shirt was glowing with a peculiar intensity. I stared at the crude wooden furniture. The cracks and knotholes were changing shape." She later found herself traveling through the caves of the Dordogne and delighting in their primitive paintings, which "seemed suffused with a crystal light." Then she was transported to France — to the Versailles of Louis XV — where she saw herself and her sister taking part in a great ball. "Hundreds of beautifully gowned couples danced the minuet in train and powdered periwig to the music of Mozart."

The Wassons' sixteen-year-old daughter who was with them and who also ate the mushrooms, first thought she saw "a nest of bright blue boxes piled up in the corner of the room," then cried out that she "felt like a chicken" (there were chickens straying through the house), then, in response to some remark of her father's, replied impatiently, "Oh Father, I'm having too good a time to bother talking to you!" In the meantime, Mrs. Wasson had visited a Spanish church, with a "towering crucifix," and an opera box at the Metropolitan, where that old favorite Tchaikovsky ballet, *Les Sylphides,* was being performed; had "taken off through the skies with several of the dancers," and found herself "bending over a huge, deep blue Chinese vase, inspecting several handsome gold dragons crawling around at the bottom." Then she was carried to Holland and "exclaimed to myself, 'What nonsense — I wish to be in Russia!' I was in Russia. The tiles were framed about an old peasant stove. Children in colorful pre-World War I costumes were dancing around the room. Everyone was laughing and gay, singing old

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songs." But she could not stay long in Russia — not even to gather mushrooms. She was presently looking down on a map of China: "Cities, rivers and mountains were depicted in rubies, sapphires and emeralds."

They brought some of the mushrooms back with them and tried eating them in New York. "As we stood at the window and watched the gale tossing the trees and the water of the East River, with the rain driven in squalls before the wind, the whole scene was further quickened to life by the abnormal intensity of the colors that we saw. We had always thought that El Greco's apocalyptic skies over Toledo were a figment of the poet's imagination. But on this night we saw El Greco's skies, nothing dimmed, whirling over New York."

In the meantime, they had visited still a third village, "in the coastal sierra of southern Oaxaca, a region almost unknown to travelers," and here they found the mushroom ritual mixed with Catholic rites. The mushrooms were always first placed before an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and the prayers for an abundant crop of them were addressed to a medley of deities — the Earth, God the Father, the Trinity, the Great Lightning Bolt that bred the mushroom, and the Great Lightning Bolt that put blood into the mushroom. These last two especially interested the Wassons because they had discovered that in many parts of the world there was a uniform belief that mushrooms were engendered by thunderstorms. It would seem, however, that the Wassons exaggerate the value of this as proof of the divine or diabolic properties attributed to the mushrooms by primitive peoples. The feeling of the uncanniness of mushrooms must have been due to their suddenly appearing without anyone's understanding how they were able to seed themselves; and the idea that they were bred by the lightning is no doubt to be mainly accounted for by the fact that they are likely to push up after rain—an explanation that seems never to have occurred to the Wassons. The general avoidance of mushrooms among people who do not know them well must be due not primarily to a religious tabu but to accidents occurring from the poisonous kinds. One cannot argue from the thunder motif to the motif of divine provenance because the very few localities where mushrooms are eaten for divine inspiration do not necessarily coincide with those in which their sudden sprouting is supposed to be produced by thunder or lightning. In general, the Wassons' theory of the universal importance of the mushroom goes far beyond the actual evidence. "Our divine mushrooms," they say, "along with the secondary vegetable hallucinogens, may have played a role in the origins of human culture. . . . Yes, our mushrooms must have unlimbered the imagination of those first men who ate them, stirred their curiosity and speculative faculties. Our mushrooms could have sparked in them the very idea of God."

WE NOW come, in Chapter 18, "The Anatomy of Mycophobia," to the discussion of a very curious subject that the Wassons have apparently been the first to explore — the dichotomy of the people of the Western world into mycophiles, mushroom-lovers, and mycophobes, avoiders of mushrooms. The Russians, as is well known, belong to the first of these categories; they are even, the Wassons claim, "mycolatrous." The Wassons invoke and quote the scenes of mushroom-gathering from *Anna Karenina,* and they might also have cited the excursions after mushrooms that occur in all émigré memoirs, usually in the same chapter that tells about the foreign tutors. The Russian vocabulary for mushrooms is enormous compared with most others, and the Wassons assert that, in some dialects of Russian, mushrooms are given the inflections appropriate to animate beings, and that some species have a form of the plural which otherwise occurs only in the case of young animals or human beings: *maslyata* and *oryata* like *tsypyata* and *rebyata.* The English-speaking peoples, on the other hand, distrust and dislike mushrooms. They employ, in general currency, only two words for these fungi: "mushrooms," meaning harmless ones, and "toadstools," the poisonous kinds. A very few of the fungi, which do not look like mushrooms at all, have been given such names as "stinkhorns" and "puffballs," and truffles, of course, though actually mushrooms, are thought of as something apart. We do have the word "morel" for the edible species of *Morchella,* although it is rarely heard, but we do not have any word for the edible *Boletus* which the French call *"cêpe."* The writer of this article runs absolutely true to Anglo-Saxon habit (I hope that this has not affected the tone of my review) in being a lifelong and inexorable mycophobe. My prejudice has been strengthened by the disagreeable experience of once having been poisoned for days by a mess of *Something or other emeticus* which a Cape Cod neighbor had picked under the impression that it was an edible species. The Wassons make the point that in mycophile countries such accidents are rare: the people know their mushrooms too well.

The French, the Wassons assert—leaving aside the South: Provence, traditionally a separate country, and Gascony, famous for *cêpes* —are not as yet truly a mycophile nation. The French Canadians did not eat wild mushrooms, and the taste for *cêpes*, truffles and *champignons* is of relatively recent date. Poisonings from mushrooms have been common in France. The same thing is true of the Germans, who, as late as the seventeenth century, were capable of insulting the Russians from the mycophobe point of view: "Our German people live like lords, eat fresh meat and drink wines and beer, while your people, like beasts and hounds, eat mushrooms and drink water and kvas." (This comes from a textbook of Russian for Germans, and it bears out the Wassons' contention, though they do not call attention to this, that the words for "mushrooms" in the Russian sentence refer to edible mushrooms, whereas in the German sentence the word is the contemptuous-sounding *"Poggenstole"* or "frog's stool.") In Europe, the appetite for mushrooms is concentrated in a West Mediterranean patch, spanning the Pyrenees, which includes Provence and Catalonia. Both the Catalans and the Provençals have enormous mycological vocabularies; an authority on the Catalan mushroom has listed two hundred and twenty terms. Spain proper, rather strangely in view of this, has been inveterately mycophobe: its mushroom vocabulary is meager, and the same thing seems true of Portugal. The Arabs, with scanter resources, are "passionate mycophiles."

HERE surely is a cleavage of peoples which should not be left unexploited by our passionate nationalists. The hostility which the United States and the Soviet Union have been working up against one another has had all too dubious an issue in the supposed incompatibility in the world at large of republican capitalism and totalitarian communism. We have now in the United States too many state-owned or state-subsidized institutions and too much government control of industry for this hackneyed antithesis to be plausible; and in Russia and its satellite countries, the unfortunate "proletariat," in the name of whom the government operates, has been repressed as completely and brutally as the workers in American steel towns ever were by the company's "Cossacks" and is in a far less advantageous position to demand and obtain what it needs than our organized labor is. The Russians have been as intent on imitating our farming and industrial methods as we have been on learning the technique of their political heresy hunts.

Both they and we are now occupying or partly controlling considerable parts of the world where we are not necessarily welcome, and each is making it difficult for its citizens and for the citizens of the other to visit one another's countries or one another's sphere of influence. The danger is, as time goes on, that the Soviet Union and the United States will get to be too much alike, and that the myths that are manufactured on both sides to keep up our reciprocal antagonism will all too obviously be seen to wear thin. But here, in the age-long

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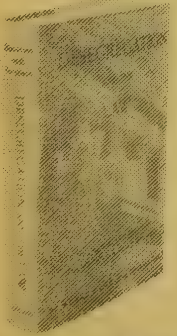

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antipathy between mycophobes and mycophiles, is something that we can get our teeth into. The struggle for power in our world lies clearly between clean-living mycophobes, disdainers of the foul-tasting fungi, and groveling mycophiles, who grub in the earth like pigs in search of these detestable morsels. The reviewer, though too old for combat, has never forgotten the horror of the effects of the *Something Emeticus,* and he is ready to put his pen unreservedly at the service of the national propaganda. The British will be on our side; mycophilia in France and Germany is a mere affectation, skin-deep: these nations will be ranged with us, also. The notorious mycophilia of the Arabs can be used as a threat against them if they obstruct our free access to oil. Catalonia and Provence hardly count in any military way; they can easily be isolated and treated as a large concentration camp. Portugal and Spain will support us. And the mushroom-shaped pillars of smoke exploded by atomic bombs will acquire a symbolic significance. The competition in producing these weapons and the conflict to extinction which must follow will be given a moral meaning far profounder than any involved in the rival immoralities and moralities of the Soviet system and ours. Though the bombs and the smoke-shapes to which they give rise may seem to be almost identical, the ideals behind the two sets of weapons will be at opposite poles: the sinister mushroom of the Soviet Union will be the Marxist-Leninist mushroom of mycophagy — Lenin, it seems, had a great love of mushrooms — while the towering American cloud will be the mushroom to end mushrooms. For the mushroom cult must be uprooted. It will not be enough in this contest merely to pin euphemisms on enemy foods, as we did in our first war against Germany when we renamed our hamburgers Salisbury steaks and our sauerkraut victory cabbage. The treasonable consumption of mushrooms must be stamped out. A ban must be clapped on such dishes as beefsteak *aux champignons* and everything *aux truffes* or with sauce *Mornay.* (The Wassons must of course be interned even before hostilities begin.) So, defenders of the American Way of Life, stout mushroom-despisers of Mother England, loyal members of the British Commonwealth speaking our common language so free from the taint of the mushroom, brave allies of France, Spain and Germany, let us rescue from the menace of the mycophage the heritage of Christendom and the civilized West! Man your planes and unclench your bombs, release your unguided missiles, for the triumph of the Free World, where the favorable mention of mushrooms will be dealt with by prompt imprisonment and the eating or selling of mushrooms be visited with the heaviest penalties that emergency legislation can direct!

FABLE

(from the Spanish of Octavio Paz)

The state of fire and the state of air
Prancing of water
From green to yellow
    Yellow to red
From dream to vigil
    From desire to act
You needed only a step and that taken
  without effort
The insects then were jewels who were
  alive
The heat lay down to rest at the edge
  of the pool
Rain was the light hair of a willow-tree
There was a tree growing within your
  hand
And as it grew it sang laughed pro-
  phesied
It cast the spells that cover space with
  wings
There were the simple miracles called
  birds
Everything belonged to everyone
        Everyone was everything
Only one word existed immense with-
  out opposite
A word like a sun
One day it exploded into tiny fragments
They were the words of the language
  that we speak
They are fragments which never will
  unite
They are the splintered mirrors where
  the world
    can see itself shattered

MURIEL RUKEYSER

The Virtue of Translation

M. L. Rosenthal

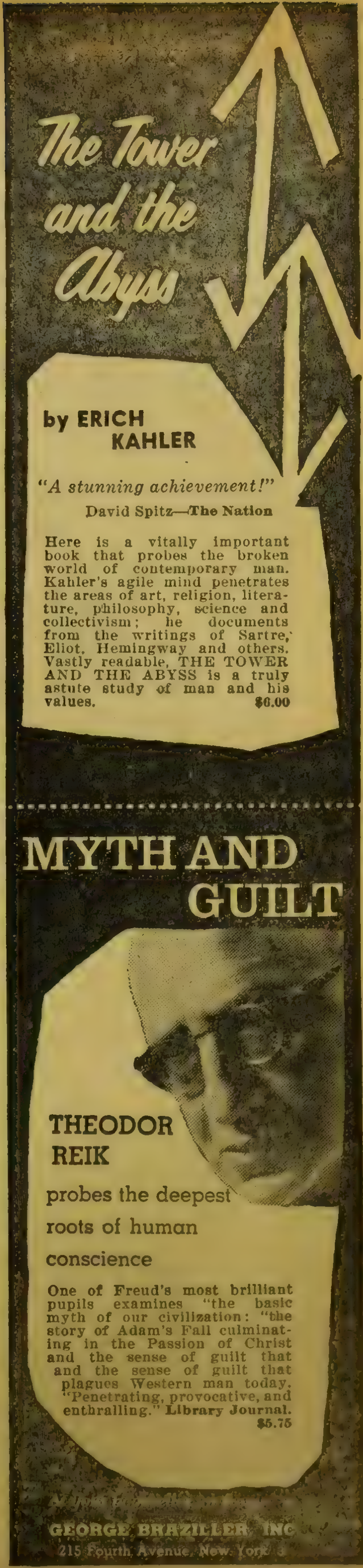
IN THIS ISSUE we offer a sampling of poetry in translation (and a prose essay by Albert Camus, rendered into English, in the bargain). It is appropriate, though quite coincidental, that we can at the same time publish David Rattray's report on Ezra Pound in St. Elizabeth's Hospital. For translation has played an important part in Pound's whole career and influence. It has meant for him, from the start, the chance to sink himself into the poetry of the past and of other languages and societies and to show others how to do so. With his quick receptivity, he has been able to "repossess" tone and nuance, shape and essence, of the poems he has put into English in such a way as to find himself a voice through them. And indeed, it is well known that almost everything he has translated has in one way or another entered into the making of his more "original" poetry.

This is one of the great functions of translation: that it should be integral to the making of a poet and to the development of a body of poetry. Pound's approach and method have provided certain standards for our best contemporary poets. Briefly, that approach and method consist of getting the basic feel of the original and recreating it in a language and style both suitable for it and expressive of the poet's own sensibility. Pound's "The Seafarer," done almost a half century ago, remains our best modern version of that Anglo-Saxon poem. In it he cultivates a heavy, lurching, even clumsy alliterative pounding that at times outdoes the original in its harshness and repetitiousness: "Storms, on the stone-cliffs beaten, fell on the stern." The effect is "barbaric," insistent, muscular with its rowing rhythms and projection of the rigors of life at sea. The translation created a vehicle through which past and present still communicate with each other.

Poetic translation is one of the great vital means, perhaps the greatest one, of communication between eras and cultures. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall." At whatever level, with whatever makeshifts, we do want to know what "the others" are saying, and they do want us to hear it. Even the crudest translation can put us in touch with what otherwise we might never have experienced at all; even the dreadful translations of Pushkin that appear from time to time suggest a way of seeing and saying things, a world of felt truths, as authentic and valuable as it is "strange" to us. This principle holds especially where the poet is virtually unknown in our tradition, and where all we have is the earnest work of a translator with more dedication than talent.

The case of the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, like that of Pushkin but even more tantalizingly, is an apt example. *Faute de mieux*, I was willing to plow through the impossibly tedious and tritely phrased translations of his work in the edition of his *Selected Poetry and Prose*[1] issued by the Polish Government two years ago. I especially wanted to read the selections from *Pan Tadeusz*, reputed to be the masterpiece of Poland's "national poet," taken from the 1885 translation by Maude Ashurst Biggs. And it is true enough; one does see something of the power of this nineteenth-century Romantic patriot and lover of freedom, and of his tremendous ground-sense of his native land; all this despite the Biggs version, which begins "Litva! My country, like art thou to health. . . ." and bounces on forever in like ancient bumpiness to the last recorded decasyllabic line. Enough passion, enough concentration of complex elements in simple, vivid moments of action and description, manifested themselves in spite of everything to sustain my faith that there must be more to Mickiewicz than glazed my eye on most of these pages. The publication, a year later, of the *Selected Poems*,[2] excellently edited by Clark Mills, confirmed that faith. Though *Pan Tadeusz* is not there included, the translations by Auden and other poets of real competence bring out the values one could only guess at before.

GOOD translation, of course, goes further than just introducing us to an alien body of writing and then leaving us to speculate what it is really like under the ready-made, undistinguished cloak that some half-poet has draped over it. It must have an identification of spirit realized through the most sensitive response of style. We are most demanding when the original is a classic over which many fine poets have toiled. Why Gilbert Highet should offer his own pitiful verse-translations of the Latin poets in *Poets in a Landscape*,[3] or why Frank Copley should print his only slightly less earless versions in *Catullus: The Complete Poetry*,[4] when so many more accomplished versions were avail-



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able, is one of the great mysteries. *"Vivamus, mea Lesbia,"* writes Catullus—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis—

which Horace Gregory, with beautiful economy and accuracy, renders:

Come, Lesbia, let us live and love,
nor give a damn what sour old men
say.[5]

Highet, horribly, says:

Life, my Lesbia, life and love for
ever!
All that gossip of grave and reverend
elders—
close your ears to it! it's not worth
a penny.

And Crosley, who has something of a buck-and-wing touch:

I said to her, darling, I said
let's LIVE and
let's LOVE and
what do we care what those old
purveyors of joylessness say?
(they can go to hell, all of them)

A good translator may make mistakes or deliberate changes in the literal reading, yet he will transcend them by the way in which he carries the whole poem forward in the spirit of its own conception. Almost all such translators disclaim any effort at scholarly exactness. "I have not," writes Dudley Fitts in his introduction to *Poems from the Greek Anthology,*[6] "really undertaken translation at all—translation, that is to say, as it is understood in the schools. I have simply tried to restate in my own idiom what the Greek verses have meant for me." And in introducing *One Hundred Chinese Poems,*[7] Kenneth Rexroth says: "I make no claim for the book as a piece of Oriental scholarship. Just some poems." After the translator has swerved from his customary orbit into that of his original, he needs somehow to bring himself back into his own orbit again; in the process the original text becomes less his pattern for copying than his *subject*, and the poem does become his own. Compare Fitts's translation of the "Elegy on Herakleitos" by Kallimachos with that of William Cory (perhaps the most famous translation in the *Anthology* hitherto). Cory, who used Latinized spelling of Greek names, begins:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told
me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear
and bitter tears to shed.

Fitts, much closer to the heart of the poem, avoids both the non-stop pace and the superimposed adjectives of Cory, and also avoids the awkwardness of his "They brought me . . . tears to shed."

One brought me the news of your
death, O Herakleitos my friend,
And I wept for you. . . .

Poets like Fitts and Rexroth (not that there are so many that they make up any large class) are completely free of either servile literalism or pretentiousness in their translations. Fitts, especially, imposes his own discipline on his materials—the discipline of the best, organically balanced, free verse. The familiar takes on new character and feeling in his hands:

The best of all things it were, never
to be born,
Never to know the light of the strong
sharp sun;
But being born,
The best of all is to pass as soon as
may be
To Hadês' gate,
there to lie dead,
Lost, locked close beneath the world's
huge weight.
(Theognis, "Gnomic Verses")

Diophantos went to bed
& dreamed of Dr. Hermogenês,
Although he was wearing a Lucky
Piece,
he never woke up again.
(Lucilius, "On Hermogenês the
Physician")

The challenge of these elegiac and satirical pieces, so many of them exquisitely controlled and chiseled to a deceptive brevity, has stimulated Fitts—always an interesting poet—to his finest work in this book. Rexroth, working less precisely to get just the right *weight* in his poems, presents less formal variety. As in his own original poetry, so in his Chinese translations he strives less for design and concentration than for a central rightness—the tone simple and natural, sometimes humorous, sometimes (usually) wry and nostalgic; and though "objective" and fatalistic, he is not reluctant to introduce a generalization occasionally. The first part of his book, the translations from Tu Fu, is taken from work "I have had . . . by me since adolescence and over the years have come to know these poems better than most of my own." The second consists of translations, many of them freer, from poets of the Sung Dynasty—Su Tung P'o, Li Ch'ing Chao and others. All have the Rexroth touch, though no doubt they are in direct relation to their sources. The heavy melancholy of Tu Fu's "Snow Storm," or his "To Wei Pa," or his "Night in the House by the River" is exactly matched by that of Mei Yao Ch'en's "On the Death of a New Born Child" or of Chu Shu Chen's "Hysteria"; and the poems of other moods follow parallel patterns no matter who their authors. Yet these are all idiosyncratic and convincing, because the translator has found common ground with his ancient Chinese poets, and has in a real sense become one of them himself.

TRANSLATION, is anything but the sterile exercise it sometimes may seem to be—an exercise in the impossible, most people are tempted to call it. "How in the world can you translate *poetry?* It just can't be done!" At the very least it is a bridge, however unreliable, to the unknown. At its best, it is a voyage of self-discovery as well as of exploration of new-found lands. Incidentally, there is a special use and pleasure, I should think apparent to everyone, in those volumes which print originals and translations side by side—volumes such as Jackson Mathews' edition of René Char's *Hypnos Waking*[8] or Louise Varèse's of the *Eloges and Other Poems* of St.-John Perse.[9] Char's poems, and his poetic prose; are rendered by various hands, and it is especially absorbing to see how his style dominates that of so many able poets who write in our tongue, yet seldom seems to violate their own centers of gravity. What! Is this William Carlos Williams who writes: "Reality, noble, does not refuse herself to the one who comes to prize her, not to insult or take her prisoner"? Yes, of course, it is exactly Williams' "message," though marvelously disguised in Char's more abstract language. Is this W. S. Merwin being so unabashedly sensuous in a love poem?—"Is there a carved throat more radiant than yours? To ask is to die!" Yes, why not? And besides, the poem, "The Room in Space," closes in on itself in the true Merwinian manner, till it reaches a final paradox that is the whole clue to the lovers' relationship. But in addition, it is endlessly instructive to contemplate the differences and similarities between a line of English such as I have just quoted and the French it is based on: *"Est-il gorge menuisée plus radieuse que la tienne? Demander c'est mourir!"* In Char's language, as in his thought, the sensuous and the moral, the immediately present and the mystically implied, the detached and the committed are simultaneously revealed. Char shows us how the fusion of such categories of opposed values in a poetry that is profound without affectation can be as easy as breathing.

St.-John Perse, in Louise Varèse's uneven translation, is another matter. Here

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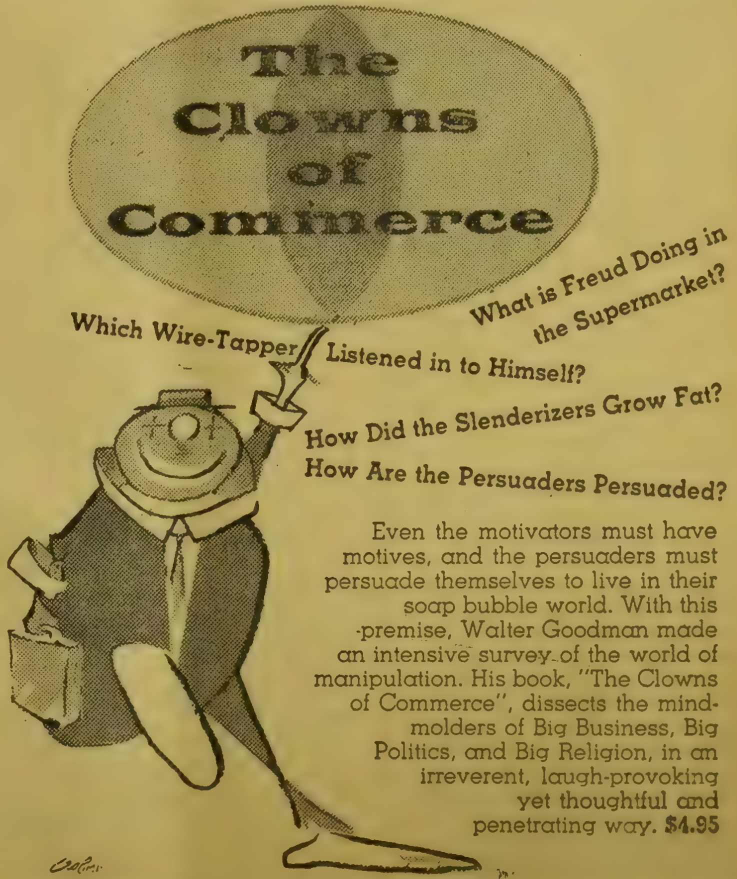
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we are reminded (and the French across the page makes the reminder infinitely stronger) that the poetry of pure evocation, "every rift more loaded with ore" than Keats himself dreamed of—every petal of association pressed for the evocative attars within it—is no more dead than Symbolism itself.

Each of these translations brings us new faces—and not merely masks but naked faces—for man. Each takes us into a truth we might not have noticed, or at least remembered. Each reinforces our knowledge that essential truth is always a unique realization with its own idiom and mode of revealing itself. Each recalls to us the way in which kindred sensibilities exist where we would not have thought of seeking them. "The others"—the people of past and foreign experience—are something better than pathetically distorted images of ourselves; they are our possibilities, our alternatives in life and in vision, writ large. Ezra Pound strengthened his own vision immeasurably through his summoning up of Propertius in his famous *Homage to Sextus Propertius.* This translation-adaptation, intended "to bring a dead man to life, to present a living figure," enabled him to help revivify the language of poetry by bringing the candid sensibility of the Roman poet to bear on the cant of our century. Inevitably, the effort of our best poets to reconstruct the work of other fine poets who have written in other languages must have a similar effect and thus be an endlessly germinating enterprise.

1. *Selected Poetry and Prose:* Centenary Commemorative Edition. By Adam Mickiewicz. Polonia Publishing House (Warsaw).
2. *Selected Poems.* By Adam Mickiewicz. Edited by Clark Mills. The Noonday Press. $3.
3. *Poets in a Landscape.* By Gilbert Highet. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.50
4. *Catullus: The Complete Poetry.* By Frank Copley. University of Michigan Press. $3.75.
5. *The Poems of Catullus.* By Horace Gregory. Grove Press. $1.25.
6. *Poems from the Greek Anthology.* By Dudley Fitts. New Directions. $3.
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8. *Hypnos Waking.* By René Char. Edited by Jackson Mathews. Random House. $5.
9. *Eloges and other Poems.* By St.-John Perse. Translated by Louise Varèse. Pantheon Books. $2.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

COMPULSION, the dramatization by Meyer Levin of his own novel (the play is advertised as offering the producer's version of the text) is an arresting show (Ambassador). It also seems to be a success, despite a markedly mixed press reception. One reason for this certainly is the sensational nature of its subject matter—the old (1924) Leopold-Loeb case involving the murder of a young boy by two teen-agers, scions of wealthy Chicago families and *cum laude* university graduates.

I am not fascinated by murders or newspaper accounts of them. I never read any of the reports of the original case, though I heard about it. I can only explain this by saying that I never feel I truly understand anything about any scandal by reading the blunt facts concerning it. I understand things of this sort only through personal contact with people and events or through works of art. When I read in a newspaper about a lurid occurrence my sensibilities may be assaulted but my intuition is not alerted, my imagination not stimulated, my heart not touched, my mind not enlightened.

That violent action is a proper source of drama we know through the whole history of literature. The plot of *Compulsion* is no more ugly than that of *Oedipus Rex.* There is more perversion in Marlowe's *Edward II* than in *Compulsion,* and *King Lear* is not a pretty tale. Camus' play *Caligula*—to cite contemporary instances—or Genet's *The Balcony* make *Compulsion* seem like "Home Sweet Home."

Compulsion is no work of art. But that does not altogether condemn it for me, for most of the plays I see—some of which I enjoy—are not works of art either. To assert that one play is entertainment because it deals with pleasant matters and another not entertainment because it deals with unpleasant matters is, objectively speaking, presumptuous—since people in all periods have found certain unpleasant subjects magnetic.

As entertainment, *Compulsion* holds the attention by virtue of three factors: its story suggests various serious considerations—the psychic sources of criminal acts, the importance of psychic disturbance in the administration of justice, the need to view criminality as part of universal rather than special problems. None of these themes is genuinely explored or creatively communicated in the play, but they are brought up. Second, the play has a large canvas of people and places and this is handsomely managed through Peter Larkin's settings and fluent staging by Alex Segal. The economics of our theatre makes such big productions difficult; we are glad to see a panoramic play which moves swiftly from place to place and introduces a great number of types. This is part of the theatre's fun and in the past twenty years we have largely been deprived of it. Third, the actors are well chosen (even the understudies —I saw two at the performance I attended—are good) and Ina Balin stands out in my memory as affectingly right.

I WAS not moved or even very much excited by the play for reasons I have explained, but I was interested because of the factors I have just noted—though in the matter of acting I must not fail to say that the acting was generally of the literal and illustrative kind which is closer to reportage than to creation. But what really makes me approve of the show is that I believe it worthwhile for the ugly or the sensational (however you are inclined to put it) to be presented in the theatre where in the final count it may have a liberating effect.

Aesthetic sophisticates and moral traditionalists may scorn such a statement—but the theatre would expire if it depended entirely on them. I believe that art is the greatest "propaganda," but propaganda—so feared and shunned these days—also has its place in the theatre, and I think there is a certain hypocrisy in implying that *Compulsion* has no honest effect because it is not artistically composed.

The points that *Compulsion* attempts to make may be old hat to a good number of people but there is a far greater number of people who still need to have made clear to them the social and human value of acknowledging homosexuality, for instance, as something that calls for more than the assistance of a policeman or even of a psychiatrist.

The modern American novel is far ahead of our theatre in scope of theme. Though plays like *Compulsion* are embryonic and crude as artistic expression, they have, beside the fact that they do serve over the protests of the "sensitive" as popular entertainment, a pioneering value: they open the way to plays of a finer vein on similar material. Unless our theatre is made receptive to all subjects and modes it will never attain maturity.

May Song

(From the French of Jacques Prévert)

The ass, the King and I
Tomorrow we shall die
The ass of hunger
The King of boredom
And I of love

A finger of chalk
On the slate of days
Traces our names
And the wind in the poplars
Names us
King Man Ass

Sun of black chiffon
Our names are already erased
Fresh waters of meadows
Sift of the hour glass
Rose of the red rose tree
Path of the schoolboys

The ass, the King and I
Tomorrow we shall die
The ass of hunger
The King of boredom
And I of love
In the month of May

Life is a cherry
Death is a cherry seed
Love is a cherry tree

A. J. M. Smith and Georges Joyaux

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AARON COPLAND'S *Piano Variations* (1930) and his *Piano Sonata* (1940) have always been regarded as two of his most important and monumental works. By some people they are also considered to be the opposite side of a coin reading *Appalachian Spring-Billy the Kid.* They are not an opposite side at all, for Copland's creative personality does not divide that way. In his best works, keenness of thought and a unique expressive gift are constant attributes, and they are apparent whether he is dealing with folk materials or with self-invented abstractions. In the *Variations* and in the *Sonata,* he was working abstractly; he was also composing for the piano, which, in the twentieth century, has come to be thought of as an instrument of percussion. The result was a spare, percussive, super-direct delineation of idea. But anyone listening to the ballet scores with half an ear can hear that they are just as lean and precise in their formulation of ideas, just as meticulous in their arrangement of musical elements, as are the piano works.

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They have been conditioned by the requirements of the theatre; therein lies any noticeable difference.

WITH this as a preamble, I come to the Copland *Piano Fantasy* (1957) which was given its world premiere recently at the Juilliard Concert Hall. It was played twice by the extraordinary young pianist, William Masselos. This new work, it is perfectly plain, is successor and blood-brother to the earlier piano works. It is massive, severely conceived, and fascinating for every one of its thirty minutes. Most surprising, the *Fantasy* takes a long step in the direction of the twelve-tone system. As Copland put it in his program notes: "The musical framework of the entire piece is based upon a sequence of ten different notes of the chromatic scale. To these are joined, subsequently, the two unused tones of the scale, treated throughout as a kind of cadential interval. Thus, inherent in the materials are elements able to be associated with the twelve-tone method and with music tonally conceived."

Probably because it employs this modified twelve-tone approach, the *Piano Fantasy* does not sound like the composer's previous music. On its outside, it wears an almost neutral stylistic sheath, as if the composer had consciously avoided every turn of phrase that might have reminded the ear of his earlier works. As a result of this seeming neutrality, the listener is forced to concentrate even more rigorously upon the ideas themselves. And despite it, Copland's habitual treatment of rhythms comes through the new melodic and harmonic structure with a hint of familiarity.

The most remarkable aspect of the new work, however, is its successful combination of vigorous logic and free fantasy. Its overall structure is complex and does not explain itself even on a second hearing. But the sense of moving forward, through many changes of mood and scene, to a clearly foreseen destination does not desert the music for an instant. And the degree of intensity achieved in certain insistent, climactic passages surpasses anything I have heard from Copland's pen. One section in particular remains in the memory, a section in which, through the gradual expansion of a single motif over several pages of score, the music arrives at the very height of possible tension and, suddenly, curves away like a jet bomber peeling off into a dive. When, hitting the bottom of its trajectory, it flashes upward again with a disturbing flutter, there can be no doubt that something unusual has just occurred.

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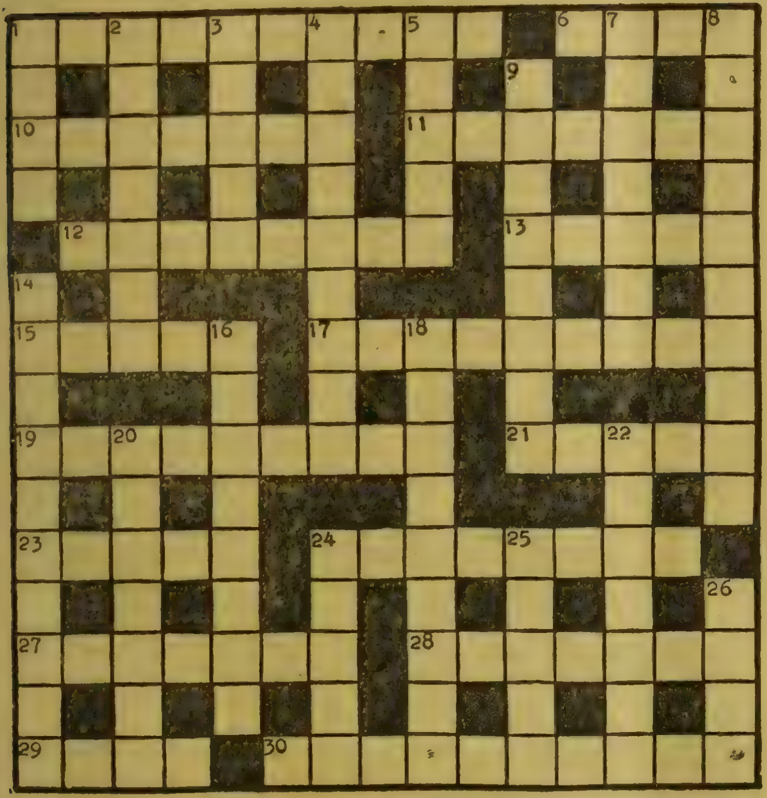
Crossword Puzzle No. 746

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 This might give us all a try, I find, in a beneficial way. (10)
6 Explored by the psychoanalyst in the morning? (It's in the center of things.) (4)
10 Vexed at the rash results? (7)
11 Tries. (7)
12 Otis and Cornelia should be used to hiding! (8)
13 Where to look for lack of breeding, or meet with it. (5)
15 Slavonic Dances reverse these figures. (5)
17 Closeness is equal to ecclesiastical crime. (9)
19 Oliver might have tried to, without judgment. (9)
21 A proverbial weeper. (5)
23 Plate, perhaps. (5)
24 They might be expected to hop (especially when produced by the tip). (8)
27 Evidently the red suit might be a little more gray. (7)
28 Might imply a degree of bitterness to what shines back (7)
29 In a way, 1 down should be comfortable. (4)
30 They should know canonical law must last, I'd conclude. (10)

DOWN:

1 The way 29 is forced to leave? (4)
2 Not smoked exclusively in narghiles. (7)
3 Anything raptorial might use it. (5)
4 Not the exclusive season of Russia! (3, 6)
5 Loses the deposit (since it probably wasn't banked regularly). (5)
7 and 25 Are books headed for Tetuan? (7, 5)
8 Do seers try to make more than one Siva? (10)
9 Authorized. (8)
14 Perhaps the high spot of the floral display. (4, 6)
16 The shape the whole world is in right now. (8)
18 The tree that holds the king's lifeline? (5, 4)
20 All but the head of the aster family is in sort of diffusion. (7)
22 Those of some children are supposed to be bright. (7)
24 No longer a quick red to exist with the up-draft. (5)
25 See 7 down.
26 Goddess related to Bebe? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 745

ACROSS: 1 MAD MONEY; 5 SCRAPS; 10 CACTI; 11 GENUFLECT; 12 OUSTING; 13 LEEWARD; 14 BURNED; 15 DISAVOW; 18 RADIATE; 21 MORTAL; 24 ENTICED; 26 NESTING; 27 INFLUENZA; 28 UNITE; 29 LASTLY; 30 BETRAYED. DOWN: 1 MACRON; 2 DACHSHUND; 3 OPINION; 4 ENGAGED; 6 COFFERS; 7 ARENA; 8 SITS DOWN; 9 ANGLED; 16 VIABILITY; 17 TRUE BILL; 19 ACCRUAL; 20 ENDING; 21 MUNDANE; 22 RESCUER; 23 AGREED; 25 TIFFS.

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THE NATION

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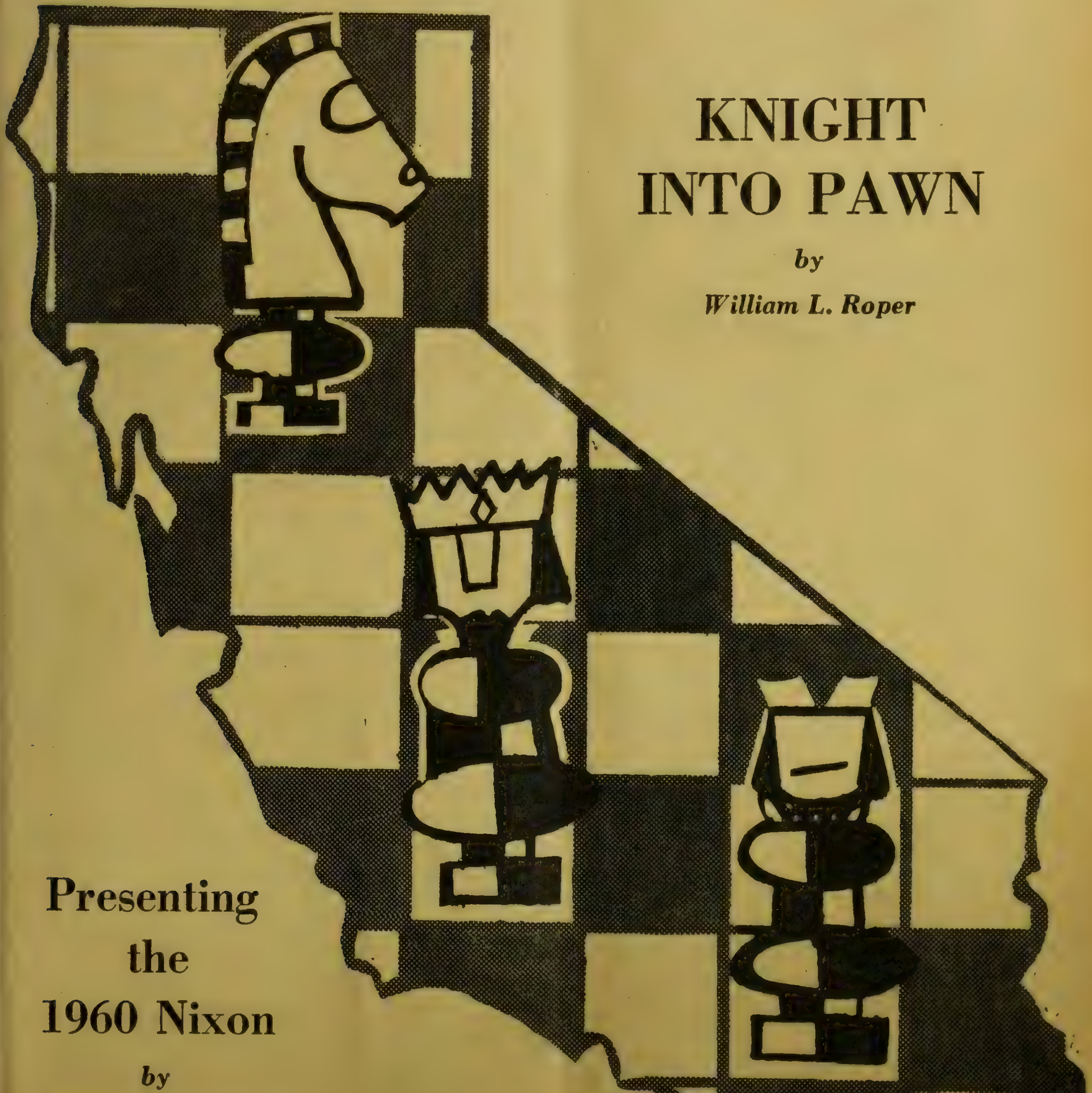

KNIGHT INTO PAWN

by

William L. Roper

Presenting the 1960 Nixon

by

Frederic W. Collins

LETTERS

Democratic Problem

Dear Sirs: If Governor Williams' Challenge to the Democratic Party (*The Nation*, October 12) is the best that a liberal Democrat can offer, the party is in a sad way. The Governor says that the direction of the Democratic Party, from the time of Jefferson, has always been to uphold the doctrine that all men are created equal. In the context of the Governor's article, that is, the fight for civil rights for Negroes, this is a strange statement. Before the Civil War, the Democratic Party was the stronghold of slaveholders; during the Civil War, some of its Northern leaders were almost traitorous in their opposition to the war; after the Civil War, it again became the refuge of the former slaveholders in their opposition to the rights guaranteed to the Negro by the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments.

While I agree with Governor Williams that the President might have avoided the whole situation by firmer and prompter action, Mr. Williams has to admit that the President *acted*—and acted rightly. The recent manifesto of the Democratic Party National Advisory Committee offers us no guarantee that Mr. Stevenson would have done the same.

If the Democratic Party is to succeed nationally, it must, as Governor Williams says, guarantee equality of citizenship regardless of race, creed or color. It seems to me that the weakness of Governor Williams' position is that he does not envisage the *necessity* of driving out of the party those who do not follow even the modest principles laid down in its national platform.

HENRY ABRAMS

New York City

The Rocket's the Thing

Dear Sirs: Dr. Harlow Shapley makes a number of good points in his article (*The Nation*, October 26), not the least of which is the fact that we would not be behind in rocket technology if our government had "respected its scientific technicians" and given them more money. He also notes, but only casually, that Americans were surprised at the size and weight of the satellite. This, of course, is precisely the thing that *is* important. Perhaps because he is an astronomer, Dr. Shapley is particularly interested in the satellite itself; but to missile researchers and military tacticians, as it should be to all of us, the important thing is not Sputnik but the device which put it there. It is beside the point to say that we are almost ready to launch our own satellite, and that we have been delayed by our desire to equip it with better instruments than the Soviets have used. The brutal fact remains that while we are only *probably* capable of launching a twenty-two-pound satellite, the Russians *have* launched a satellite requiring a three-stage rocket eight times as powerful as any we have yet built!

JUSTIN BLACKWELDER

Washington, D.C.

Author Dissents

Dear Sirs: Since I value *The Nation* and its readership so highly, I wonder if it will seem presumptuous to enter a dissenting opinion to Mr. Harvey Swados' review of my novel, *The Blue Chips*, which appeared in your issue of Oct. 19. The dissent is in the form of a communication recently received from Sean O'Casey:

"I've read *The Blue Chips*; read it slowly but with unfading interest. To read it at all is more than something, for nowadays, and for so long time past, I find it near impossible to read a novel. As a novel, I think it fine, and goes ahead like a burning building. In a lot of ways, it is a frightening book, and makes us, laymen, anxious about the way life-saving drugs can be controlled and exploited by profit-making companies.

"The characters, I think, are well drawn, and the deterioration of the central character, fine fellow as he is, away from his scientific integrity is ruthless, but, as you do it, inevitable; and forms a sad and exciting requiem over a clever and good man losing his soul for what will perish sooner than an autumn petal on a fading flower.

"I've read it, liked it, and think it has conviction shown with power. With my heart and mind I wish *The Blue Chips* every success."

Perhaps I should add that the British edition has just been published by Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., and is provoking considerable comment in England.

JAY DEISS

Wellfleet, Mass.

The Differences Count

Dear Sirs: Of course, Mr. Krock is right and Mr. Weissman (*The Nation*, Oct. 5) is profoundly wrong. A cow is different from a horse; a miner is different from an oil company; and protection to a Negro child under the Fourteenth Amendment is another matter from protection of property. I'm sure Mr. Krock can write a column explaining these facts any day. If he's too busy, the New York *Herald Tribune* has Mr. David Lawrence who can do an even more righteous job.

HARRY GRUNDFEST

New York City

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VOLUME 185, NUMBER 17

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Day of Speeches

November 13 was speech-day for the Administration. The high point, of course, was the President's speech from Oklahoma City. The Boswell of the White House, Mr. Robert J. Donovan of the New York *Herald Tribune*, was merely one of a number of journalists who managed to focus exceptional attention on this address. It was, Mr. Donovan pointed out, to be no ordinary speech. More than usual care had gone into its preparation: a dozen or so drafts had been widely circulated; material had been contributed by experts from the National Security Council and the state and defense departments. America's "unique contribution to literary production" was this new art form, the Presidential speech, modern style. Just as Alexander Hamilton wrote the Farewell Address for President Washington and Roger B. Taney did most of the work on President Jackson's famous message on the Bank of the United States, so Arthur Larson was laboring mightily, with the assistance of Mr. Sherman Adams, Maj. Gen. Wilton B. Persons, to produce a great speech for the President on science and national security.

We viewed the President on television, we read the speech in cold type, and, frankly, we are a bit puzzled. If this is a sample of the new art form which represents this country's unique contribution to literary production, then there is genuine cause for national embarrassment. Aside from the fact that the President really had nothing to say, the phrasing, organization and presentation of this emptiness was the work of uninspired amateurs, i.e. speechsmiths who are less competent than hacks. Commentators, rather embarrassed for the President, suggested that, after all, the speech was tailored for an Oklahoma audience. We had not realized that things were this bad in Oklahoma. But Mr. Donovan informs us that the Oklahoma locale was deliberately selected by Mr. Sherman Adams, so even this alibi must be rejected.

On the same day that the President spoke, Mr. Sinclair Weeks, Secretary of Commerce, told a Washington audience of businessmen that while "no effort is too gigantic" where survival is at stake, nevertheless the time was approaching when we must have "a little less butter and a few more guns." A little earlier, Mr. John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State, told the same audience that the urgency of the cold war means that Americans might have to make sacrifices and also "give up small, marginal freedoms" to retain their individual freedom. Since we can't offhand think of any "small marginal freedoms" and are adamantly opposed to surrendering freedom *per se*, we must enter a demurrer to Mr. Dulles' proposal. Rather than surrender any freedoms, we would much rather dispense with a few small, marginal officials, and the name of John Foster Dulles heads the list.

November 13 must go down as a bad day for the Administration. A few more such fits of speech-making and it will be done in.

The Administration's New Consultant

What this country needs least in the conduct of foreign affairs at the moment is a bipartisan determination to close ranks, keep a stiff upper lip, and adhere to the same old line. By rejecting the Administration's invitation to participate in the work of the staff group that is drafting proposals for the North Atlantic Council meeting in Paris on December 16, Adlai Stevenson has managed to retain a measure of independence as titular leader of the Democratic Party. But is it desirable that he should participate even to the extent of commenting on the draft proposals? He is not being consulted as an expert, but as the head of the opposition party. As such, he should not be committed in any way in the preparatory staff work or in the conference itself. It is not expert advice, in any case, that the Administration needs; what it needs most is an opposition party with a policy and program of its own.

It is not by chance that American policy is sterile and unimaginative; conformity breeds sterility. If the Administration were forced to meet the challenge not of a quibbling, fault-finding, hair-splitting opposition, but of bold alternative proposals, it might be forced to re-think some of its positions. For example, it should be challenged by an opposition that advocates the recognition of China and its admission to the United Nations before the Soviets reconstitute the Cominform. That advocates an arms embargo for the Middle East. That favors bilateral talks with the Soviet Union. That insists on an immediate suspension of nuclear-bomb tests. That finds merit in the Soviet proposal for a world conference of scientists to discuss ways and means of mitigating the arms race. That recognizes that the original NATO concept was based on a weapons system that is now obsolete and on a set of assumptions that are no longer valid.

Our problem is not to present an impressive bipartisan front at Paris. On the contrary, the Administration should be forewarned that it will have to meet the sharpest critical attack on its performance that an unfettered opposition can mount. Even before Mr. Dulles and the President return, the opposition should exhibit its own foreign-policy wares, so that the public will have some basis for judging the merits of the Administration proposals. At the moment the chief danger is not disunity but banality. Uncertain which direction to take, the Administration is in danger of falling back to positions that seem safe only because they are familiar: strengthen NATO, restore the Western Alliance, preach containment, etc. But a new set of conditions prevails and new policies are called for. The Administration, to repeat, does not need support or advice; it needs competition and criticism.

Halloween Stuff

This year Halloween was a so-so affair, a little lacking in verve and gaiety and noise. But in the wake of Sputnik II, stories of ghosts and goblins and let's-scare-each-other-to-death pranks have been bobbing up in the news like apples in a Halloween bucket. Trouble is that these stories neither frighten nor amaze in the clear light of day. For example, General Curtis LeMay's effort to give "dramatic punch" to Air Force contentions about manned bombers and the like by flying a big jet Stratotanker to Buenos Aires nonstop, a distance of 6,350 miles, at an average speed of 480 miles an hour, was ludicrously lacking in drama and punch. So rapidly and radically have our notions of speed been revised that one feels impatient and a bit annoyed with the General for taking thirteen hours and two minutes to travel a mere 6,350 miles. Gen. LeMay, indulging in calculated understatement, described his mission as "just another cross-country flight" and, alas! that just about describes it. Nor is one impressed by the scheduled nineteen-hour flight of three B-66 twin-jet light bombers from California to Manila, a distance of 8,500 miles. If half of what Lt. Gen. Stanley R. Mickelsen, chief of the Army's Air Defense Command, had to say in his October 31 speech about the deadly effectiveness of anti-aircraft misiles is correct, then neither flight is reassuring as evidence of potential deterrent power.

The Russians, we may be sure, are not frightened and it would be disappointing to learn that either Congress or the public has been taken in by this pretentious sabre-rattling. Isn't it time we put an end to it? "I think," said former Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson, in a recent interview, "we should give a little more thought to how to take the heat out of the world. You can't live in fear forever. . . . If we mobilize our country into an armed camp, we'd have to preach so much fire and heat to get our people to accept it that we ourselves might be likely to precipitate the war." Few news stories interest us less nowadays than these Air Force publicity stunts. The Air Force should demobilize its P.R. section. Halloween is over.

Let There Be *Life!*

Of all the curious pyrotechnics produced by Sputnik I and II (see page 379), those recorded in the editorial headquarters of *Life* are, perhaps, the most sensational. In the November 18 issue, Mr. Luce's gifted editorial writers have themselves a fling. Energies pent-up for months find exuberant expression. Carried from one dizzy height to the next, the reader puts the issue down with that peculiar sense of complete exhaustion that follows in the wake of long-sustained nervous excitement. On page 53, *Life* comes out foursquare against the tariff system—in the name of free private enterprise! Enough shillyshallying, hedging and beating-about-the-bush; the entire tariff system must go, and now, period. Then, page 126, the reader is exhorted to face up to the dire realities which the Sputniks portend. This is it! We must have faith in our leaders. But, alas! we have no really great ones. All the same we must have faith. The end of the world may be close at hand. We have frittered away twelve years fighting Communists only to find that there are more of them than ever. Not a minute to lose. To the ramparts. We may go the way of Rome and Carthage. Not much time is left. The reader gasps convulsively. What to do? It's simple. We must each decide what we really want of life, lower case. "A Cadillac? a color television set? lower income taxes?—or to live in freedom?" Admirable. But (puzzle) in the same issue appears a handsome, glittering three-page special color ad, gold-tinted, for the New American Classic, namely (you guessed it), the 1958 Cadillac, not to mention nineteen full pages of additional automobile advertising. *Life*, clearly, knows what it wants: freedom *and* the Cadillac acount; all this and free trade too.

But what if millions of *Life* readers, responding to the magazine's eloquent call to action, opted for freedom minus the Cadillac? Would we then have to forego fat picture-magazines as part of the new austerity? Lead on, *Life*; this is one type of belt-tightening we look forward to with pleasure.

A FAST BUCK on SPUTNIK . .

by Patrick D. Hazard

WHILE THE ROCKET seen 'round the world symbolizes a revolutionary new image of Soviet scientific capacity, the reactions to it of the American business community symbolize the anti-intellectualism that has dampened our own technological growth. For, at the same time that responsible Americans responded to the Russian advance with a high seriousness as unusual as it is welcome, the gray-flannel mouths went right on working the angles. To the American business community, and the wizards of wish and whimsy who batten on its chronic malaise of under-consumption, Sputnik was but another gimmick with which to "get" the mass consumer.

The entire country is crawling with Soviet satellites. An Atlanta restaurant comes out with a Sputnik-burger with small dog, the "dog" being a cocktail sausage on a hamburger garnished with "Czarist Russian dressing" topped by a "satellite olive." A canny Philadelphia grocer moved his overstocked, undersized potatoes by dubbing them "spudniks." A new potato peeler is, inevitably, a Spudnik. Ronson rushes a TV commercial on the air for its new buton-fueled pocket lighter; the ad has a beeping radio background, zooming rocket ships, animated space figures. Even staid Rand McNally, with a solid reputation for keeping its feet on the ground, stoops to conquer in its latest advertising space by suggesting: ". . . When the rockets take off for outer space . . . it would seem only natural to stop off at your nearest moon and ask the man for a free Rand McNally space chart." And Wallachs, a sedate New York City clothier, got into the right orbit with a full-page ad in the *Times* (Nov. 7) showing the Muttnik's parachuted canine touching down amidst a group of blasé, Wallach-appareled members of the Madison Avenue aristocracy. The copy was tongue-in-cheek:

> New Yorkers take *anything* in their stride! . . . not the least of it, the most unpredictable weather this side of Outer Space. Today's balmy temperatures aren't fooling anyone. Why not get the jump on the first big breeze by choosing your new Hart Schaffner & Marx coat—now. You could circle the globe and find no greater selection of fine fabrics, new patterns and distinctive styles than you'll find today at your nearest Wallach store.

Now there's more to this kind of *au-courantist* wit than there is in the grim jokes about Sputnik which mask our fear (e.g., the Sputnik cocktail: one part vodka, three parts sour grapes). For the gay-dog, devil-may-care mentality which is the advertiser's stock in trade is revealed by things like Sputnik for what it is —an adolescent, anti-intellectual pose that is supposed to solve some of the production dilemmas of a machine society. The adult answer to sticky sales would be a long-range effort to raise the tastes and intellectual aspirations of the American people so that their deepening desires might take up the slack of factories. Madison Avenue's facile solution of bigger and bigger advertising budgets to hornswoggle the consumer into action makes the adult goal ever more difficult to achieve. Every time we allow ourselves to use a Sputnik-type bandwagon to marshal public awareness of a product, or cause, or set of values, we make it that much more difficult to appeal to men rationally and for more than trivial purposes.

The search for gimmicks that will move goods, instead of the search for mature uses of technology that will satisfy the ad-suppressed desire for the good life, is at the heart of American anti-intellectualism. Take the motion-picture industry. A jaded *Variety* reporter recently observed that "the road to riches is partly paved with gimmicks." Hollywood 1957 has been the year of "inexpensive exploitation products," "horroramas" and outer-space movies. Sputnik is just the latest of the Monsters to be exploited. The Red star has, for example, proved a "convenient trailer in the sky" for a movie version of Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon,* the filming of which has been pushed up from next year to within the next four to six weeks. Crash programs (even in *nineteenth*-century rocketry) are a commendable display of America's intellectual and imaginative vigor.

Sputnik also "cued a quick booking" of Walt Disney's *Man in Space* for a local New York theatre. It further prompted the movie moguls to dust off film cans labeled *When Worlds Collide, Conquest of Space, This Island Earth, It Came From Outer Space* and *Satellite in the Sky.* Hollywood's handsome contributions to our pre-Sputnik intellectual development thus give the American teen-ager's mind another witless spin. Is it any wonder the adolescent in our society is at loose ends, and academically childish? While Russian children have been absorbing up to ten years' rigorous scientific training by the end of high school, ours have been watching these parodies of science. This is a horror story that Hollywood would find little money in.

AND if cinematic cynics have found a gold mine, can TV's prospectors be far behind? The frantic phone calls of TV programmers have forced *Tom Corbett, Space Cadet* out of interplanetary retirement (TV buffs lost interest in "science" in 1952); new cosmic episodes are already in production. Official Films caught the eye and contractual pen of eight station policymakers within a few days of a direct mailing about *Rocky Jones, Space Ranger.* Ziv's *Science Fiction Theatre* is also getting a new Kremlin-inspired whirl. (It must be reassuring to the Russians, if they read *Variety: Tales of Tomorrow, Space Patrol* and *Space Funnies* also suddenly have new futures.)

Tin Pan Alley has its own crash programs to fill what Thoreau called the "broad, flapping American ear." The U.S. Copyright Office reported that by November 7 at least three patriotic songwriters had come to

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PATRICK D. HAZARD, a postdoctoral fellow at the University of Pennsylvania, is setting up an experimental course in mass culture for the university's Department of American Civilization.

their country's defense in the dark hour of Sputnik's ascendancy. Sam Manning of New York City was the first to file an appropriate ditty: *Bee Beep, Bee Beep—Round and Round the Sputnik Goes.* This, a mere five days after blasting off. Gerald Englerth reflected five more days for his creation:

I'm flying all around the world
With my crazy satellite girl.
Well, ever since the satellite's birth,
We've been circling around the earth.

Or this deathless couplet:

I say the fun has just begun
We're on Sputnik No. 1.

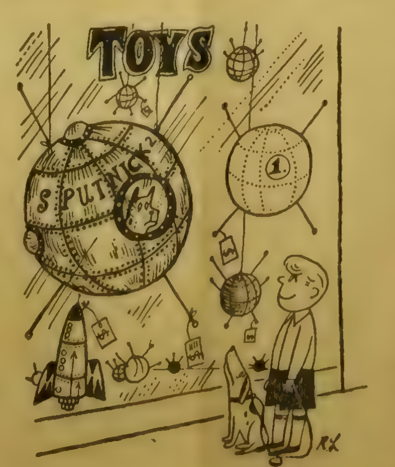
A certain pseudonymous Peter Prokovieff Philbrick Shultz was next with *Sputnik!—Tango di USSR,* but this freedom fighter's blow for culture was actually registered with another star-shine patriot, a C. H. McEntyre of LaCanada, California. May his fiddle hold up under the intense heat. Englerth, in a veritable fit of creativity, has already confessed to *Puppynik,* celebrating another Soviet phenomenon—but with the same good old American doggerel.

The *Wall Street Journal* reported (Nov. 6) that the toymakers were jumping into the Sputnik's orbit too. Or, as the reporter put it: "Enterprising U.S. companies hope to push their sales to higher orbits by exploiting Russia's Sputnik I and II." Numerous manufacturers have launched "crash programs to get out new products either Sputnik-shaped or Sputnik-named." The inventory of such national-security projects includes, at this early date, play helmets, bubble gum, balloons, Christmas candy and sequin decorations for ladies' dresses shaped like the orbiting artificial stars. Books, telescopes, globes, cars and pickles are among the commodities receiving a boost from the agency branch-office in Moscow.

The approaching Christmas season always has its own special anxieties for the ambitious toyman. But charitable Russian atheists have conveniently timed their rocketry to give an extra push to our commercial Saint Nicks, who are sweating more from fat inventories than from their pillowed, red-flannel suits. Observes Irving Cohen, senior vice-president of the Ideal Toy Corp.: "We're quite thankful to the Russian scientists for their timing." Ideal moved up release dates on a "Satellite Launcher Truck," a $4.98 contraption which shoots discs forty-five feet into the air, and a $7.98 Sky Sweeper which projects images of aircraft (and now Sputniks) onto the wall to be dispatched with suction-tipped missiles from the game's twin-rocket launchers. Truly an ideal boy's game in a man's world. Or to put the same childish values into merchandising categories, the same company's books show 200,000 satellite launchers shipped since Sputnik, against an anticipated 100,000. Progress depends on the orbit you're keeping. Ideal was able to make its contribution to America's growth by working its staff till 2 a.m. for three nights after the Soviet launching. "We had our space toys on the market forty-eight hours after Sputnik started circling."

There are other hustlers for the public welfare in the American business community. Park Plastics, Linden, N. J., simply taped the word "Sputnik" in the appropriate places on its satellite battle stations; it also added a throaty beep sound to its toy. Now that ought to interest a lot of youngsters in algebra and physics. To take care of expected retailer demand, Arthur Lange, company president, thoughtfully moved eighty people on the water-pistol production line over to the space-toy department.

Coleco Toy Products of Hartford, Connecticut, has already made 80,000 space helmets to cover the empty heads of America's pre-adolescents—good insurance that they will be too hopped up to get anything out of their math and science classes. It all started (two spring wires for antennas and painted-on stars) at the Monday lunch after Sputnik. By nightfall, plans had matured; four days later around-the-clock production was under way.



OTHER imaginative American industrialists are throwing their newts and toads into this bubbling cauldron of inane and enervating agitation. A Ravenna, Ohio, firm has a balloon in the works. Walgreen Drug Stores will soon dispense a Sputnik bubble gum. But all is not right in this best of all possible worlds of play. A Chicago toy manufacturer opines that there is considerable consumer resentment of the man-made star as Russian; such consumer resentment can lead to consumer resistance. Comments a thoughtful account executive for a Chicago ad agency: "If the United States had launched it first, the response would have over-shadowed Davy Crockett." As a matter of fact, the manufacturers of play suits are puzzled by the sticky space-suit market; it seems cowboy get-ups, thanks to TV, move much faster. Perhaps, after all, cosmopolitan spacemen are un-American, at least compared with their horse-borne ancestors.

There are other matters for Doctor Pangloss to explain. International Business Machines, which had contracted to sponsor a live TV pickup of this country's satellite launching, has reneged. It doesn't take an electronic brain to see how awkward it would be to hitch a corporate wagon to a second-rate star. And Andrew L. Stone glumly junked plans for *The Guided Missile,* a documentary to be made at White Sands, N.M., into which he had put months of preparation. Stone was bitter about the Navy's getting the satellite program when the Army was so much more advanced. "While in the Pentagon," Stone harrumphed, "I told the top boys there, that if we didn't hurry with our missile program, the Russians would beat us. To which they replied . . . 'We're not in a satellite race with any country.' " When, in technical consultations with the Army, he found that a crash program could have launched a satellite within a ninety-day period at a cost of around $1,500,000. Stone even offered to raise the sum! No wonder the gimmick-happy American producer is grateful to the Russian-financed Sputnik; it saves him money.

Even the brilliantly executed news coverage of Sputnik reveals the enormous anti-intellectual potential built into our way of life. The aim of the mass media is to get there the firstest with the leastest: scoop replaces scope. When a system of information careens from one spectacular tragedy to another tragic spectacle, it is in an increasingly difficult position to attract attention; readers and viewers have to be shaken out of a media-induced daze for something really important. Specifically, Queen Elizabeth provided us with a royally meaningless transition from the national black eye of Little Rock to Sputnik's international challenge to our technological leadership.

As sober and responsible a magazine as *Newsweek* succumbed to the hysteria by launching almost overnight a new department, "Space and the Atom," proudly billed as "the first in any magazine." "Like it or not," the publisher pontificated, "the fate of every one of us is inextricably bound up with the development of space travel and atomic energy. . . . You will find this new department invaluable in stimulating your thinking about the significance of our atomic future and man's exciting step-by-step venture into outer space." The force of Sputnik's shock to even the intelligent American is visible in these purple passages emerging from *Newsweek's* usual gray columns. But surely the magazine's intellectual function is to anticipate soberly, but not to panic into a new department that feeds the very hysteria it claims to dispel. Space and the atom and technology and science have been that important for ten years, but each week a publisher must look for new ways to build circulation in a culture screaming with hucksters' calls. It is all right for journalists to be constantly racing press deadlines, but when they begin to share their professional headaches with their readers, they give the nation a continuous case of ideological jitters. To use the phrase of that musical master of useless agitation, this kind of informational diet leaves us "All Shook Up." And it is a sorrow to report that the dean of the nation's leading graduate school of journalism solemnly saluted *Newsweek* for its grandstanding: "I was truly proud of *Newsweek* this week," wrote Dean Edward W. Barrett of Columbia. "You showed superb alertness on Sputnik." The magazine's new department, regardless of its merits, simply underscores the fact that "moving fast" has become an end in itself on all levels of American journalism.

We can soon reach a point when "keeping on top of the news" leads to a special form of misunderstanding—contemporamania. Our national metabolism, hypoed beyond endurance by advertising intoxicants, needs sedatives, not adrenalin, to meet the perennial crisis of the next few decades. Our media, both as promoters of merchandise and disseminators of ideas, do not let us calm down enough; as the case of Sputnik shows, we permit crises and all other kinds of extraordinary public awareness to be perverted for cheap purposes. Admen and businessmen use unavoidable agitation to further agitate the public for private goals. Who cares for the commonweal? Some day they will figure out how to use an earthquake to sell earth-moving machinery.

But perhaps the infantile and subversive reactions of admen and toymen to the not-very-silly Russian bauble can make us appreciate the insanity of Madison Avenue's prefabricated daily Babel. Meanwhile, there is a grim irony in the Russian propaganda victory. Their first satellite (too high for optimum scientific observation, and transmitting on frequencies ill-suited to maximum world-wide tracking)was more a successful advertising campaign than a successfully collaborative IGY venture. That may explain the sudden flareup of cosmic brainstorming along Madison Avenue. Sputnik rather beat the sky-writing, zeppelin-hiring fraternity at its own game of razzmatazz.

PRESENTING the 1960 NIXON . .

by Frederic W. Collins

Washington

WHILE BEHIND closed doors and drawn blinds the automobile industry has been sweating out the 1958 models which are now bursting out upon us in page after page of dazzling full color, mysterious labors in political engineering and styling have gotten a two-year jump on Detroit with the unveiling of the new Nixon, not for 1958, not for 1959, but for 1960. The advertising from Washington and California has not been one whit, or perhaps one should say not one Whittier, less strident, nor for that matter less colorful, than that from the auto city, although in one case it is paid, at page rates, and in the other it is free, at column length. In politics as in automobiles, progress has been developmental and largely concentrated on externals, the chassis and power plant remaining essentially unchanged. Re-tooling being prohibitively expensive in Detroit and prohibitively difficult in politics, recourse has been to restyling, and if it cannot be said that Mr. Nixon has a sawbuck for every fin, and if he is still binocular while Detroit has opted unanimously for quadri-beam vision, he exhibits, beyond any question, the Forward

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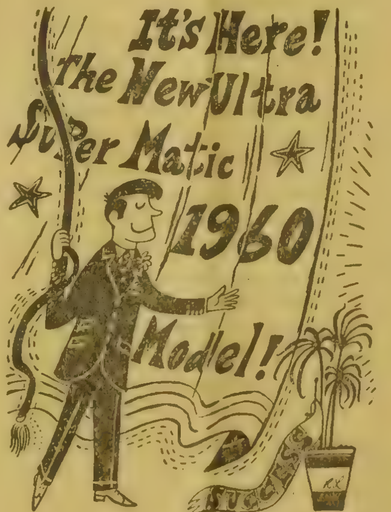
Look. In the Presidential class, political models go on the market only every four years, but the customers keep peeking in between, seeking to make up their minds long before the product reaches the salesroom floor. It is already clear that the choice of a style for 1960 requires decisions, or more accurately, gambles, not later than the fall of 1957. As a matter of fact, the 1960 Nixon went on the drawing boards soon after November, 1954. It has had several test runs, including the famed African endurance run and a submerged trial in the Suez Canal policy, and was ready to be offered to dealers by late November, 1956.

In keeping with the trend in Detroit, the new Nixon is described as broader but definitely not lower (one is reminded of the growing opinion among designers that the point of diminishing returns has been reached in the low look). The power plant develops more horsepower, due to a higher ambition intake attributable to the approach of 1960 rather than to radical innovation in engineering. The steering is more nearly self-contained, depending less and less on the old Eisenhower correction system. It features push-button position selectors, and pneumo-casuist suspension intended to give a smooth ride over the roughest of issues. An advanced differential provides dependable pulling power when traction is poor, as, for example, in mud. The secret is in an added component which permits the Nixon to cover up its own tracks while still digging its treads in.

THE LINE, WHICH covers every pocketbook range, includes a convertible convertible convertible to insure comfortable driving conditions in the extremes of political climate found in various parts of the country. The model to be pushed the hardest, however, has been named the Progressive. The most pronounced change here is that the elephant's trunk has been discarded from the front-end design and appears only as a vestigial, highly-stylized ornament on the rear bumper, so that it is hard to tell what it is until the question becomes what it was.

While foreign influence on the new design is minimized in the advertising, the styling specifications show a readiness to meet foreign competition and a sympathy for legitimate foreign aspirations. Indeed, from one end of the line to the other, the most striking feature of the 1960 Nixon is the widescreen wrap-around picture-window compound-curve non-glare distortion-free non-shatterable globe-o-ramic windshield, which enables the driver to see little people in the road as far away as Indonesia. While the new Nixon is not built to run a milk route among the Hottentots, its designer intends that the international-type Viewpoint (as the windshield is called in the brochures) shall make it easier to carry private capital to all parts of the world and lessen traffic congestion in the commercial arteries thereof.



The new Nixon is quieter-running, and out of respect to the Supreme Court, has black-and-white sidewalls appropriate for Northern urban constituencies, or rather, markets. This is a natural evolution from Checkers. Like its predecessors, it derives some of its propulsion from oil (and even natural gas) as well as gasoline. The transmission is of the variable-pitch type, depending on the nature of the audience to which campaign torque is being delivered. The displacement has been increased over that which worked so well against the 1956 Stassen, on the ground that not only the 1960 Stassen but the 1960 Knowland and entries not yet registered, are now challenging. It is expected that a special-body entry called the Coupe de Grace will be called upon in the finals, but its full specifications are still on the secret list because of a desire to focus attention on the stock 1960 Nixon.

While the Bold Look and the Broad-Shouldered Look have been carried forward to some extent in the styling, the over-all effect, or more precisely, the overall effect, has been dubbed the Sincere Look. In the convertibles, for example, the tops are of re-processed wool, the use of mink having been vetoed, and the pneumo-casuist suspension, as the engineers call it, is referred to in consumer literature as providing "total leveling."

The 1960 Nixon undoubtedly represents a daring departure in styling over the configuration and characteristics the fans of the old Nixon were accustomed to. Its marketability appears now to be high, but cannot be proven except under 1960 conditions. For example, customers who bought and liked the 1946 Nixon (the one with Helen Gahagan Douglas' head for a radiator ornament), or the 1954 Nixon (the one with the hatchet clipped to the aerial), may feel that they have been forgotten.

ON THE OTHER hand, the new exhaust system, designed to prevent accumulations of non-combustible deposits in the Treasury by blowing them into foreign-aid programs, and the reversible export-import carburetor for two-way streets in international trade, may set up consumer resistance not only in the areas of the industrial North, where depression is attributed to foreigners, but increasingly in the increasingly-industrialized South. And the color schemes, insistently two-toned, could repel buyers in the deep South.

Of course, in the case of the 1960 Nixon, the designer is also his own best salesman. Several distance runs before 1960 may emphasize his contention that the farther it runs, the broader the 1960 Nixon gets, and that by buying time there just won't be room for anything else on the road.

KNIGHT INTO PAWN . . *by William L. Roper*

Los Angeles

IN ABANDONING the gubernatorial race to Senator Knowland and deciding to run, instead, for the Senate seat from which Knowland is retiring, California's hand-shaking Governor Knight is bowing to a will stronger than his own. The question is: whose will? And the generally accepted answer is: Vice President Nixon's. But this is too pat an answer for anything that has to do with the complexities of California politics, and perhaps gives too much credit to Mr. Nixon, who is, after all, no more than an absentee landlord—albeit a powerful one—of the California GOP machine.

It is true that nearly all polls have shown Governor Knight to be less popular with Republican voters of the state than Senator Knowland, and that he would likely lose to Knowland in the primary. It is also true that Knight has described himself as a political realist who would never run in a losing cause. Yet on January 17—the very day Knowland first announced he was retiring from the Senate—the Governor said he would not run for the Senate.

What induced him to change his mind? Publicly, he explains that concern over party harmony was the chief motivating factor: he wants to avoid a primary battle that might wreck Republican chances in 1958 and 1960. But privately he and his supporters offer a more cogent explanation: Knowland's supporters cut off his campaign funds.

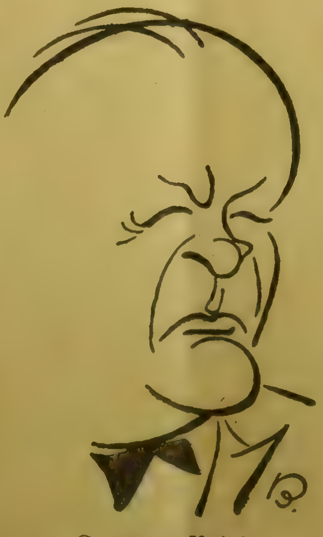
In other words, somebody upstairs laid down the line: "Not a dime for Knight."

Thus spoke the kingmakers, the money men who give the lie to those GOP propagandists who insist that in California, at least, there are no Republican bosses.

King of the kingmakers is Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*. The *Times* is the dominant voice in the Republican hierarchy of Southern California—perhaps of all California. Although the paper supported Knight in 1954, it has been critical of him since he announced that he would veto any "right-to-work" bill.

The power of the *Times* is proverbial and the Times-Mirror Company is owned by the Chandler family. No point is served by ticking off a list of Chandler holdings, for no listing would be complete. *Time* of July 15 merely succeeded in showing that the Chandler influence, a key factor in founding the $2.5 billion aircraft industry, extends throughout Southern California, which is today—more than ever—the center of the state's power, wealth and population.

THE *TIMES* is the trumpet voice in the control tower of GOP politics. But sometimes its publisher chooses to discard the loudspeaker and to speak softly (though the effect is not noticeably lessened). Thus, in recent weeks, Mr. Chandler sent three urgent, private suggestions to Governor Knight that he declare himself out of the 1958 gubernatorial race. The third and last message was delivered personally by Mr. Chandler's wife, Buff, who after discharging her duty, announced: "Goodie Knight and I are old friends. I told him I felt he couldn't win."



Governor Knight

In having his wife carry the message to Knight, Mr. Chandler was departing from a traditional pattern. Usually it is Kyle Palmer, the chubby-faced political editor, who carries the deuce of spades to those marked for political extinction. For many years, he has been both Napoleon and water-boy for the *Times*, planning political strategy and running errands for the Republican hierarchy of Southern California. Cooperating with him in laying out strategy are Asa V. Call of Beverly Hills, insurance executive; Murray M. Chotiner, Beverly Hills attorney and former campaign manager for both Knowland and Vice President Richard M. Nixon (see *The Nation*, July 2, 1955); and Bernard C. Brennan, former campaign manager for William G. Bonelli and others.

In 1952, it was at Palmer's home that Chotiner and forty GOP workers gathered for a dinner meeting to plan the strategy for that year's Presidential—and Vice-Presidential—races. Two years earlier, it was Palmer who conveyed the news to Knight that the "Draft Knight for Governor" campaign in 1950 must be canceled pending the then Governor Warren's decision to bow out of the picture. Early in 1946, it was Palmer again who served a similar "quit and desist" notice on Lieut. Gov. Frederick F. Houser, who had announced plans for running against Senator Knowland in the Republican primaries. And in 1938, it was Lieut. Gov. George Hatfield's courageous refusal to knuckle under to the *Times's* order that he get out of the gubernatorial race that led to a Republican split and opened the way to the election of Culbert L. Olson, California's first Democratic Governor in forty years.

THESE bits of history are cited to show the power of the *Times* and the financial interests it represents.

What Republican leader in California can challenge the *Times*? Governor Knight's most powerful supporter, perhaps, is his 1954 campaign manager, Howard F. Ahmanson, president of the $80,000,000

WILLIAM L. ROPER is a California free-lance writer specializing in state politics.

Home Savings and Loan Association of Los Angeles. But Ahmanson cannot dominate the Southern California primaries (where 44 per cent of the state's vote is located); he cannot control the selection of district leaders, precinct captains and county committeemen; he cannot shut off a candidate's campaign finances. The *Times* can do all this—and does.

The power of California's kingmakers, allied with the *Times*, lies in their ability to control campaign finances. The Who's Who of the GOP financial set-up here opens windows upon some entrancing vistas.

The chairman of the Republican State Finance Committee is Justin W. Dart, an official of the Rexall Drug Company, nation-wide chain-store operatives. He works in close cooperation with Charles Sparks Thomas, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Thomas, a former Navy procurement officer and a former Secretary of the Navy, has awarded military contracts, running into many millions, to West Coast companies for aircraft and missiles. And Thomas represents a doubly powerful link between the massive California aircraft industry and the GOP's national treasury: before going to Washington, he was a trustee of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Still another link between the aircraft industry and GOP politics is represented by John A. McCone, Los Angeles Republican industrialist who is non-partisan enough to have served on President Truman's Air Policy Commission, as deputy to the Secretary of Defense in 1948, and as Under-Secretary of the Air Force (1950-1951). Mr. McCone dropped in at the White House on November 1 to discuss "politics" with President Eisenhower. The discussion prepared the way for Knight's withdrawal from the race against Knowland.

The chairman of the United Republican Precinct Organization is Walter C. Smith, a vice president of Lockheed (in the three-year period ending June 30, 1956, Lockheed received defense contracts totaling $84,253,000). The chairman of the Republican Associates' Executive Committee is Homer M. Preston, an official of Richfield Oil. And the new chairman of the Los Angeles County Republican Central Committee, Robert F. Finch, has an especially interesting history. Finch served as executive secretary to Los Angeles' Mayor Poulson when Poulson was in Congress. He is rated a friend of Vice-President Nixon and an enemy of Knight. Twice an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in recent years, he fell out with the Governor three years ago when Knight gave aid to Fitch's Democratic opponent, Representative Cecil R. King.

Chotiner, a professional political wire-puller and political campaign organizer, is still influential as a member of the Republican State Central Committee despite his benching, during the 1956 Presidential campaign, by Leonard Hall, who was then director of the Republican National Committee.

LEST IT BE thought that the plot against Governor Knight was restricted to Southern California, it is useful to point out that the Governor's campaign funds dried up as suddenly in San Francisco as they did around Los Angeles. Pressures were brought against the money sources usually tapped by Charles Blythe, an investment banker, and Jerd Sullivan, another banker, who for years have been the most effective money-raisers in the northern part of the state. Blythe, running to cover under the drought, went along with the decision which took Knight out of the gubernatorial race. Sullivan took the turn of events less calmly. "A group from Los Angeles" put him in a tough spot, he complained. "It seems," he said, "like an effort on the part of Norman Chandler to do whatever he wants to."

What Chandler wants is already clear. "I think Dick Nixon would make one of the finest Presidents the U.S. ever had," he has said. "Bill Knowland is a fine man, but if they are both candidates for the GOP nomination in 1960, Mr. Nixon will get the support of the *Times*."

Puerto Rico: Rebels Find a Welcome . .

by Dan Wakefield

San Juan, Puerto Rico

IN A MAKESHIFT meeting hall above a café in San Juan's suburbs, a small, enthusiastic audience sat before the flag-draped pictures of Jose Marti and Fidel Castro—dead and living symbols of Cuban freedom—and cheered a series of speakers who denounced the dictatorial regimes of Batista and Trujillo. The audience, generously sprinkled with the special apparel of political exiles, dark glasses, was made up of men and women from three different Caribbean countries who are joined in a fraternal, informal community of opposition to the current neighboring dictators. The Cubans and Dominicans are exiles from their native countries, and the Puerto Ricans are their sympathetic hosts.

The Puerto Ricans, proud of their own democracy, are pleased to have their island serve as a port in the extended dictatorial storms, and the exiles find much popular support here, as well as official protection. There is also mutual support and camaraderie between the exile groups of different countries. The meeting above the café was staged to raise funds for Cuba's 26th of July Movement, which organizes outside support for Castro; it was attended not only by Cubans and Puerto Ricans, but also by the leaders of the main Dominican party in exile. This

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor. This is the second of three articles Mr. Wakefield has written from Puerto Rico. The final article, dealing with the Puerto Rican migration to the U.S. mainland, will appear shortly.

mutual sympathy is part of a long tradition in the Caribbean—in fact, it is one of the few existing inter-island traditions. For, despite their geographic proximity, the countries of this area have had surprisingly little contact, political or social. One of the few has been that between the exiles and their temporary hosts. Since all the countries in the region have experienced the problems of either colonial rule or home-grown dictatorship or both, the people are immediately sympathetic to neighbors fighting the same sort of battle. Before the rise of Batista, the Cubans used to turn out to cheer the Dominican exiles leaving or returning from Havana on their perennially abortive attempts to overthrow Trujillo. Now the Cubans have a dictator of their own, and the Dominicans sit in San Juan and cheer the representatives of Fidel Castro, who stop through to raise funds to fight Batista.

The Puerto Ricans have had a happier recent history, but they don't have to go too far back to find reasons for sympathizing with neighbors fighting dictatorship. When the Spanish took over the island on the second voyage of

of the Puerto Rican Government and trade-union movement.

More important, it was also attended by a man from the Puerto Rican security police who took names of people not known to him and who asked questions of Francisco Javier Guilliani, leader of the Dominican Populist Party, the largest political group in exile from Trujillo. The interest of the island security police in these affairs is not prompted by government disapproval, but rather by the fact that the exiles and their friends are in constant danger from agents of the dictators. Trujillo has a large delegation of agents in San Juan, centered in the Casa Dominicana—billed as a "cultural center" for Dominicans away from home—and not only the exile leaders, but their Puerto Rican sympathizers, are often threatened and sometimes attacked by Trujillo's men.

THAT THE threats are not to be taken lightly is proved by the long history of "extra-territorial" assassinations of Dominicans who oppose Trujillo. The recent, highly publicized disappearance of Dr. Jesus de Galindez from New York City is only one in a series of deaths and kidnapings of men who spoke or worked against the Dominican dictator. Sergio Bencosme, one of the first outstanding Trujillo opponents, was murdered in New York; Mauricio Baez, a trade-union leader who spoke against Trujillo at an inter-American labor conference, was murdered in Havana; Andres Requena, a newspaperman who wrote a book attacking the Trujillo regime, was shot and killed in New York; Manuel Jose Hernandez, leader of another anti-Trujillo movement, was stabbed and killed in Havana. Dr. Jesus de Galindez is one of a long line of assasins' victims.

It is one of the continual sources of suspicion and distrust of the U.S. Government among the people of the Caribbean that it proclaims democracy and gives diplomatic and financial support ($250,000 a year in Point Four funds, plus military aid) to a dictatorial regime with this record of slaughter—a record which does not even touch on the massacres and individual killings on Tujillo's own island.

No Dominican exile has yet been killed in Puerto Rico, but that can be credited more to the work of the island security police than to any lack of enterprise on the part of Trujillo's agents. This June, a Dominican-born man named Rafael Rivera Rosas went one night to the office of Dominican exile leader Francisco Guilliani and was beaten up and knifed by four attackers. The next day a note was delivered to Guilliani that read: "If this was not death for him, it will be death for you, Mr. Guilliani." Hector Landron, a Puerto Rican radio newsbroadcaster, interviewed some Dominican exiles on his program and spoke in sympathy with their cause, and the next day received a phone call threatening his life if he continued such broadcasts.

THE ROSAS attack, which capped growing reports of threats and attacks by Trujillo agents, prompted a statement from Puerto Rico's Governor Munos Marin:

> The alleged activities and attacks, carried out by persons said to represent a foreign government, against residents of our country should deeply concern everyone in Puerto Rico. Commonwealth police have strict orders to investigate those acts with the utmost energy. We cannot tolerate the extension to the peaceful and democratic life of Puerto Rico of dictatorial power from other countries.

There has been no public reaction to all these incidents from the U.S. Government. According to recent news dispatches, a U.S. Congressional committee is coming here to investigate communism, which is about as lively a movement in the Commonwealth as existentialism is in Dubuque, Iowa. But the committee will no doubt diligently search for Communist threats to Puerto Rican security, while Trujillo's men move unnoticed all around them, threatening life and limb of those who oppose the dictator.

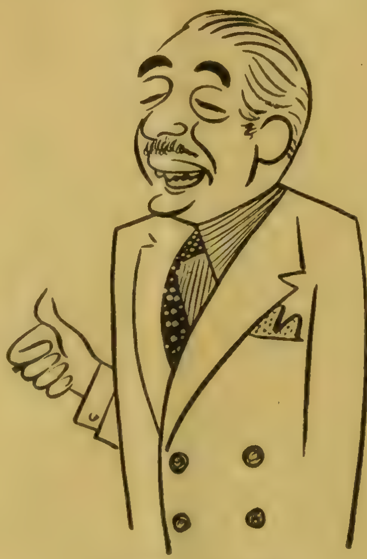
Francisco Guilliani has been to Washington to ask for Congressional opposition to the current Dominican tyranny, but his only real support has come from Representative Charles Porter of Oregon, who has asked the United States to cut its aid to Trujillo. The other officials Guilliani saw—including such noted liberal Senators as Jacob Javits—were "privately sympathetic" but would go no further, Guilliani said.

In the meantime, Guilliani attends to the exiles. As head of the Dominican Populist Party, he is the leader of some 3,000 Dominican exiles now living in Puerto Rico. He is the man most often contacted by Dominicans who come to San Juan in escape from Trujillo, and he helps them find apartments and jobs and get established here.

But Guilliani is concerned with political as well as "domestic" action. He leads a weekly picket line outside the Dominican Embassy here on Saturdays, makes broadcasts to the Dominican Republic and sends in news and literature of his own party's promises and activities. His aim is not so much to draw people out of the Dominican Republic, but to establish a sympathetic following within it for his party and its stated principles of democratic politics. The Populist Party has never attempted any military attack on Trujillo's regime, and they say that they are planning none. Guilliani has little hope of an uprising within the tight military control that Trujillo has imposed upon his country with the help of U.S. arms aid and a national budget that devotes 55 per cent of its total to the military. "We will just have to wait till Trujillo dies," Guilliani says. "Then we will return, and with the help of our followers inside the country, set up a democratic government and democratic elections before another dictatorship starts."

BUT THE waiting strategy is not shared by all the exiled Dominicans. The smaller, élite Dominican Revolutionary Vanguard Party, which also has headquarters in San Juan, is led by Horacio Ornes, who has already made one assault on Trujillo's regime with a revolutionary invasion force. When asked if he intends to lead another, Sr. Ornes—a tall, handsome, mustached man who could easily play the movie role of a Latin revolutionist—smiles broadly and says "Who knows?"

The Ornes party is composed mainly of professional men and intellectuals—doctors, lawyers, writers, professors and former Trujillo diplomats. "One of the best ways of getting out of the country," Ornes explains, "is to join the diplomatic corps." Trujillo's state department has a long list of diplomats—including Ornes—who defected after being assigned to posts outside the country. But defection is always dangerous, whether it be from the diplomatic corps or merely from Dominican civilian life to civilian life in another country with affiliation to an exile party. Dr. Tancredo Martinez, one of the top officers of the Ornes party, became the most recent in the list of Dominican exiles assassinated abroad when he was shot down this September in Mexico City.



President Trujillo

The Cuban exiles have had much less trouble from their home dictator's agents abroad than the Dominicans have had from theirs. One of the representatives of Fidel Castro who had come to Puerto Rico to help organize the 26th of July Movement said that Batista's agents, once outside the country, are just as afraid as the exiles they spy on. "Batista's spies know that our friends and brothers are with Castro in the Sierra Maestra, and that some of us have been there too. Batista's men know how we feel, and when they get outside the country and meet us on equal terms they know they are in just as much danger from us as we are from them."

Compared to Trujillo, Batista is still a novice at the dictator business, and his agents are no doubt suffering a cultural lag in the conduct of extra-territorial intrigue.

But the greatest threat that hangs over all the exiles, whether or not they are ever approached by a dictator's agent, is one that is seldom articulated. This is the possibility that when the great day finally comes and the dictator is overthrown, the man or party the exiles have lived and worked for may turn out to be just another dictator. It has happened often enough in the past, and the two Dominican exile parties both suspect that, if the other came to power, the result would be the establishment of another dictatorship. The leaders do not come right out and say so, for they all are bound for the moment by the common cause against Trujillo. But Ornes and Guilliani claim that the other's party would be "less democratic" than his own if it were ever returned to power.

THE "RIGHT-TO-WORK" LAWS . . *by Frederic Meyers*

"RIGHT-TO-WORK" legislation is again an issue—not only in college debating societies, for which it is the current subject, but in the real world of political campaigns and legislative bodies. Senator Knowland, in his campaign for Governor of California, has made it an issue there. Last year Indiana became the first of the older industrial states to enact a "right-to-work" statute. The McClellan committee investigations have revived proposals for a national law forbidding the negotiation of "union-security" agreements.

It is hard to find out what the shouting is really all about. The slogans used by both the "pros" and the "cons" have little to do with the real issues. Sponsors of the legislation talk in terms of protecting the God-given right to work—yet none of the laws passed, or proposed, has anything to do with the "right" of employers (or God) to offer, or, for that matter, to refrain from offering employment, which is the only way any worker becomes endowed with a "right" to a job. Opponents of the legislation say it will destroy the labor movement—yet the labor movement is healthier now in the Southern states, which adopted this kind of law earliest and most nearly ubiquitously, than at any past time. Whatever the merits or evils of the legislation, the public debate by the parties has pretty effectively concealed them.

Generically, a "right-to-work" law declares a contract to be contrary to public policy, and unenforceable, which makes membership or non-membership in a union a condition of employment. Usually such contracts are also declared to be illegal, and the parties subject to legal sanction either by those injured or at criminal law. The demand for, or coercive measures aimed at, achieving such a contract may also be sanctionable. Statutes enacting most or all of these principles have been approved in eighteen states, most of them the less-industrialized and less well organized Southern and Rocky Mountain states.

As Freddie Arbuthnot, the *New Yorker's* cliché expert used to say, the operative word is "condition." What the laws do is to proscribe a particular condition of employment, namely that the actual or prospective employee become or remain a member of a union.

Now, on the one hand, employees are never hired *unconditionally*. They commonly agree, as a condition of employment, that they will report on time, that they will not be drunk at work, that they will work according to accepted norms of effort and efficiency, that they will accept specified rates of wages, that they will join in pension or hospitalization plans or associations, and so on. Some of the conditions are set by collective agreement; others are set unilaterally by the employer because no collective agreement exists or because the subject matter is not covered in the collective agreement.

Thus, no one has an unconditional "right to work": employers always place numerous conditions on employment, and they are never obligated, individually or collectively, to hire all those seeking employment. In this sense, the very title "right-to-work law" is a misleading one.

ON THE OTHER hand, we are quite accustomed to legislative proscription of certain conditions of employment. For example, it is unlawful in most industries to offer as a condition of employment that the employee work for less than $1.00 per hour, or that he fail to participate in the federal Old Age and Survivors' Insurance system. Thus the argument that the right of free contract might be infringed by "right-to-work" laws is also misleading. No absolute right to free contract, where the contract impairs other substantial rights or the welfare of society at large, exists.

We do, however, start with a presumption that state power should not regulate the terms of private contracts unless there is strong social reason for doing so. Is there such compelling reason in this particular instance?

A union-security agreement is an agreement between union and employer making prior or subsequent membership in a union, or continuance of membership for those already members, a condition of initial or continued employment. The present status, under federal law, of union-security agreements and the relationship of unions to individual workers should be kept in mind. Under the Taft-Hartley Act, except where state law forbids, modified forms of union security may lawfully be negotiated. A "closed shop"—that is, an agreement which restricts an employer's choice of employees to those who are already members of a union—is unlawful. However, agreement may be made requiring that, as a condition of continued employment, the employee must be willing after not less than thirty days to apply for membership in a union and to stand ready to pay ordinary initiation fees and ordinary dues. Rejection by a union of the applicant, or his subsequent expulsion from the union for reasons other than non-payment of dues, cannot be made the grounds of discharge. Further, the act makes it unlawful for a union to charge its members excessive or discriminatory fees or dues.

THUS, the negotiation of permissible union-security clauses does not increase the union's control over the personal acts of the individual worker. For example, if a strike is called, and if an individual member of the union crosses the picket line, he may be expelled from the union (provided the relevant constitutional procedures of the union are adhered to). But if he stands ready to continue to pay his union dues, he cannot subsequently be dismissed by his employer by reason of his non-membership. The only element in union discipline to which permissible clauses subject the employee is payment of dues. Permissible union-security agreements do not infringe the right of the worker, for

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example, to refuse to take an oath, or participate in a union ritual objectionable to his conscience, or to refuse to attend union meetings.

Furthermore, a union which, under the law, is recognized by the employer as the exclusive representative of certain employees, is legally obligated to represent all employees equally and without discrimination —whether they be members or no. For example, a union is legally obligated to process a grievance for a non-member in the same fashion as it would for a member; it cannot, moreover, negotiate wages or benefits exclusively applicable to members.

Clearly, federal law already regulates private collective agreements precisely in the areas in which the "right-to-work" law is designed to operate. The burden of this regulation is to require unions to represent all of the employees in a bargaining unit equally, *whether or not permissible forms of union-security agreements have been negotiated.* As I have pointed out, these permissible forms require only, in effect, that all employees can, as a condition of employment, be required to pay non-excessive or non-discriminatory dues to the union which is legally obligated to represent them, provided the union wishes to accept them in membership.

IN GENERAL, where a union is recognized by employers, a majority of the employees in the bargaining unit wish to be represented by the union. Only under such circumstances is the employer under legal obligation to recognize a union, and it is only rarely that a union can "coerce" recognition without such majority support. Furthermore, the history of a near-forgotten provision of the Taft-Hartley Act of 1947 (deleted in 1951), proves that a vast majority of employees in organized establishments want at least the modified forms of union security permitted by the law. Under the deleted provision, polls were held in plants employing 6,500,000 employees; of the 5,500,000 who cast ballots, 5,000,000 voted to authorize the negotiation of a union-security clause.

"Right-to-work" legislation, then, would protect the "right" of a small minority, say 10 per cent of the employees in organized establishments, to refrain from paying dues to a union. It would also protect the "right" of employers not to be embarrassed by a union demand for a union-security provision in the labor contract (though, of course, nothing in present law requires an employer to accede to a demand for union security—it is merely "bargainable"). It would infringe the "right" of, say, 90 per cent of the employees to ask for a particular condition of employment requiring all employees represented by the union to make the same non-excessive contribution to the costs of the union. It would also infringe the "right" of employers—and there are some—to enter into a union-security agreement because they prefer 100 per cent union membership, or in return for another concession by the union.

These, rather than any "right to work," are the rights involved in the controversy.

THE SIGNIFICANT issue, however, is not the size of the minority protected, but the importance of the rights protected and the rights infringed. If truly fundamental rights of even smaller groups were involved, the law would be justified in protecting them.

There are no objective tests of the significance of such rights. The states began to pass "right-to-work" laws in 1944, when Florida enacted a constitutional amendment. In 1947, eleven state laws were passed. We have thus had ten years of experience in twelve states. What has been the effect of the laws? This is extremely hard to judge, since one scarcely knows what to look for in the way of effects.

Since the important issue is the significance of the protected rights, rather than the number of individuals whose rights have been protected, the numbers of workers who have chosen to refrain from union membership would not be persuasive either way, even if the figures were obtainable. My study of the situation in Texas has led me to conclude that almost all workers in recognized bargaining units are voluntarily members of unions. The only relevance of this observation is to the irrelevant argument on behalf of supporters of the laws that many workers don't really want union security—it is imposed on them by union bosses. To this argument, the figures I cited from the old Taft-Hartley polls are an even more conclusive answer.

Unions argue that the purpose of the legislation is to destroy them. If this is the purpose, and I suppose that at least some of its sponsors regard it as such, it is remarkably poorly chosen. In the first place, the legislation does not become relevant until *after* the union is organized, at least in most types of situations. A union cannot effectively ask for a union-security clause until it has at least some organization and is recognized for bargaining purposes. To be sure, there are unions which "organize the employer," that is, obtain agreements by some means of pressure before employees are hired, or without substantial membership. But these are peripheral cases, generally limited to the casual industries. In general, employers don't recognize unions until at least a majority of their employees in the appropriate bargaining unit have in some way indicated their desire to be represented by the union. Only then, after the organization has been accomplished, does union security become an issue.

IN SUM, union-security clauses serve to complete the solidification of already established unions—unions which have sufficient strength to maintain their existence without the clause. It is, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that denial of the right to negotiate union-security clauses would serve to destroy many unions. Again, my own study of Texas, and rather casual observation in other states, would confirm this conclusion. Unions have not been destroyed in any larger numbers after 1947 than before, nor, in those cases where unions have not survived, is there any substantial reason to suppose that the "right-to-work" laws as such have had much to do with their demise.

Perhaps one qualification should be added to this conclusion. In some states, including Texas, one of the sanctions available to enforce the "right-to-work" law is an injunction obtainable in a state court restraining concerted activity, including picketing, having as its object coercing an employer into granting an illegal union-security clause. There still are some "injunction judges" who, no doubt, grant restraining orders or preliminary injunctions or even permanent injunctions, upon the allegation of an employer that the union is seeking an unlawful term of the contract, when, in fact, the concerted act—usually picketing—has the lawful purpose of obtaining union recognition. Such injunctions delay and disrupt organizing campaigns and may be the proximate cause of their failure. The fault here, if such cases occur, is with the judiciary and its bias, and not the law.

THE general conclusion, however, is that despite the illegality of union-security clauses in some eighteen states, unions already organized in these states are secure. The problem of organization is one on which the laws in question do not significantly impinge.

That labor unions are secure in these states points to the fact that there are numerous roads to union security. One road, of course, is evasion of the law, and anyone conversant with labor relations knows that evasion both of the Taft-Hartley Act anti-closed shop provisions, and of state "right-to-work" laws, is rather general. By one device or another—for example, in the building trades—organized employers manage to hire only organized employees. The reasons for this widespread evasion are not hard to find. Employers in these cases find evasion the most desirable of the alternatives available; in some cases, they prefer to operate this way. Enforcement, in some states, could be sought by criminal prosecution. But both union and employers are guilty, and since everyone knows that the law is not supposed to be directed against employers, no one is indicted. The only other recourse is a suit by an injured employee, that is, one who was refused a job by reason of his non-membership in a union. But the motive for non-hiring is almost impossible of proof, as our experience under the Wagner and Taft-Hartley acts indicates. Though there are many cases of successful allegations of discriminatory discharge, there are almost none of discriminatory refusal to hire.

Aside from evasion of the law, unions can become and remain secure by what employers are fond of calling "selling the union to the employees." How does a union sell its wares? It does so by emphasizing only one line, militancy, and by putting responsibility on the back shelf. It becomes extremely vigorous in response to any demand made by any fraction of its members (or potential members). It processes all grievances, whether or not it considers them well-founded. In other words, it sacrifices long-run responsibility and the building of long-run good labor relations to the retention of a minority of irresponsible or unseeing members. I do not think this is general, but I think it is a tactic which unions, perhaps without knowing it, are forced into when, in the absence of union-security clauses, they are forced to account for the "membership effects" of their policies at all times.

Basically for these reasons, I think "right-to-work" laws are bad public policy. I think they force to the forefront excessively militant union leadership and force *all* leadership to sacrifice the building of good responsible labor relations to the satisfaction of the immediate whims of a minority of members or non-members.

I DON'T THINK the laws are what either principal to the dispute alleges them to be (though I don't doubt the principals' sincerity). The major employer-sponsors of the legislation are not organized employers—they are unorganized employers who have no interest or experience in building good relations, or in what union security is or means. I don't think businessmen are infallible in this or any other respect, and I think these employers quite mistake the effects of their program.

I think unions are quite right in opposing the legislation. I think most union leaders think other unions might be destroyed by the legislation, but not theirs. They know too much about theirs to fear its destruction by this road. But what they do fear is the destruction of a relationship in which union security is an integral element. This fear, I think, is well-founded, but is not one upon which a public campaign can be based. One can't say one will be irresponsible if. . . .

IT MAY WELL be that the current public revelations of corruption in some unions will lend support to the "right-to-work" campaign. The slogan that no one ought to be forced to pay dues to Jimmie Hoffa has appeal.

However, bills of attainder are still unconstitutional. You can't, by law, single out Hoffa or the teamsters, and deny them the right to negotiate union security without denying it to other unions and employers in whose relationship union security plays a worthwhile and constructive purpose. There are other solutions to corruption in labor unions that will hit only corrupt unions, and hit them where the corruption hurts. After all, without alleging that it is corrupt, it is relevant to remark that the Southern Conference of Teamsters has survived and grown steadily through ten years of "right-to-work" laws.

I think that the campaign for or against "right-to-work" laws is as much symbolic as anything else. I think employer-sponsors want to pass the legislation to prove they can pass it, quite irrespective of any immediate benefits they expect to achieve from it, for themselves or for the alleged victims of alleged denials of non-existent rights to work. I think the labor movement must defend against the campaign, because the laws are undesirable—though not in the ways portrayed in the defense. But primarily they must defend to show that they can't be pushed around politically. It is the familiar story, at the political level, of the strike over a penny-and-a-half. The major issue is not the penny-and-a-half at stake, but who wins the battle.

BOOKS and the ARTS

What It Is To Be Human

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MONTAIGNE. Newly translated by Donald M. Frame. Stanford University Press. 1,093 pp. $12.50.

Joseph A. Mazzeo

DONALD FRAME'S translation of the works of Montaigne is not simply a remarkably faithful one; it is an authentic literary work in its own right and a true re-creation of the original. Mr. Frame's English is contemporary and, like Montaigne's French, even appropriately colloquial, but he never forces the original into modern idiom simply to make Montaigne sound like a contemporary American. His translation has dignity as well as vitality, a dignity achieved without anachronistic echoes of English classics. In short, his version meets the primary requisites of any first-rate translation: integrity of style and artistic consistency of diction and tone, sustained in this case for hundreds of pages. Mr. Frame's very accurate work merits the highest praise one can give to a translation—the reader soon forgets that he is not reading an original work.

And there is good reason to welcome a new distinguished translation of Montaigne. His place among the greatest writers is unchallengeable, and many literary successors from Shakespeare to Gide have resonated to his power. His influence on French writers alone has been enormous. They have turned out more journals, diaries and memoirs than any other people, perhaps because each of them had sooner or later to come to terms with Montaigne's achievement.

As an artist Montaigne has always received his due, so it is with some surprise that we discover how little attention most of our standard histories of thought and culture give to his work. In a world where we are constantly bombarded with ultimata in the form "either/or," not only from the political and religious orthodoxies but also from the coteries of the "liberated," the works of the man who most powerfully and richly answered "Both!" have a particular relevance.

As a thinker Montaigne is usually neatly labeled a "pluralistic skeptic" or a "Renaissance neo-Pyrrhonist" and the historian rushes on in his anxiety to reach Descartes, a "real" philosopher. (Is it Montaigne's professed amateurism or his marvelous literary skill that leads so many professional historians to neglect him?) Yet his inquiry proceeds on a prevalent modern assumption that philosophy is centrally concerned with the realities and problems that a man confronts daily, that its task is the reflective analysis of all the modes of human experience, and that it can state its findings in ordinary language.

WHEN he adopted the motto "What do I know?" Montaigne found a truly new standpoint for thought, new at least in the way he applied it. He by-passed the dilemma of ancient skepticism which foundered on the contradictions implicit in the assertion that the only truth is that no truth can be known. Nor did he ever accept the central philosophic assumption of the past that particular truths inevitably point to a single system. In Montaigne's view, the rationalistic system builder rejected most of reality for the sake of mere consistency when the true aim of inquiry is inclusiveness. He thought that every system dealt with experience, as Procrustes dealt with his victims.

From another point of view, Montaigne completed the revolution in autobiographical realism begun by St. Augustine. Of course, St. Augustine's self as he surveys it in the *Confessions* is not entirely a mundane one. Ordinary events—the theft of pears, for example—are recounted only because God endowed them with a special significance, because they are in reality crucial episodes in a drama of salvation, revealing in one way or another man's depravity and God's mercy. In Montaigne, the sense that everyday experience is charged with latent significance remains, but it has been secularized and its range has been immeasurably broadened. Conversion to Christianity as the principle for the selection and ordering of events has disappeared, and all of experience demands interpretation. The result is that Montaigne is the first thinker to take all of daily life seriously, simply as itself, to see ordinary life as both typical and tragic, and to grasp fully the insecurity of everyday human existence and its problematic character.

Thus Montaigne's skepticism was really a way of discovering the truth in everything. He saw that those facts of nature and the self which make them seem so untidy are nonetheless real facts, and that man, with all of the contradictions of his experience, somehow issues from the all-inclusive unity of nature. Similarly, the apparently irreconcilable antitheses within consciousness actually all cohere in the unity of the self. However incompatible, the extremes of experience are all in one way or another true of the experiencing subject. Thus we can come to know something after all, if only in the form of tentative "essays." We can learn something of what we and the world in our variousness are like, and what we discover when we exhaust the contents of a single consciousness—including what is mean and trivial—will be a more universal truth than the constructions of the philosophers. Such a process has a beginning but it can have no end short of the extinction of consciousness itself. Its results can have no final shape, nor can they be molded into a symmetrical structure. They may possess a unity, but it is the

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mysterious unity conferred by their origin in a single personality.

MONTAIGNE, his book and his world are all of a piece, and they present us with a paradoxical fusion of the intensely personal and the universal. He usually begins an essay with a simple event—a mood or an encounter—or with something which captured his imagination while he was reading in his beloved library, perhaps an ancient custom or some lines of Virgil. Then, in what is best described as a free improvisation, or a set of variations on a theme, he expands the significance of the particular personal datum of experience until it finally includes us all. Perhaps the keenest pleasure in reading Montaigne is to follow his graceful, powerful, controlled mind in a process which is one of self-discovery in both the author and the reader.

By being intensely personal, by reflecting passionately on every shred of his own experience, Montaigne becomes truly universal. And this paradox, in the last analysis, is true of all great writers. Montaigne, like any artist, really never expounds anything, and does his work somewhere beyond the familiar categories of rhetoric and logic. He tells us that life is given to us in an endless series of concrete situations, each of them unique and each of them presenting a challenge.

This, I believe, is what Gide meant when he said that Montaigne teaches us liberalism. But I would add that it is a liberalism free of any simplified view of man's nature and his condition. Few men have been more acutely aware of the relative character of the absolute claims of culture, but he also was aware that tradition and culture were the strongest bulwarks against barbaric anarchy. In a time of violence and ghastly cruelties he keenly desired the peace and well-being of his contemporaries, but he knew that the ideologies of reform often coupled "supercelestial thoughts and subterranean conduct." He could admire the nobility of many of the customs of the cannibals who inhabited the new world, but he did not sentimentalize them or turn them into "noble savages." His sense of the relativity of culture and knowledge was always in the service of moral self-awareness.

Perhaps the most compelling and exciting aspect of Montaigne's work is his exploration of consciousness at the point where it rises from the deeper levels of mental life, and his conviction that the depth of the soul manifests itself in the trivial, the everyday and the biological, all of which in his hands become clues to the major problems of existence. Indeed, his conception of life is a profoundly biological one. Men, in Montaigne's view, turn life into a comedy when they forget that they are animals and try to behave with the rigid precision of mechanisms, or the detachment and omniscience of angels. They turn it into a tragedy when they make a partial truth absolute and harness the deepest bestial passions to the service of this superhuman claim. More than any other writer, Montaigne reminds us who and what we are, what it is to be human.

The East for a Change

FIVE MODERN NO PLAYS. By Yukio Mishima. Alfred A. Knopf. 198 pp. $4.

FIRES ON THE PLAIN. By Shohei Ooka. Alfred A. Knopf. 246 pp. $3.50.

SNOW COUNTRY. By Yasunari Kawabata. Alfred A. Knopf. 175 pp. $3.

THE MAKIOKA SISTERS. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Alfred A. Knopf. 530 pp. $4.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

SOMEBODY at Knopf's seems to have resolved to transport a considerable portion of modern Japanese literature across the Pacific. This is fine. At the worst it still makes interesting reading. It's a change. American fiction is certainly in a rut. Troubled in mind I once sat down for the night with a pile of science fiction, each volume good for about two hours' oblivion. In the late watches I suddenly realized I was half way through a book I had finished an hour before. I had made the mistake of going to the refrigerator for a beer and had got the *In* and *Out* stacks mixed up. One of the nice things about the Japanese is that they write about all sorts of odd and interesting places, almost as interesting as the sxluxv mines on Venus. For another thing, the Japanese are still writing about putative adults. The American highbrow seems hopelessly, inextricably, trapped in his own miserable adolescence. Reading the fiction in the average quarterly I often feel the way Heywood Broun felt when he interviewed Hendrik Van Loon—wet. It is lovely for a change to read about characters who shave or even lactate.

Since the Goncourts and Manet started collecting crumpled Japanese prints out of packing boxes, the wily islanders have been exporting a steady stream of art and literature with an always reliable, built-in exoticism. It took the print collectors half a century to find out that just because something is exotic is no sign that it's good. Novel readers may never make this discovery, but go along happily consuming everything Mr. Knopf imports for years to come. As a matter of fact, two of these books are pretty bad and two are pretty good, or fair plus.

Yukio Mishima's *The Sound of Waves* sold well last season. It should have; it was much like the sexy peasant pastorals that are so popular as movies in Japan nowadays. *Five Modern No Plays,* based on classic themes, is more corn, but not of the same kind. It is early nineteen-twenty-one Little Theatre corn of the "Hist! Dimitri! the saws are in the kasha!" "Ah! Feodora Feodorovna, what of your tuberculosis?" variety. I sometimes wonder if rewriting the great tragedies is ever a good idea. Perhaps it really is irreverent. It is hard to get the modern adulteration out of your mind the next time you see the classic, and this is certainly a disservice. Rarely the rewriting does open up new perspectives. The French do this sort of thing best of all. Yukio Mishima does it badly; he is far indeed from Cocteau or Sartre. "They face each other in silence. Weird music." Un-hunh. My understanding of the terrible, embodied hate that has taken foot and walked away from Genji's mistress and is destroying his wife and will destroy everything he loves for generations is not in the least deepened and enriched by this sort of thing.

SHOHEI OOKA's *Fires on the Plain is* a shocker about a soldier lost on Leyte after the Japanese collapse. He shoots

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KENNETH REXROTH's most recent work is a phonograph record, Poetry and Jazz at the Cellar.

a defenseless woman. He becomes deranged by starvation. His companions trick him into cannibalism. He is captured and sent back to Japan where he ends his days in an insane asylum. Shohei Ooka is a competent writer. He knows how to get the effects he wants, convincingly and with economy. He is never cheap the way Yukio Mishima is always cheap. Still, the book seems to miss its final intention completely. There is a social meaning in the portrayal of a man at the ultimate extremity of inhumanity. Is there a tragic meaning? Like Aristotle long ago, I think not. Furthermore, as many have pointed out before me, horror stories about war defeat their purpose if that purpose is to make war undesirable. The great evil of modern life is *tedium vitae,* the awful boredom that comes with self alienation and lack of aim. It is precisely the horror of war that makes it attractive—at least to the imagination of the passive reader. Ford Madox Ford's Teitjens series, e. e. cummings' *The Enormous Room* are the great books they are precisely because they show that underneath the blood, sweat and tears war is the humdrum evil of the same old civilian peacetime world, enormously hypertrophied. The real cannibals are in swivel chairs, boudoirs and cocktail bars, just as always. So the war horror novel is dishonest almost in strict proportion to its horror. *Fires on the Plain* is one of thousands, written all over the world, a slightly better example of a bad type.

ONE of the best things about most modern Japanese novels is that they are usually a little out of date. A Symbolist novel by a French or American contemporary would be hard going, but it is refreshing to have the dreamy, delicate world of pre-1914 modernist fiction revived and transmuted by the Japanese sensibility and presented in terms of the Japanese scene. Also the style has ancient roots in Japan and so gains an additional resonance from the echo of tradition. If Mallarmé had ever written a novel, it might well have resembled Yasunari Kawabata's *Snow Country.* It is all very *faineant* and aimless and precious. Shimamura is a young Japanese businessman who writes articles on Western ballet. He is a leading authority. But he has never seen a ballet and has no desire to see one. On the way to a weekend at a mountain village, one of those peculiarly Japanese resorts with a hot spring and ski slope, he sees a girl on the train. He does not look at her, but watches her face, brightly reflected over the moving, snowbound night landscape outside the window. This is the central symbol of the book; changes are rung on its elements—night, snow, bright light, a fleeting face—and the plot such as it is revolves around them.

Since about 1920 it has been impossible to write a novel like this in a Western language and make it stick. If one were published it would seem as silly as those lamentable Midwestern free verse *haiku* once so popular with sensitive housewives. But *Snow Country* comes from a country where *haiku* were invented and are still written, though possibly not as well as once they were, and so it does really have the poignancy it strives for, and a terrible sense of the waste of love and of all bright fleeting things that flicker out against the dark background of the winter world. It is sentimental even to say that—but the Japanese are possibly the only people who have made sentimentality bearable. In fact, they have made an art of it.

Junichiro Tanizaki's long novel is the most ambitious of this year's crop from Japan. Whether it is better than *Snow Country* is a matter of taste. It is not an exercise of the sensibility, but a family epic of a type going back to Chinese novels like *Golden Lotus (Hsi Men and His Six Wives).* Originally, I suppose, there was a Far Eastern moral to this type of tale, "When the future is in the hands of women, the house will fall." The plot is still the same, but the Makioka sisters are viewed with considerably more sympathy than they would once have been. The blurb speaks of "a great family," "upper class life." But that is just the point—these are daughters, not of the upper class, but of the ambitious and pretentious higher ranks of the employee class. Father Makioka was on his way up, the daughters were raised to be fine ladies, but he is dead and the whole novel is concerned with the struggle to hold the pathetic position already gained, of course by distinguished marriages. But the social pressure is always downwards. The girls

Sibling Hostility

Oh how they persecute my attempts at working!
Presently that sibling will leave
And my mother in the mornings will not converse
With herself, so all will be quiet,
Quiet, quiet, silence is a treasure!
Why, it is bleak as a jug, without leisure,
Without the quietude of travel,
The mind's walking,
The ignition of sedation,
Of sedentary summation,
Of cumulative decision,
I mean of doing what one pleases.
(No matter if it oneself displeases,
It is important, sometimes, to do as one pleases.)
Harriet thinks different.
In her book one should do the displeasing
To be rewarded with the pleasing.
A crowbar in one hand, a cigarette in the other;
But ethic demands a penalty
In her book, one cannot sit smoking.
And a pen in the hand to her is no crowbar
But a drag of marihuana,
Or a Marlboro or a Camel,
Or a whisk of whiskey.
I conceive a pen as being both
The cigarette and the crowbar, in the same hand,
And it may accomplish all she does
And more, since she, instead of putting linoleum
On the sink, has spent the summer pasting
White phony enamel on slop buckets.
I can never smoke with a clear conscience.
Which is not to impugn her method,
But to suggest the cat of guilt
Is skinned in many ways
And in many queer guises.
We are all, alas! endlessly eased by endless ruses!

RUTH HERSCHBERGER

have nothing to back them up as brides, and have to make do with what they can get. In each case the defeat is sordid, disastrous, or just dull.

This is certainly an eminently Far Eastern story, but it could also be by Balzac or Thackeray. In addition, although Tanizaki may not be a better writer than Balzac, he has things the French writer lacks—the close narrative plotting, almost as dense as Dick Tracy or a soap opera, derived from the great Chinese novels, and of course the poignant imagism of a writer saturated in Japanese poetry. Perhaps the best characterization would be to call *The Makioka Sisters* the unseen seamy side of Jane Austen.

Inside the Machine

ON THE LINE. By Harvey Swados. Atlantic, Little Brown. 233 pp. $3.75.

Allan Seager

A COUPLE of years ago I was talking to a man who had just left one of the Detroit automobile factories where he had been personnel manager. He was between jobs and on his way to a better one; he had had three or four drinks. He said, "A thousand bucks a day is not enough to pay a man for working on a line. Until you accept this as a fact, you won't get anywhere monkeying with labor relations." Since the dissipation of responsibility in an organization is guaranteed by its very nature, he took for granted the existence and operation of the line and he did not seem to be aware that he had been talking what amounted to treason.

Harvey Swados' *On the Line* tells why a thousand bucks a day is not enough. It is a *roman à thèse* but the focus of the book is where it should be—on the people, not on the thesis. It is only after you finish the book that you see the line as a kind of fate these men had to struggle over and accomplish.

For Leroy, the big Negro with the fine voice, the line is to supply him with money to study singing; for Pop, the oldest man, the line gives him the money to buy a car for his son after the boy has raised his high school grades high enough for college; for Harold, the former rummy, it is an arena where he can exhaust himself every day to keep from drinking; Orrin's pride was involved, quite uselessly. He wanted to be the best workman, to think himself indispensable, although there was no one to recognize him, no one to tell him so. One fact is obvious in all these relationships: no one likes the work for itself. The baits are money or some privately conceived struggle that gives their inane, fatiguing movements a meaning. To anyone like Mr. Swados, who has worked in a factory, these are not rare cases chosen to make interesting stories. They are typical.

IN THE Thirties, writers thought of workingmen as heroes or villains of labor—heroes if they were fomenting strikes, working to get a union in the plant, or following the sinuosities of the Communist Party line; villains if they were hostile to these things or apathetic. No one seemed to care what kind of people they were; what cares, what aspirations they had if these were not political. Nor does anyone except Mr. Swados seem to care now. Information emanates from government and labor union agencies, but the picture is statistical and it is almost impossible to abstract a live man out of a statistical picture. It is to Mr. Swados' great credit that he uses human beings as protagonists in his struggle.

Quietly, no sweat, Mr. Swados shows us how desperate the struggle is and he does it through one character who lights up all the others: Joe, who calls himself "the vanishing American." He is the one who reminds us and the other men on the line that the country has a history, that once there was at least a notion of freedom and independence here. He makes no friends because there is no time for friendship in the factory. He is a competent workman but he never stays long in one place; he has no family, no ties. He says, "In a place like this a man's life goes down the drain like scummy water." Through this floater, a man who will leave the job when the weather turns, we realize what the real struggle is for the men who remain on the line. It is not to achieve any high or noble ideals in their lives; it is only to keep some idea of themselves as human beings from getting itself stamped, ground, hammered, buffed, or chiseled away entirely.

ALLAN SEAGER, novelist, teaches at the University of Michigan.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ALMOST all the merit and quality of Carson McCullers' *The Square Root of Wonderful* have become imperceptible in its production at the Lyceum. The scene designer is a gifted man, nearly all the actors are talented and the author is a superior writer. The total is a dud. This is so painful a paradox that I would prefer to skip it were it not for the fact that it illustrates the role of stage direction.

If the play has a thesis it is that love or sex attraction must stop somewhere short of suicide. The play recounts the conversion of a young woman from sentimental sex romanticism to humane common sense. But neither of these descriptions fits the play because Carson McCullers is a poet and her writing is largely an improvisation around characters and a basic situation which are seen in a weblike maze of memory and emotional meditation: an inspired dream at twilight without any precise center or sharp outline. The characters often fall out of focus, and it is one of the mistakes of the play's composition that the author felt constrained to make her story straightforward so that it might appear logical to the prosaic mind. The script might have been better if it had had the faults natural to its author's genius.

No one around seems to have concretely realized the "music"—humorous, eccentric, daft in a way that is both earthy and ethereal—of the playwright's creative bent. The set which needed to be a mere suggestion—veiled and vaporous—is a mess of ugly lumber sufficient to build a cottage in Nyack. The young woman of the play whose sensuality is as innocent as it is direct has been transformed into a "spiritual" creature with a perpetually breathy speech. (Everyone seems to forget Keats's remark that there is no one less "poetic" than a poet.) The husband, a destructive person only because he is destroyed, a lost soul seeking a cocoon, all vulnerable retreat, is rendered into a sadistic monster, bursting with aggressive thrust. The suitor, a man whose quiet understanding supposedly stems from tempered power, is pictured as merely soft. The pseudo-aristocratic Southern mother whose middle-class selfishness and obtuseness are protected by an inheritance is played tartly like a George Kaufman "weisenheimer." Only the librarian sister-in-law, reduced to a whisper by her environment, gives a resemblance of what the author intended.

As a result, lyric writing, beautifully awry, and wonderfully intuitive character sense have been flattened into semi-caricature. I mention no names: specific blame would not serve my point.

JAMAICA (Imperial), a "calypso" musical wrought by a team of generously endowed theatre craftsmen—E. Y. Harburg, Fred Saidy, Harold Arlen, Robert Lewis—is a somewhat taxing experience. There are however mitigating elements.

The "book" has an "idea": the struggle by simple fishermen of a Jamaican village against the corruption of big-time mechanization. Some of the numbers are lively in rhythm and verbally sharp—with now and again a glance at social significance. But the show progresses to diminishing returns. A lack of spontaneity or genuine invention becomes evident long before the final curtain.

Jamaica's main attraction is Lena Horne. She is a beautiful woman and a highly skilled singer of popular songs. No one can fail to be impressed by her "cool" elegance—the artful cover of a secret flame. But I found myself a little worried by the fact that most of Miss Horne's songs were briskly jazzy with a bit of rock and roll thrown in, whereas her gifts seem to lie in a more sober area; the song of sentiment she sings in the show is one of the weaker numbers. Then too I was slightly put off by the extra fine polish and smoothness of Miss Horne's present technique. She was more touchingly effective some years ago when her style was less burnished.

Josephine Premice is another talented entertainer with a certain charming grotesquerie about her, and Ossie Davis is a winning actor. Yet all these credits hardly compensate for an absence of conviction and joy in the show.

FAIR GAME (Longacre) is a likably vulgar entertainment. There are people who lament that plays of this sort should draw large audiences. Let them spare their tears. This kind of play has been the staple of the popular theatre for at least a hundred years and will continue to be so.

Fair Game deals with pretty young divorcees among the wolves of the New York garment industry. No problem, you say. You are wrong. The woods are full of them, and there are delighted gasps of recognition in the audience for which the play is intended.

As for myself, I am partial to pretty girls and deft acting. There are several pretty girls in the show and no defter actor is extant on Broadway than Sam Levene. (He is ably abetted by Robert Webber and Sally Gracie.) Levene's concentration is ferocious. His delivery of lines has the shrewd grasp and energy of the biggest operators in any line of consumer business. His work—like Groucho Marx's—is Americana. But while Groucho Marx is a great clown, Sam Levene is a true actor.

SPACE does not permit me more than a mention of *Clérambard* (Rooftop Theatre). It is a wily comedy by Marcel Aymé—a great success in Paris some three or four seasons ago—which in its current presentation boasts intelligently colorful performances by the knowing Claude Dauphin and a promising novice, Tammy Grimes. Perhaps I shall have occasion to return to Aymé's play when I review another Frenchman's comedy—Anouilh's *Time Remembered*—next week.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

WHEN Carlisle Floyd's musical drama, *Susannah*, was performed for the first time at the New York City Center last season, it struck an immediate popular success and won the Music Critics' Circle award as well. This season, just before its remounting, a bit of nervousness began to go the rounds. What if last year's peony turned out to be this year's cabbage? Happily, nothing of the sort occurred. *Susannah*, while it certainly never merited the heavy chest-heaves some people managed on its behalf, is an extremely effective stage work. It plays well—indeed, it is practically foolproof—and such weaknesses as it displays are chiefly in its music.

The libretto, written by the composer, is based upon the story of Susannah and the Elders. Its scene is the New Hope Valley, Tennessee; time, the present. When the curtain rises on the first of the two acts, a square dance is in progress. (Square dances seem to be as basic to American operas and ballets as cowboys are to the movies.) The text, with fine economy, establishes the hell-fire and damnation tone of the valley folks' religion and the particular viciousness of a Mrs. McLean, who disapproves of the nineteen-year-old Susannah because of her enviable beauty and her carefree manner. A revivalist preacher, Olin Blitch, makes his appearance, having come to the valley to preach the next day's service. Surprisingly, in view of his professed austerity ("I always come a day early fer thinkin', an' prayin', an' fastin'"), he singles out Susannah and dances with her, although he has just been warned by Mrs. McLean that "They's bad blood in that family." Clearly, Reverend Blitch has a yen.

From this point, the action speeds forward in short, succinct scenes. Susannah is accidentally spied upon by a group of the church elders as she bathes nude in a creek. This sinful behavior is reported to the village and the girl is ostracized. The seriousness of her plight is compounded when Mrs. McLean forces her feeble-minded son to attest, falsely, that he has made love to Susannah. In the opera's most dramatically energetic scene, the Reverend Blitch exhorts the girl to make public confession of her sin, and she refuses. That evening, the revivalist, impelled by a combination of religious fervor and rising lust, visits the farm where Susannah and her drunken, good-natured brother have stayed on after their parents' death. The brother is away on a hunting trip, and Susannah, exhausted and totally disillusioned, is easily seduced. When her brother returns the next morning, he murders the preacher and flees. Susannah is left alone to face the mob.

I have recounted the story in such detail because I wanted it to be clear that Floyd has got hold of very strong dramatic stuff. There is high tragedy in the lone girl's battle against viciousness and in the preacher's helpless fall from grace. Indeed, a Grand Opera could have been written on such a libretto. But the composer, while he created a musical drama that is theatrically efficient, did not fulfill the grandeur of his material. You come away from *Susannah* with the feeling that you have witnessed only the sketch of an opera, and that most of the real events have occurred offstage, without benefit of musical fulfillment.

IT IS ALSO unfortunately true that Floyd employed in this work a musical style which is almost a *lingua franca* among conservative, commercially employed, or academic composers. Its chief aim is to please. The harmonies are pale reflections of various earlier periods, serviceable for the blending in of folk-song type tunes and four-square hymnal sonorities, but nowhere marked with the personality of any composer. They are not necessarily offensive, particularly if one's attention is drawn elsewhere by strong dramatic action. But the precise point is that this medium is congenitally incapable of carrying strong emotions. Pastel sentiments it can project, and sweet summer nights. Human passion it cannot touch.

Therefore, the author of *Susannah* was unsupported by his medium at each place where strong emotion was called for. In the scene where Susannah is seen naked by the elders, none of their prurience and subsequent over-reaction are audible in either the voice lines or in the orchestra. When the village women build up venom and ostracize Susannah; when the girl, emotionally shattered, is half suspecting herself of sin; even in the scene which ends with Susannah's seduction—the music remains esentially tuneful and unevocative. In verbal terms, too, it seemed to me that the preacher's declaration of physical desire for Susannah was an almost exact illustration of this kind of un-intensity. His refrain was: *"I'm a lonely man, Susannah."* Here, a character with proven capacity for animal-like religious frenzies, who obviously was capable of the same violence on a sexual level, can only say weakly that he is "lonely" when on the point of seducing a girl he had come to confess. If, at this moment, a really strong and expansive flight of melody had been possible, the opera would have taken off for the skies. It could have been another *Tosca.* But, instead, emotions were lightly sketched in, pointed at, and the characters hurried offstage.

I hope I do not belabor *Susannah* too much. As I said earlier, it is an exceedingly effective theatrical piece, and it is honest. But, since Floyd's further success has been assured by a commission from the Santa Fe Opera Company to compose an opera on *Wuthering Heights*, it is appropriate to say that I hope he will deepen and intensify the qualities of his musical thought. *Susannah*, I suspect, was conceived partly in terms of college opera workshop requirements. Its numerous, cleverly handled speaking parts, and its tentative handling of sexuality suggest that he had such groups in mind. Many of our American operas are written with an eye on college performances, since no other widespread outlets exist. But it would be an ultimate pity if American opera were to be hamstrung by the limitations of adolescent performers and audiences. It is enough that the mass media are conditioned to be "inoffensive," uncontroversial and naive. Let us at least develop a native opera that speaks to adults in an adult voice.

Influenza

Winter, in rigid dress, moves
  to my window.
She is angry because I closed the door
And rattles the sash with stiff fingers.
Her moon-cold eyes freeze my bones
And my strength washes from me
Like water over an old scrub board.
The cat purrs and leaps upon my bed.
I lie down but am too ill
To call the doctor.

Floating under translucent water
I lie, clothed fully, on sea-drenched moss.
Strange fish, a-green, a-dazzle,
Swim angular, a movement of color.
Only the blue marlin on my key chain
Sails near with sharp and
  recognizing glance.
The cat touches my cheek with her paw,
Gently, and I awaken.
I sense the pleading in her stare
But turn my gaze.
A swordfish must have stabbed my eyes.

Ruth G. Van Horn

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

GRAHAM GREENE, one of the best of living melodramatists, often gives the impression of being ashamed of his trade. No one turns the screws of suspense more gracefully or uses the irony of coincidence with more excruciating wit, but somewhere along the way Mr. Greene can be counted on to remember that Heaven's his destination and his yarn then falls sickeningly into sentimentality. It is bound to do so, for sentimentality is melodrama understood as truth.

So *Across the Bridge*, which for much of its length is a chase tale of elegant ingenuity, winds up as a moist homily on loneliness and love, with man's best friend delivering the message. Having carried his plot two-thirds of the way by the canniest showmanship, Greene then suddenly reverses his collar and exhorts us to be better men. Embarrassing is the only word for it.

Nevertheless, I would urge the picture for the amusement in all but its last chapter, for the excellent pseudo-documentary direction of Ken Annakin and for a spectacular performance by Rod Steiger. It becomes evident that Steiger is a throwback, an excellent one, to an earlier type of actor. He is an accent and make-up man; he plays the exterior of a character with a verisimilitude that makes you his delighted dupe. In this instance he is a British financier of German origin on the lam from New York to Mexico; pompous, arrogant, vain, but with the ingratiating agility of some heavy men. The accent is a wonder; the masking glasses, the cruel little gestures, the primping and bullying are the brightest prisms of comment. It is not the best kind of acting to reduce character to costume; in fact it is one of the traps that powerful actors must spot in their paths (Michael Redgrave is forever threatening to fall into it). But I gather that Mr. Steiger is an entertainer, and his way with the image of a man is wonderfully entertaining.

WITH her second picture, *Cabiria*, Giulietta Masina raises the question of whether she is an actress or a clown. The new film is uncomfortably close in mood and implication to *La Strada*; it permits Signorina Masina to continue wooing us with a very small bag of tricks: the self-depreciating crooked grin and half skip, the eyes opened in dog-like devotion, the boyish slump of utter dejection and the sudden recovery to defiant gaiety. She is already being called "the little tramp," but I don't think she is a new Chaplin in our midst. Her pantomime is not sufficiently eloquent (it says what it says with great poignancy, but the conversation is limited), she doesn't generalize enough and essentially she is the servant of the story, not the spinner of her own dream. I suspect that she is no clown, but an actress typed by her director-husband, Federico Fellini, who perhaps knows her strengths and weaknesses too well and who is too eager for her success.

In *Cabiria*, Signorina Masina plays a bobby-sox whore (a little older than that, but still the attitude is bobby-sox) who has an ineradicable faith in the honorable intentions of the men she meets. She is almost drowned at the beginning of the picture, she is almost drowned again at the end, and you leave her with a morbid certainty that her heart will lead her to a watery grave.

I regret to say that you don't much care. The little tricks of gaiety, sorrow, trust and truculence are played as though at the ends of strings. Signorina Masina is a winning creature, but she has been allowed to win too easily.

Fellini has worked a bit of satire into the story in a passage between Cabiria and a famous movie star (played by Amedeo Nazzari). The actor's elegant weariness, carried almost to the point of luxurious coma, is an amusing, if somewhat out-of-date joke. And the background is occasionally vivid and instructive: the girls, most of whom live in the squatter shacks on the outskirts of Rome, gather at night in a little square on the truck route leading from town. There they squabble and boast and listen to jazz on their pimps' car radios until some trucker shifts gears, throws open his cab door and gives a shout. How the girls get back in the morning I don't know.

RENE CLEMENT has a terrible story to tell in *Gervaise*, which is an adaptation of Zola's "The Dram Shop." In it a woman of great capacity for happiness and the energy and intelligence to make a good place of her world is broken to rubbish before your eyes. Being beautiful but a cripple, she is a prey to any man who smiles at her; and, by and large, men who are kind but weak are the ones who turn her way. Thus, given weakness all around, given poverty, given the malevolence of an assisting harpy, a woman is destroyed without anyone's having delivered a really fatal blow. Except the plot: it quite directly beats its heroine to a pulp.

For that reason, and despite excellent direction and a luminous performance by Maria Schell, one manages to stay outside the tragedy. This may be partly Zola's fault; the realistic moralists of an earlier style rode their themes with little regard for the instinct of self-preservation. Once they had decided that a character was doomed, no amount of intelligence or strength, and certainly no mercy of luck, could save him. In fact, the stronger and smarter he was, the more effective the crash. There is a good deal of this in *Gervaise*; it is hard to convince yourself that a girl as resourceful and plucky as this one is made to appear, would so passively sink into despairing squalor. But I suspect also that Zola's story has lost depth in adaptation; the character defects, as shown, seem insufficient for the horrible consequences. A little common sense, some spark of pride, the minimum show of love or generosity could have checked the disaster at a dozen points. The people concerned do not lack these virtues, but down they go, almost without a struggle. Thus the malevolence in *Gervaise* seems imposed, not engendered.

The picture is prettily made, by which I mean that its scenery and costumes and supporting actors are exactly right but also obviously scenery and costumes and supporting actors. It is stagy work, which is odd coming from the director of *The Battle of the Rails* and *Forbidden Games*. The acting is a little bigger than life, which would have given the picture a properly epic quality if the drive of passion had been brought into it. As it is, prearrangement spins the plot.

The Tourist's Complaint to God: Yellowstone Park

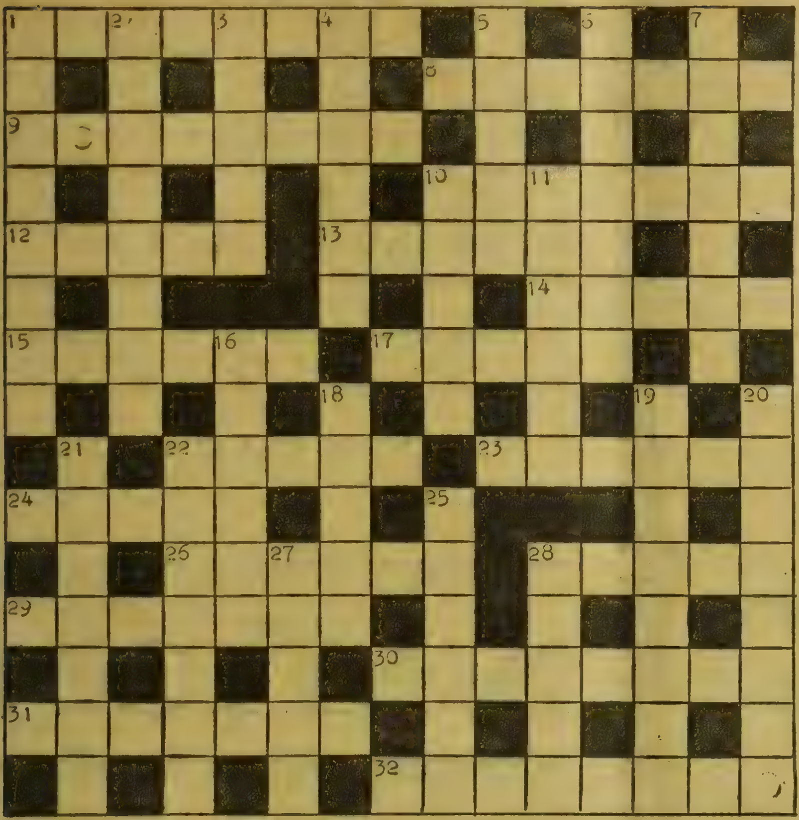
The bear has clawed my hand;
Real blood comes from the wound.
Incredulous, I stare.

Almighty Government-Father,
Why hast thou not protected me
From this peril?
I am thy child, I trusted thee.
Thou hast presented me with this park;
Why hast thou betrayed me with pets
  that turn
To rip my trusting flesh?
Hast thou forsaken me?
Thou hast left real danger
In thy pretty park!

JEANNETTE GOULD MAINO

Crossword Puzzle No. 747

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The sort of tin one finds in everyday circumstances, in a fastidious manner. (8)
8 You can make a car do it, but it implies a certain amount of arterial traffic. (7)
9 It might involve India gut making sure 7 don't lie. (8)
10 It seems to take long with a partner to bold this tidbit! (4, 3)
12 You couldn't say yours didn't care for you. (5)
13 What sounds as though it might be spread could stay with you. (6)
14 and 15 See 18 down.
17 Things do in consequence. (5)
22 Snake type (half-size) of tree. (5)
23 How a pronouncement of Lavrenti Paviovich should start to suggest one place or another, almost. (6)
24 Emergency in the extreme, which might prove rather wearing. (5)
26 Style a registered 12 might make up-to-date. (6)
28 See 18 down.
29 This officer shouldn't have a quick case, with nothing in Mr. Horner's place. (7)
30 Dislike of one rendering? (8)
31 See 16 down.
32 Rails. (8)

DOWN:

1 What is the sea doing, otherwise, to make a determination? (8)
2 Remotely connected with nice dirt. (8)
3 Sought by would-be champions? Right! (5)
4 Flies in the field or on the ocean. (6)
5 Saw a gun, perhaps. (5)
6 Following the lake bed over it? (7)
7 Numbers of diagrams, as one supposes. (7)
10 See 19 down.
11 Being "U" in pre-Nasser days? (6)
16 and 31 across Some 7 might be at the beach, but evidently not too hard for seers. (4, 2, 3, 4)
18 14 across, 15 across, 25 down and 28 across Evidently dividing lollipops equally is not recommended. (5, 4, 1, 6, 2, 4, 5)
19 and 10 down The tip of an icicle? (8, 5)
20 Hurried heads of state, with more than one degree. (8)
21 Uses 24, possibly. (7)
22 When he dealt, it might imply a strong defensive suit. (7)
25 See 18 across.
27 Submit to delay. (5)
28 Was this vessel wrecked by a berg? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 746

ACROSS: 1 SALUTARILY; 6 AMID; 10 NETTLED; 11 EFFORTS; 12 SKINNERS; 13 INCUR; 15 OVALS; 17 PARSIMONY; 19 FOOLHARDY; 21 LOSER; 23 ARMOR; 24 BELLBOYS; 27 DUSTIER; 28 ALUMNUS; 29 NEST; 30 TALMUDISTS. DOWN: 1 SENT; 2 LATAKIA; 3 TALON; 4 RED PEPPER; 5 LOESS; 7 and 25 MOROCCO BOUND; 8 DESTROYERS; 9 OFFICIAL; 14 ROOF GARDEN; 16 SPHEROID; 18 ROYAL PALM; 20 OSMOSIS; 22 SAYINGS; 24 BERIA; 26 ISIS.

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THE
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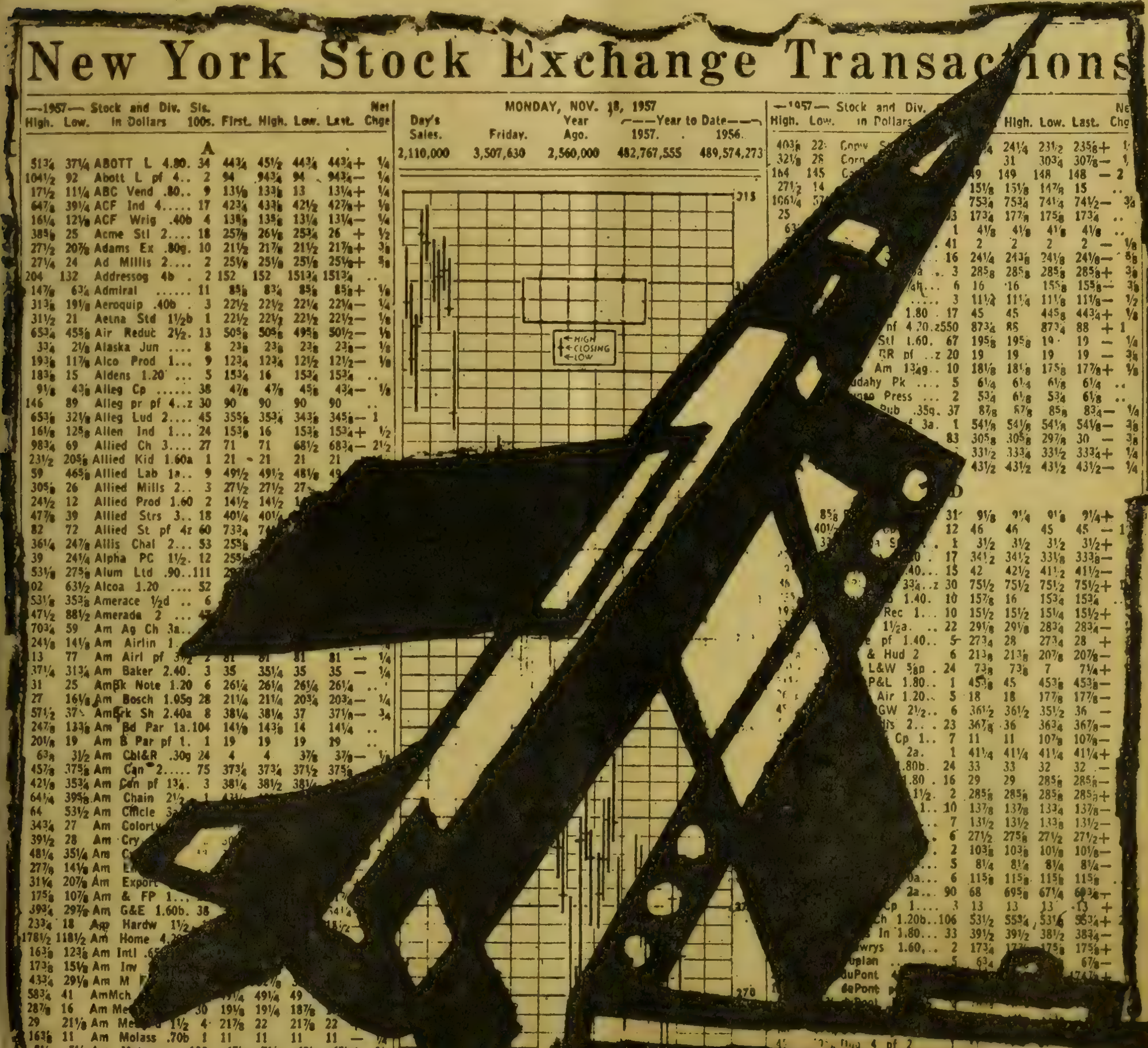
NOVEMBER 30, 1957 . . 25c


New York Stock Exchange Transactions
MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1957

The Airpower Lobby: SALESMEN IN UNIFORM . . *Al Toffler*

LETTERS

The Basis of Progress

Dear Sirs: Professor Visscher's Science Needs a Living Wage (*The Nation*, November 9), with its overtones of the old Technocracy, reveals the need of the physical scientist for at least a smattering of social science. Consider the nostalgic confusions in the assertion that "This country needs statesmen who understand raw-material depletion, energy-source exhaustion and disappearance of peasant populations." These three should not have been linked because the peasant is both symptom and cause of static, low-productivity folkways. From the same issue of *The Nation*, p. 322, we read: "Where raw night soil is used . . . hookworm, liver fluke, intestinal fluke and blood fluke account for one-quarter of all Chinese deaths." To achieve prosperity and to conserve resources, both human and raw material, India, China, Russia, the Near East and Eastern Europe must drag their peasants out of the mud, off the manure pile and seat them on tractors and before lathes.

Also consider the assumptions behind Professor Visscher's assertion: ". . . Creative [technological] scholarship is actually the basis of our present prosperity and our future progress." This is the doctrine of the Great Engineer in the White House circa 1931.

MORRISON SHARP

Chicago, Illinois

Self-Auditors

Dear Sirs: The state audits banks periodically. Why should not the AFL-CIO employ union examiners who would regularly go over the books of affiliated unions—and perhaps review other aspects of union activity? Labor unions should be required to send financial, and perhaps other reports, to a central labor body.

The point is, labor should clean its own house. Unfortunately, nobody else can be entrusted with the job.

ARMAND LOWINGER

Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Crossroads Africa"

Dear Sirs: We would like to call to the attention of your readers "Crossroads Africa," a project at Occidental College (address: Los Angeles 41, California) which, under the direction of the Reverend James H. Robinson, will send forty American students from seventeen colleges to Africa next summer. Together, African and American students will work on such constructive projects as an experimental farm in Liberia and a water-sanitation system in Ghana. Mutual understanding and cooperation will undoubtedly further international understanding and mitigate the shame of Little Rock.

DENNIS POWERS
Occidental College

Los Angeles, California

Fall Books Issue

Dear Sirs: I can't refrain from telling you I thought the Fall Books issue (November 16) extraordinarily good. Rattray's piece on Pound seemed to me just right after so much slobbering in other media about poor Ezra in the clink; Herbert Gold on Kerouac seemed to me to say what needed saying in just the right way; Bellow on the university as villain struck a glancing note—I've long been griping about the symbolist English instructors—and Wilson, on mushrooms, interested and amused a long-standing mushroom-gatherer and eater like myself.

AUGUST DERLETH

Sauk City, Wisconsin

Unspeakable Crab Grass

Dear Sirs: Just read David Cort and his The Unspeakable Germ in your November 9 issue. His hero, Bulpitt, Cort reports, used sewage-fertilizer on an acre of land and nothing grew—not even crab grass. Pure partisan interpretation of research evidence! I have used Milwaukee's product for years, and I can testify that it grows damn good crab grass. Not much healthy lawn—but wonderfully sturdy crab grass.

CECILE TRACE

Evanston, Ill.

Music and Freedom

Dear Sirs: The faculty members of the Metropolitan Music School who, last April, were called before the un-American Activities Committee, conducted themselves admirably and did their part to uphold the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. However, the adverse publicity which accompanied the open hearings frightened many sponsors, instructors and students. As a result, the very existence of the school is threatened.

Our school has been functioning for over twenty years; its staff and student body have been interracial. Our faculty has included many outstanding American composers. We are determined to keep the institution alive and therefore appeal to all of you who believe in civil liberties and the free expression of the arts to join our struggle. Contributions may be sent to me at the Metropolitan Music School, 18 West 74th Street, New York 23.

WALLINGFORD RIEGGER
President Emeritus

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

NATO: the Revolving Doors

A great deal has happened since the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was set up—the death of Stalin, Suez, Hungary and revolutionary developments in the field of military technology—but we seem to be right back where we started. For the December 16 meeting in Paris, Mr. Dulles proposes merely a restatement of our 1949 position. In 1949 we wanted air bases; now we want sites for missile installations. In 1949 we would not negotiate with the Soviets because we held the trump cards; we will not negotiate now because the Soviets hold them. Dr. Wernher von Braun assures us that the basic reason we fell behind in the missile race is that six years were irretrievably lost (1945-1951); but these were the years when we fondly imagined that we had possession of the "ultimate weapon." Now we know better and are straining every nerve to catch up in the missile race, but still we will not negotiate.

But if the original NATO program was dangerous and provocative, the proposed restatement is even more so. Now we plan to build up nuclear stockpiles in Europe; to train special units in the use of nuclear weapons; to dictate the terms of the stockpiling and to supervise security measures; and, at the same time, to retain ultimate control. Such arrangements would greatly increase the possibilities of a war by accident. The Strategic Air Command was not a part of NATO; the proposed new arrangements would tie America's deterrent power more closely to European ground forces. Allied IRBMs could respond to a warning instantaneously, we are told, if they were fueled and their gyroscopes were warm. We are told, too, that field commanders will have the power to "shoot back" and an error in judgment could commit us to the use of the new weapons. If, as is now suggested, 200 IRBMs are installed in Europe within a year, the officers in charge of these installations will have at most fifteen minutes' warning of the approach of missiles from the East. Long-range radar is another recent, complex and not always reliable development; it is possible to mistake artifacts generated within the circuits or harmless flying objects for approaching missiles. The Russians, incidentally, will be in a better position than we to isolate their installations. And the chance of nuclear weapons being used, it should be noted, is greater as the number of nations holding them is increased. All in all, a disturbing vista.

But the major flaw in the American position is that we are proposing to repeat the original NATO pattern in a new and more dangerous form without having explored the possibility of a settlement with the Soviets or, indeed, without having attempted to sound them out on a settlement before the new NATO arrangements are negotiated. Worse, Mr. Dulles goes to Paris with a record, carefully documented recently by Chalmers M. Roberts (Washington *Post* and *Times Herald*, November 6), of having vetoed a long series of suggestions and opportunities for negotiations with the Soviets. "It has been no secret around Washington," writes Mr. Roberts, "that Dulles long has taken a dim view of negotiating with the Soviet Union . . . In short, Dulles was saying (in reference to a statement of October 16, 1957) it is impossible for the United States to reach any meaningful agreement with the Soviet Union." What Mr. Dulles proposes, therefore, is a resumption of the cold war on a more dangerous level and with unfavorable odds.

The Six-Billion-Dollar Spoof

Army Chief of Staff Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor has proposed that six billion dollars should be added to the budget, on top of other proposed new defense projects, to develop an anti-missile missile. The proposal has a special if limited attractiveness: it is a relief to have one of the services emphasize defensive weapons for a change. But apart from the violent objections of the Air Force—which is out to control the entire missile-rockets program or else—there is another kind of caveat that should be entered. No sooner would the new weapon become "operational" than it would be countered by new developments in the missile field. Nowadays three years—the estimated time for development of an anti-missile missile—is an eternity. In fact, it is conceded that the Russians might be able to equip their ICBM with electronic counter-devices that would throw the anti-missile off the track. As one expert put it, the anti-missile missile "might be poofed."

Who, then, is being "spoofed," if not the public? For it can be assumed that the missile that could "spoof" an anti-missile missile could in turn be spoofed by an anti-anti-missile missile and so on, world without end. The mad pursuit for "the ultimate weapon," as we have

More Spoofing

> Across the North American continent from the edge of the polar icecap to the Mexican border lies a vast and wondrously intricate system of aerial defenses. Built over a period of nine years at a cost of more than $18 billion, based upon radar networks within networks electronically tied to the most modern systems of detection and interception. . . . Now a whole new problem confronts the system. The cold fact: it cannot detect missiles.
>
> *TIME (November 25, 1957 p. 58)*

pointed out before (The Missile Era, June 1, 1957) is only beginning. As long as we insist on pursuing the mirage of a perfect security system based on exclusive possession of "ultimate weapons," a sensible defense program cannot be organized. But more important is the fact that the arms race is itself a prime source of tension. The question still remains whether it is possible to concentrate so much of our energy on preparation for war and, at the same time, wage an effective campaign for peace.

Peace is a Sensitive Area

In the wake of Sputniks I and II, peace has again become a dirty word. Recently the New York Public Library withdrew its name from the list of credits for a WCBS-TV program entitled *The Faces of War,* which depicted war as horrible, wasteful and futile, because, in the words of its president, "long ago we found that in sensitive areas it is wisest for the Library not to take a position." The new trend, coming as it does so near to Thanksgiving and Christmas, is bound to be embarrassing. Sermons and editorials will, perforce, be marred by unsightly omissions and circumlocutions, such as, "The Prince of You-Know-What" or "——— on Earth, Good Will to Men." Can it be, as Mr. Graham Hughes suggests (see p. 413), that we have lost a feeling for the value we most desperately need to affirm in an age of hydrogen bombs, namely, the sanctity of human life?

Farce in Caracas

With vivid fanfare, the Perez Jimenez dictatorship has announced that it intends to launch its own foreign-aid program; oil revenues will be used in lavish fashion to lift the living standards of neighboring peoples. Only a public as badly informed as we are about Latin-American affairs could be expected *not* to see through this transparent hoax, which has been featured on front pages from coast to coast. Perez Jimenez, of course, is trying to divert attention from the alleged "plebiscite" which he has scheduled for December 15.

A bit of background is essential. In 1952, a free election was held in Venezuela and, to the surprise of Perez Jimenez, the democratic opposition was overwhelmingly elected. The election was promptly voided and the dictator hand-picked a parliament from the list of *defeated* candidates. Now this parliament has approved a bill which calls for a plebiscite on December 15. If a majority vote approval of the dictatorship, no election will be held: what's the need of an election if a majority "approves" the government in power? That a majority will so vote is as certain as machine guns and tanks can make it. The press censorship is absolute.

This country has its largest Latin-American investments in Venezuela; U.S. corporations, with thousands of U.S. stockholders, draw their heaviest Latin-American dividends from there. But even if there is not much that this country wants to do or can do about the dictatorship that rules Venezuela like an army of occupation, there is no need to buy this "foreign aid" ballyhoo or to permit it to divert attention from the farce which will be enacted in Caracas on December 15.

Hard Fact for Mr. X

Mr. George F. Kennan got off to a good start in the first of the Reith Lectures in Britain (commemorating a former BBC chief). He conceded that Soviet economic progress, in the ten years which have intervened since his famous "Mr. X" statement on containment was published, had surpassed anything that he had then thought possible. In general his tone was conciliatory and tactful. But with the second lecture, Mr. X was back on the same old kick. In "the strange world of diplomacy" we might someday be forced to negotiate with the Russians; stranger things have happened. But "summit" talks are doomed to failure because of "the strangely corrupted mentality" of the Soviet leaders. Until this "corruption of thought" is corrected, that is, until events compel the Soviet leaders to see "world realities as we do," summit talks would be futile.

But the need for negotiations arises precisely because Russians and Americans see "world realities" differently. On the same day that Mr. Kennan spoke in London, Mr. James Reston was writing from Washington in *The New York Times*:

> The official view here is that the United States has a right to send all the arms it likes to an area that borders on the Soviet Union, but that the Soviet Union has no right to arm Syria. In fact, Washington does not recognize Moscow's right to participate in a Middle East settlement. But the hard fact is that the Soviet Union is in Middle East politics up to its eyes, and will either have to be brought into a settlement there or forced out.

Oddly enough, cold warriors of both the limited-war variety and the massive-retaliation school assume that the Russians are quite capable of judging our intentions and capabilities in a rational manner. "If we are willing to trust to reason as a restraint on the use of ready-made, ready-to-fire bombs," asks General Omar N. Bradley, why not seek an accord on the basis of a compromise which would banish nuclear warfare? How can massive retaliation deter aggression if the Russians are incapable of assessing "world realities" correctly? Whether we like it or not, the only alternative to trusting the Russians is to fight them. Recently Lester Pearson (at the University of Minnesota), Aneurin Bevan (at Harvard Law School) and Cyrus Eaton (in a statement published in the New York *Herald Tribune* based on Mr. Eaton's observations at the Pugwash Conference), have taken much the same position as General Bradley. These men are not "appeasers"; they are not naive. "There are situations in the world today," to quote Mr. Pearson, "which do not admit of any permanent solution which will bring stability, without Russian participation in, and at least acceptance of, that solution. We might as well admit that hard fact." So might Mr. X.

---

by FIDEL CASTRO

WHAT CUBA'S REBELS WANT

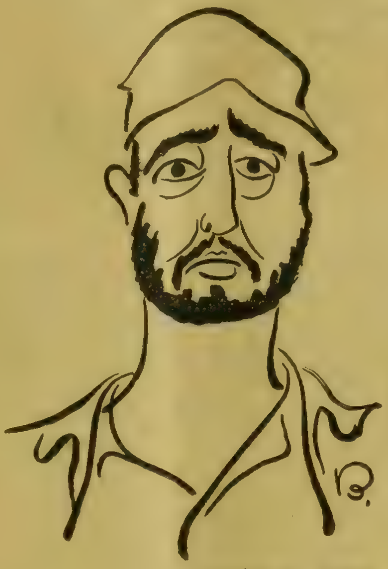
Fidel Castro leads the revolutionary 26th of July Movement against the Batista government from his stronghold in the Sierra Maestra, rugged mountain country of the province of Oriente. So far as The Nation's *editors are aware, this is the first clarification by Castro of his program to appear in the U.S. press. The original version appeared in Spanish in* Cuba Libre, *a Costa Rican publication of the 26th of July Movement, and was translated for* The Nation *by P. W. Murphy, a graduate student of Princeton University.*

Oriente Province, Cuba

CUBA'S LAND situation, the problems of industrialization, living standards, unemployment, education and public health: these are the problems—along with the attainment of civil liberty and political democracy—to the solution of which the revolutionary 26th of July Movement directs its efforts.

This presentation may seem cold and theoretical to the reader, unless he is familiar with the fearful tragedy which our country is living through.

At least 85 per cent of Cuba's small-scale farmers rent their land, and face the constant threat of eviction. More than half of our best arable land is in foreign hands; in Oriente, the broadest province of Cuba, the lands of the United Fruit Company and of the West Indies Fruit Company unite our northern and southern shores. Throughout the country, 200,000 rural families are without a square foot of land on which they can support themselves; yet almost *ten million acres* of untouched arable land remain in the hands of powerful interests. Cuba is primarily an agricultural country. The rural areas were the cradle of our independence; the prosperity and greatness of our nation depend on a healthy and vigorous rural population, willing and able to till the soil, and on a state which protects and guides that population. If this is so, how can the present situation be allowed to continue?


Drawing by Berger

Except for a few food-producing industries and some woodworking and textile plants, Cuba is essentially a producer of raw materials. She exports sugar and imports candy; she exports leather and imports shoes; she exports iron and imports plows. Everyone agrees that there is a great need to industrialize: that we lack metal, paper and chemical industries; that the techniques of agriculture and animal husbandry must be improved; that our food-producing industries must be expanded to meet the ruinous competition of European cheese, condensed milk, liquors and cooking oil, and of American canned foods; that we need a merchant fleet; that the tourist trade is a potential source of great income. But the possessors of capital keep the people bowed under ox-yokes, the state folds its arms, and industrialization will wait for kingdom come.

As bad, or worse, is the tragedy of our housing situation. There are about 200,000 huts and shacks in Cuba; 400,000 rural and urban families live crowded in slums without the barest necessities of sanitation. Some 2,200,000 Cubans pay rents which absorb from one-fifth to one-third of their incomes, and 2,800,000 of our rural and suburban population are without electricity. In this matter we are blocked in the same way: if the state proposes a reduction in rents, the proprietors threaten to paralyze construction; if the state does nothing, the owners build only so long as they can foresee high rents. The electric-power monopoly acts the same way: it extends its lines only so far as it can visualize a good profit; beyond that point, what matters if the people live in the dark? The state folds its arms and the public remains without adequate housing or light.

Our educational system is a perfect complement to the situations just described. In a country in which the farmer is not master of his land, who wants agricultural schools? In our non-industrialized cities, who needs technical and industrial schools? All this follows the same absurd logic: since we have none of one thing, there is no need for the other. Any typical small European country boasts more than 200 technical and industrial-arts schools; in Cuba there are only six—and graduates go forth with their degrees only to find that there is no work for them. Less than half of our rural children of school age can attend school; and they go barefoot, ill-clothed and ill-fed. Often the teacher must buy the necessary school supplies out of his own salary.

Only death frees people from such poverty, and in this solution the state cooperates. More than 90 per cent of the children in our rural areas are infested with parasites which enter the body through bare feet. Society is greatly moved by the kidnapping or murder of a single child, but it remains criminally indifferent to the mass murder of our children through lack of proper care.

And when a father works only four months a year, as do some 500,000 sugar-workers, how can he afford medicine and proper clothing for his children? They will grow up with rickets; at thirty, will not have a sound tooth in their mouths; and having heard a million speeches, will die in poverty and disillusionment. Access to our always-crowded state hospitals is almost impossible without the recommendation of some politician, whose price is the vote of the sufferer and his family—a vote that insures the continuation of this evil.

In such conditions, is it surprising that from May to December we have more than a million unemployed, and that Cuba, with a population of 5,500,000, has more people unemployed than either France or Italy, whose populations exceed 40,000,000?

Program of the 26th of July Movement

(as stated by Cuba Libre, *bulletin published in Costa Rica by the Costa Rican Committee of Exiles and Sympathizers of the 26th of July Movement)*

1. Ownership of their land to be granted to all tenant farmers occupying parcels of fewer than 170 acres. The state will indemnify the former owners on the basis of the rents which the lands would draw in ten years.

2. Laborers and employees will be granted 30 per cent of the profits of all industrial, mercantile and mining enterprises, including sugar refineries. Enterprises which are exclusively agricultural would be exempted in consideration of the laws to be enacted dealing specifically with agriculture.

3. Sugar farmers to be granted the right to 55 per cent of the price of their cane ground in sugar mills, and a minimum quota of 500 tons will be awarded to all sugar farmers established more than three years. [This means that 500 tons of the sugar quota assigned Cuba by the International Sugar Council would have to come from the crops of small farmers, who usually depend on being able to help fill a quota only after the large plantations have sold their crops. Sugar mills normally prefer to deal with large-scale operators only. Typical recent crops have been of the order of five million tons.—*Translator.*]

4. Confiscation of the fortunes of the grafters and embezzlers in all previous governments, and from their assigns and heirs by means of special tribunals with full access to all sources of investigation; and the audit, for these purposes, of the books of all stock companies registered in the country or operating in it, and the soliciting from foreign governments the extradition of persons and the impounding of funds. Half of all funds recovered would be applied to social security, the other half to hospitals, asylums and settlement houses.

5. In international affairs, the establishment of close solidarity with the democratic nations of the American continents. Persons persecuted for political reasons by the tyrannies which oppress sister nations will find in Cuba generous asylum, brotherhood and bread.

6. The enactment of fundamental laws and measures necessary for agricultural and educational reform; the nationalization of the electric and telephone trusts, coupled with a return to the public treasury of all taxes owed by the companies now operating these services, as well as of all illegally excessive income they have garnered through their rates.

THE FUTURE of the country and the solution of its problems cannot continue to depend on the selfish desires of a dozen financiers, on the cold profit-and-loss calculations of a few magnates in air-conditioned offices. The country cannot continue to beg, on bended knee, for miracles from a few "golden calves." Cuba's problems will only be solved if we Cubans dedicate ourselves to fight for their solution with the same energy, integrity and patriotism our liberators invested in the country's foundation. They will not be solved by politicians who jabber unceasingly of "absolute freedom of enterprise," the sacred "law of supply and demand" and "guarantees of investment capital."

A revolutionary government, with the endorsement of the nation, would rid our institutions of corrupt and mercenary bureaucrats, and proceed immediately to the industrialization of the country—mobilizing all our idle capital, which amounts to more than 1.5 billion pesos, through the National Bank and the Bank for the Promotion of Agriculture and Industry. This great task of planning and administration must be put in the hands of men of absolute competence, who are completely outside the sphere of politics.

A revolutionary government, after installing as owners of their plots the 100,000 small farmers who now rent their land, would proceed to a final settlement of the land problem. First, it would establish—as the constitution requires—a maximum size for each type of agricultural holding, expropriating the excess acreage. Thus public lands stolen from the state would be recovered, marshes and swamplands drained, areas set aside for reforestation. Second, the revolutionary government would distribute the remainder of the expropriated lands to our rural families (giving preference to the largest), sponsor the formation of agricultural cooperatives for the joint use of expensive farm machinery and refrigerated storage facilities, and provide guidance, technical knowledge and equipment for the farmer.

A revolutionary government would resolve the housing problem by resolutely lowering rents by 50 per cent, exempting from taxation all houses occupied by their owners, tripling taxes on rented buildings, demolishing slums to make way for modern, many-storied buildings, and financing construction of dwellings throughout the island on an unprecedented scale. If the ideal in the country is that every family should own its parcel, the ideal in the city must be that every family lives in its own house or apartment.

WE HAVE sufficient stones and more than enough hands to create a decent residence for every family in Cuba. But if we continue to wait for miracles from the golden calves, a thousand years will pass and nothing will change.

Finally, a revolutionary government would proceed to the integral reform of our educational system.

Cuba can easily support a population three times what it is now. There is no reason, then, why misery should exist among its present inhabitants. The markets should be full of produce; the pantries of our homes should be well-stocked; every hand should be industriously at work. No, this is not inconceivable. What is inconceivable is that there should be men who will accept hunger while there is a square foot of land not sowed; what is inconceivable is that 30 per cent of our rural folk cannot sign their names and that 90 per cent know nothing of Cuban history; what is inconceivable is that the majority of our rural families live in conditions worse than those of the Indians whom Columbus found when he discovered "the most beautiful land that human eyes have seen."

THE AIRPOWER LOBBY

SALESMEN IN UNIFORM . .

by Al Toffler

(First of Two Articles)

Washington, D.C.

ON A HOT DAY in mid-July this year, a man named Joseph F. Quilter climbed up the stone steps outside the Washington office of the Friends Committee on National Legislation. Quilter had come all the way from Sunnyvale, California, to this small house around the corner from the Senate Office Building to discuss prospects for disarmament. Quilter went elsewhere, too. He was collecting, from all sources, the best possible estimates of the degree of disarmament, if any, which could be anticipated in the next ten to fifteen years.

Quilter is with the Product Planning Section, Missiles Division, Lockheed Aircraft Corp., and Lockheed has a right to be worried about disarmament. Since 1951, no year has passed in which less than 69 per cent of Lockheed's sales have been military. In some years the proportion has been as high as 92 per cent.

Quilter's trip here, in itself unimportant, symbolizes the understandable anxiety with which the aircraft industry — the nation's biggest employer — views any relaxation in international tensions.

Other evidences of this anxiety abound. Said the San Francisco *Chronicle* on June 30: "Aircraft stocks have been in a nosedive. . . Villains of the piece are the trend toward disarmament and the increasing competition from missiles."

By August, disarmament talks in London had cracked wide open. On Aug. 30, *The New York Times* reported "a spurt in demand for aircraft issues. . . . The renewed interest was attributed by some observers to Russia's flat rejection of the West's disarmament program. . . ."

Few (and the author is not among them) would urge that the United States disarm unilaterally as long as the Soviets remain strong and antagonistic. On the other hand, as the recently formed National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy has pointed out eloquently:

> The test of a nation's right to survive today is measured not by the size of its bombs or the range of its missiles, but by the size and range of its concern for the human community as a whole. . . . The earth is too small for intercontinental ballistic missiles and nuclear bombs, and . . . the first order of business for the world is to bring both under control.

This is a large order of business and the Russians do not always make it easier of accomplishment. But under the Dulles regime we have deliberately by-passed several opportunities for at least partial disarmament. Disarmament need not depend on the good faith of Moscow. Negotiated properly, it can be made to depend on Moscow's self-interest as well as our own.

However, a climate has existed in Washington which made it almost inevitable that we would pass up the limited opportunities. If we are ever to move on to "the first order of business," this climate must be altered, and to be altered it must be understood. It is within this context that the amazingly frank remarks of former Secretary of De-

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fense Charles E. Wilson before the House Appropriations Committee last January 30 take on special significance. Wilson confessed that during his more "adventuresome" moods he has talked to his friends about the relationship of industry to the cold war.

> One of the serious things about this defense business [Wilson testified] is that so many Americans are getting a vested interest in it: properties, business, jobs, employment, votes, opportunities for promotion and advancement, bigger salaries for scientists and all that. It is a troublesome business.

Later Wilson observed that "If you try to change suddenly you get into trouble . . . . If you shut the whole business off now, you will have the state of California in trouble because such a big percentage of the aircraft industry is in California."

The vested interest of which Wilson speaks is no will-o'-the-wisp. It extends, of course, far beyond California and far beyond the aircraft industry. But this particular industry is something very special. An excrescence of the cold war itself, it has become the biggest single employer in the nation, with over 900,000 workers in its cavernous installations. Its member-firms, like Boeing Aircraft Corp., top the list of all defense contractors, in contrast to a traditional industrial giant like Mr. Wilson's own General Motors. During the Korean War, G.M. was the country's biggest war-materiel producer; today it has given ground to the aircraft and missile makers, having dropped to sixteenth place.

The political power exercised by the industry cannot be measured exclusively by the handful of giant firms which control it. The system of subcontracting gives the industry roots in thousands of communities over the nation — and each community thereby shares a vested interest in its continued well-being. In an article entitled Small Business and the Cold War, *The Nation* pointed out on June 30, last year:

> Fifty producers of airplanes, engines and component parts reported that they had negotiated 60,000 subcontracts. The geographic spread of these subcontracts is as significant as the number: nearly every Congressional district is represented.

In short, the vitality, growth, profit — the very life — of the aircraft industry, more than any other, is inextricably intertwined with United States military and foreign policy.

THE IMPORTANCE of this is twofold. The industry, with its insatiable needs and shrill propaganda, contributes significantly to the creation of the anti-disarmament climate. Secondly, even if disarmament is considered out of the question, as it is by many, then the influence of the aircraft industry still needs careful examination. For just as the industry has a vested interest in continued international tension, it also has a vested interest in particular military strategic concepts. These may, fortuitously, be correct; but of this there is no guarantee whatever. Whether or not one agrees with the charge that we have been disarming unilaterally, everyone ought to agree that military policies should be shaped by military needs and not by commercial considerations.

Yet the fact that the aircraft industry and the United States Air Force are partners in advocacy of a special strategic philosophy, i.e., almost total reliance on air power, creates powerful pressures that distort this basic premise.

The relationship between the aircraft-missile industry and the Air Force is quite different from that between other industries and their military customers. The Army, for example, buys billions of dollars worth of hardware, but the orders are widely distributed through the industrial community. The Navy may subsidize shipbuilders, but it also purchases a great deal from other scattered industrial sources, including the aircraft industry. But the Air Force, while it too needs uniforms, soap, hypodermic needles and milk, channels the overwhelming bulk of its procurement expenditures through the handful of large companies that dominate the aircraft industry. (See One-Customer Industry, *The Nation*, August 11, 1956.)

The relationship between these firms and the Air Force, therefore, "goes far beyond the normal business dealings of buyer and seller" — to quote the Aircraft Industries Association.

The Air Force and the industry are thus partners. But they are partners with a division of labor. For while the Air Force has its own life and its own interests, it nevertheless functions as the steel-tipped spearhead of the industry's Washington lobby. In this task, it receives civilian support from the Aircraft Industries Association, individual aircraft manufacturers, the Air Force Association and its junior satellite, the Arnold Society, the Air Division of the American Legion National Security Commission, similar veterans' organizations, the International Association of Machinists and other labor unions representing workers in the industry.

The role of the Air Force in this compound pressure group was explained this way by a staff member of one of the Congressional Armed Services committees: "The industry doesn't do much direct lobbying here on the Hill. To sell a project to Congress is the hard way to do it. It's much easier to sell the idea to the Air Force and let the Air Force do the pushing."

How influential the industry is in selling projects — and, more significantly, the policies that justify them — should be of vital concern to every citizen and especially to every Congressional committee interested in national defense.

The delicate feeler at the very end of the steel tip of the Air Force lobby is the Office of Legislative Liaison, presided over by Major General Joe W. Kelly and operating directly under the authority of the Office of the Secretary of the Air Force. At one time, assignment to O.L.L. was considered exile, but no longer. According to the people on Capitol Hill who do business with the services, Kelly is "one of the best in the business" and his office attracts top-caliber people. With over 125 personnel and an annual expenditure of over $700,000, it is the biggest legislative arm of any service — although admittedly not by much.

Air Force's Increasing Share of the Military Melon

(in $ millions)

Fiscal Year	*Total Dept. Defense Budget*	*Office of Sec. Defense; interservice items*	*Total Divided*	*Air Force*	*% of Total*	*Army*	*% of Total*	*Navy*	*% of Total*
1950	11,844	202	11,642	3,572	31	3,975	34	4,095	35
1951	19,772	362	19,410	6,349	33	7,477	38	5,584	29
1952	38,972	392	38,580	12,711	33	15,708	41	10,161	26
1953	43,711	409	43,302	15,087	35	16,337	38	11,878	27
1954	40,336	464	39,872	15,668	39	12,910	33	11,293	28
1955	35,533	494	35,039	16,407	47	8,899	25	9,733	28
1956	35,791	596	35,195	16,749	47	8,702	25	9,744	28
1957	38,428*	613	37,815	18,359	49	9,058	24	10,398	27
1958	38,000**	750	37,250	17,900	48	8,950	28	10,400	24

**Preliminary* ***Estimated*

Kelly's unit maintains a special office in the House Office Building to serve Congressmen. When a constituent writes his Congressman that his son in the Air Force needs an emergency leave, wants a transfer or needs some other form of special attention, the request is passed along to the O.L.L. office. There it is processed with more or less rapidity. This service — which the other military branches also perform — is a necessary and legitimate one. It also makes friends and influences Congressmen.

Back in the Pentagon, Kelly's office helps pick out the right officers to testify before Congressional committees; it helps prepare presentations which are intended to sell Congress one or another program; it keeps a sensitive ear to the Congressional mood and is responsible for keeping the Air Force informed as well as representing it in the halls of Congress.

The O.L.L., it should be noted, does little work on appropriation bills, which are largely handled by the Assistant Secretary of the Air Force (comptroller) and the military chain under him. But O.L.L. does work closely with the Armed Services committees, where the basic lines of military policy are established. These committees clear projects before their submission to the Appropriations committees; their endorsements carry great weight with Congress.

The efficacy of the Air Force's political activity can be measured to a degree in the way the ever-expanding military melon is divided among the services. It is true that technological and other factors have been involved in the ascendancy of the Air Force. But the political footwork of the Air Force and its civilian allies has not been without significance.

In 1950 the still-young Air Force received only 31 per cent of the funds divided among the three services — less than either of the other two. Today, with the total melon more than tripled in size, the Air Force gets 47-48 per cent, more than either of its "rivals" and almost as much as the two combined (*see chart on this page*).

In view of the current furor over missiles and satellites — a furor nourished in part by the aircraft lobby — it is an absolutely safe bet to say that any increase in military spending will widen still further the percentage gap.

THE JET-LIKE rise of the Air Force can be measured in other ways, too. In the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* in May, 1955, W. Barton Leach, a fervid airpower enthusiast, complained among other things that the air arm was insufficiently represented in the Office of the Secretary of Defense. Of the key men in that office, he charged, none had any Air Force background. Since then, Air Force men have moved into dominating positions in the military establishment as a whole, including the Office of the Secretary of Defense. Donald Quarles, former Secretary of the Air Force, has moved up to Deputy Secretary of Defense, the Number Two civilian job in the whole set-up. General Nathan Twining, former Air Force Chief of Staff, has been elevated to Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, replacing Admiral Arthur Radford, a Navy man, but in recent years an excellent friend of the Air Force.

This ascension of the Air Force has occurred during a period in which its rationale — airpower as the ultimate deterrent — gained overwhelming acceptance in Washington. The emergence of the concept, of course, can be traced to the astounding series of revolutions which have taken place in the science of destruction since Hiroshima. But strategic theories seldom just "catch on." They have to be helped.

This is where the public-information program of the Air Force and the propaganda efforts of the industry and its organizations come in. The Air Force is allotted $816,667 a year to carry on public-information activity. Thirty full-time and over 200 part-time publicists, in and out of uniform, devote at least a part of their efforts to popularizing the airpower philosophy. Additionally, braided speechmakers brandishing "cleared" scripts appear at civilian conventions and meetings almost every day of the year.

But even if the Air Force were, as Barton Leach inaccurately labeled it, "the silent service," the airpower story would still be drummed into the ears of citizens and Congressmen by other units of the lobby. Around the corner from the White House, for example, is the headquarters of the Air Force Association. This organization, first conceived by General H. H. Arnold, sprang to life in 1945 as a "civilian airpower group." Today A.F.A. boasts over 50,000 individual members, 125 community groups and 300 industry affiliates. A key link between the industry and the Air Force, A.F.A. is a dynamic and aggressive exponent of the all-for-air thesis. Says one of its recruiting brochures:

> A.F.A. headquarters are in Washington so that A.F.A. can keep tabs on what's going on in Congress, at the Pentagon, at every top echelon. And so that A.F.A. can present at the top military and government level an airpower policy that is originated and hammered out by some of the best qualified men in the country—our members.

A.F.A.'s interests are broad. It is not registered as a lobby organization and its staff vigorously deny any such function. But here is what the organization tells its members:

> On everything from pay, PX privileges and housing to logistics and optimum overall air strength, A.F.A. has the information that legislators and policy-makers need. And they appreciate honest, thorough help in working out the problems they've got to solve. They turn naturally to A.F.A. . . .

On a more diffuse propaganda level, A.F.A. assiduously issues information in support of a bigger Air Force budget. Its staff works with Hollywood and the press "to get public appreciation for the needs and status of airpower." It also publishes an expensive monthly magazine which is supported by institutional advertising from the aircraft companies.

If A.F.A. serves as a sounding board — particularly a grass-roots sounding board — for the propaganda of the industry and the service, it also performs another vital function in providing a liaison link between the two. Although it is supposed to be a "civilian airpower group," its board of directors is studded with present and former air generals (Jimmy Doolittle, "Tooey" Spatz, George C. Kenney). It is also weighted with industry representatives. The president is Peter Schenk, a high executive in General Electric's military-marketing operation. Convair, Northrop and Fairchild are also represented on the board.

In its own words, the A.F.A. "provides a meeting place for industry and the military . . . We think and act on issues which are fundamental to business because they are fundamental to security." Pointing out that "the U. S. Air Force is beyond question the biggest business, and the biggest single market in the world," A.F.A. adds unnecessarily that "industry's interest in effective liaison with the Air Force is obvious." An A.F.A. staff man put the relationship more colorfully: "A.F.A. is the catalyst that encourages the Air Force and the industry to make happy music together."

The organization also supervises the Arnold Society, an organization devoted to preaching the airpower line to the country's youth.

PERHAPS even more important politically and in terms of liaison is the Aircraft Industries Association, which, although it protests that it is not a lobby, has registered a lobbyist, Harold Mosier, in its name. It claims to "represent the industry's viewpoints and interests to the government. It is vigilant of legislation and regulations that might affect the aircraft industry." It spends $350,000 a year for a high-powered public-relations program (directed by Hill & Knowlton, a blue-chip agency). It has an overall budget of about $1,500,000 a year, according to a spokesman. Its president is a retired four-star Air Force General, Orval R. Cook. Its well-illustrated publication, *Planes,* goes to 60,000 readers, many of them in the opinion-making professions.

In addition to these components, the airpower lobby is also backed by the pressures applied by individual companies. When North American Aviation lost its massive Navaho missile contract last summer, an up-in-arms delegation of California Congressmen marched on the Department of Defense demanding to know why. The source of this regional pressure is the industry itself, individual companies and the unions representing the aircraft workers.

THUS NO voice has been louder in support of limitless spending for aircraft and missiles than the International Association of Machinists, AFL-CIO, which represents about two-thirds of the organized workers in the industry. As the *Machinists Journal* once put it, "The I.A.M. has . . . become synonymous with the aircraft industry." The union's fortnightly newspaper (circulation almost 1,000,000) may attack the companies on collective-bargaining issues, but there is a closing of ranks on the issue of more airpower.

The United Auto Workers, which represents many aircraft employees, has also pressed hard for higher airpower spending, albeit its leadership does so with some sense of private embarrassment. The blush didn't prevent the union's vice president, Leonard Woodcock, from commenting, after the Navaho cancellation, that the government must not be permitted to cancel weapons contracts purely on the basis of national-defense needs.

Labor's concern is natural. Pre-Sputnik cutbacks in defense spending have already resulted in the layoff of about 25,000 aircraft workers in Los Angeles alone, and additional thousands have lost jobs in such aircraft centers as Long Island. Moreover, the outlook is not good; the fabrication of missiles and rockets needs less manpower than that of conventional aircraft, and this is the direction, of course, in which tomorrow's airpower is turning. Layoffs affect whole communities as well as the ranks of labor. Los Angeles, for instance, needs 100,000 new jobs each year to keep pace with its population growth.

So communities join with labor in pressing for a national-defense system that guarantees full employment. National security shapes up as a problem of profits, wages and jobs. Many of the laid-off Los Angeles aircraft workers, sensing the trap they are in, are seeking to get out of the industry altogether and line themselves up with jobs less dependent upon the vagaries of defense spending.

The industry, through spokesmen like General Cook, stridently urges acceleration of spending for both manned aircraft and missiles. The implication is that even if we do not need more planes or missiles at a given time, the industry ought to be fed with contracts just so that it will remain on the alert. Meanwhile, the Air Force presses its own political struggle with the other services.

The result is a swelling, high-pitched chorus that interferes with the sane determination of military or foreign policy. It is, as Charlie Wilson put it, "a troublesome thing."

The Central Just Loves the Pennsy . .

by John S. Tompkins

THOUGH THE recently announced merger talks between the Pennsylvania and New York Central railroads failed to mention the name of Central's controversial chairman, Robert R. Young, many Wall Street observers see his influence behind the scenes. Indeed, perhaps the best capsule analysis of the proposal was made, unwittingly, a month earlier by a big New York brokerage house. A detailed study of the Alleghany Corporation, the holding company which controls Central, noted Mr. Young's ". . . flair for enlisting public support for his objectives when he finds himself in a tight spot. . . ."

From the late nineteen thirties when Young, in league with Cleveland financier Cyrus Eaton, began a campaign against the Wall Street banking houses in favor of competitive bidding on railroad bonds, to his famed post-war quarrel with the Association of American Railroads ("A Hog Can Cross America Without Changing Trains—But You Can't"), he has been very much aware of the uses of publicity.

For this reason as much as any other, the merger proposal was viewed more calmly by the financial community than by the nation's press. The more cynical observers saw it as a gigantic public-relations device designed to divert the attention of New York Central and Alleghany stockholders from the unpleasant realities of depressed stock prices. Not only has Mr. Young seen his adventure in Central go sour, but his reorganization of Alleghany has been thwarted in the courts since mid-1955.

The shrinkage of Alleghany's investment in Central is illustrative of what has happened to stockholders in both companies. As the battle for Central began in 1954, the stock was trading in the low twenties. Alleghany later acquired almost a million shares at an average price of $29. Since that time Central has sold as high as $49.50, but recently hit a new low of $15.37½. With a paper loss of about $13,500,000 on its investment, Alleghany's own stock, having begun 1957 at $9.12½, recently sold at $4.37½.

Thus, the cynics contend that the merger proposal is the first gun in Mr. Young's newest campaign to blame his troubles on the whipping boys of Washington and Wall Street. In three and a half years, his sarcastic attacks on the inability of Central's old management to make the railroad pay have come home to roost. He now tacitly concedes that the road's problems are insoluble, and the almost sure-to-be-rejected merger proposal will enable him once again to fight on the battlefields of the front page for his legion of "Aunt Jane" minority stockholders.

In this view, it is not considered a coincidence that two weeks after the announcement of the proposal, which was not amplified at the time, the presidents of both railroads gave detailed and exclusive interviews supporting the program to the magazine *U.S. News & World Report.* Without deprecating the enterprise of that publication, it furnished a better Washington sounding board for the article than almost any other publication could have done.

ANOTHER reason for regarding the announcement as a publicity stunt rather than a sober financial proposal is a matter of semantics. As one railroad analyst explained it, the announcement would have been thoroughly proper (and routine from a news standpoint) if the word "merger" had been omitted. Without that term, the announcement would merely have presaged another discussion on the consolidation and coordination of duplicate facilities of the sort that has been going on in railroad circles for years. Realistically, experts believe that such cooperation is the most that can be hoped for anyway.

Of course, the slight possibility that Pennsy and Central could be welded into a five-billion-dollar, 20,000-mile railroad empire opens intoxicating prospects. Mr. Young could go down in history as the biggest railroad baron in the world. The merger would rank with the largest industrial consolidations in

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history; only ten corporate enterprises in this country would exceed it in total assets.

Central itself began in 1831 with the Mohawk & Hudson Railroad's famed De Witt Clinton locomotive pulling converted stage coaches from Albany to Schenectady. Now, 126 years and some 560 mergers later, it ranks as the nation's second largest railroad in assets and the fourth longest in track mileage. Pennsylvania began operating in 1849 from Harrisburg to Lewiston, Pa., and over the years since that time, by a similarly large number of small mergers, has become the biggest railroad in the country in assets and its fifth longest.

Actually, the Pennsylvania-Central scheme is the third major rail merger now under study. For some time the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, and the Delaware & Hudson have been thinking about consolidation, but last year the president of one of these roads said that the necessary approvals might take five years. Studies are also being made on behalf of the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroads.

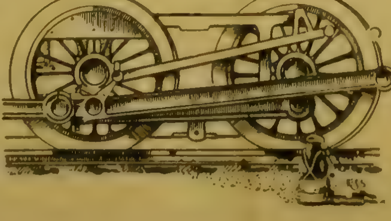
THE BIGGEST hurdle to the Pennsy-Central merger might be political. The first objection was voiced by Senator Estes Kefauver (D. Tenn.); within a week, New York State's Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz injected himself into the act to protect the "rights of the people." Actually, the Interstate Commerce Commission, which regulates the railroads, has been on record since World War I as favoring railroad consolidation, but the political climate since the depression has made this largely a dead issue. The result is that the I.C.C. has tended in recent years to interpret rather rigidly the dictum that competition must be preserved. In any case, the commission would be compelled to hold public hearings on the question, and the unions, truckers, airlines, connecting railroads, minority stockholders and officials of cities along the route would have much to say.

One particular interested group, though not yet heard from, could be crucial in preventing the merger. These are the creditors of the two railroads in the shape of the insurance companies and investment trusts which hold their bonds. Wall Streeters consider it highly unlikely that an insurance company holding the mortgage bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, would permit a consolidated lien to be substituted. Central's long-term debt is more than a billion dollars and a mere description of the complex jungle of its bond issues occupies ten pages of fine print in the telephone-directory-size Moody's Transportation Manual. The Pennsylvania, incidentally, is generally rated as a better credit risk.

Robert R. Young captured Central in the summer of 1954 after a bitter proxy fight that had actually been launched seven years earlier when, after he had acquired several hundred thousand shares of Central stock for the treasury of the Chesapeake & Ohio he was then running, he was prohibited by the I.C.C. from taking a seat on Central's board. Early in 1954, he resigned from the C & O to clear the way for the proxy fight.

It is generally thought that what attracted Mr. Young to Central, aside from vanity, was the opportunity of acquiring for $29 a stock with a consolidated book value of $190. In addition, Central has an attractive portfolio of real estate on New York's Park Avenue, including the land under the Waldorf Astoria and a dozen other hotels and office buildings, a non-rail income of about $26,000,000 a year and, apparently, considerable non-essential railroad property that could be sold.

Central's real estate is still valuable and now that the argument with the New Haven railroad over control of the property has been settled, it will become more so with development. But savings through streamlining of railroad operations have not been as easy to effect as was supposed, and costs have tended to rise rapidly. The hardest blow has been the sudden drop in income this year. While both railroads were affected, Central was hit hardest; its earnings sank to $8,759,018 for the first nine months of this year from $28,172,388 in the 1956 period. The reason for the sharp decline dramatizes the changing role of the railroads in the past several decades. Once enjoying a near-monopoly of the freight and passenger business, they have been reduced by truck, bus, airline and automobile competition to the point where even a slight reduction in business activity threatens to put them in the red. The sharp decline in Central's earnings so far this year, for instance, has been produced by only an 8 per cent decline in carloadings.



IN ALL fairness, it must be admitted that railroads often appear to be more harassed by regulatory authorities than other industries. The I.C.C. began riding herd on them in 1887, long before Washington's other alphabetical authorities had been thought of. And despite a handful of major amendments to the original act, the I.C.C. apparently continues to treat the railroads as though they still monopolized the transportation business. Earlier this year, Central's president commented bitterly that a certain bankrupt commuter line was able to get a rate increase merely by showing increased costs; evidently, the president implied, Central would have to go bankrupt to get the same treatment.

On the other hand, railroad management itself has too often been backward. When William White, the man Mr. Young ousted as president of Central, took over the road in 1952, he stated that his objective was to "treat the railroad like a business." The most elementary steps in market research, management-training and sales incentives are largely unknown in most railroads. Mr. Young, if he has done nothing else, has injected some modern, streamlined manipulations into the industry.

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Prophet for Our Age

William Blake: 1757-1957

J. Bronowski

HISTORY HAS A malicious trick of making little of what once seemed to us great events; and history may be harder on our age than on many. Nevertheless, it is inconceivable that the history of our age will ever be seen otherwise than as dominated by its two great wars: two wars which together have taken ten years out of our lives, and marked us with the hidden stigmata of violence and grief. The history of Napoleon remains today, after the eagles and the magnificence, what Goya savagely put into his pictures of it: twenty-two years of war stamping the men and the treasure of Europe into the dirt. So time may dwarf the mechanical heroics of our age, but we may be sure that it will neither overlook them nor treat them more kindly.

The name of Napoleon comes immediately and naturally into these reflections. The hundred years from his defeat until 1914 were by no means peaceful. There was India and the Crimea, the Civil War in America, wars between France and Prussia, Russia and Japan, the South African and the Balkan wars. But these wars had from the first the indifferent air of encountering and not of shaping the life of their times. They do not compare with the convulsions which for a generation preceded Waterloo, or those which for a generation have followed the battles of Tannenberg and the Marne. They did not terrify their generations as the generations of Munich and of the Holy Alliance have been terrorized. They did not close upon mind and heart with iron hoops.

The age of the great revolutions—the American Revolution from 1775, the French Revolution from 1789, and the Industrial Revolution throughout this time—was strikingly like our own. Its fears and its heart-searchings, its shifts of loyalties, were like ours. This is the profound reason which makes us turn to the literature which began then: the literature of the Romantic Revival. Blake was one of the most original, and has hitherto been one of the most neglected, pioneers of that literature.

William Blake was born two hundred years ago, on November 28, 1757.* He was apprenticed at the age of fourteen or so, for the usual term of seven years, to an engraver, and he earned his living by engraving all his life. He was married in 1782; in 1783 friends collected and published some of his boyhood poems.

Blake's friends then and afterwards were Liberal dissenters, many of them Unitarians or what we should now call humanists: such men as John Flaxman and Henry Fuseli and Tom Paine and the Radical publisher, Joseph Johnson. They all sympathized with the American Revolution, and they began by sympathizing with the French Revolution. In the glow of optimism of 1789, Blake engraved and himself printed his *Songs of Innocence.* The imagery of these poems is often Christian, but essentially it derives from Rousseau: Christ is worshipped as a child, the companion of simple and noble beasts.

The English public, however, shocked Blake and his friends by refusing to give to the French Revolution the sympathy which it had given to the American Revolution. The change is shown dramatically in the behavior of the Whig leader, Edmund Burke, who had once ranted on behalf of the American Revolution, and who now cried out for a crusade against the French Revolution. Blake continued to support the French Revolution, but the change in the public mood made him feel bitter and helpless, and this is the mood of the *Songs of Experience* which he wrote at this time as a contrast to the happy *Songs of Innocence.*

THE 1790s were starvation years, and some of Blake's Christian friends decided that he would never do well until he was removed from the influence of his London cronies. They therefore found him work under the patronage of a Liberal poet and bore, William Hayley, at Felpham in Sussex, sixty-five miles from London. Blake tried to conform there, but he hated his company and his work, and he ended by getting into a fight with a soldier, for which he was tried for sedition in 1804.

Blake had written several fairly long and obscure poems, in a prophetic style which is a mixture of Ossian and Old Testament rhetoric, during the 1790s. The disguised theme of these prophetic books is the liberation of man from the bondage of State and Church. Now, on his return to London, he wrote two even longer prophetic books, *Milton* and *Jerusalem,* in which the revolutionary theme is expressed entirely in religious terms. These books have given Blake the reputation of a Christian mystic. But Blake was never an orthodox Christian. He was a heretic, and his heresy was the Manichaean heresy, which holds that the God who created the world is an oppressor, and that Christ must overthrow him to liberate man. In the year of his death, in 1827, Blake still wrote a vigorous attack on a version of the Lord's Prayer which had just been published by

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J. BRONOWSKI, distinguished British scientist, is also widely known as a man of letters. Among his literary works are William Blake: a Man Without a Mask *and* The Poet's Defence. *He is also the author of* Science and Human Values, *which appeared in* The Nation *of December 26, 1956, and has now been published by Julian Messner, Inc.*

(**See also* Letter from London, *page 414.)*

Dr. Thornton, because he thought it too subservient to State and Church. No one can miss Blake's understanding of the modern world who reads the bitter parody of Dr. Thornton's Prayer which Blake wrote then:

> Give us day by day our Real Taxed Substantial Money bought Bread; deliver from the Holy Ghost whatever cannot be Taxed; for all is debts & Taxes between Caesar & us & one another.

The modern world was made between 1760 and 1815. Its making in England followed the uneasy Indian summer of the Augustan age, and was followed as uneasily by the sultry stillness of the age of Queen Victoria. Few readers now have either the patience or the sympathy to linger over the gracious Augustan claptrap of Addison, or over the elevated Victorian optimism of Tennyson. And for the same reason: we share neither their calm nor their self-assurance. The minds which sound and echo in our own are those which struggled to speak in the urgent years about 1800, because they felt a compulsion like our own. This was the age, pitched between invention and imagination, when the machine invaded the bloodstream of our lives.

THE LIKENESS between our dilemma and that of Blake's time derives certainly from the changes set in motion by the development of machines in factories. The keyword here is invention, but invention less in a technical than a social meaning. In fact, the inventions which made the Industrial Revolution from 1760 were seldom new. What was new was the organization of labor and of capital in a manner which made it possible to exploit the machines.

Consider the point in the language of William Blake, which is not usually thought remarkable for technical nicety. Blake has all the passion of the crank and the scientist for using everyday words in rather specialized, rather intricate, rather tricky meanings. With a little goodwill it is not difficult to follow him; but we must follow his logic exactly. For example, why does Blake make the bad machine turn its wheel from West to East, as he says, "against the current of Creation"? Plainly because he pictures the good machine as taking its current from the sun, East to West. And he also has a more extravagant notion, which derives from the vision of Ezekiel, that the good machine is moved by a wheel within a wheel. Therefore the bad machine is necessarily characterized by having a wheel without a wheel—in his charming phrase, "with cogs tyrannic moving by compulsion." But there is nothing private or whimsical about the reason which Blake gives for damning the eighteenth-century factory, wheel without wheel:

> They forg'd the sword, the chariot of war, the battle ax,
> The trumpet fitted to the battle and the flute of summer,
> And all the arts of life they chang'd into the arts of death.
> The hour glass contemn'd because its simple workmanship
> Was as the workmanship of the plowman, and the water wheel
> That raises water into Cisterns, broken & burn'd in fire
> Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd,
> And in their stead intricate wheels invented, Wheel without wheel,
> To perplex youth in their outgoings

Europa

Her name
on the billboards was senorita
Conchita de la Miranda or something of the sort
and in torero clothes with all the appropriate
skimpiness, paillettes and spangles,
she had a personable fanny and a broad
white simper to match
and a spit curl on her forehead
that looked as if
it had been painted on with Japalac.

She was supposed
to stand on a small wooden pedestal alone
in the middle of the plaza de toros
doing the living statue
and the bull, coming out of the toril,
was supposed
to take her for a real statue,
which *this* bull (hereinafter known as *he*),
possibly because he had never seen a real statue,
did not.

He came in running light and fast,
clamped to a skidding stop at the sight
of the chattering tiers of spectators
and stood a moment blinking in the sun.
Not exactly the china shop he had been
undoubtedly led to expect, but still
one does with what one has.
He lowered his head, took aim —
not at Conchita but at the pedestal
in one low-running streak.
The pedestal went skimming to the far
end of the arena and for an instant
Conchita floated in the air
like a Carpaccio angel in tight pants,
bounced once on the bull's sleek rump,
then, fast as said tight pants would let her,
scampered for the nearest burladero
with simper, spit curl, fanny still intact.

I thought of Europa and the trim
Minoan girls in their massive golden
jockstraps baiting the
black bulls of Gnossos!

RAMON GUTHRIE

> and to bind to labours
> Of day and night the myriads of Eternity, that they might file
> And polish brass and iron hour after hour, laborious task,
> Kept ignorant of its use: that they might spend the days of wisdom
> In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread,
> In ignorance to view a small portion and think that All.

From the outset Blake thinks of this production line as making weapons of war. The Birmingham small-arms industry did in fact expand somewhat in this way under the stimulus of the wars against France. But it is doubtful whether Blake knew very precisely of this or that piece of industrial reorganization. Rather is this one of those bold inventions through which he looked out of his age, and with imaginative foresight looked into ours.

Of the seventy years of Blake's life, from 1757 to 1827, England was at war for thirty-five. From the Seven Years' War through the American War of Independence to the French wars, they became less and less the traditional skirmishes of mercenaries. They became more and more national, ideological, ruthless, impersonal. They became the economic wars of Napoleon's Decrees and the British Orders in Council; they became total war. This sequence, step by step more inhuman and more mechanical, made Blake identify his two hatreds—hatred of the machine and hatred of war:

> The Soldier, arm'd with Sword and Gun,
> Palsied strikes the Summer's Sun.
> The Strongest Poison ever known
> Came from Caesar's Laurel Crown.
> Nought can deform the Human Race
> Like to the Armour's iron brace.

Nothing is more obvious in these poems than the dependence of Blake's thought upon the harsh materials which his age supplied to him. The dependence has been ignored, because the Victorians who discovered Blake's symbolic books were naturally out of sympathy with his not at all respectable social inclinations, and naturally preoccupied with his religious ones. They were not wrong, but they missed the point. Today the heavy sound in his books

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of the furnace and the loom has so plain an echo in our ear that we hardly need to be told how good was Blake's ear. It was too good. It followed the details of war and repression, of industry and famine, so faithfully that he could not but become first unpopular, and then shunned and neglected.

Blake's indifference to his neglect by his contemporaries has been mistaken, by more worldly readers, for indifference to the world. In fact, it now becomes clear that he wrote his symbolic books like a diary, as much about the outer world as about his inner thoughts. He put down in his prophetic books what he thought of Malthus' theories of over-population in the same breath, and the same idiom, as his thoughts about God. Since he was an exceptionally sensitive, above all an imaginative observer, his background much of the time is simply too wide for us. There is too that superb Biblical idiom, which must have baffled even the universal spy of his day, and which is no plainer to our later age. Read a passage in which that very spy is introduced to us, with appropriate ceremony:

> Thammuz in Lebanon and Rimmon
>   in Damascus curtain'd:
> Osiris, Isis, Orus in Egypt, dark their
>   Tabernacles on Nile
> Floating with solemn songs and on
>   the Lakes of Egypt nightly
> With pomp even till morning break
>   and Osiris appear in the sky:
> But—

(and here comes the spy)

> But Belial of Sodom and Gomorrha,
>   obscure Demon of Bribes
> And secret Assassinations, not wor-
>   ship'd nor ador'd, but
> With a finger on the lips and the
>   back turn'd to the light.

The air of mystery here goes deeper than the idiom. Plainly it haunts the thought, in its very structure and articulation. And our first reaction is that we have blundered into a private universe, or rather a private sanctuary. We have the feeling of watching with growing impatience a mystic ritual which we suspect to be meaningless.

This is a common and pardonable misunderstanding of the aims of any inquiry whose method is contemplation. What is called Blake's mystical system or symbolism is an attempt, like any other, to unify his experience.

It is not an exceptionally private attempt. We all make similar attempts, particularly in our emotional life, to square our desires with our obligations in a rational manner. In practice, as soon as we run into difficulty—that is, into temptation—we hastily stuff these attempts away; and produce them again, with a great show of righteousness, when we have been turned down. By way of revenge, we call the more dogged attempts of thoughtful men like Blake far-fetched, unrealistic, irrational. The truth is that Blake's search for internal unity is dictated by the same compulsion to be rational as any scientific paper of the last years on the erratic behavior of liquid helium.

WE MUST go back to understand that magic and superstition, of which Blake is not free, are very simple, very crude attempts at practical science—that is, at the control of natural forces for human ends. Mysticism is a more elaborate attempt to do what theoretical science seeks to do—that is, to unify our experience of the whole of Nature. More particularly, mysticism tries to formulate the most difficult problems of the personality. These are the problems of weighing the comforts of being commonplace against the importance of being singular; of balancing our wish to be a man like others, living in a world of men, against our ambition to be a person unlike others and set apart from their world. Philosophers call this the problem of the one and the many, and psychologists call it the ego and the id. It remains the single problem at the heart of consciousness: the conflict of the personality which is separate and nevertheless is penetrated by, and exists only through, the personalities surrounding it.

No effort of ingenuity and invention can in fact solve these problems, in a practical sense. The contraries shift into and through one another, but they cannot be unified, though we pursue them with Blake through Innocence and Experience, through Good and Evil, through thick and thin, into his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell.* No writer can do more than labor after, now and again seize, more seldom communicate, one imaginative moment of insight and exaltation. We hold the moment breathless between our lips, and feel beyond words that now, just now, we have for an instant the power by a single decision to resolve any one of the world's crushing dilemmas.

This mystic search by Blake for the single key to all experience is not less real, and not even less scientific, because it does not use the jargon of psychologists. And compare him with those of his contemporaries whom we think most enlightened: Wordsworth taking pride in his common humanity, Coleridge absorbed in philosophic research, Shelley with his enthusiasm for the conquering Prometheus of science. How much more knowledgeable is Blake in his premises, more vigorous in inquiry, at once more imaginative and more robust even in his pessimism. For let us not deceive ourselves: the experiences which Blake tried to unify were actual, and they were disastrous.

> What is the price of Experience? do
>   men buy it for a song?
> Or wisdom for a dance in the street?
>   No, it is bought with the price
> Of all that a man hath, his house, his
>   wife, his children.
> Wisdom is sold in the desolate market
>   where none come to buy,
> And in the wither'd field where the
>   farmer plows for bread in vain.

The *Songs of Experience* to which these verses refer were printed by Blake on his own engraver's press in 1794, when public opinion in England was running strongly against the French Revolution. Thereafter Blake's poems seem to be without exception deeply pessimistic. There are in them very beautiful passages of human warmth and ease, but the burden of these is always personal resignation. And there are noisy and insincere passages of determined optimism: "I will not cease from Mental Fight"—

> And now the time returns again:
>   Our souls exult, and London's
>   towers
> Receive the Lamb of God to dwell

> In England's green and pleasant
> bowers.

But these have long ceased to express a belief, a hope, even a pipe dream. They are no more than a form of words, designed to close somehow a poem of otherwise endless loss. Blake had seen flourish and harden everything which he believed to be evil — a narrow formalism in science, empty authority in religion, reaction in politics: war, the machine, the extinction of the personality. His own misfortunes, which began in the slump of 1797 and culminated in his trial for sedition in 1804, at last all but silenced him.

IT IS the belief of imaginative poets, of whom Blake was among the first, that they are the symbol and the voice of universal experiences more lasting than the accidents of time. The poets of Augustan wit and invention who dined with Swift would have thought this claim extravagant. And it is doubtful whether the claim is ever made by poets who feel at home in their time. Nevertheless, the more impassioned poets are surely right. Poetry does speak from one age to another, because it is founded in experiences which are simple, common, profound, which are human and universal. But alas! to the generations of Belsen now and Peterloo then, the timeless human experiences do not end at love, beauty, truth and passion. They embrace poverty and fear and injustice and chicane; the loss of place and the social disasters.

All these are audible even in poets whose manner seems most lyrical and remote — in Keats in his time and A. E. Housman in ours. Blake therefore was no less the voice of universal passions because we hear in him also the economic and social, the human destruction of a group neither more nor less remarkable than others. He was an eighteenth-century artisan and artist, of the group which included engravers, coach painters, watchmakers, designers of fabrics, inventors of ornaments, painters of snuff-boxes and pub signs. The machine took their livelihood and murdered their integrity. Blake looked from himself to them, from them to humanity, and from their age to ours in a single protest.

> Why trembles honesty, and like a murderer
> Why seeks he refuge from the frowns of his immortal station?
> Must the generous tremble and leave his joy to the idle, to the pestilence,
> That mock him? who commanded this? what God? what Angel?
> To keep the gen'rous from experience till the ungenerous
> Are unrestrain'd performers of the energies of nature;
> Till pity is become a trade and generosity a science
> That men get rich by; and the sandy desart is giv'n to the strong?
> What God is he writes laws of peace and clothes him in a tempest?
> What pitying Angel lusts for tears and fans himself with sighs?
> What crawling villain preaches abstinence and wraps himself
> In fat of lambs? no more I follow, no more obedience pay!

We can say nothing about this man, who walked upright through a crippling time, who believed himself not the creator but the tool of the imagination — we can say nothing which is so simple and so true as the words which he used of himself and his wordly critics:

> A Last Judgment is Necessary because Fools flourish. Nations Flourish under Wise Rulers and are depress'd under foolish Rulers; it is the same with Individuals as Nations; works of Art can only be produc'd in Perfection where the Man is either in Affluence or is Above the Care of it. Poverty is the Fool's Rod, which at last is turn'd on his own back; this is A Last Judgment—when Men of Real Art Govern and Pretenders Fall. Some People and not a few Artists have asserted that the Painter of this Picture would not have done so well if he had been properly Encourag'd. Let those who think so, reflect on the State of Nations under Poverty and their incapability of Art; tho' Art is above Either, the Argument is better for Affluence than Poverty; and tho' he would not have been a greater Artist, yet he would have produc'd Greater works of Art in proportion to his means. A Last Judgment is not for the purpose of making Bad Men better, but for the Purpose of hindering them from opressing the Good with Poverty and Pain by means of Such Vile Arguments and Insinuations.

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Robert McAfee Brown

BOTH the Christian and the non-Christian ought to have a good many questions about the "return to religion" in our day. Responsible critics within the Christian faith have not been slow to raise questions about the adequacy of the "religion" to which we are "returning." But it is usually left to the non-Christian critics to raise the more basic question as to whether every religion, whether shallow or profound, is not a delusion. Those who stand within the faith are in constant need of this prophetic jab from the non-believer, as a safeguard against complacency, soft thinking and irrelevance.

The two books here in question are attempts to dissuade men from accepting Christianity and, more positively, to persuade them to adopt an alternate faith, based on a new trinity: man, intelligence and scientific method. Most of each book has previously appeared in print, parts of Russell's as long as fifty-eight years ago, and most of Huxley's more than a quarter century ago. I think that is one reason why they will prove to be less than satisfactory instruments in our generation, either for dissuading from Christianity as an ultimate faith or persuading for science as an ultimate faith. For I cannot escape the feeling as I read these volumes that their authors are expending their undoubted talents in fighting the wrong battles, or if they are fighting the right battle, they are fighting it on the wrong front. The issues with which they are concerned are simply not the most burning issues in the current debate between Christians and non-Christians. As a Christian, I feel with these books the dissatisfaction that either of their authors might rightly feel were I to write a book claiming that I had disproved the validity of modern science, when all I had really managed to do was to expose some of the inadequacies of behavioristic psychology or pre-Hiroshima physics.

To be sure, the Christian cannot escape quite that easily from the bombardment of two such excellent minds as those of Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley, but a brief glance at the contents of the two books will show both the values and the limitations of their respective approaches.

RUSSELL'S attack on Christianity stems in large part from a profound and wholly admirable hatred of the injustices, outrages, indecencies and persecutions which have been perpetrated in the name of religion. In this attack any Christian worth his salt can join wholeheartedly, and rejoice that a prophet has arisen not only to assault the domain of Baal, but also the domain of the Lord's elect.

But when the tumult and the shouting die, one is a little disappointed. The rapier Lord Russell wields, manipulated with a combination of wit, fervor, urbane charm and moral outrage, seems to have inflicted nothing but flesh wounds. No deadly blow has been struck. One simply does not dispose of religion by asserting that "fear is the basis of the whole thing," or by giving the impression that certain institutional defects of Roman Catholicism are typical of the whole of Christendom (or even of Roman Catholicism at its best), or by insisting on what is actually an ultra-fundamentalistic interpretation of Scripture and then demanding that Christians accept Lord Russell's exegesis to their own confounding. Nor does Lord Russell really dispose of Christian faith in eternal life by describing it, in Greek terms, as "immortality," or in other terms, not so readily identified, as "survival." And to treat the Christian understanding of salvation as "individualistic" is simply to expose oneself to the charge of caricature.

In other words, what Lord Russell rather effectively demolishes is something at a considerable remove from what responsible Christian theologians today would describe as "Christianity." On these terms, many of them have been fighting the same battles as the author of *Why I Am Not a Christian.*

To my mind the most creative and significant statement in the entire collection is the famous essay, "A Free Man's Worship," written in 1903. I am glad to learn that Russell still accepts this as an accurate description of his position, for it is an open, honest and quite convincing statement of the *real* alternative to Christianity. No sentimentalism here, no easy assurances that science will solve all our problems, no specious claims about the eternal quality of values—here Russell shows in all of its starkness, and with a kind of despairing grandeur, what the cosmos is like without God. The challenge of this essay alone will outlast all of the cute and only occasionally cutting criticisms of Christianity in the rest of the book.

HUXLEY'S *Religion Without Revelation* is a much more significant work of scholarship. At many points he probes deeply, and at all points he gives the impression of a wise, concerned, highly-motivated man, who is out not simply to win an argument over some bull-headed theist, but rather to provide a legitimate place for the expression of religious devotion and commitment in a world where there is no god. Far from wanting to get rid of religion, Huxley wants to construct a religion to which modern man can give himself without compromising his intellectual integrity. His credo revolves around belief in the possibilities of man, and the possibilities of scientific method as the best means both for understanding man and for solving his problems. Disavowing traditional Christian assertions at their face value, Huxley tries to extract from them a naturalistic meaning. He "demythologizes," for example, the doctrine of the Trinity, and reinterprets other facets of traditional Christian faith in such a way that a residue of significance can be extracted from them. In much of this he seems to fall into the genetic fallacy, e. g. of explaining a thing (and thereby "explaining it away") by reference to its origins, a device which would raise considerable difficulties for the modern science he espouses, should one be inclined to put the shoe on the other foot.

But Huxley, like Russell, does this very much in terms of the questions and conflicts of a generation ago. Save for Chapters three and nine, which are new, there is little indication that he has taken seriously the theological writing of the last quarter of a century. If Huxley were really to take account of the concerns expressed in some of the recent books in his revised bibliography (such as Paul Tillich's *The Protestant Era*), he could not be satisfied with many parts of his description of contemporary religious belief.

As I finish these two books I am grateful for the stimulus they provide (perhaps greater than the above remarks would indicate). But I also close them with the feeling that if it came to making a real attack on the Christian faith, I could make a better case for disbelief myself.

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN is associate professor of Systematic Theology at Union Theological Seminary.

The Futility of Punishment

THE OFFENDERS. By Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington. Simon and Schuster. 305 pp. $3.95.

Graham Hughes

NOT TO BE alive is so awesome and irrevocable a prospect that no society can escape the problem of the value to be attached to individual human existence. Man has never yet been able to give up the ultimate power-thrill of extinguishing life in others, and the spokesmen of our Judaeo-Christian moral heritage have never given a clear lead on the importance of the preservation of human life. To kill or die for the state is applauded in time of war; killing in legal punishment has been commonly accepted, and to lay down one's life for others may be the ultimate heroism. Life is sacred in Western society, but not so very sacred. Suicide, abortion and euthanasia may be anathema, but capital punishment can be blessed by bishops and even nuclear war may enjoy divine approval.

So, when contemporary thinkers are moved, as they must be, to speak out with horror against torture, aggressive war or genocide, they find little intellectual support in a theological apparatus which can be so neatly harnessed to the service of policy. And it is no surprise that in *The Offenders,* an important recent publication by two English writers, the strongly-urged pleas for changes in the attitude of our penal laws to human life rest scarcely at all on moral or religious bases.

This book is subtitled, *The Case Against Legal Vengeance,* and in it the authors present six case studies (including those of the Rosenbergs and Irma Grese) which they connect and expound with the unifying theme that both capital punishment and long prison sentences are unhappy and ineffective penal policies. This is not just another in the stream of edifying homilies on the barbarities of the death penalty which have come out of England in recent years. Indeed the authors regard the usual position of the advocates of abolition as weak and compromised. The abolitionists protest at the cruelty of taking life as a deliberate instrument of state policy but then, as if to reassure the opposition, they comfortingly point to life imprisonment as an equally terrifying deterrent. Again, they commonly restrict their plea for abolition to the crime of murder and admit that the death penalty may be necessary for treason or grave breaches of military discipline in time of war. Messrs. Playfair and Sington strenuously reject this narrow attack. Their thesis is the broad and interesting one that all harsh penal policies should be abandoned for the simple and overwhelming reason that they don't work well. The whole sad history of crime and violence passionately testifies that harsh threats do not deter. Society can protect itself, they argue, only by conducting an organized search for the first appearance of criminal impulses and by applying curative or confining techniques at this earliest opportunity.

THE BOOK draws a compelling picture of one of the most terrible figures in contemporary penal activity—the obviously mentally defective offender who progresses through crimes of ascending violence and increasing prison terms until he arrives at his inevitable homicide. He is then bathed in the glare of an inflammatory and irresponsible publicity until a public, which neglected its earlier opportunities to restrain him and protect his victim, clamors for the life of its captive monster. Society has stood back and waited for him to kill; it then doubles its responsibility for useless death by executing the offender. How infinitely preferable, the authors urge, would be the confining of potential criminals for curative purposes at the first exhibition of violent tendencies. The thesis is that the liberals are once again right, and not because of sentimental urges, but for the eminently satisfying reason that liberal policies work better for the suppression of crime and the safety of the community.

Now it is very true that the most distressing feature of the death penalty in England was the pathetic annual dozen of defectives who were its victims. In Western Europe where violent crime is largely the unhappy expression of psychopathic personality, it is easy to see the inefficiency of harsh punishment as a deterrent and the revolting hypocrisy of regarding it as retribution. But in America, where the genius for organization has unfortunately spread itself into criminal activities, it is much more difficult to treat violent crime as a trivial problem and to put oneself in the role of paternal healer towards the killer. The authors may be right that capital punishment and life sentences are also ineffective deterrents for the exponents of organized crime, but in this context the retributive argument has greater validity and needs a more serious rebuttal.

Again, the book is somewhat too glib and optimistic in its picture of the prospects of curing criminal psychopaths. The best medical opinion seems to be that at present the treatment is rarely successful. Long, even indefinite, confinement will still be necessary for such offenders, but there is certainly a pressing need for their study and treatment in specialized institutions and *The Offenders* valuably underlines this point.

The authors envisage a penal system in which the concept of punishment for crime will be replaced by a policy of punishment (if we are still to call it that) for the individual criminal. The nature of the offense will diminish in importance and will yield to the study of the offender's personality. At the same time they repeat an old plea for taking the power to sentence from the judge and giving it instead to "social workers, psychologists and psychiatrists." This is a suggestion which lawyers traditionally distrust. But lawyers have always distrusted the wisdom of any innovation which limits their

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GRAHAM HUGHES, formerly Lecturer in Law at the University of Hull, is now a visiting associate professor at the Yale Law School.

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functions. Once it is accepted that the search is for the combination of deterrent and curative measures most effective for the individual offender, then the social scientists' panel is clearly better qualified to make the decision than the lawyer.

THE AUTHORS of *The Offenders* have done a valuable job for the lay reader by putting the abolitionist movement into the general context of a consistent penal policy. But, while this book deserves the warmest welcome and the highest praise, it leaves unasked a desperately important question. Is the preservation of human life a value which must fluctuate according to social interests and pressures? The authors say that capital punishment is barbarous, but on their own approach it is difficult to give more meaning to this than the proposition that at the moment the death penalty does not give effective protection to society. Now it is very necessary that we should be made to see that a good deal of our criminal law is antediluvian in the light of the values of our own society. But how are we to meet intellectually the challenge of a society which rejects our values, a society which may embrace mass murder as the logical and necessary step for furthering its openly proclaimed ethic? Is the taking of human life good or bad simply in relation to a given policy?

It is surely in the face of such challenges that the burst of moral revulsion at the taking of human life begins to seem infinitely valuable. This book amply demonstrates that a communal revulsion against killing may be distorted into a demand for vengeance against the murderer. But there is nevertheless a great tendency for good in the simple if extreme position that killing is absolutely wrong in any circumstances. The advocates of the abolition of capital punishment who do not much concern themselves with the aspect of deterrence but are content to insist that the state should never deliberately deprive a human being of life are expressing a sentiment which is absolutely essential for the survival of human life at all in the times in which we live. Our society would never be in great danger if unanimity could be secured on the absolute impermissibility of the taking of human life. The position supported by Messrs. Playfair and Sington, which seems to be that the taking of life is objectionable because greater social harm than good is produced, cannot be attacked in itself and in its exposition they furnish us with indispensable ammunition for the reform of our criminal law. But it is a position which needs the most careful application by good and wise men, for it provides no support for the fundamental respect for human life which in an age of hydrogen bombs the world most desperately needs.

LETTER from LONDON

Thomas Parkinson

THE bicentenary of Blake's birth is being celebrated on November 28. It will not be any casual event: Sir Jacob Epstein has been commissioned to design and execute a memorial bust, and after a special service of commemoration, Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams will unveil the bust in Westminster Abbey. So the fiery spirit of Blake will be admitted officially into the company of England's poets.

Blake learned much of his art in Westminster Abbey, and from its tombs he probably derived the long straight robes that characterize many of his spiritual designs. These designs are now on display in memorial exhibitions at the Victoria and Albert and at the British Museum. The show at the Victoria and Albert is less impressive than that in Bloomsbury, but both attempt to show Blake in his artistic context, along with his contemporaries, Barry, Flaxman, Fuseli, Martin Romney, Stothard, and his followers, Calvert and Palmer. This is probably the best way to see him. His work is not meant to bear the comparison with the glories of Turner that the recent traveling show of British art unfortunately invited, and the room at the Tate that holds a rotating permanent selection from its matchless Blake collection makes him seem special and a little freakish. At the British Museum one can for a brief period see Blake's painting more clearly, its close relation to his vigorous engravings and his brilliant poems, its consequence in the work of Calvert and Palmer, its amiable commentary in Fuseli and Flaxman.

Fortunately for those who cannot see this exhibition, the Nonesuch Press has issued two fine volumes, one a text of the complete writings with all variants and some new material, the other a selection from his pencil drawings* For some reason, critics have always been hard on Blake's drawing, and this has always baffled me. The argument is a little odd: Blake had little formal training, and as a result he drew after engravings (especially of Michelangelo's work) rather than after the human figure. The moral seems to be, spend a lot of time in the academy or no one will believe that you can draw. The only other possible moral is too harsh on critics: never believe what you see. This beautifully printed book of Blake's drawings should help to destroy this foolishness. Some of Blake's drawings —especially the Dante illustrations— are painfully exact anatomically, and many of the drawings have more in common with the flayed figures of anatomical charts than with any Michelangelo drawings. The real point is not that anatomical charts and engravings were all over the place in Blake's youth, but that he drew well; not that he seldom worked from a model, but that he worked at a high pitch and with passionate exactitude. Actually, the chief reason for reacting negatively to Blake's drawings is the one that Eliot highlighted in his essay on Blake: the unpleasantness of genius. When some of Blake's drawings were shown to George III he cried out, "Take them away, take them away!" A piece of spontaneous criticism that speaks volumes.

THE Nonesuch Press edition of the writings is also beautifully printed, on India paper, and it is a delicate joy to read. It seems strange to read it in contemporary London, to walk out to John Linnell's cottage and think of Blake coming to Hampstead in his declining years to the tiny and much delayed honor that he received from a handful of perceptive and devoted young men. Now, Hampstead is cluttered with the international Bohemia of Greenwich Village, St. Germain des Prés, North Beach; and the once pas-

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**The Complete Writings of William Blake,* ed. by Geoffrey Keynes. The Nonesuch Press, distributed in America by Random House. $12.50. *Blake's Pencil Drawings,* ed. by Geoffrey Keynes. The Nonesuch Press, distributed in America by British Book Centre. $21.

toral air of its green and pleasant lands is poisoned by the blackening stain of satanic mills. Even the ceremony of November 28 that places Blake among the officially honored dead seems empty. Unlike Keats, he did not want to be "among the English poets" after his death. He wanted something other and, perhaps, unattainable. This is to be seen above all in the work of his last years, the Dante illustrations: his desire to be among those immortals who are so perspicuous that we do not see them but what they indicate. To me he has always stood for a sacred rage for liberty in the most comprehensive meaning of the term, and such liberty of spirit seems all the more relevant as our liberties are hourly and intimately assailed, and most of all by ourselves.

A few months before his death he wrote one of the most moving letters in human history:

> I have been very near the Gates of Death & have returned very weak & an Old Man feeble & tottering, but not in Spirit & Life, not in The Real Man The Imagination which Liveth for Ever. In that I am stronger & stronger as this Foolish Body decays . . .

He then describes with marvelous clarity the motivation of his designs for Job, which he sees as unique because of their precision:

> . . . but since the French Revolution Englishmen are all Intermeasurable One by Another, Certainly a happy state of Agreement to which I for One do not Agree. God keep me from the Divinity of Yes & No too, The Yea Nay Creeping Jesus, from supposing Up & Down to be the same Thing. . . .

This spirit is indicated by the Nonesuch volumes, and they show clearly what even the British tolerance for their eccentric dead cannot assimilate into Westminster Abbey. At first I was a little annoyed to think that Blake would be received into the company of Dryden and Tennyson. My reaction was based quite primitively on a deep hope that there was in mankind something that no corporate entity could assimilate, something that remained outside all honors and compensations. It is this with which we find ourselves ultimately stuck, and it is the best and worst side of our existence. Eventually my annoyance was broken down, and I very happily wrote a check to the Memorial Fund, but the real monument is still the complete writings and—insofar as they are visible—the complete paintings, etchings, drawings.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I'M AFRAID I've seen *Time Remembered* (Morosco) too many times. I saw it in London about three years ago, then again in its present production five weeks ago during its pre-opening tour and once more on the second night. I do not mean by this that I have no opinion of it but that my various impressions have given me a peculiarly complex vision—certainly too complex for so simple a play—so that I am obliged to proceed with my comments more analytically than might otherwise be warranted.

Time Remembered is one of the more airily "pink" of Anouilh's plays. It is a

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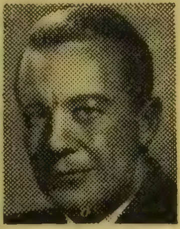
THE ACCUSER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nosegay collected from the less bitter flora in its author's hothouse. For that is one of Anouilh's talents: he is able to make sweet stuff from the same roots as produce his more acrid concoctions. In *Time Remembered,* which dates from 1939, he pokes affectionate fun at his own romanticism—his idealization of old loves and dreams—just as in several other of his plays, he flays it. *Time Remembered* is modeled on what Molière called *comédie-ballet*—a gay pirouette of knowing playfulness, gossamer light, admirably written (excellently translated by Patricia Moyes), remarkably gifted.

In London the play was done quite effortlessly and without much surprise. Paul Scofield was the melancholy prince of the fable—mournfully enveloped in the memory of a dead romance—a little limp and almost undramatic. Mary Ure as the *midinette* was simple and direct but so relaxed as the new love—the challenge of present reality—that she appeared almost dreamlike, seen through a mist. Margaret Rutherford as the "lunatic" Duchess was grotesque (Anouilh with whom I saw the play, said she was doing mad things but that he liked actresses who did mad things) and I was not sure whether her outrageousness was a contribution to the fairy tale quality of the story or a detraction.

WHEN I saw the play in New Haven and was asked my opinion of it I summed it up by saying "almost everything is a little wrong with the production but it will work—the play comes through and it will be a success." When I saw it in New York with an audience which had already read the gushing notices, the reception was cold, almost hostile. I heard people say, "What a shame to waste such a brilliant cast on so slight a play" and others, far less numerous, "The play is charming; something is wrong with the production." By this time I myself was becoming confused.

Normally I would judge *Time Remembered* a good play to produce here in some such small house as the Bijou with very simple, almost paper-weight painted scenery giving a water color effect. But if the production in London looked as if it had cost five times what it might in Paris, its New York production looks as if it cost fifty times as much. The production at the Morosco, designed by Oliver Smith, is sumptuous with the gorgeousness of a Fifth Avenue confectioners.

The Americans were out to *sell* the play in a big way. As with the physical aspect of the show, so with the cast: it is studded with great names. And since the actors are all unquestionable personalities, they do have an effect. The effect is sometimes happy and sometimes taxing. To many the total is a triumph. To others—and with such a play much depends on the kind of performance one happens to see on a particular night—the result is this side of enchantment. When I saw the production for the second time, it struck me as heavy.

Helen Hayes, neither "aristocrat" nor "French," is a kind of miracle performer whose resourcefulness in comedy is infectious. Richard Burton, robust in a part of delicately pinched wistfulness, perhaps lends it an interest for Americans which it might not otherwise have. It is a pleasure to hear his fine voice and beautiful speech. Susan Strasberg, with her lovely mask, is vivid, but her quality is essentially dramatic and the timbre of her voice, striking in itself, is as yet unvarying in range. One hopes that although already elevated to stardom she will make due progress as an actress—a very difficult thing to do in the theatre today. The most stylistically consummate performance of the evening is that of Sig Arno as the mock waiter. Amusing too are Frederic Warriner and Glenn Anders.

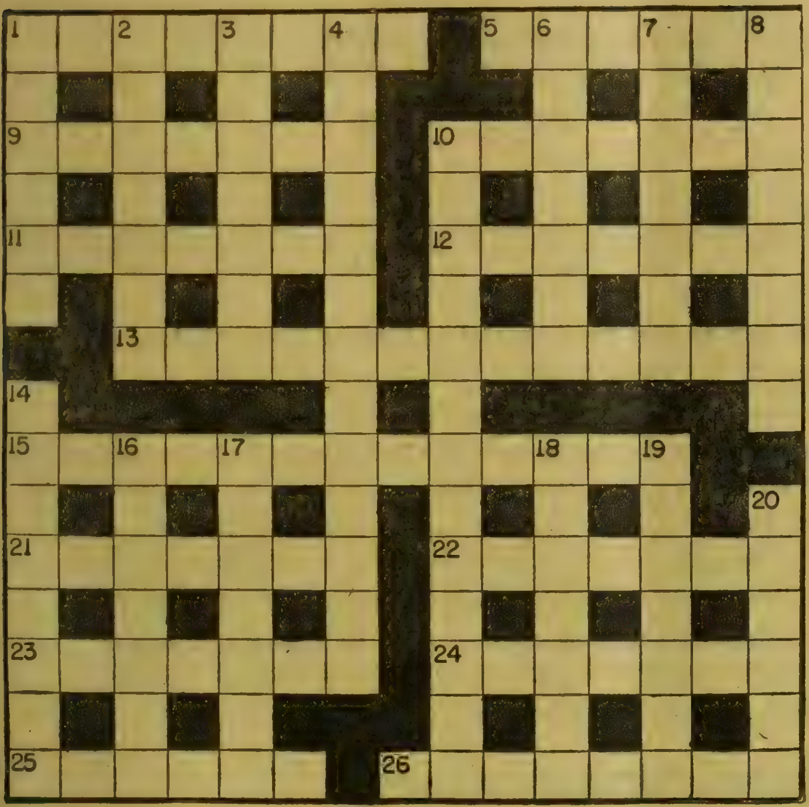
NOEL COWARD's *Nude with Violin* (Belasco) is really inconsequential and frequently quite funny. In his frank snobbishness, impertinent levity and *chic* vulgarity, Coward is a distinct figure whom I begin to appreciate more and more (despite the, for me, natural disinclination to do so) as one kind of antidote to conformity. He is a superb performer, a suave and witty showman whose craftmanship must not be dismissed because it is dedicated to the trivial. Like Sacha Guitry, he has a certain wickedness, but there is also a touch of genius in him.

He is helpful to his actors; he writes fat parts for them—thumbnail character sketches, part vaudeville, part shrewd observation around almost traditional stage types—of which experienced comedians can take full advantage as does most of the cast, particularly Joyce Carey, Luba Malina, Mona Washbourne and Morris Carnovsky who as an art dealer in trouble gives a hilarious imitation of a certain apoplectic director haranguing actors of the late-lamented Group Theatre.

By the way, the thread that ties *Nude with Violin* is the anti-modern art joke, but one need take this no more seriously than most other of Coward's "themes."

Crossword Puzzle No. 748

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Played a part with just less than a hundred being preceptive. (8)
5 Water pipes and telephones lines might be. (6)
9 Not exactly court dress which one might bring! (7)
10 Rub the wrong way, and seem awkward for a native. (7)
11 Such a mistake might be listed. (7)
12 They come up or out more or less predictably. (7)
13 A position of rectitude with a peculiar end between "p" and "r". (13)
15 Be without a platform at one state, in short, and not particularly caring! (13)
21 Get me a sedative at once, I say! (7)
22 Such a peculiar combination might give me the wrong angle. (7)
23 Associated with him, a conservative account! (7)
24 Verbs usually do to make gerunds. (7)
25 Regain possession? Think again! (6)
26 Would one consider him a fixer, with a price? (8)

DOWN:

1 This statesman is not quite the most 15. (6)
2 This might be worded softly at the end, as a condensation. (7)
3 See 20 down
4 It's nearly time, pet! Don't behave so! (13)
6 Is Cairo an unusual setting for something relatively religious? (7)
7 To be in vogue is to get the upper hand. (7)
8 Neat ones are likely to find theirs in order. (8)
10 This man blends flattery with cajolery. (13)
14 Does it make one pale to sit here? (8)
16 Petruchio complained that he was evermore (with an elision)! (7)
17 Fat, to help in a way with affectation. (7)
18 The old king is about to walk to school. (7)
19 Plants where in France they follow a fast time. (7)
20 and 3 down This might supply a measure of activity. (6, 7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 747

ACROSS: 1 DAINTILY; 8 CAROTID; 9 AUDITING; 10 PINE NUT; 12 NURSE; 13 ROOMER; 17 ENSUE; 22 ASPEN; 23 IBERIA; 24 EMERY; 26 MODERN; 29 CORONER; 30 AVERSION; 32 INVEIGHS. DOWN: 1 DIAGNOSE; 2 INDIRECT; 3 TITLE; 4 LINERS; 5 MAXIM; 6 COTERIE; 7 FIGURES; 11 NEGUIB; 16 and 31 EASY ON THE EYES; 18, 14, 15, 25 and 28 NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK; 19 and 10 FREEZING POINT; 20 RANKINGS; 21 SMOOTHS; 22 ARMORER; 27 DEFER; 28 BARGE.

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C. Wright Mills:

PROGRAM FOR PEACE

LETTERS

Were They Spies?

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest Charles Edmundson's article, The Dulles Brothers in Diplomania, in your November 9 issue. However, in what was otherwise an excellent piece, there appears, apparently unintentionally, some double talk. Edmundson states that the State Department has at all times insisted that "the Americans held prisoner in China were illegally held." He adds, "This is not true," and states that the means of establishing that at least two of the prisoners are secret agents of the United States can be found in *The New York Times.* He gives no citation. Then he goes on to say that "some prisoners who have been released have confessed that they were intelligence agents." Again no citation. Later he mentions Fecteau and Downey as having "confessed." Still later he states that President Eisenhower "in a sort of backhanded way" at a press conference indicated that there might have been a legal case for China's holding any of the prisoners. Again no citation.

When Mr. Edmundson talks of at least two prisoners being secret agents as reported in the *Times,* are these two prisoners the same as "some prisoners who have been released have confessed," and are these two prisoners Fecteau and Downey, and is it the same two to whom President Eisenhower referred at a press conference?

Bernard Reich
Beverly Hills, California

The Author's Sources

Dear Sirs: The citations which Mr. Reich asks follow:

In a story from Peiping dated Sept. 9, 1957, *The Washington Post and Times Herald* quoted Richard Fecteau as saying that he was, in fact, an employee of the U. S. Central Intelligence Agency. Since John T. Downey was captured in mainland China at the same time, in the same plane, in the same hyphenated garb (neither military, nor yet civilian), and was convicted on the same charge—and since their cases are equated by the U. S. Government—the Fecteau confession may be said to extend to him also.

There have been other confessions, among them the two following: *The New York Times* of March 24, 1955, told of the confession of Malcolm Bersohn, who had been held in China for three and a half years on spying charges. Bersohn gave his confession to the press upon disembarking from a plane at Idlewild Airport.

The New York Times of August 8, 1955, gave the statement made to the press in Tokyo by Col. John Knox Arnold Jr., who was released in China after serving two years of a ten-year sentence. Col. Arnold was commander of a plane which, like the Fecteau-Downey plane, was shot down over China. *The Times* stated: "Colonel Arnold was commanding officer of the 581st Air Resupply and Communications Wing [a joint venture, now abolished, of the Air Force unit and the Central Intelligence Agency], whose mission in global war would be to fly into enemy territory and drop supplies to United States or Allied agents or groups operating there [Manchuria]." Col. Arnold told reporters that under pressure he had told the Chinese "things they shouldn't know."

At his press conference on December 3, 1956, President Eisenhower, "in a sort of backhanded way," indicated that "there might have been a legal case for China's holding two of the prisoners." At that time China held thirteen Americans, of whom, according to the President, eleven were captured in uniform.

John M. Hightower, of the Associated Press, then asked: "Mr. President, is there anything you can say, sir, about the status of the other two men, in addition to the eleven who were in uniform?"

The President: "Well, it is cloudy, I think, and I couldn't discuss it in detail."

In press circles in Washington, where permission for U.S. correspondents to go to China was then a burning issue, the President's refusal to discuss the status of two of the prisoners was considered a tacit admission that their imprisonment was of a different order from that of the others.

I do not believe that the President was accurate in his statement that eleven of the thirteen then held were captured in uniform, although his error, if he committed one, was probably quite unintentional. Neither do I know whether the two captives whom the President was placing in this special category were Fecteau and Downey. When their plane was shot down, they were wearing some garments of military issue and some civilian clothing.

If Mr. Reich desires information about the general philosophy of Foster and Allen Dulles in conducting an intelligence-sabotage-provacateur organization, he should talk to someone who heard Allen Dulles' off-the-record talk to the Overseas Writers Group (not the Overseas Press Club) at the Carleton Hotel here about four and a half years ago and read Foster Dulles' prescription for the operation of such an agency in his speech before the Bond Club, New York City, May 6, 1948. Foster Dulles then called for a "peacetime OWI and OSS combined" to answer the "subversive warfare" of the Communists.

Charles Edmundson
Washington, D. C.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The President's Illness

With every American and most of the world's citizens, we were keenly distressed to learn of the President's illness and join in the hope for his early and full recovery.

There is, however, one aspect of the President's illness on which we dissent from the outpouring of press, radio and TV comment. On all sides it is said that the illness could not have occurred at a more desperate time: there are the NATO meeting in Paris, the missile race, the messages to be prepared for Congress, the conferences with Congressional leaders, the budget and a host of other pressing matters. To make things worse, three of the President's "strongest" advisers (Humphrey, Wilson and Brownell) have left the Cabinet. The mere thought of the agenda on the President's desk has moved most commentators to voice demands for "action," strong leadership and special "team work" expedients to make up for Mr. Eisenhower's absence.

But is there ever "a good time" for the President to be ill? The Presidency is a unique office. Any time its occupant is ill or out of the country or unable, for any reason, to bring his maximum powers to bear on the problems requiring his attention, it is unfortunate and can, of course, be dangerous. But we reject the suggestion that at this moment a "crisis" exists of such magnitude as to require extraordinary measures.

Of the various reasons cited to prove that such an emergency does exist, the pending NATO meeting appears to be the most compelling. But is it imperative that the meeting be held on December 16? Is it even desirable? For weeks, now, we have been told that the Administration has not shaped up a program, that the policy-makers are faced with a cruel deadline. We have been told, too, that the Administration is "shopping for ideas." By clear inference we have been told that the American delegation would probably have to "play by ear" in Paris.

In other respects, also, the timing of the Paris meeting is not ideal. Not since Neville Chamberlain has a British Prime Minister suffered such a disastrous decline in prestige as Harold Macmillan has experienced in the last three months; seldom has one commanded so little respect at home or abroad. On the evidence of recent by-elections, the Tories have lost the support of the electorate but, at the same time, the Labor opposition has failed to put forward a convincing alternative program. France has another caretaker government, weak, insecure, vexed by problems. West Germany's frigid reaction to Mr. George Kennan's proposal for military neutralization of a reunited Germany is another indication that the present might not be the best time to hold a NATO meeting.

As to the missiles race, *The Nation* is opposed to "crash" programs, which would only add to existing tensions, without first exploring the possibilities of negotiation. Nor is there any apparent reason why we should try to reach the moon before Christmas. What we need, above all, is a new policy. New policies seldom emerge from crises, real or imagined. Throughout the post-war period, American policy has too often been improvised to meet some "crisis" of the moment. Now is not the time for action, but for stock-taking, reassessment, a restatement of goals and objectives. We need a new program for peace, not an intensification of cold-war military policies.

Nor are the domestic problems, urgent as they are, of a character that require emergency action.

While there is no crisis at the moment of a gravity that requires desperate expedients, it is always possible that hysterical comment might conjure such a crisis into being. To the President's other burdens should not be added the task of coping with a national semi-hysteria precipitated by those who simply repeat what everyone is saying as well as by those who seem sincerely to feel that the times justify panic. In short, the emergency is less the President's illness—grave as that is—than the possibility that his condition might engender, or be used to manipulate, a national mood of fear and trembling which could bring on a crisis where none now exists.

Time for a Turn

On all sides there is evidence of impending change in key national policies; witness the willingness to increase defense spending, to lift the debt ceiling if necessary, to ease fiscal restrictions as by cutting the discount rate, to resurvey defense needs, to take up the question of federal aid to education, to place more emphasis on basic-science research, and so forth. Struggling hard to capture the new mood, editorial writers have been putting a severe strain on familiar terms. In some quarters, the mood is characterized as a "national turnaround"; in others it is called a "turnabout." Apparently there is an attempt to suggest more a *willingness* to change than any actual radical shift in direction, to imply that the changes which impend are somehow more significant than any specific developments in the post-Sputniks weeks would indicate. For example, we are told that the new mood is not to be measured in terms of dollars or brawn but is, instead, "a more subtle, more sophisticated switch" *(Business Week)*. If the new mood implies a general willingness to consider alternative policies, it is a hopeful sign; turnabout or turnaround, it really doesn't matter, so long as there is a general recognition of the need for a turn. What is needed is a policy, a plan and a program for peace. If, as Mr. C. L. Sulzberger has pointed out in a series of penetrating columns in *The New York Times,* it is indeed time for a change in policy, if we have "allowed our policy to become synonymous with anti-communism"—which is, of course, no policy at all—then we commend C. Wright Mills's article (page 419) in this issue. If the Administration is really "shopping about for ideas," here is a packaged program that makes sense.

Dream of an Egghead

Among the proposals which Edward Teller made to the Senate Preparedness subcommittee last week was the long-range one of developing in the public a more respectful attitude toward the nation's scientists; in his opinion we do ourselves no service by viewing them as "highbrow" curiosities.

Mr. Teller is right—we should stop laughing at our great brains—but meanwhile the great brains themselves do little to earn our serious attention. The week before Mr. Teller spoke, eight of our leading scientists (the group included two Nobel Prize winners) met at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to help celebrate the centenary of Seagram's whiskey by forecasting what the world will be like a hundred years from now. As they see it, we shall be able to pick the sex of our children and decide whether we want them singly or in litters; there will be no disease of any kind; we shall eat vegetable steak and it will be delicious; earth satellites will deliver the mail; there will be gambling joints in outer space; gifted individuals will contribute their seed to sperm banks for the improvement of future generations; all physical labor will be performed by machines; we can live much longer, if that is thought desirable.

But how shall we govern ourselves, under what terms shall we live with our neighbors, what ideals shall we honor, what beauty shall we see, what gods shall we worship and what will the words "love," "truth" and "honor" mean to that generation of super-gadgeteers?

The scientists do not say, and would probably protest with some show of righteousness that these are not matters about which they are competent to speculate. Perhaps not, but Mr. Teller says that we must respect them, and how can you respect men who do not immediately think in such terms when the future is proposed to them? The future of the human race resides in its humanity, not in its ability to construct honeymoon motels on Venus. And until our scientific geniuses get that through their superior heads, they have earned no more than our amused curiosity.

The Rewards of Awards

We have just received a letter of introduction from Joan Doe Associates (we're withholding the name because in this area any publicity is good publicity), the only professional organization in the country set up exclusively to handle awards. Who should be honored, how they should be honored, what they should be honored for and the machinery for bringing the award and recipient together with maximum effectiveness for the donor—these are the concerns of Miss Doe and her associates (at a flat fee or per diem). According to the *Blue Book of Awards* (it exists) more than 3,000 national awards are given annually, and Miss Doe guesses sadly that the average person could not name ten of them offhand. Obviously a terrible lot of generosity is going to waste.

The gold watch given to a citizen who has served his community well is one of society's most gracious impulses; awards in the fields of the arts and letters do something, at least, to make up for the fact that society does not, perhaps cannot, pay adequately in conventional coin for such work. But too often these impulses are thought of as ends in themselves. What good does it do to present a war bond to the Mortician with the Most Sincere Handshake or to the Carhop Most Likely to Marry a Customer if nobody but fellow morticians and carhops knows about it? Miss Doe can so manage things that the public learns what friendly and desirable creatures morticians and carhops really are. If the Pulitzer Prizes and old Dr. Brown's inscribed hunter are both slightly tarnished as a result, it is the price we pay for converting idle generosity of spirit into negotiable publicity.

Angry Man

Mayor George Christopher, of San Francisco, is an angry man. On the basis of three separate assurances from Governor Goodwin Knight that the field was clear, Christopher announced himself as a Republican candidate for the Senate: Overnight, while the Mayor was in Europe, the blow came: Knight himself became a candidate and Christopher was left with his big-money support gone. "A stab in the back," the Mayor called it. After a hasty return and a quick consultation with advisers (who advised him to get out), he decided to make a fight for it. The announcement was less of a surprise than its phrasing:

> The average voter has been let down by a few people calling the shots from the back room. It has disillusioned the members of the Republican Party. It's about time those few people started to consider they are reckoning with a man who makes up his own mind. I would be violating every tenet of good, decent government if I let that small group dictate to me. . . . I will go up and down the state . . . and tell the people the truth about some things that haven't been brought out yet. If this would ruin the Republican Party, it is their decision, not mine. If the people don't have a choice of candidates in this state, it is time they learned about it.

Glaring at reporters, the Mayor added: "They have stripped everybody involved in this of his personal dignity. I would lose mine as well if I were to withdraw now."

One reads these words with wonder. "Makes up his own mind," "tell the people the truth," and especially "personal dignity," are phrases one had forgotten might be associated with a Republican from California.

Mr. Meany's Brinkmanship

With the crusading enthusiasm of a Carry Nation, Mr. George Meany continues to purge unions from the roster of AFL-CIO. At present unions with a total membership of three and a half million—almost a fourth of the total claimed by the federation—have been fingered as likely prospects for ultimate expulsion. Nor should it be forgotten that perhaps a million organized workers were outside AFL-CIO when the merger took place. Now, no one suggests that Mr. Meany should condone unethical practices; *The Nation* was concerned with such practices long before Mr. Meany took cognizance of them. But a word of caution seems appropriate. If Mr. Meany continues to act as though each disclosure of corruption confronted him with but one option, namely, to purge the offending union, we predict that he will thin the ranks of the AFL-CIO to a degree that he does not anticipate. Some evidence of corruption or other unethical practices can be discovered in many more unions than have been investigated to date, and the disclosures may be expected to continue as long as Mr. Meany is willing to act as a disciplinary arm of the McClellan committee. This is not, we suggest, the way to strengthen democratic practices in labor unions or to fight corruption. Somehow one suspects that Mr. Meany is the victim of a fallacy embedded in the Code of Ethical Practices adopted by AFL-CIO. A more modest approach would have been to define certain "unethical practices" which would not be tolerated, rather than to set forth a code which ambitiously undertakes "to protect the labor movement from all corrupt influences." Whatever the cause, Mr. Meany's quick reflexes are being exploited to weaken the labor movement—and not, it need scarcely be added, by those who have the best interests of that movement at heart.

C. WRIGHT MILLS

PROGRAM FOR PEACE

AROUND AND AROUND the little Red moons are circling, over underdeveloped countries and overdeveloped nations but not over any properly developing societies. There are no such societies of any consequence, and soon there may not even be an idea of how such societies might look.

Yet the problem of the world today is how to establish and to use models for the industrialization of the world's peoples. That problem is posed by the fact that the two models now dominant—the U.S.A. and the USSR—are becoming similar kinds of overdeveloped nations; and by the fact that the terms of their world antagonism are facilitating their convergence. Technically and geographically, they are superior nations. Unlike the societies of Europe, each has amalgamated on a continental domain a great variety of peoples and cultures. Each has expanded mightily in territory and in power. And the key to each is technological prowess. So different are they in historical outline that in their encounter we witness the confrontation of two epochs, marked off by two kinds of revolution; yet so similar are the bureaucratic facts of their industrialization, in the context of total war, that in their encounter we also witness their convergence.

For both, war is obsolete as a means of any policy save that of mutual annihilation, yet in both virtually all policies and actions fall within the perspective of a third world war. In both, science and loyalty, industry and national canons of excellence are in the service of military metaphysics: the view

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C. WRIGHT MILLS, author of The Power Elite *and many other books, is associate professor of sociology at Columbia University.*

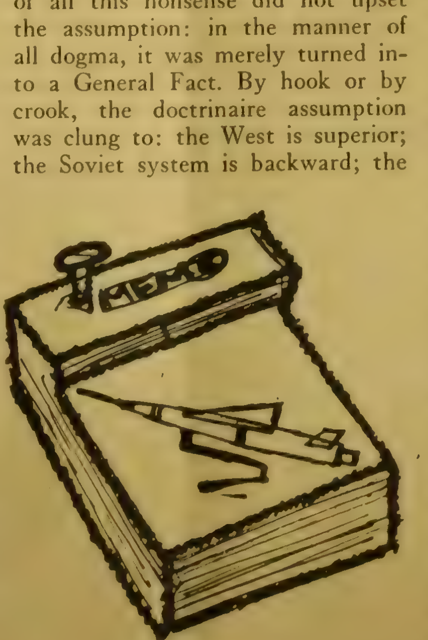
that the *real* factor in world history today, the *real* deciding point of the conflict between Soviet communism and American capitalism, is the means of violence and who has them. In both, the Science Machine is made a cultural and a social fetish, rather than an instrument under continual public appraisal and control; and to the machine's economic as well as military aspects, the organization of all life is increasingly adapted. In both, the means of production and of consumption are so arranged that there is neither pride nor satisfaction to be derived from either. And in both, there is little craft in work and little real leisure in leisure.

There are many other points of convergence between the two countries, both in the dream and in the reality. And as the Soviet industrial complex is enlarged, the parallels will become more pronounced. Industrial and military technology, not ideology, will determine that the dreams of each will in due course be found in the realities of the other. But the immediate point of importance is the fact that in both, small ruling circles are possessed by a crackpot realism which assumes that military metaphysics and the whole supporting ethos of an overdeveloped society geared for war are hard-headed, practical, inevitable and realistic concepts, rather than quite mad.

THE STRATEGIC outlook is not decisively, and certainly not permanently, changed by the Red moons and their launching missiles. The equipment in combat readiness on both sides remains devastating and capable of lethal retaliation. The development of this equipment is cumulative: one "ultimate weapon" follows another in geometric progression—and the base for the acceleration, in both war camps, is quite adequate for the end in view.

But the strategic outlook is only the idiot's short-term view. It is the fact of this idiot's race that ought to be our main concern, not the score at any given moment or the alarmist cries which would frighten us away from examining its deadly assumptions. ("The last thing [Western statesmen] . . . wanted," a veteran Washington correspondent commented on developments in the last weeks of October, "was to deprive the Western world of its Sputnik-inspired fright. . . .") The need which the Sputniks dramatize is the need to reconsider the terms of the world encounter. For that encounter is not just *there*; in great part, its very reality lies in the official terms by which it is defined. These terms have not been well considered; and, so far as one can learn, are not now being officially reconsidered.

Both the Russian and the American élite have fought the cold war in the name of peace, but the assumptions of their policies as well as the effects of their interactions have been, and are, increasing the chances of war. War, it has been assumed, is the most likely outcome of the parallel existence of these two types of political economy. United States policy has generally included the further assumption of Western military superiority: at first and specifically because of the A-bomb; when that proved illusory, the H-bomb offered a short-lived hope; and always there were the Red spies in America, upon whose work Soviet science was proceeding; and also, of course, it was really the captured German scientists who were at the bottom of it all. The collapse of all this nonsense did not upset the assumption: in the manner of all dogma, it was merely turned into a General Fact. By hook or by crook, the doctrinaire assumption was clung to: the West is superior; the Soviet system is backward; the USSR will remain a second-rate industrial power.



Moreover, just as the Russian élite has felt that the United States would somehow collapse in economic ruin, the United States élite has clung to the view that the Soviet system is always politically tottering. "They are in a very bad way," cried the dreary Mr. Dulles to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on February 24, 1956. In the end, it has been hopefully assumed, *they* will have to seek peace, and then Washington will serve on Moscow its ultimatum, the terms of which nobody knows. This has been the big dream behind it all: the containment by military encirclement; the fake promises of "liberating the satellites of Eastern Europe"; the stupidity of supporting the puppet regime on Formosa; and the rest of it.

And United States policy is still based on some such official definitions of what it is reasonable to expect. It is held that if the United States cannot "catch up with and overtake"—to use a well-known phrase—the Soviet missile lead, the alternatives will be capitulation or extermination. In short, neither the United States nor the West generally has accepted as quite real, or legitimate, the *fact* of the Soviet bloc: the possibility of "peaceful coexistence" has been, and is, defined as mere Red propaganda.

I DO NOT believe that the United States ought now to straighten out its Science Machine in order to catch up with and overtake the USSR's. I do not think we ought to worry about the United States science lag as such. I believe we ought to use that worry to spur reflection upon the use of resources and the focus of rationality in both the United States and the USSR. In brief: who wants to go to the moon anyway? Do you? Really? Aren't there other things you'd much rather do? And do you realize that, however you feel, an increasing part of your life effort is being spent on just this kind of little trip—at an increasing risk to your life? Only those loony enought to make a fetish of "Scientific Progress," irrespective of its direction and result, would today think this a reasonable and proper use of man's rationality, effort and resources. I think the whole space gambol, with its military posturings, is a lot of malarky. Given the perils on which the gambol rests, and which it increases, it is an irrational focus for such total scientific effort. And given the human conditions today, it is an immoral expenditure of economic energy. But, as a climactic step in an irresponsible series of decisions and defaults, it fits very well the military metaphysics which possess the crackpot élite of Russia, the United States and of points in between.

United States policy towards Russia has been more a series of laggard reactions than a series of responses to changing world conditions. And now this general pattern seems to include military technology itself. United States policy-makers have done nothing effective to aid and abet the new beginnings in the Soviet bloc since the death of Stalin. Their policy has been inert, their demands have been rigid, their lack of political imagination, monolithic. I do not suppose the proposals I am going to make to be original; in fact, I take them as obvious reflections of any mind not captured by the official definitions of world reality. At any rate, here is my plan for peace:

1. WHAT THE United States ought to do first is to abandon military metaphysics and the doctrinaire idea of capitalism, and in the sudden reasonableness thus gained, reconsider the terms of the world encounter. From the standpoint of mere survival, let alone progress toward a world of properly developing societies, there is now one and only one paramount goal and only one general means to it: coexistence. Peace is, and can only be, a peace of coexistence. The means to peace is, and can only be, negotiation. The structure of peace has to do with the terms of national competition; the strategy of peace requires the substitution of economic and cultural terms for the military and military-science terms that now prevail.

U. S. policy-makers should not automatically reject as propaganda all overtures by the Soviet rulers for global negotiations. Of course, their overtures do also serve as propaganda, but to reject them for that reason is to reveal our policy-makers' own fear—all too often well-founded—that they have nothing convincing to say to the world; and it is to display their contempt for the intelligence of the world's peoples.

The United States élite must give up the illusion that "this bunch of Reds" will somehow go away, that their societies will collapse, or that there is any action short of mutual annihilation that the United States can take to make them collapse. The élite must recognize the world historical meaning of the Russian revolution: that there now exists in the world an alternative way of industrialization; that this way works; and that it has great appeal to peoples of underdeveloped areas who have remained underdeveloped for quite some time in the epoch of capitalist ascendancy. Abandoning their doctrinaire capitalism, they must recognize that the same skills and resources that launched a half-ton moon can undoubtedly result in an automated flood of consumer goods; and that there are no technical, political or economic reasons why these skills and resources should not be so used in the near future. The Russian boasts of coming production are not bluffs. Russia is not going to remain a second-rate industrial power.

Of course the Soviet way of forced, speedy industrialization has been and is a brutal way; of course it has not led to such freedoms as the West has known; of course this brutality and tyranny cannot be justified by pointing out the brutality and tyranny of earlier capitalist exploitation (such as the exploitation of children in British mines a century ago). Nor is the insensibility of Soviet decision-makers excused by that of the American decision-makers who caused the first A-bombs to be dropped—without warning, without demonstration, without ultimatum—on civilian populations. Both are brutal; both display the inhuman lack of sensibility characteristic of underdeveloped men in overdeveloped societies, of men with rationality but without reason.

In the attempt at a new beginning, you do not forget the past; but neither do you allow it to govern the present. What matters today is tomorrow morning. What matters today is how a world of properly developing societies can be built out of the overdeveloped monstrosities that now pass for human societies. And the first and continuing means to that end is negotiation. The encounter is global; the power involved world-wide, and soon perhaps universal. The negotiations must now be between those who hold this power and must concern global matters. A reform here, an attempt there, a little bit at a time: that might do—if the over-all structure and its drift were favorable. But when the over-all tendency is as now, the whole structure, the entire basis of policy must be confronted.

2. SOME 20 per cent of the current U.S. military budget—operational and scientific—should be allocated to the economic aid and industrial development of underdeveloped countries, especially to India (see p. 434). In the next budget, and in each year's thereafter, this amount should be increased by an additional 10 per cent of the total. Tax levels should be kept roughly the same as the present, so that the increasingly economic and technical aid can come out of the military budget. Part of the money for industrial development should be used to mount a crash program—if we must use such language for

emphasis—for the development of a variety of compact and readily transportable atomic-power plants designed to make electrical power available to all the peoples of the world. At the same time, the beneficiaries must be helped to develop a pattern of skills making possible the proper use of such power.

3. IN EVERY culturally underdeveloped area, including those of the United States, the U.S. Government should build a first-class educational system, and within it set up a program, on a world-wide basis, of circulating professors, teachers and students. Particular attention should be paid to the humanities and social studies. For as natural science was the issue and the solvent at the ending of the medieval age, just now—within the Soviet bloc especially—it is the social studies and the humanities which could readily become the most socially fruitful area of controversy. In fact, only by stressing these human realms of curiosity and imagination and inquiry can the underdeveloped societies hope to avoid in their industrialization the inhuman features of the overdeveloped—and the overdeveloped countries themselves get on the track of proper development. Any answer to the problems of the world encounter, in short, requires us seriously to recognize the convergence of overdevelopment in each of the two leading actors; to evaluate the kinds of human beings which their types of development select and form; and jointly to confront the problems they pose from the continually debated standpoint of a world of properly developing societies.

4. THE UNITED STATES Government has quite consistently revealed an enormous fear of increased contact between its citizens and those of the Soviet bloc. The silly and insulting laws concerning fingerprinting and visas in general ought to be abolished forthwith. It should be as convenient legally for anyone in the world to visit the United States for six months or so as it now is for a citizen of West Germany to visit Italy, or a Swede to go to Britain. Correspondingly, all associations and individuals of the United States who wish to go anywhere in the world ought to be energetically helped to do so by their government. The general aim, which all specific policy and action should serve, is a world without visas.

5. UNDER THE auspices of the U.N., the United States should press for and offer to share fully the costs of: (a) an international fleet of airliners for the use of scientists, intellectuals and artists at or below cost; and (b) the construction and maintenance of a network of simple but comfortable International Centers around the world, close by universities and libraries and laboratories, containing restaurants and sleeping quarters, multi-lingual stenographic pools and conference rooms of various sizes. Residence for reasonable periods of time at these centers should be available to cultural workmen of all nationalities. And as the network expands, qualifications for admission should be relaxed.

6. WASHINGTON should at once remove all security and loyalty restrictions on scientific work and invite qualified scientists from anywhere on the globe to participate in it. It is surely obvious that Russians have little to learn from Americans about the focal point of military science. But it is even more obvious that each group has much to learn from the other, and from all other scientific communities. It is now reasonable to suppose that a completely free interchange of information, technique, theory—when freely focused upon the industrial problems of the world—would just now result in a wondrous series of advances.

7. THE U.S. Government, should immediately encourage the training of science-writers, of all nationalities, who would be capable of carrying out a large-scale educational program: what actually goes on in "science"; what it is about; what sort of projects are under way and why. Above all, these writers should be given the chance to soak themselves in the classic ethos of science: its rules of open communication and independent dissent; its tolerance based on respect for reason; its habit of truth and of fearless observation; its demands for careful proof and its invitation to audacious speculation. For it is in this creative ethos of science and not in the gadgets of technology that the important ethical meanings of science must be sought. To make that ethics plain and to diffuse it, the serious and wonderful skills of the mass media of communication, now so largely unused or diverted to the wasteful trivialities of commercial propaganda, should be mobilized and refocused.

8. OVER THE next twelve months or so, the United States Government should seek to remove all scientific research and development, directly or indirectly relevant to the military, from the private economy. The aim should be ultimately to restrict all science and technology of any consequence to public and civilian institutions. In brief, what is needed is a public Science Machine, subject to public control. And as a government, Washington should let no contracts of a scientific character to any private corporation.

The principal reason for this is the old-fashioned democratic one: the simple fact that "science" is now of such public consequence that the public must be made responsible for its support and its uses. There is an additional practical reason for such a policy: the wasteful costs of maintaining a Science Machine on a subsidized capitalist basis, half-private, half-public, split up among three armed services each with its own corporate connections and contracts.

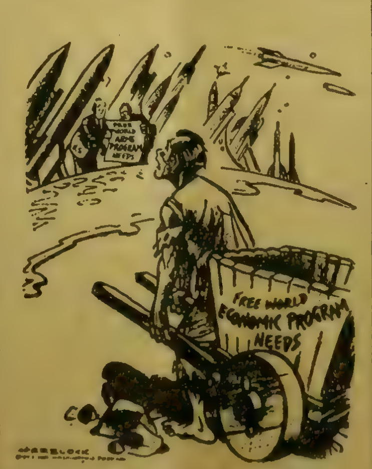
Surely no sensible man could now object to this proposal by references to the general inefficiency and stupidity of "bureaucrats" in contrast with the efficiency and "know-how" of "businessmen." Or on the grounds that free enterprise and a free-enterprise government are necessary conditions for all scientific advance and industrial progress. Among the Russians in charge of missiles, rocketry and all the little moons, there's not a single American businessman or free-enterprising manager; they are all "a bunch of Communistic bureaucrats" working under "a Red dictatorship" in a society only forty years removed from peasant, feudal backwardness. The truth, known to any close observer of the higher circles in America, is that most high-up American businessmen are more often than not industrially incompetent.

9. THE U.S. Government should at once cease all further production of "extermination" weapons—all A- and H-bombs and nuclear warheads included. And it should announce the size of its present stockpile, along with a schedule for reducing it or converting it, so far as is technically possible, to devices for peacetime uses.

10. THE Government should abandon all military bases and installations outside the continental domain of the United States. It is easy to see why the Russians consider these bases as aggressive and provocative. It is as if, from the American viewpoint, Soviet bases of similar type encircled the North American continent. Examine a map of the world, projected from the North Polar region, and on it, around the Western Hemisphere, locate Korea, Arabia, Japan, etc., and the point becomes immediately obvious: Bermuda, Jamaica, the tip of Alaska would be equivalent Soviet strategic-bomber bases.

11. THE U.S. Government should encourage European nations once more to take the initiative in world history, to be the innovators, by unilaterally and immediately disarming. These nations should renounce the whole idea of peace-by-power-of-retaliation. They should realize that their countries are now the "forward positions" of the U.S. nuclear thrust; that they are "zeroed in" as among the first targets of the Soviet thrust; that they have little, if any, power of decision over the initial blow that could end Europe as a place of human habitation; and that such a blow might well fall through human error or accident. Were I British or German or Danish, I should demand that my government "contract out" of NATO in its present form; I should certainly demand that the U.S. not be allowed to place in my territory launching bases for intermediate-range missiles; and I should encourage the view that the only sensible defense today is a citizens' army of riflemen. I should demand that the United States and the USSR help to "de-polarize" the world. I should accept the fact of the Oder-Neisse line as Poland's Western border. I should demand of the United States and of the USSR that both NATO and the Warsaw Pact be abandoned and that the armed forces of America be withdrawn from Europe and those of the USSR to behind their own borders. The general aim of a European settlement should include the amalgamation of the European economies, and the establishment of a politico-military status for the continent at a point somewhere between Sweden's and Austria's. I am aware that in any free reunification of Germany, East Germany would undoubtedly disappear, but this loss ought not to be taken too seriously by the Soviets were it to come about as part of a general European settlement of the sort I am suggesting. The Soviets have as much or more to gain from such a settlement as do Europe and America.

12. THE U.S. Government should accept the Russian proposal for an embargo on all arms shipments to the Middle East; the two powers should jointly guarantee all frontiers in the area; at the same time, with any European nations that want to cooperate, they should undertake a regional development program there along the lines of the one which Israel has been attempting. For this purpose, the oil wealth of the area should be used; and in the process, U.N. forces should be used, if necessary, against the feudal rulers of the area, and where other means fail, to expropriate oil corporations irrespective of nationality.


FREE WORLD ARMS PROGRAM NEEDS
FREE WORLD ECONOMIC PROGRAM NEEDS
HERBLOCK

"WHAT DO I HITCH MY WAGON TO?"

13. THE U.S. Government should at once recognize the existence of China and of all other Communist-type states; and it should seek to bring these into the world-wide economic, educational programs indicated above. This should be done not only because it is perilous not to recognize stable facts when they exist, not only because the world cannot be stabilized in peace without their inclusion, but because without what the peoples of China and India have to offer, the world is too poor to get along properly.

14. THE U.S. Government should announce some such program to the world unilaterally, one big item every other day, beginning at once and in plain language. And the start should be made now. Until the sequence of announcements is completed, the U.S. Government should not respond officially to inquiries from any other nation. *After* the announcements and actions are underway, it should earnestly seek meetings with the Russians, with or without other nations present.

The scheduling of the program should, of course, be subject to these negotiations. But *first* the program must be announced as a whole and gotten under way. For that is the way to break the deadlock. Mr. Dulles recently asserted that he cannot negotiate disarmament with all the nations of the U.N.; he is certainly reluctant to do so with only one. Here are two good reasons for tossing him out and replacing him with someone who is not so statistically inhibited. The point is not the composition or size of any one negotiating group. You make a beginning with the powers that be; you modify the power and its distribution by expanding the negotiating group.

Publicly and privately, the Russians should be invited and re-invited to join in each of the efforts I have described, as well as in other projects which I am neither knowledgeable nor imaginative enough to state.

The U.S. Government should now actively seek to evolve joint development plans—technical, economic and cultural—inside each bloc, as well as among the so-called uncommitted peoples. It should, for example, strive for an exchange next year with the Soviet bloc of as many university students as facilities permit. Fifty thousand, within three years, is a suitable goal.

LET US HAVE no nonsense about where the money is coming from. That old joke of utopian capitalism is no longer funny. The world is full of men and women; it is full of natural resources and wondrous sources of power. What is needed is the human skill and the political will to set up a new beginning. It is far less a question of money than of the kind of imagination that is at once technical and moral; the kind of mind which thinks technologically rather than in business terms. The sheer waste and fat of the overdeveloped society of the United States is by itself enough to get started on. Consider the progressive stopping up of the military rat holes of the world, the socialization of the scientific and technical apparatus of society and its world-wide release for the tasks of the human community — in half-a-generation, we could be well on our way. The kind of problems we should then confront would be intellectually more difficult than those we now face, but we should be in a position to confront them within a more or less human world; and we should be able, with good reason, to hope that failure to solve them the first or second or third time we tried, would not get us blown off the earth.

I do not suppose that my proposals will be acted upon this week by the power élite of the United States. The anachronistic minds will not come to attention; Dulles will not be tossed out in disgrace; the President will not be briefed. The small circles in East and West which control the internecine devices will not be made responsible to any large public; their preparations will go on, with much secrecy, punctuated by threat and boast; their policies will not be put to any genuinely democratic test. There will be much talk of responsible leadership, but doctrinaire and murderous rigidity will cause no ruin of reputations. The generals will go on getting ready for what they call "the big game," assuming that they are merely doing their duty in the traditional way. The mass media will pour out their gallows' humor; everyone will be very busy, their minds dominated by the commodity-ethos of the overdeveloped society. Who the hell cares about India and China and all that anyway?—we got a new-model car to get out, just different enough in looks to make junk of last year's.

From their standpoint, proposals of the sort suggested here for discussion are indeed utopian, expensive, idealistic, unsound and, for all I know, traitorous. For the metaphysics of this élite, like that of Russia's, is the military metaphysics, and such imagination as its members possess is quite captured by military technology. We are at a curious juncture in the history of human insanity: in the name of realism, men are quite mad; and precisely what they call utopian is now the only condition of human survival. Utopian action is survival action; realistic, sound, commonsense, practical actions are now the actions of madmen and idiots. And yet these men decide; these men are honored, each in his closed-up nation, as the wise and responsible leaders of our time who are doing the best they can under trying circumstances. Is it their fault that their best is not going to be good enough? Is it their fault that they've a trained incapacity to do what now ought to be done? Is it their fault that the system in which they have succeeded, and over which they fumblingly rule, is a system of semi-organized irresponsibility?

I THINK they will go on to the end. Soon no doubt the little Red moons will be joined by others, some of them white and blue. What banner will the Americans fly from their Sputnik? What message will its cheerless little beeps send out? And will there be men to hear it?

AN ANGLE ON SOME "SQUARES".. *by David Cort*

Philadelphia

ORDINARY PEOPLE who don't know what public-relations experts actually do are not half-witted; public-relations experts don't exactly know either. At the tenth national conference of the Public Relations Society of America, held in Philadelphia November 18 - 20, everybody was looking for answers and the typical sentence ended with a question mark. Thus, one speaker (The Texas Company): "Are we a beneficial force in modern society? Are we cocky, presumptuous, smug? Have we too much faith in the loftiness of our profession? What do we mean by 'the engineering of consent?' Do we really create giants out of pygmies? Are we just a fringe benefit for management? Do we stand too low on the management totem-pole? Why is our field more difficult to evaluate than any other?" The speaker, scratching his nose helplessly between riddles, gave no real answers. The cumulative impression was that he did not even ask the right questions.

Another speaker (an independent) courageously demanded that Public Relations make up its mind whether it is a profession, a craft, an art —

DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture, *is a frequent contributor.*

or nothing, and suggested a vote on whether its practitioners should be licensed by government like doctors, registered by a self-governing body like craftsmen, or let alone like artists. The vote broke into about equal thirds on the three choices.

Such soul-searchings struck me as funny at first. And then I realized that they are not typically a symptom of hollow futility, but on the contrary the growing pains of a cause that senses its own real potential and wants to straighten out its soul while there is still time.

Public Relations was, before the Second World War, a small, pretentious phenomenon all but localized in Manhattan and Washington, D. C. It has become the great international monster, PR (an ellipsis that seemed to offend the conference members), only in the last ten years. I suspect it of growing out of the spirit of the American war effort and postwar situation, which was suffused with PR righteousness. The growth of PR is still unofficial; it is still not listed as a separate activity by the Census Bureau, but lumped along with telephone-answering services, armored cars, nurses, collection agencies, artists and writers as "miscellaneous business services." The estimate of a conference speaker was that there are now 100,000 Americans engaged in PR, and that they spend about two billion dollars a year. The great majority are in the PR departments of corporations, government agencies, the armed services, universities, foundations, etc. They are recruited from the press and entertainment business, from government, from business and straight from the business schools; and most of them have to make up their rules as they go along. Mostly they work in isolation, heard but not seen.

And here at the Hotel Sheraton in Philadelphia, I found myself in the midst of a flock of a thousand of them, like a naturalist who wakes from a nap on the prairie and finds himself surrounded by whooping cranes.

Peering cautiously about, I looked for the PR type of Madison Avenue grandee, the overpowering personality seeking whom he could devour. Nothing like that was visible. These were unpretentious, friendly, unspectacular people, and spoke an English I understood. The word for them would be "square" — meaning, for the benefit of future generations, simple, provincial and insensitive to the esoterica of the "hipsters," those cultists of suffering, defeat or lunacy. They were not over-eager to introduce themselves, but happy when they felt it was all right.

A suspicion was growing in me, and to confirm it, I repaired to the list of conference registrations. Of about 750 then listed, hardly 25 per cent were from the supposed capital of PR, New York City. Such supposed captains of the industry as Ben Sonnenberg and Earl Newsom were not listed at all, nor, so far as I saw, were any of their employees. There were solid blocks from Chicago, Los Angeles, Texas, St. Louis, but not many from Detroit or Cleveland. What, no PR in Peoria?

Quite in line with this general character was the fact that the PR elder statesman present was Pendleton Dudley, a gentle old firebrand whose career was made when he let a married couple use his garage to start a new magazine that turned out to be *Reader's Digest*. Though his PR firm is in New York, he is as kindly and "square" as a country parson.

THE complete absence of the Madison Avenue tone, even the ignoring of the profit motive, the sense of a conceptual structure that everybody understood but nobody could define, all suggested something that I knew was familiar but that I could not isolate, perhaps because it was unexpected. The words were clear enough: "Statism will eventually take over . . . unless the Public Relations concept can be incorporated into the life-stream of business. . . . The effective Public Relations advisor to business must realize that he has chosen the path of personal obscurity." At that point I almost had it. The profession, the speaker went on, is not "a front for a kept group of well-paid hucksters. I have seen . . . it lead its clients' corporate businesses out of the wilderness of vanity and arrogance [What? A Bolshevik? Here?] into the meadow of humility and modesty. . . . "

The above simply cannot be dismissed as hot air. It is talking about a real situation, with a mysterious *plus*. Read it over. At some point you will realize, more quickly than I did, that this is not business; it is religion. The Bible says the same things a hundred or a thousand times, of course somewhat better. St. Paul speaks to the Corinthians again; the Old Testament is more abusive.

WHAT IS THE real situation? At its most acceptable level, it is clear in a comparison of the English Tory, who loves England, with the American Republican businessman who is drafted into government. The American is the more able in his business; and an utter incompetent in government. We had to learn it in the 1920s (shades of Mellon!); now we have in the Department of Defense first General Motors, and now Procter & Gamble. My fraternity magazine tells me that this latter comes out of promotion and advertising. If PR can give these fellows religion, it deserves ecclesiastical status at once. The speakers I heard were not generally willing to accept lip-service; they demanded real conversions from management.

I am not religious, and so I can ask whether the PR religion will be as useless to us as Christianity was to ancient Rome. Big business might wonder, too, whether the PR saints are to be the martyrs of the Colosseum, the converters of the barbarians, the witnesses of the Sack of Rome, the builders of the new chivalry, the monks who chided the knights and led them on new crusades. But since both business and PR are thinking only of this world, not the next, there is no real compulsion to repeat the old sad history of Rome, or of the Church Fathers.

The people at Philadelphia were not lured into dialectics. They were reminded of the hope of a better world, of the Communist devil, of the need for self-struggle and humility, the command to spread the Word at any cost, and the promise of nothing but pain, poverty, virtue and maybe glory.

Any new religion in industrial America must have university seminaries. The same speaker quoted above cited Stanford, Harvard, Texas and Maryland universities, and San Jose State College, for pioneering work in PR. Lovejoy's *College Guide* gives a rather different list of institutions offering PR courses: Iowa, Ohio, Boston, Syracuse and American universities and, in New York City, New York University and The New School for Social Research.

It may be that PR will still find its intellectual source in Manhattan, though not precisely along Madison Avenue.

A sharp test of this supposed PR morality was provided me when, among a group of thirty simultaneous seminars, I noticed one entitled, "How to Handle the 'Bad' Story." Not only the public relations exposed in the newspapers, but the private relations of individuals, are heavy with "bad stories." All life is a "bad story" from which only philosophers can extract the ultimate "good story," for indeed everybody is killed. This meeting would be the place to find out whether PR was anything more than a midnight burier of bodies, a plausible mortician wiping his hands with formaldehyde and pieties. That word "handle" bracketed with "bad" was enough to wake a witch. I woke.

The group-leader (Westinghouse) impressed me at once by saying that he had recently had to handle three "bad stories." The old-style, or Ben Sonnenberg, type of public-relations man could not have brought these words out of his mouth, but this man did it very easily, and the others shook their heads ruefully. They all had worse tales to tell than he. Oh, they respected *his* sack-cloth, but listen to this. . . . The normal procedure of these PR people, if one could believe them, had been to give the company's side of the story to the press, document it, look for friendly spokesmen, try to inject some reasonable perspective and then sit back and take whatever came out in print. In cases where the reporter had seemed flagrantly unfair—and the examples given were reasonably plausible—the PR representative had made his protest directly to the reporter, not to his editor. There had been no policy of demanding retractions, withdrawing advertising, getting writers fired.

Nearly all the PR people present confirmed the foolishness of getting mad at the press. Even the writer could not safely be attacked; the columnist (Pegler and Pearson were named in lowered voices) was dynamite; the editorial page was untouchable. There was full knowledge that editors bridle at interference, and can reopen a fight every day from ten different directions. Any attempt at suppression is the quick way to make headlines. The airlines have adopted the policy of getting a fatal crash story into all the papers quickly; that way it's out of the papers quickly too.

The "square" PR attitude seems to be that a really bad story, like a case of industrial irradiation, the drowning of small boys in an excavation pool or, the recent classic, the linking of General Electric with the call-girl madame, Nella Bogart, has to be allowed to run its course.

For what it is worth, nearly everyone had a grievance against *Time* magazine; the only other offenders were, of all things, the *Wall Street Journal,* and a scheduled story in *Woman's Day.*

A few voices spoke up, on the other hand, for suppression of news. As it happened, these were in every case ex-newspapermen. An oil company man who had blanketed news of a strike gave his opinion that it is easy to outwit, outpunch and outmaneuver the trade-union boys (in his case, an independent union).

With these exceptions, the sense of the meeting was impressively decent, considering that these people, the "squares" of the industry, were responsible to managements that would prefer to win all their battles. The "hipster" breed is another matter.

THE WASTE of SCIENTISTS . .

by L. V. Heilbrunn

DURING THE PAST few months there has been an increasing demand for improvement in American science. We are told that the Russians are training many more scientists than we are and that, perhaps, their young scientists receive better instruction than do ours. In a world in which national supremacy and national survival depend to such a large extent on scientific superiority, this is indeed a serious matter.

What is to be done? Spokesmen for science and influential legislators are demanding that the government spend more money in support of science; an all-out effort is being made to attract our intelligent young men and women into scientific careers.

Thus far all the planning has been done by various prominent citizens in and out of science. Might it not be wise to consult to a greater extent the laboratory scientists, the men primarily responsible for scientific advances?

No one scientist can hope to know more than his own particular field, and anything I have to say concerns primarily the field of biology and physiology. Herein I have, perhaps, a right to express an opinion, for as far as I know, I have trained more biologists and physiologists than anyone else now actively engaged in teaching, and many of the men I trained are now leaders in the field.

In the first place, we biologists do not feel that our science is inferior to that of the Russians'; indeed we

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believe that it is vastly superior. And we think, too, that applied biology—medical science, for example—is in a much better state in America than it is in Russia. We sometimes wonder why the fact of this superiority in "peaceful" science has not been used as a basis for counter-propaganda.

But though the United States may be superior in various sciences concerned more with human betterment than with human destruction, there is certainly room for improvement. And money alone will not solve the problems involved. It is true that two billion dollars produced the atom bomb. But two billions, or even ten billions, might not produce a cure for cancer, especially if the money were not wisely spent. Great advances in science are made by men with ability and imagination. We scientists are—or should be—creative workers. If you were to give a would-be poet a million dollars to write sonnets equal to those of Shakespeare, there is but an infinitesimal chance that he would succeed. And if millions or billions of dollars of cancer money are given to men without ideas or understanding, it is very doubtful if success can be obtained.

ASK ANY working biologist about how money is now spent in support of scientific effort and he is very likely to be critical. Never has so much money been spent with so little return. The men on the committees or panels which allocate the funds are on the whole sincere and honest. But they are human and often enough they give large sums to their friends or to each other. I could cite many instances in which many thousands of dollars have been allocated to workers who, instead of advancing science, have published erroneous results that have retarded progress.

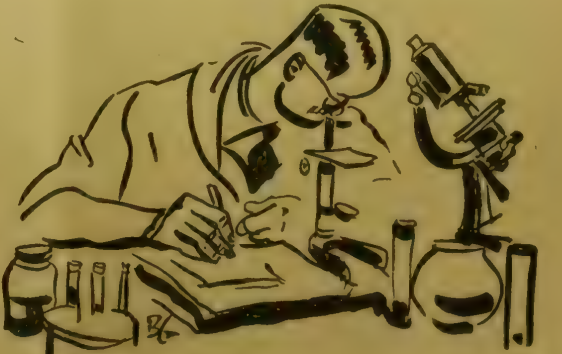
Not long ago a man whom I had trained applied for a grant of $45,000 from a governmental agency interested in the study of cancer. The proposed research was at best only vaguely related to cancer, but because it was in a field in which I have achieved prominence, I was asked to pass judgment on it. I found the proposal unworthy and the applicant guilty of overstatement and misstatement; I expressed the opinion that he was not capable of carrying on properly the work he wanted to do. The panel examining the proposal suggested that the applicant be given only a part of the funds requested; yet, in the end, the $45,000 request was approved in full. Apparently my former student had been successful in making friends in high places. As a result, after he had started on his work, I had to take time from my own cancer studies to straighten him out, losing the better part of a month in the effort. This is by no means an isolated case. A month or two ago, a leading authority in the field of photosynthesis told me that although he had strongly criticized an application for research in his field which had been submitted to him for review, the applicant, whom he called a "swindler," got the money he asked for.

The sad thing about all this is not the fact that some thousands or perhaps even some millions of dollars are wasted, but that sincere, hard-working biologists who are dedicating their lives to laboratory research, lose out and to some extent are ploughed under. To these honest workers it is discouraging to see the rewards that accrue to flatterers, overstaters and even charlatans. Once a man gets sufficient funds, he can hire young men to do his work for him; he can hire not only skills but often brains as well. I have heard a successful scientific promoter and politician, a man of little scientific achievement but nevertheless the recipient of vast sums of money, urge publicly that young investigators be trained to be "slick operators." Young scientists are learning that "it pays to advertise" even at a risk of absolute honesty. To some extent Madison Avenue has moved in.

And worst of all there never has been a time when so much power has been in the hands of men who long since have abandoned active participation in scientific inquiry for the field of scientific politics. Years ago the influential leaders in the field of biology were men of great achievement and splendid character. Now, to some extent at least, the "leaders" —the men who wield great power and can influence the allocation of research funds—are cordially hated by the active workers in the field. It is not too much to say that some are, in a sense, petty racketeers.

If the situation in biology is not healthy, I have reason to believe that in what concerns military effort, the situation may in some areas be even worse. Some of my former students who tried to do research in military establishments found themselves under the control of Army and Navy men who had little understanding of the ways of science. Apparently the curricula at West Point and Annapolis are somewhat lacking in this respect. When the atom bomb was developed, one of the leaders of the scientific team which produced it was quoted as saying that he thought that the general in charge had not delayed the successful outcome by more than six months. I have heard even harsher criticism.

What we need in this country is a better understanding of science on the part of those who control its destinies. With a greater awareness of our deficiencies, perhaps there may be improvement.



THE AIRPOWER LOBBY

WHO WILL MAKE the MISSILES? . .

by Al Toffler

SPUTNIK'S EFFECT on the politics and mentality of America will be profound. But its impact on the economy will be no less important. As a spokesman for a major aircraft and missile company told me a few days ago, "The boys are going to be jumping all over themselves to see who'll get in the first bill to increase funds for missiles and manned aircraft after Congress reconvenes." There were no perceptible tears streaming from his eyes as he spoke.

The remark dramatizes the fact that no segment of our economy has more at stake than the aircraft industry in the explosive events triggered by the Sputniks. The industry's powerful lobby is aware of both its responsibilities and its opportunities. Current events are going to shake the industry and force at least a conditional settlement in the sputtering feud among the nation's three military services. If the showdown is to be resolved rationally, on the basis of achieving the best defense for the smallest dollar, the military issues must not be obscured by the internal needs of a single industry or a single military service, no matter how vocal.

To understand the stake of the aircraft and missile-makers in all this, a few statistics are in order. The industry consists of many companies, but it is substantially dominated by thirteen: Bell, Boeing, Curtiss-Wright, Douglas, General Dynamics (Convair), Grumman, Lockheed, Martin, McDonnell, North American, Northrop, Republic and United Aircraft. In 1956, the industry sold $9,496,000,000 worth of goods, an annual turnover exceeded only twice during World War II: in 1943 and 1944. Over 75 per cent of the total was sold to a single customer, the Department of Defense; and of this, most went to the Air Force, although some went also to the Army and Navy. (The Navy's air arm, incidentally, is the third biggest air force in the world; only the United States and Soviet air forces are larger.)

As of March, 1957, six of the above companies—Grumman, McDonnell, Martin, North American, Northrop and Republic—were devoted virtually 100 per cent to filling military orders. The other major firms ranged in degree of dependence on the military from about 60 to 95 per cent. Between October, 1950, and May, 1957, the thirteen companies, in view of their defense nature, received from the government a total of 573 certificates granting rapid amortization privileges on $370,000,000. The Hebert subcommittee in the House reported in 1956 that twelve of the firms were using $895,000,000 worth of government-owned plants, machine tools and equipment, compared with their own total private investment of $394,000,000 (a large part of which represented retained profits).

THE WAR NATURE of the industry was capsuled simply by the Hebert subcommittee: "There is not enough commercial business in this country *nor in the world* to justify, the utilization of all the facilities now 'in being.'" (Emphasis added.)

Representative Martha Griffiths (D.-Mich.), a former defense procurement officer in Detroit, referring to the firms which do nothing but military work, told her colleagues: "They—the management, and the employees and, to the extent they participate, the stockholders of these companies—are just as much federal employees as you are or as I am. Every dime that they are paid comes from the taxpayers' money." In view of this, she said, the government, in determining prices it was ready to pay, ought to scrutinize closely the profits and remuneration of aircraft companies and their officials. She had in mind that North American, for instance, in 1955, had paid its president a nice round $147,000 in salary and extras and had paid its chairman $201,000.

The six companies dependent exclusively on government contracts paid out $694,000 to their six presidents in 1955, not including stock options and dividends. The remuneration of their top executives, including presidents and board chairmen, totaled $3,468,000. And the total paid out in this fashion by the thirteen companies whose work is principally for Uncle Sam came to $9,838,000. Evidently air-industry executives are the highest paid "federal employees" in the history of the nation.

As for profits, in 1956 twelve of the big thirteen made a net, after taxes, of $156,000,000, according to the Aircraft Industries Association. This was the third best year on record for the industry—five times as much as was made in the Korean War year 1951 and almost twice the net profits of 1952. Such statistics are admittedly slippery; but these are industry figures, and possibly conservative.

Employment in the industry has risen from 237,700 in 1948 to about 900,000 today. This makes the industry the nation's biggest private employer, with almost 5 per cent of the country's total manufacturing work force on its payroll.

STATISTICS ASIDE, the fact of key significance about the aircraft industry is the intimacy of its relationship with the Air Force, its biggest customer. The two are almost parts of an organic whole. Liaison between them occurs on many levels. Company salesmen beat a well-scuffed path to the Pentagon. Airpower organizations provide numerous forums for social and business contacts. Even more important is the startling osmosis of Air Force brass into the company hierarchies. General Ira C. Eaker, formerly vice-president of the Hughes Tool Co., recently moved over to the Douglas

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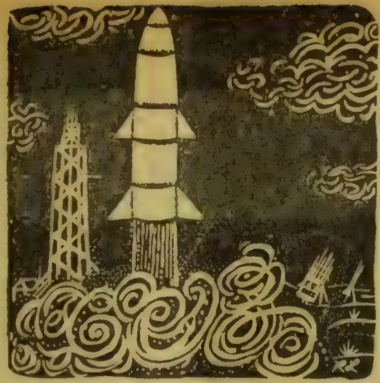
Aircraft Corp. Convair is headed by General Joseph T. McNarney. Boeing and Convair each at one time reportedly had sixty-seven retired officers on their payrolls. The Martin Co. has had at least fourteen. (*See The Brass-and-Gold Era, by Matthew Josephson,* The Nation, *January 21, 1956.*) The Hebert subcommittee in 1956 charged that "the presence of retired military personnel on payrolls, fresh from the 'opposite side of the desk', creates a doubtful atmosphere." The Congressmen were chiefly concerned with the influence such men could wield on procurement. But there is another, more important and more dangerous, aspect. The purchasing done by the Air Force depends to a great extent on its underlying military philosophy, its strategic outlook. Theoretically, men in uniform determine basic policy subject to the general approval of civilian authority. But the osmosis process raises the question to what extent Air Force policy is molded by ex-officers whose outlook is colored by interests of the companies they serve.

LIBERALS HAVE long felt that the presence of businessmen in key government posts has frequently resulted in harm to the public interest. Right now a House subcommittee, under liberal leadership, is exploring the reverse situation (a parallel of which exists today in the aircraft industry): the employment by industry of former commissioners and other top personnel of the independent regulatory agencies. In many of these agencies, it is possible for a man to leave his job as a commissioner and within twenty-four hours, to appear as counsel before the commission in behalf of a regulated industry.

If the influence of industry on government policy in civilian areas is a continuing source of concern, is not the possibility of similar influence on military policy even more alarming? This is not a charge that military policy has been determined by the aircraft industry. Nor does it impute conscious selfishness or lack of patriotism to the industry and its hired generals. It is, however, a suggestion that the unique relationship between the industry and the Air Force not only makes possible, but actively encourages, the exercise of private influence. What's more, the stakes are high.



THESE, THEN, are the essential characteristics of the aircraft industry: low investment, low working capital, high remuneration for executives, direct dependence on military purchasing, intimacy with a particular branch of the armed forces, dependence on a variety of federal subsidies, absorption of military personnel, interest in strategic policy. Its two major problems are (1) disarmament and (2) the rise of the missile.

When Germany first began pouring V-2 rockets upon Britain in World War II, military men were impressed. But they considered the missiles an expensive way to deliver a small warhead. It wasn't until the genius of humanity had produced nuclear weapons that it became "economical" to invest heavily in such complex delivery systems as are required by missiles.

Ever since, the handwriting has been on the wall for the fliers and manufacturers of manned aircraft. Industry and Air Force spokesmen tend to sneer at Khrushchev's post-Sputnik description of manned aircraft as museum pieces. They speak in terms of producing at least one more "generation" of long-range, manned bombers. But no one should understand better than they how rapidly aeronautical technology changes. As *Look* magazine put it not long ago, "The death rattle is in the throat of the flying Air Force."

For the industry, this has posed critical issues—and especially for the makers of tactical fighters and bombers, since these appear to be destined for quickest obsolescence. In simple terms, the industry's problem is how to capture complete, irrevocable and unchallengeable control over missile-making.

The proportion of Air Force spending on guided missiles has risen steadily. In fiscal 1951, it was less than 1 per cent of the total spent for aircraft procurement. By 1952 it rose to 4 per cent; a year later, to 12 per cent. In fiscal 1957, according to the latest estimates, it was 20.3 per cent and it was expected to be 35 per cent by 1959, according to a 1956 estimate by the Aircraft Industries Association. With today's Sputnik furor as a propellant, the missile proportion of total military spending should streak heavenward much faster than expected.

The aircraft firms are not merely fighting for contracts to develop, partially produce and assemble missiles; they are reaching out into related areas. North American, for example, has moved into the manufacture of rocket fuel, and its Rocketdyne division already accounts for 18 per cent of sales. Another area of interest is the electronics industry, which is responsible for about 50 per cent of the cost of any missile as opposed to 35 per cent of the cost of a plane. The industry, accordingly, has prospered on subcontracted work from the aircraft industry, and as the president of the Radio-Electronics-Television Manufacturers Association said last spring, "The ceiling is not in sight." Now, however, aircraft companies are also reaching into electronics.

THE aircraft industry is in transition, and Wall Street analysts, ever sensitive to shifting industrial patterns, expect a "shakeout." The number of firms will be smaller, and those which remain will be bigger. Last year a quarter-million workers for small, scattered subcontractors produced nearly a billion dollars worth of goods and services for planes and missile-makers. According to the *Wall Street Journal,* these "corporate satellites" are already being squeezed as the giant aircraft firms go increasingly into the "parts" business. And the squeeze will tighten in the months ahead.

In the race for missile work the aircraft manufacturers see no major competition from any other industry. Even the electronics industry hardly falls into the competitive category; as long as the aircraft makers remain the prime contractors, they can control the degree of subcontracting. What the industry fears is competition from the government as represented by the tendency of the Army and the Navy Bureau of Ordnance (but not the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics) to place contracts with non-profit institutions like universities, or to assign projects to government-operated arsenals using government employees.

It was industry disapproval of this trend that lay behind the furious battle over the Air Force's Thor missile as against the Army's Jupiter. This, in turn, formed the backdrop of the court-martial of Army Colonel John Nickerson.

Jupiter was developed by the Army at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. Component parts were made by aircraft companies, but if the missile ever goes into production, it will be built not by an aircraft company but by Chrysler. Meanwhile, the normally highly lucrative development work and the overall supervision were performed by government employees rather than privately-employed workers. In contrast, the comparable Thor is being developed for the Air Force by Douglas Aircraft.

IT WAS NOT surprising, therefore, that a fever-pitch propaganda battle developed over the two missiles. Air Force supporters opened a campaign to discredit Dr. Wernher von Braun, the Army's German missile expert. *Aviation Week,* one of the industry's chief publications, in mid-September attacked the Army for a "vicious" campaign against the Air Force. At the same time, General Orval Cook, head of the Aircraft Industries Association, insisted that the "government arsenal has outlived its usefulness." Moreover, Cook told newsmen, the universities should stick to teaching and basic research, leaving development work for industry.

Advocates of the arsenal, however, point out that research and development are the fuzziest of all cost items. By doing some of both at arsenals, it is possible for the government to gain some notion of the real cost factors involved. In effect, the arsenal can function as a yardstick.

The controversy also revealed the increasing importance of research and development from a financial point of view. The industry is not kicking up a squall about peanuts; big money is involved. It is estimated that the Department of Defense this year will spend over five billion dollars for research and development. However, only about 40 per cent of this sum is directly appropriated; the rest of the amount is scattered through other budgetary compartments. The result is that concrete figures are hard to pin down. Even the A.I.A. isn't sure of the size of the nugget involved. The organization is making conditional use of a partial breakdown issued last September by the National Science Foundation, which shows that of the identifiable $2,000,000,000 which the Defense Department will obligate for research and development in fiscal 1958, nearly $1.3 billion will be spent on projects handled intramurally or by non-profit agencies.

This is a rise of almost $400,000,000 since 1955 in expenditures withheld from private enterprise. The A.I.A. believes that there are additional millions hidden away in less identifiable appropriations. In all, the A.I.A. scents a minimum of around a billion dollars which could be smoked out by its members if the Army and the Navy were as cooperative as the Air Force.

A DECADE of intimate association with an "understanding" Air Force has given the aircraft industry a stake in the outcome of the continuing inter-service warfare. Congressman George Mahon (D.-Tex.) set this rivalry in its proper perspective last spring when he told his colleagues:

> Able and ambitious officers have devoted their careers to one of the three services. Will they have a place in the sun in the 1960s or will their careers go into decline? The present assumption is that any service which fails to have a part in the utilization of intermediate range and intercontinental ballistic missiles will be relegated to a lesser role. . . . The stakes are high. . . . The desperate struggle for power and position among the services is quite understandable, and real, and quite expensive and wasteful.

The conflict among the services revolves around this hard core of truth. But it is clothed in all kinds of strategic rationales. Thus the Air Force has taken the position that the nation cannot afford continued maintenance of strong "conventional forces" (read Army). General Twining has told the Senate that the country cannot have military forces for both "the old type of warfare plus those for atomic warfare . . . and our mind is made up." Certainly his mind is made up—and made up in favor of the Air Force.

The Army, seeing in all this a relentless diminution of its role, prestige and budget, counters with the sophisticated argument that reduction in conventional forces raises the "level of provocation" necessary before this country would respond militarily to defend its interests. We must, argue the Army theorists, be prepared to dole out retaliation in measured, and not merely in massive, doses.

THERE ARE many other points of conflict between the Air Force and its one-time parent, the Army. On a military-technical level, they focus on what kind of missiles the Army will be permitted to develop and use. Essentially, the Air Force argues that missiles are air weapons. They fly, don't they? The Army counters by noting that they are basically an extension of artillery, a traditional Army function.

Meanwhile, the Navy has its own air and seapower interests, which it is jealously guarding.

These may sound like questions which the generals and admirals ought to settle by themselves. However, they are questions which citizens in a democracy cannot shrug off or simply refer to the military men. The weapons involved are too big and too dangerous. The stakes affect everyone—including the aircraft industry. Any shift of "roles and missions" which gave the Army primary responsibility for missile warfare would make the Army, rather than the Air Force, the Number One customer of the aircraft industry. This would shatter all the business, personal, social, political and economic relationships which have grown up between the Air Force and the dozen or so key aircraft companies. From the industry's viewpoint, it would mean dealing with a service which has shown much less readiness to "cooperate." And it would render obsolete the services of all the Air Force officers recruited by the industry to do its bargaining.

IN SHORT, if the Air Force fails to come out on top in the inter-service Armageddon which is in the offing, the results could be very serious for the aircraft makers. So once again the industry finds it necessary to support the particular strategic reasoning of a single branch—to support, publicize, and perhaps to refine, stiffen or otherwise influence it.

Thoughtful aircraft men must recognize the dangers that grow out of this kind of relationship. The perils should be even more clear to outsiders. And as for remedies, perhaps the only real one is relaxation of world tensions and the planned replacement of arms production by something more constructive. Short of this, however, Congress and the people ought to give thought to the implications of the fact that the nation's biggest manufacturing industry is now a kind of mutant in our capitalist society, dependent almost solely on public funds for its day-to-day existence. To provoke this thoughtful concern has been the purpose of these articles.

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY . .

by Dan Wakefield

"It is no good to be poor."
—Ricardo Sanchez, a Puerto Rican migrant

RICARDO SANCHEZ came from where the sugar cane is higher than a man to the plaza in old San Juan where the buses marked "Aeropuerto" stop. He came with his wife and two daughters and three suitcases and a paper bag and the promise from a brother in Harlem, New York City, that there was work to be found in "fabrica." The work in the sugar cane was over for the season and Ricardo had found nothing else. The government was prepared to pay him $7 every two weeks for thirteen weeks before the season began again, and then with the season he would get $3.60 a day for eight hours in the sun. He had done it before, as his fathers had done it, but this time he told himself he wanted something more. "It is," he said, "no good to be poor." His lean brown face was twisted in a grimace of disgust as he said the words, and remained that way, in the memory of poverty, slowly relaxing as he fingered the three fountain pens neatly clipped to the pocket of his new brown suit, and turned to face the dark from where the buses come.

Christopher Columbus, migrant by trade, stood by frozen in the stone of a statue, the accidental patron saint of the plaza that serves as a boarding place for those who go away. Even more practically, Columbus' weathered figure serves those who stay, for around it sit the old men who sit around the statues in the plazas of the world; these, by the chance of Columbus' mistaken discoveries (and Ponce de Leon's mistaken hopes), speaking the language of his creditor, the Queen. But the Queen is four centuries dead and the island's highest ruler is a President from Kansas—a place whose name and language is totally foreign to the old men who sit by the statue.

Their fathers before them were Indians here, called Borinquen; and Spanish followers of Ponce de Leon, seeker after gold and youth and captor of neither. His body is buried up the street. Their fathers were Negro slaves from Africa, brought here to fill the vacuum left when the Indians painfully vanished, by death and escape, from the Spaniards' rule. The Spaniards built great forts and repulsed the futile attacks of the French and the Dutch and Sir Francis Drake, and ruled until 1898. It was then, a year after Spain had finally granted the people of the island a form of self-government, that Admiral Sampson bombarded San Juan and General Nelson Miles led his troops to the island soil with the news that he brought "the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization from the United States of America"—and the island again was a colony without self-rule. The old Spanish walls of the city were broken at last, and to the east of the plaza of Christopher Columbus, there stands today a building of the YMCA where there once stood one of the four city gates. The only gate remaining is used now not to keep enemies out but to draw tourists in. Across from the Alcaldia —the city hall—constructed by the Spanish in 1604, is The New York Department Store, proclaiming in Spanish a sale in which "Everything Goes." Below the grillwork balconies of the Old San Juan Bar and Grill, a sign in the window reads "Real Italian Pizza." A taxicab crawls through the narrow, stone streets like an insect caught in a maze, turning the high-walled corners with painstaking care. The city is quiet, and the old men who sit in the plaza seem unconcerned. Their fathers are gone and their sons are free to go.

For more than a century, the sons

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have left the plazas and the dust-and-green towns of the interior to come to New York. Ricardo Sanchez is young, but his journey is old. The first Puerto Ricans came to New York in the early 1800s, along with other men of good hope from the underfed islands of the Caribbean who decided that "it is no good to be poor." From Cuba and Santo Domingo they came, from San Juan and Haiti and Jamaica. Some survived and others were lost, and in 1838 the men from Puerto Rico and Cuba who had managed to make themselves merchants of New York City organized a Spanish Benevolent Society for those of their brothers who had failed and were hungry.

Others went West, and by 1910 there were Puerto Ricans living in thirty-nine states of the union. Twenty years later, the people of the island were in every state, though the great majority were still in New York City. The journey North from the Caribbean became a regular route for those seeking something better (and having the money to make the search) and for most of the first half of the twentieth century an average of 4,000 came from Puerto Rico to the mainland every year.

NO ONE seemed to notice. It was not until after the Second World War that the quiet, steady migration became the great migration—the promise of the mainland suddenly expanding with more new jobs than ever before and the word passing on from relative to relative, friend to friend, employment recruiter to unemployed. There were 39,900 who came the first year the war was over, and by 1957 there were nearly 600,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City—a million expected by 1970—and 175,000 scattered through the rest of the mainland United States.

The journey had become not only more promising because of the market for jobs after World War II, but easier because of the airplanes that rose from San Juan airport and landed at Idlewild, New York, 1600 miles northwest up the ocean, in only eight hours. There were second-hand planes making unscheduled flights for $35—they could charge that price because they were paid off later by men from the States who came to Puerto Rico and charged "employment agent" fees that consumed life-savings sweated from sugar cane as payment for jobs in New York City that didn't exist. Some of the victims never knew, because they first became the victims of ill-equipped planes, several of which crashed in the Atlantic. After that the government outlawed the small, unscheduled airlines from making the San Juan-New York run.

Ricardo Sanchez, waiting in the dark for the bus marked "Aeropuerto," held for himself and his family tickets on the Eastern Airlines $52.50 night-coach flight to New York. It leaves six nights a week from San Juan at 11 o'clock and arrives the next morning at Idlewild airport at seven. No official airlines terminology distinguishes it from the other night-coach flight that costs $64, leaves a half-hour later and arrives two hours earlier. The cheaper flight is also the "night coach," but it is not recommended—or even suggested at the ticket counters—to non-Puerto Rican travelers. English-speaking people who ask about it are told that it is better to spend the extra money and go on the 11:30 p.m. flight.

There were only Puerto Ricans on the "Aeropuerto" bus that Ricardo Sanchez boarded in the plaza of Christopher Columbus. They stayed together when they reached the San Juan airport, checking in baggage and then joining friends and relatives and watchers in the crowd on the observation deck. When the flight was called, it was as if a troop plane were leaving for a war, or a group of refugees being shipped by necessity out of their native country. It is that way every night around 11 o'clock at the San Juan airport—the women crying and the men embracing them; the old people staring out of wrinkled, unperceiving faces and the young engrossed with the wonder rather than the pain of it; pressing up against the iron rail of the observation deck and squinting through the dark to watch the line of human travelers move as if drawn by a spell through the gate below and into the still silver plane that swallows them, closing silver on silver to complete itself, and then slowly moving away toward the dark.

INSIDE THE airplane, Ricardo Sanchez had seated his wife and one of his daughters on the left-hand, two-seat aisle, and taken his other daughter and himself across to the right in the three-seat row with a stranger. The flight was full, as these flights are nearly always full. The $52.50 night flights run by both Eastern and Pan American from San Juan to New York are booked for days in advance.

The plane was hot—hotter than the 75-degree weather outside—and many of the men, already sweating, had taken off their coats. A young, dark-skinned woman in an aqua silk dress was crying softly and fanning herself with the plastic "Occupado" sign from the pocket in the seat in front of her. The stewardess appeared at the head of the aisle when the door was closed and gave a demonstration of how to put on a life-jacket in case of emergency, while the steward gave instructions, first in Spanish and then in English.

The engines began, swelled, and the plane crept forward. The woman in the aqua dress pressed her face against the porthole-style window, crying much louder now. The balcony of watchers grew smaller and darker, became a few white handkerchiefs waved in the night, and then was gone. Babies began to cry as the plane rose, moving above the red, white and green pinpoints strung geometrically and sparkling in the pattern of the city and suburbs of San Juan. In several minutes the dark had covered it. The no-smoking and safety-belt signs in the plane blinked off, the overhead lights went out, and only the small, individual reading lights above the seats were on. The babies stopped crying, and the temperature of the plane began to cool. Seats were pushed back, and soon the thin beams of light from the few remaining reading lights were thickened with cigarette smoke. The stewardess came by and asked Ricardo Sanchez if he wanted her to hang up his suitcoat. The stewardess did not speak Spanish and Ricardo, looking at her quizzically and smiling politely, clutched his coat when she reached for it and held it folded on his lap. He leaned his head back against the seat, folding his hands on his lap, and stared straight ahead, the view slightly tilted with the angle of the seat; his mouth in a tight, tentative smile. After a while he closed his eyes.

The dull, steady roar of the engine was the single sound, growing louder and fuller as other sounds stopped, until, in its constant drone and throb, the sound became no sound at all, but a part of the plane's suspended life. It became a sound again several hours later when the screams woke Ricardo Sanchez from his tilted sleep:

"Ay, Ay, *AYYY!*"

THE WOMEN screamed as the plane fell forward through the dark. The sound of the two engines heightened and throbbed. The plane leveled off from the drop, leaving the stomachs of the passengers with the sickening, overturned sensation that comes on a roller coaster during the sudden, steep descent. The steward hurried down the aisle with smelling salts.

Ricardo Sanchez leaned forward to look across the aisle at his wife. Her head was leaning across on her daughter, who sat in silence, her eyes widening to watch the steward stop by the seat and wave the smelling salts. Ricardo's mouth opened and his white teeth were clenched together as if he were being struck. He started up, but the safety belt was fastened on his waist. He looked at it a moment, then leaned back into his seat. The plane dipped again.

The steward stopped and explained to the only non-Puerto Rican passenger that the plane had hit a storm.

"We feel it quite a bit," he said. "The planes for this flight aren't pressurized. If you take the 11:30 flight—the $64 one—you fly above all this."

There was no announcement in Spanish about the storm. Ricardo Sanchez' wife, revived, pulled the white bag for vomiting out of the pocket of the seat and leaned into it. Lightning flashed as the plane pitched again in the dark—the tiny green light on the end of the wing was the only thing visible. Ricardo Sanchez tightened the safety belt of his daughter who sat next to him. She clutched the arms of the seat, in silence, and pressed against the back of it, her thin legs sticking out with the shiny black patent leather shoes not touching the floor. Her father stroked her hair, then leaned back himself and touched the palms of his hands together, pointing upward, on his lap. Through the crack of the seat in front, the brown, large-veined hands of a woman twisted and knotted and pulled on a rainbow-colored silk handkerchief.

The dips became slighter and the screams lower, several becoming soft, continual moans that rose with the falls of the plane. A man walked back to the stewardess, who sat reading a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* and asked her in English if the worst of the storm was over. She looked up annoyed and said, "*I'm* not the pilot," touched her forefinger to her tongue and flipped the page of the magazine.

A little after five o'clock in the morning the silver wings of the plane became visible, and then a layer of clouds below the plane. A pink strip grew at the end of the layer of clouds in the East, and an orange streak grew from the pink. The billowed layers of clouds below became blue-gray, then lighter blue. Ricardo Sanchez tapped his daughter's shoulder and told her to look. She leaned across on his lap and he explained "It is dawn. Look—it is beautiful."

ABOUT six o'clock the stewardess came by with a tray of steaming paper cups and asked each passenger, in English, "Would you like some coffee?" Some didn't seem to understand so the stewardess repeated the question in more distinct tones: "Would you like some coffee?" There were those who still did not understand and the stewardess, seemingly annoyed, passed on. Some people nodded, or held out their hands, and were given coffee.

The woman in the aqua silk dress stood up in the aisle and pulled up her stockings. She sat back down, pulled a small bottle from her purse, turned it on her finger, and dabbed at her neck. The strong, sweet smell of perfume spread across the aisle. The plane had broken through the clouds and there was water below. Soon there was land—another island; this one, too, striped and set with rows of white lights and green lights —fewer lights in the growing gray dawn than were seen in the night above San Juan. The island that the plane approached seemed not so much larger than the island it had left. Lower, the land turned brown and barren, with a swamplike series of protrusions in the water, and the plane moved closer till the brown, high grass on the land and the wind-ruffled waves on the water were clearly visible. The plane seemed about to touch the water and suddenly touched on land—the end of the Idlewild airstrip. The babies again were crying.

The plane stopped, and the passengers looked out the window at the quiet runways, the long, low buildings, and the high, silver lampposts that arched in a long and graceful curve like the neck of some thin and watchful animal, repeated row on row. The women stepped out of the silver door, clutching at their flimsy, bright-colored dresses, into the morning chill of New York and the gray, surrealistic landscape of Idlewild.

U. S. BLUNDERS IN INDIA

The author of this article is a newspaperman who contributes frequently to The Nation's *editorial columns under a Washington dateline. He is now in India.*

New Delhi

CONTINUATION of India's non-alignment with either of the two great power blocs is America's optimum hope. Only when the United States abandons the attempt to draw India into its camp, only when Secretary Dulles ceases to preach that neutralism is immoral, will Washington have taken the first step toward wisdom in its Indian policy. India can't be transformed into another Philippines or Thailand. If the Indian peoples today were forced to opt, they might quite possibly choose alliance with Red China and Russia.

One wonders whether Mr. Dulles considered neutralism immoral when the Indian Prime Minister declined the Soviets' offer of military equipment. Despite Mr. Nehru's abhorrence of communism, the Russian proposal may have been tempting. Military spending abroad is one reason for the misfortune which has befallen India's Five Year Plan. In the past few years, India has bought 240 jet aircraft and some 200 tanks overseas, almost all in Britain. She has spent a further $112 million for armaments in France.

For India, this is a tragic business. Every responsible Indian authority will tell you that it is U.S. military aid to Pakistan which has been impelling India to devote 38 per cent of its budget to defense expenditure. The Indians' resentment is the more intense because Pakistan is receiving American arms gratis, while this country's military outlay is at the cost of economic development.

Furthermore, informed Indians know that much of this military spending is pure waste. After three years, their costly jets and other imported arms are becoming obsolete.

The drain on India's meager foreign-currency reserve is growing. Defense Minister Krishna Menon announced in the Indian Parliament that his Government's military expenditure abroad, which amounted to $140 million for the fiscal year which ended on March 31, will rise to $252 million in the current year.

It was in this setting that Russia made its approach about a year ago. Moscow offered India a large number of aircraft—jets as well as propeller-driven—and especially transport planes for military and civilian use. U.S. authorities were startled to learn that the Russians asked one-third of prevailing world prices for the aircraft. Moreover, Moscow attached no political strings to the offer. But the Indian Government declined it.

A Soviet offer in the non-military field of pharmaceuticals may turn out otherwise. India has been soliciting Western assistance in constructing a new, large, drug industry. One of the countries with which New Delhi discussed the matter is Sweden. The Indians have now told the Swedes that they may abandon any such deal with the West because they are unwilling to abide by prices fixed by the international chemical cartel. They protested that maintenance of cartel prices would prevent the sale at low cost to the impoverished Indian masses of such medicaments as antibiotics, sulpha preparations and the more ordinary pharmaceuticals.

Now Russia has notified New Delhi that the Soviets are ready to build both a pharmaceutical industry and a metal-processing plant.

ALL THESE military and economic developments are the latest turns in a story which does little credit to Western, notably American, policy. The United States has committed two major blunders in its dealings with India. The first was when the Eisenhower Administration signed the March, 1954, arms pact with Pakistan after repeated warnings from Nehru that such a move would bring the cold war to India's doorstep. America thus embroiled itself in the most explosive issue of the region: Kashmir. This country is as sensitive and emotional about Kashmir as France was about Alsace during the period 1870-1914. And regardless of the merits of the struggle over this Asian Alsace, the vest-pocket Machiavellis in the Pentagon and State Department know that in world affairs India is of far greater importance than Pakistan. And they were aware that Pakistan welcomed American arms much less for defense against Russia, as the U.S. intended them, than as a means of negotiating from strength with India.

From 1953 onward, American policy in Asia grew tougher. The Eisenhower Administration multiplied the number of military alliances in the area and put heavier accent on them. At the same time, the Russians softened their Asian policy.

Stupidly, Stalin had treated Jawaharlal Nehru as a Western puppet. With Stalin out of the way, his successors first decided to end the Korean War, then to terminate the war in Indo-China; and then they changed their behavior toward India. They invited Mr. Nehru to the USSR. He was given a stupendous popular welcome. In December, 1955, Khrushchev and Bulganin returned the visit and made their spectacular journey of courtship to India.

Instead of telling Mr. Nehru that his policy was immoral, the Russians said in effect, "So you Indians would like to be neutral? Well, why not?"

Meanwhile, unpleasant things for the West were happening here.

In 1949, Communist China occupied Tibet and assumed the strategic and political dominance which the British had relinquished. Red China was suddenly poised in force along India's border and next to Nepal, which India inconsistently considers akin to an Indian protectorate. Mr. Nehru could not prevent the Chinese occupation of Tibet nor reverse it. So India renounced its handful of privileges in Tibet, such as retention of a few police there, and in April, 1954, signed a treaty with China which gave Peking substantially what it wanted.

The document was less important for what it said about Tibet than because it enunciated the celebrated Five Principles for the first time. If Westerners regarded the *Panch Shila* as an exercise in pious phrases, in the East it was widely accepted as an Asian Charter for Coexistence. The significance of the Five Principles was heightened when twenty-nine Afro-Asian nations at the Bandung conference adopted them as their platform.

India and the Sino-Soviet alliance drew closer to one another.

Then, the same month that marked the India-Chinese agreement on Tibet, the Western powers sat down with Red China in Geneva to discuss Indo-China and Korea. The British Premier, Sir Anthony Eden, privately suggested to Washington that India be invited. Mr. Dulles said no.

THE WEST then compounded its errors: the United States and Britain launched the Baghdad Pact, which was designed to keep the Arab states in step with the West and to prevent Soviet penetration of the Mideast. But to Mr. Nehru the pact appeared in a different light. He saw Pakistan sign a treaty with Turkey. He witnessed its extension to Iraq and Iran. Then Britain joined. The United States later accepted a seven-eighths membership. True, when the British tried to push Jordan into the pact, they were rewarded by being thrown out of Jordan, Glubb Pasha and all. The damage, however, had been done. Mr. Nehru believed a Moslem bloc was being formed at the gate of India. That led him to woo Egypt, Syria and other Arab countries.

The Baghdad Pact and Mr. Dulles' slapping of Egypt's face over the Aswan Dam split the Arab world. The breach was widened by the Indian Premier's approach to Egypt and Syria. Into the gap between the Baghdad group and its Arab opponents streamed Soviet influence. Western policy, instead of building a wall against Russian intrusion, eased the way for it.

One of the wisest Allied ambassadors in South Asia commented thus: "In the age of missiles and hydrogen explosives, it is meaningless to throw a 1917-model cordon around Soviet Russia. It is as unrealistic as was the Maginot Line concept of the thirties.

"America let its relations with India cool. It nudged India in the direction of the Soviet Union in order to satisfy the Pentagon's wish to align Pakistan with the West and to throw a badly-torn net around the Mideast. The United States poured money, food and other goods into India with characteristic generosity. However, by feeding arms to Pakistan, it obliged India to drain its resources in military spending."

What of the future?

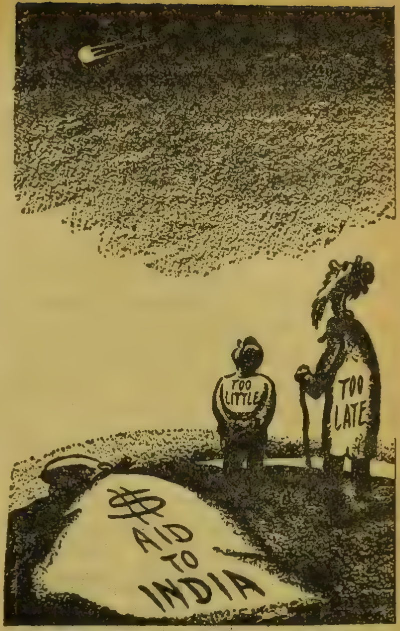
The same ambassador argued that if the United States continues to ship arms to Pakistan, the day may come when the Indian army and air force will tell Defense Minister Krishna Menon that they need more equipment. "Then," said the Western ambassador, "Menon may reply, 'That's expensive and we haven't got the money. We need our resources for the Five Year Plan. You'll have to choose. Either we do without the equipment or we accept the Soviet offer to provide us with arms at bargain rates. Which will it be?'"

The ambassador said the West can't rule out this possibility. "If it comes to pass," he concluded, "all Asia may be lost to us."

Other diplomats in Delhi speak of a different threat to the West. They fear the uncertainties when leadership of India passes from Nehru's hands. They foresee, perhaps not at once but ultimately, a split in the ruling Congress Party, with its left wing drawing nearer to the Communists. Yet another school of prophets believes the Indian conservatives will gain control when Nehru disappears from the stage. Doubting that a rightist Congress would enjoy any broad popular support, they anticipate a greater opportunity for the Communists.

But there are factors which militate against these forecasts.

A Communist ambassador in New Delhi expressed the opinion that even after Mr. Nehru retires or dies —he has just passed sixty-eight— India will continue its non-alignment policy at least as long as the Congress Party stays in office. The party has absorbed Nehru's liberalism. It contains opposing factions, as do other mass parties, but its predominant attitude is anti-Communist and social-democratic. On the other hand, Indian communism is riven by dissension at least as severe. On such issues as the Five Year Plan, party organization and party membership, Ajoy Ghosh, secretary-general of the party, and his supporters are at loggerheads with the leaders of India's sole Communist-governed state, Kerala.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Another Race We Can Lose

Such dissensions among the Communists appear to offset divisive trends within the Congress Party. Furthermore, India faces a greater danger than is represented by Nehru's mortality and the weak spots in the Congress Party. The second Five Year Plan, which runs till April 1, 1961, is threatened with failure. U. S. economists in New Delhi estimate that, in terms of India's national income, the plan will fall short of its production targets by about 30 per cent. If the plan were to founder, not only the Indian people, but all Asians would question the capability of democratic methods to modernize backward countries.

The clincher for the Communists would be a major economic setback in India, contrasted with swift economic advances in Red China.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Art of Magnanimity

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS. Translated by Pearl Buck. Grove Press. 2 vols. $12.

THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. Translated from Franz Kuhn's German translation of the Chinese by Isabel and Florence McHugh. Pantheon Books. 608 pp., illustrated. $7.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

GROVE PRESS has just issued Pearl Buck's classic translation, *All Men Are Brothers.* They also distribute Clement Egerton's translation of *The Golden Lotus* (4 vols. $17.50). This is the "Chin P'ing Mei," also published in another, somewhat more abridged translation by Putnam. World is said to be thinking about reprinting the excessively scarce Brewitt-Taylor translation of *San Kuo, the Romance of Three Kingdoms.* Lin Yutang's translation of "Six Chapters of a Floating Life" is available in the Modern Library Giant, *The Wisdom of China and India* (perhaps the best book bargain in America, as this story is certainly Lin Yutang's best work). I hope Arthur Waley's translation of *Monkey* by Wu Ch'eng is still in print. Now Pantheon is bringing out the greatest of all Chinese novels, *The Dream of The Red Chamber* early next year. This takes care of all the major works of Chinese fiction except Herbert Giles's *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio,* and J. H. Jackson's translation of *All Men Are Brothers* which he titled *The Water Margin.* (This is close to the Chinese; Pearl Buck's title was her own idea.) There are a few other odds and ends. Various Chinese erotic tales are available in pocket books and fugitive "esoteric press" editions. The fiction volume of the two-volume *Chinese Prose Literature of the Tang Period,* translated by E. D. Edwards and published by Probsthain in London, might well be dressed up more attractively, given a new introduction, and imported into America. H. Bedford Jones once translated from the French of Soulie de Morant three Chinese novels, *The Claws of the Dragon, The Passion of Yang Kuei Fei, The Breeze in the Moonlight.* They could all bear re-issue, the last especially. Anyway, within the year, anybody who wants to bother can get himself a good picture of Chinese classical fiction.

And what sort of picture is this? What kind of novels are they? To borrow the critical techniques of my colleague Mr. Yvor Winters for a moment, they are great novels, very great novels. In fact I would say that *The Dream of the Red Chamber* and the Japanese *The Tale of Genji* are the two greatest works of prose fiction in all the history of literature, and that all the others belong on anybody's list of a Hundred Best Books. That they are not on the Hutchins-Adler list is an excellent indicator of the Western, Thomism-cum-Whiggery parochialism of Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Adler. I am not trying to be odd or annoying. I am not saying something like "Sturge Moore is the greatest poet of the twentieth century." I really do believe that these are the two best novels in the world. Furthermore, there are not many people who are familiar with them who do not agree with me. *The Tale of Genji* is worth a long essay in itself, and besides, its virtues are curiously supplementary to those characteristic of the great Chinese fiction.

What are these Chinese virtues? First, an absolute mastery of pure narrative. Second, humanity. Third, as the synthesis of virtues one and two, a whole group of qualities that should have some one name—reticence, artistic humility, maturity, objectivity, total sympathy, the ability to reveal the macrocosm in the microcosm, the moral universe in the physical act, the depths of psychological insight in the trivia of happenstance, without ever saying anything about these "big" things. This is a quality of style. It is the fundamental quality of the greatest style. It does have a name, although it is not a term we usually think of as part of the jargon of literary criticism. The word is magnanimity.

THE antonym, I guess, is self indulgence. Surely one of the characteristics of our naughty age is the self-indulgence of our artists, and none more so than our novelists. "Modern classic" or vulgar trash, my usual reaction to a novel full of cocktail-party psychoanalysis and indigestible recipes from the latest stylistic cookbooks is, "Oh, for God's sake, come off it. Grown men don't behave this way." And who is not self-indulgent? Proust? Henry James? The author of Finnegans Wake? Jack Kerouac? Jean Stafford? To ask the question, as they say in speeches, is to answer it. I know of only one completely adult major novel of my time, Ford Madox Ford's Tietjen series, re-issued a couple of years ago by Knopf with the title *Parade's End.* It is significant that it was badly reviewed and then remaindered. Nobody realized that it was the most important twentieth century "war novel" in any language, nobody even knew what it was about—that war is the hypertrophy and social proliferation of tiny, trivial, sordid, personal evil, what grandma used to call sin. Ford didn't label his thesis, he probably didn't know he had one in that sense. His characters didn't philosophize, and he didn't snoop around in their minds with a lot of jargon. Nobody's consciousness streamed. It all just happened—the brutal and the silly and the beautiful facts. It is so easy to be artistic. It is so hard to be mature. This is not a digression. This is the very essence of the Chinese novel. Magnanimity.

No artist belongs in the very first rank who is the victim of his crea-

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KENNETH REXROTH has recently published One Hundred Poems from the Chinese *and a collection of his own verse,* In Defense of Earth.

tions. And only this special kind of nobility will guarantee the independence of the primary creators. Homer has it, but Dante does not. It is a kind of courage, like Johnson's famous "Courage, Sir, is the first of virtues, because without it, it is sometimes difficult to exercise the others." To a degree, no one in the classic days of Far Eastern civilization even tried to become an artist of any kind unless he had a little of this magnanimity, this courage. The whole pattern of the culture, the definition and discipline of "human heartedness," was set to produce this kind of character above all others. It is the rarest trait in a predatory, commercial society of human self-alienation, where covetousness is number one in the decalogue of social virtues and courage—well, it certainly increases sales resistance.

NARRATIVE integrity means that the meanings of a major Chinese novel emerge as revelations, as the meaning of a Sung vase is revealed. Coming on a book like *All Men Are Brothers* for the first time, the unprepared Western reader may think he has wandered into a sort of Chinese "Dick Tracy" or "Terry and the Pirates." In the first place, what's wrong with Dick Tracy? To ape Mr. Winters again, he is certainly "better" than Françoise Sagan, he may even be better than much bigger reputations. Who is so hard-hearted that he did not weep over the death of the Dragon Lady? (She, like Sherlock Holmes, came back to life by popular demand.) And who so soft-headed that he wept over the sorrows of Albertine? There is only one trouble with Dick Tracy — no important revelation emerges. There is nothing wrong with the Westerns of Ernest Haycox, this is the best way to write, but something more important emerges from Homer, or *The Red and Black,* or *War and Peace,* or *Robinson Crusoe,* or *Huckleberry Finn.* Something false emerges from most novels written in the twentieth century.

Alex Comfort compares the style of *All Men Are Brothers* to Pepys—"a perfectly translucent medium through which we see the characters in all their moral nudity." It is the story of the adventures of a gang of quasi-revolutionary brigands of the type who have flourished during all the many periods when Chinese civilization fell on evil days. The book was very popular with the Chinese Reds before they came into power. Later, they frowned on it for a while. It is adventurous to an extreme, and at least as episodic as the funny papers. In fact the first "comic books" in history are precisely children's picture books of the *San Kuo* and *All Men Are Brothers.* It is chock-full of ghosts, inn keepers who make hamburgers of their guests, giants of superhuman strength, beautiful women in distress, wily intellectuals, crafty merchants, tireless lechers, heroic gluttons, sensitive scholars; arson, rape, murder, hairbreadth escapes, pitiful deaths. It is like life, but many times as large. Out of it have grown whole Chinese novels and innumerable plays, the favorites of the Chinese theatre. Dozens of Western novels could vanish in it without leaving a trace. To produce something like it would require the collaboration of Rabelais, Petronius, Defoe and Dickens, with, I suppose, details from I. Babel. I do not mean that the author of *All Men Are Brothers* was a "greater" writer than these great Western writers in a qualitative sense, but he certainly was in a quantitative one.

Hoot Owls

Owls that cry in the night,
(I have noted toward dawn)
Hooting in call and in answer,
Were supposed to be mysterious;
Indeed, their voice is enchanting,
With a far-away roll and fall,
Yet imagine my distrust
Of what used to be poetical
To learn that these dull birds,
Instead of leading us on
Into labyrinthian melancholy,
Actually make their hoots
To petrify, as it were,
And scare stiff small animals,
Who, thus mesmerized,
Cannot move for deadly fear,
Whereupon the hungry hoot owls
Wing down swiftly, killing
Their prey in handsome talons.

We must go elsewhere
Than the cry of the hoot owl,
Somewhere beyond realism,
For the tone of the poetical.

RICHARD EBERHART

At first maybe it all seems just episodes, something for children. Then slowly the terrific bulk of its humanity begins to creep up on you—that immense Chinese humanity which would never stop coming if it marched past you ten abreast. It is like something in modern astronomy with its multitudes of universes stretching on and on forever. What was it Kant said about the starry heavens above and the moral law within? Here they are, combined, extension and intension, the incredible bulk of the total human heart. It is like a total recall of your ancestry back to Pekin Man.

IT IS this total versimilitude which differentiates the greatest Chinese novels from the Japanese and puts *The Dream of the Red Chamber* in a nobler class than *Genji.* The Japanese novel is a universe of exquisite sensibility. It is concerned with the most profound moral issues ever undertaken in any work of fiction, and implicitly with philosophical issues utterly beyond the grasp of any European novelist. It handles all this with breathtaking skill. But it is possible, immediately, to say these things about it. They are patent. You are unaware of anything like this in *The Dream of the Red Chamber* until the week after you have laid it down. You are always aware of the vertiginously beautiful style of Lady Murasaki. In *The Dream of the Red Chamber* you are unaware that you are reading, and nobody remembers who the author was. On a much lesser plane, it is the difference between Walter Pater and Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser is horribly crude, but Pater is barbarous. I am afraid Dreiser is the better stylist. In *Genji* they eat but seldom, drink a little, but never move their bowels. In the Chinese novel, as in the gardens of Italy where the nightingale sings in the blooming pomegranate, the odor of the night soil of ten thousand years is never out of your nose.

Although they are not as fractious and colorful, there are almost as many characters in *The Dream of the Red Chamber* as there are in *All Men Are Brothers,* and since the *Red Chamber* is not at all episodic, but as carefully structured as *The Remembrance of Things Past,* it is easy at first to get lost. But again, in that Chinese way, all these people slowly envelop you with their significance. What is it all about? It is the story of an idle scholar and gentleman and his women. It is the Chinese plot of plots, "When women rule, the house decays." Again, it is exactly the opposite, a glorification of the hidden matriarchy at the heart of Chinese society. It is the story, I suppose in some sense the plot of all great fiction, of the slow, hard achievement of personal integrity. It is the story of "Precious Stone," a Taoist saint who doesn't know he is one, and doesn't want to be one. There is a distinct resemblance to *Genji,* but a resemblance distinguished by two basically unlike philosophies. Prince Genji (The Shining One) is a hidden Boddhisattva. Now a Boddhisattva is a Buddha who, on the verge of Nirvana, turns away with a vow that he will not enter peace until all sentient creatures have been helped by him to salvation. The Shingon Buddhist doctrine is that he is "indifferent" to this vow. All things are alike to him—but still he does turn away to save others. (This is the explanation for that man-about-town expression on the faces of Japanese statues which looks so unreligious to Westerners.) Lady Murasaki's special contribution was the idea that he is not only indifferent, he is ignorant of his cosmic role, and furthermore this love always struggles with an active, embodied hate, and what is really salvation often looks very much like its opposite.

Curiously, since neither novelist knew of the other and they are separated by almost seven hundred years, this could also be said to be the plot of *The Red Chamber.* Except that *The Red Chamber* is a Taoist work. Salvation lies in the quiet power of the stone in the arch, in the action of letting all things find their own level, like water wandering amongst mountains. Today people would say "It is impossible to make value judgments of philosophical systems, let alone religious attitudes. They are aesthetic constructs and so, value neuter." This is a lot of hooey. *The Dream of the Red Chamber* is the better novel because it is the truer, the more profoundly humane. *Genji* is true and profound and humane and beautiful, too, but we are not all able to identify ourselves with the insouciant demigod who, for fun, as it were, dips souls from Hell through ten million reincarnations. On the other hand, there is no question but what we too are part of that astronomical mass of living human beings made of real flesh, sweeping past forever like star dust; and that if we are wise, we will take it easy, like the resting stone and the falling stream.

As a footnote. This new presentation of *The Dream of the Red Chamber* is not a reprint of either of the two previous translations of the *Hung Lou Meng,* both of which were decided abridgments. It is more than twice as long as one and four times the length of the other and can be said to be, although somewhat abridged, about as adequate a presentation of the monumental structure of the novel as the Western reader is likely to accept. A good deal of care has been taken by the translators to avoid unnecessary exoticism (a comparison of the rendering of proper names alone in the three versions shows this instantly), and in every way more of the slow, massive lyricism of the original comes through than ever has before. Pearl Buck's rendering of *All Men Are Brothers* is, of course, her finest work and a classic of American prose.

A Question of Price

ROOM AT THE TOP. By John Braine. Houghton Mifflin Company. 301 pp. $3.75.

Alan Harrington

THE SECTION of Yorkshire known as West Riding which gave to literature Humbert Wolfe and J. B. Priestley, not to mention the Brontë sisters, has now produced a powerful new novelist, John Braine, and a memorable young man of modern England, Joe Lampton, the social-climbing protagonist of *Room At The Top.*

Large areas of West Riding seem to the visitor—at least in the middle of November—to be rather dismal. Traveling some 225 miles north of London through the Midlands to Leeds and the little towns beyond, you pass through a countryside overhung with soft coal smoke. At noon and with no cloud in the sky the sun casts only the palest yellow reflection. The buildings are black from soot. Yet, strangely, all around you see rosy complexions amid the coal dust, and the strong white legs of hundreds of soccer players guiding the ball across the dark grass. Everyone appears hardy and good-natured to the stranger. These are north people with a broad, thick speech and sing-song voices. They breathe the bone-chilling air as if it contained a tonic.

Joe Lampton scorns the "zombies," the squares of "Dirty Dufton, Dead Dufton," the home town he abandons to begin his climb to the top. Still, the impression remains that although many West Riding towns may be dead and dirty, the people are very much alive. In these harsh surroundings flourish athletics, amateur theatricals, chamber music societies, chrysanthemum clubs, and fierce discussion groups in which the visitor may find himself hard-pressed by the erudition of amateur philosophers with outlandish accents.

Even so, for the lower-middle-class Yorkshireman, life can be a pretty dull deal. Until recently he had to resign himself to making the best of the lot that God and England's cramped class system had provided for him—unless he made a tremendous effort to rise above his station. Such an effort involves having a vision, as Joe Lampton does. It bursts upon Joe one day as he is enviously watching a rich young man escort his girl into an Aston-Martin and casually drive away: "The ownership of the Aston-Martin automatically placed the young man in a social class far above mine; but that ownership was simply a question of money. The girl . . . was as far beyond my reach as the car. But her ownership, too, was simply a question of money, of the price of the diamond ring on her left hand."

The revelation is clear: by becoming an operator and keeping his eye on the

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ALAN HARRINGTON is the author of The Revelations of Dr. Modesto.

main chance every minute of the day he can change his lot. From this point on John Braine's account of Joe Lampton's progress is somewhat reminiscent of *An American Tragedy*. Like Clyde Griffiths, Joe sets his sights on a higher social rating and all the blessings it will bring. To achieve this he must discard a desperate woman with whom he has supposedly been in love for the fresh and pretty daughter of a manufacturer. Although there is no hint of crime in his actions, he nevertheless permits the one on whom, in a sense, he has practiced love to fall into a disaster that leaves him free.

JOE is by no means remorseless. He may be an operator, and utterly calculating, yet he is constantly caught up by his sympathy for others (although he doesn't let this sympathy get out of hand) and a consciousness of wrongdoing. He sees himself for what he is —a climber who must get on, scheme, push and make it. At times he speaks out like a man, and he tells us:

> I couldn't feel like that now; there is, as it were, a transparent barrier between myself and strong emotion. I feel what is correct for me to feel; I go through the necessary motions. But I cannot delude myself that I care. I wouldn't say that I was dead; simply that I have begun to die. . . .
>
> I'm like a brand-new Cadillac in a poor industrial area, insulated by steel and glass and air-conditioning from the people outside, from the rain and the cold and the shivering ailing bodies. I don't wish to be like the people outside, I don't even wish that I had some weakness, some foolishness to immobilise me among the envious coolie faces, to let in the rain and smell of defeat. But sometimes I wish that I wished it.

John Braine has been called one of England's angry young men, but *Room At The Top* is not an angry book. Rather it is a novel of recognition—that the cramping system of class distinction in England has had it, and can, will and must be beaten by such as Joe Lampton. It is a sardonic work by a writer whose hero knows the price of everything. The novel is saturated with prices—the price of furnishings, clothes, automobiles and girls. Joe is always measuring everything and everybody with whom he comes in contact—the height, muscle and finances of his rivals, the horsepower of cars, the dimensions of houses and rooms, the youth of a woman's bosom, and particularly the social grades of people—which are actually worked out from grade one down to grade twelve. It is a novel of sadness and regret that a young man should be forced to such extremes of maneuvering in order to rise out of his class. Another Yorkshire writer, Eric Knight, had his hero, Sam Small, literally take flight. There are no flights in *Room At The Top*. Joe Lampton crowds and elbows his way, and finally arrives after an agonizing expense of spirit to become, as he brutally calls himself, a Successful Zombie.

Room At The Top is a novel by an honest writer who concedes Joe Lampton nothing and still makes us want to put an arm around his shoulder and say to him: "Nobody blames you." And in the book Joe Lampton replies: "Oh my God, that's the trouble."

LETTER from PARIS

Elliott Stein

IN AUTUMN, the intellectual scene in Paris resembles the opening weeks of school. At the first theatrical *générales*, only a fraction of the literary *tout Paris* has returned to the capital, the opening nights lack glamour, and there is little likelihood of scandal and controversy. And then, suddenly, in October or November, when everyone is back at his desk and café, the time will be ripe, and whether there is any valid reason for it or not, a cause will be found to be celebrated, and the spit balls and arrows start flurrying. Such was the case this year.

The theatre season started quietly enough in September with a production at the *Théâtre d'Aujourd'hui* of two plays by the French-Roumanian writer, Eugene Ionesco. *Comment S'En Débarrasser* (How To Get Rid of It) was a revised version of an earlier play whose cast consists of two characters and a corpse. An embittered couple, Amedee and Madeleine, have been living for fifteen years in a cramped mouldy apartment in which fields of mushrooms pop up from the floorboards, continuously harassed by a body in the next room which both symbolizes and literally feeds on their quarrels and misunderstandings. The cadaver's legs finally break down the bedroom door, extend into the salon and threaten to bring the house down about their heads. How to get rid of it —indeed! It takes a good deal of stage trickery, including an animated cyclorama, to dispose of the monster, but even when it is gone, the mood of grotesque emptiness, anguish and solitude which the play has established, remains.

Ionesco's new play, *Le Nouveau Locataire* (The New Tenant), adroitly staged by young director Robert Postec, is a sort of avant-garde *Craig's Wife*, and exhibits a nervous, lonely man, enamored of *things*. He is furnishing a small apartment, and when the moving men arrive with dozens of vans full of odd chairs, buffets, beds and sofas (all of them designed by the cartoonist Siné, the French Steinberg), he orders these to be placed in exactly chalk-marked positions. More and still more furniture arrives, the stage becomes covered with it, until a fortress-tomb of bric-a-brac buries him alive, and he is no longer visible to the audience. The moving men bid him goodnight, turn out the light and leave. Curtain.

In both plays, Ionesco seems to have temporarily abandoned his experiments with language and ceded to an obsession with objects which was already apparent in *Les Chaises*. In *Le Nouveau Locataire*, there is hardly any dialogue, merely the procession of furniture, punctuated by cries of "there!" and "put it over there!" and this cruel farce becomes a strange ritual which is received with very uncomfortable laughter.

A few weeks later, after Paris had seen a routine series of *comédies de boulevard* about pirates, pimps and life in the provinces, the Jean-Louis Barrault company presented *L'Histoire de Vasco* by the Lebanese poet, Georges Schehadé, at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. In 1955, as a result of disagreements with the management of the elegant Marigny (it had never been the ideal home for his experiments in modern drama), Barrault found himself theatreless; his company toured abroad for nearly two years, and *Vasco*, which was to mark his return to Paris, had been anticipated as the first important event of the season.

ELLIOTT STEIN is a young New Yorker who has been living for several years in Paris. His short stories have been published by Partisan Review *and in the* New Directions *annuals; his poetry has appeared in* Botteghe Oscure; *he is Paris correspondent for* Opera *in London.*

The opening night was a brilliant affair. Camus, Genet, Beckett, Jouhandeau, Ionesco, Mauroc, Achard and several dozen film stars filled the front rows. At the final curtain, although Barrault received a great personal ovation, the play was greeted with a mixture of wild applause and scattered boos. With the appearance of the next day's newspapers, the battle raged. School had opened with a bang!

MOST of the critics were fairly enthusiastic, with the exception of Jean-Jacques Gautier in *Le Figaro* and Robert Kemp in *Le Monde,* both of whom expressed great dislike for *Vasco.* The reactionary *L'Aurore* suppressed a favorable review by its critic, Joly, and substituted a virulent attack by editorialist Leon Treich, who found it intolerable that an anti-militarist play was being performed in a government-subsidized theatre while French soldiers were dying for their country in Algeria. Treich also put in a plea for stronger political censorship of the stage and demanded that the Municipality of Paris punish Barrault "quickly and firmly."

The weekly *Arts* devoted nearly half its next issue to *L'Affaire Vasco.* Jean Dutourd, the novelist, compared Schehadé to Homer and Tolstoy; Barrault, to whom the Lebanese poet is "a modern Aristophanes," asked for Gautier's dismissal from the *Figaro* for the sake of the French theatre's health. *Le Monde*'s review had been completely apolitical; Kemp, the dean of French theatre critics, recently elected to the Académie Française, had merely found *Vasco* a raging bore. But he found himself accused on all sides of secretly hating it because of its theme. *Le Monde* published a letter which Kemp had received from René Char, sympathizing with his aversion for the play and calling *Vasco* "insufferable straw poetry." The left-wing *France Observateur* entered the joust by suggesting that Char, in siding with Kemp, had been solely motivated by jealousy of fellow poets St.-John Perse and Jules Supervielle, both ardent champions of Schehadé's poetry! Another critic, Jacques Lemarchand, contested the authenticity of the Char letter, claiming that Kemp could not distinguish Char from Henri Michaux. Petitions were passed around and sent to the *Figaro* demanding Gautier's dismissal; other papers received outraged letters demanding that *Vasco* be censored.

This enormous squabble, engaging several of France's leading literary figures, with the bone of contention a mediocre work that only remotely and dimly concerns current events, is a painful indication of how the Algerian War has confused and divided spirits here.

The Important Personage and the Guardian Angel

(from the French of Jacques Prévert)

You stay there,
Watchdog,
At the door of the bordello
And preserve my good standing.
I'm going upstairs with the girls.
One must unbend a little sometimes!

A. J. M. Smith and Georges Joyaux

L'Histoire de Vasco takes place in the nineteenth century, in an unnamed country ("Germany, Italy, or perhaps South America" is all Schehadé indicates). It relates the adventures of a gentle small-town barber who is mobilized and coyly goes off to war sporting a straw hat and a yellow parasol, much as Charles Trenet might. Vasco (ingratiatingly played by Jean-Pierre Granval) is adored by a girl he has never met, but who dreams of him as her future husband; she trails him through several campaigns in the company of her eccentric vagabond father, a vendor of stuffed dogs (Barrault). Vasco soon gets involved in the surrealistic aspects of military life—he is sent to join a company of rough soldiers who, disguised as picnicking ladies, are defending fortifications in huge crinoline skirts while the enemy, camouflaged as a forest of trees, advances confusedly. In the last act, he is taken prisoner, roughly treated and executed.

The play is very long, and is written in a precious inflated style of prose poetry strongly reminiscent of Claudel. The comic scenes, however, are derivative of certain French farces of the last century, of Courteline and Feydeau, and in spite of Barrault's imaginative staging, the resultant hodge-podge is decidedly unpalatable. But, whatever its success or failure, its message or lack of it, the key to *Vasco* lies elsewhere.

The works of Bertolt Brecht have become a near Bible for the most *progressiste* group of French playwrights and critics, especially since the extraordinary Berliner Ensemble's visits to Paris with productions of *Mother Courage, Galileo* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle.* A signal example of the French neo-Brechtian school was *Les Coréens* (The Koreans) by Michel Vinaver, which was mounted last spring at the *Théâtre d'Aujourd'hui.* Its theme was the ambiguous attitudes of members of the French batallion in Korea toward their "roles" as soldiers; it was permeated by *distanciation,* the word the group has adopted as a translation of Brecht's famous *Verfremdungseffekt,* through which the actor is supposed to "distance" himself psychologically from the character he portrays, and analytically contemplate the part. Arthur Adamov, who for some critics, forms with Beckett and Ionesco the essential triumvirate of the present French avant-garde theatre, has recently renounced all of his earlier work, and in *Paolo Paoli,* performed this year at Lyons, written what he hopes is his first Brechtian play. Schehadé is hardly a political playwright, but it is apparent that *Vasco* is strongly influenced by Brecht, and in particular by *Mother Courage.*

But if Brecht is an important writer, the explanation is not to be found in his theories but in the complicated personality which was usually in an ambiguous relationship to them. The theories themselves, coherent and rigorous, are best suited to Marxist playwrights, but there was a good deal of the classic *bourgeois* artist in Brecht, pessimistic and alienated—capable of brilliantly dominating the East Berlin theatre and (it is reported) simultaneously banking his money in Switzerland. This internal reticence toward his own theories makes for a good deal of the richness in his plays. Without it, his attempts to depsychologize his characters would result in their existing as mere puppets or mouthpieces. Schehadé is not only not a Marxist, he is a *bourgeois* writer with a good conscience, and *Vasco* consequently is swathed in smugness.

WHY all the fuss about *Vasco* then—a play only slightly more subversive than *The Wizard of Oz?* I think that several facts must be borne in mind to help understand this tempest over a re-warmed teapot. In addition to the Algerian War and the protracted government crisis, the inflation, the paralyzing national strikes in public utilities and transports, and the perilous skirting of national bankruptcy, there have been during the first ten months of this year nearly 600 political murders in France, and more than 2,300 people have been wounded, principally from gunfights between members of the rival *Mouvement National Algerien* and the *Front de Liberation National.* A good deal of the time, since the killed were mostly North Africans (plus a few Frenchmen hit by stray bullets), the papers played down these events. But in the last few weeks several spectacularly harrowing assassinations have occurred right in the center of Paris. On October 31, *Le Monde* ran a story under the headline, "More Than 550 Algerians Have

Been Killed in France." During the debate on the "framework law" for Algeria, the Boulevard St. Germain, at the *Chambre* end, was daily packed with cars full of helmeted squads of the CRS armed with machine guns, prepared for any eventuality, and not a few patrons of the St. Germain des Prés literary cafés have assumed, one hopes over-anxiously, that the terrorist bombings of cafés in Algiers were foretastes of what a spell of prolonged anarchy might lead to in Paris.

For a long time, many Frenchmen refused to believe the stories of tortures inflicted by *les Forces de l'Ordre* (the official euphemism for the army) on Algerian prisoners; the liberal or Communist newspapers reporting such stories were seized before they could be sold, and the journalists who wrote them were labeled traitors. The Committee for the Safeguard of Individual Liberties which was set up last April to investigate the use of torture in Algeria drew up a report which the government has kept secret, in spite of reiterated public demands for its publication. The committee's most prominent members resigned in protest—including Maurice Garcon, France's top criminal lawyer who, an interested spectator at the *Vasco* première, was one of the few figures present not to write an article defending or attacking the play.

In spite of the withholding of the report, the evidence has piled up. In a brilliant series of articles which *Le Monde* started publishing November 1, Serge Adour analyzes the transformation of the army's initial idealism into an acceptance of a totalitarian situation in which the concept of a racial war necessitating the use of torture is *taken for granted.*

The informed public, on edge, ill-humored and somewhat frightened, is prey to a myriad of guilt feelings and defense mechanisms, closely bound up with its realization that France has been in practice disowning the very values she has been pretending to defend. Had the Adour articles been published a few months ago, for instance, *Le Monde* would probably have been seized for attempting to "demoralize the army," and the fact that they are now appearing with impunity is an indication that the national *crise de conscience* has reached close to the boiling point—the point at which *L'Affaire Vasco* was possible.

Barrault followed up *Vasco* with his production of *The Castle.* It has fascinating moments, but is sketchy and spotty and not as successful as his staging of Gide's dramatization of *The Trial*, in 1947. It is surely impossible to put Kafka's great novel on the stage without losing most of its substance in the shuffle. Nonetheless, Barrault's anguished performance as Joseph K. is one of the finest things he has ever done and the production is strangely evocative.

One scene was interrupted by delighted applause—when K's assistants, in search of an undiscoverable dossier, upset a large cupboard stuffed full of the bureaucrat-mayor's reports, and lavishly strew the stage with the useless documents. Thoroughly bored with the quest, they send a few pages whizzing out over the audience in the form of paper airplanes—if any audience in the world merits a laugh at the expense of bureaucracy, it's a French one. Two *midinettes* seated next to me, probably attracted to the play by the idea of seeing several of their favorite film stars on stage, had been confused by *The Castle* for a while. Finally, one of them whispered, "I get it now. It's a dream he's having—a dream about the occupation."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IN *The Cave Dwellers,* the theatre in which the events of the play take place is described as a "downtown theatre," i.e., south of forty-second street, the implication being that the theatres there are ready to be demolished. Actually the rate of demolition has been higher uptown, where it often takes the form of conversion to radio and television houses. With the relative success of the movement off-Broadway, I am more worried about the "new" theatres above forty-second street, than about the old ones below which are beginning to acquire prestige.

It will be a good day for the theatre when it becomes decentralized, not only geographically but in our psychological attitude toward what makes an "important" show. In Paris the most interesting productions are generally not to be seen on the grand boulevards or on the adjacent streets but, as the French say, *on the side.*

Clérambard (Rooftop Theatre) is certainly as worthwhile a play as *Time Remembered.* In fact Marcel Aymé's play, which is devilishly anti-clerical, is more characteristic of its author than *Time Remembered* is of Anouilh. Nothing in *Time Remembered*—a pretty piece to be sure—is as tartly witty as the scene in *Clérambard* in which all the ordinary folk in a French village are able to behold the miracle of a saintly apparition—except the curé.

The production of *Clérambard*—done with limited means—leaves much to be desired; but so, to anyone who knows the French theatre, does *Time Remembered.* French plays are peculiarly difficult to produce properly outside France—particularly in America. The reason for this is that we are ineluctably committed to a realistic approach in our "serious" contemporary drama. The French, whose Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola (all of them suppressed romantics) have created a great tradition of realism in the novel, have hardly had a strictly realistic drama for any length of time.

Almost the only dramatist who remains of the French realistic school is Henry Becque, whose few plays are almost unknown here. The boulevard society fabrications of Henri Bernstein—half melodrama, half problem play—were popular in this country before the First World War when Broadway, oddly enough, was more receptive to the plays

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of London and Paris than it is today.

The French theatre, with its spirit bent on close moral scrutiny of the world, nearly always manages to turn its material either to classic abstraction (hence the frequent use of traditional figures—Oedipus, Orpheus, Antigone, Judith, etc.) or to a ballet-like playfulness, with reality paradoxically disguised in "masks" as heightened as those we see in show booths at fairs, or in forms approaching burlesque, vaudeville or operetta which are modernized versions of the Italian mime-comedies.

When we try to produce the best new French plays in the vein of our own theatre we get an unvarnished and dull naturalism, as in parts of *Clérambard*, or the strenuous cuteness which often happens in *Time Remembered*. The stylization of the French should be made to come *naturally*—not out of "style" but out of a certain view of life and art.

OFF-BROADWAY doesn't always mean below Times Square. The theatre in the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel is a very agreeable one, and the production there of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece*—unsuccessfully produced here in 1934—is one of the best dressed and designed shows to be given under similar auspices. It is a fragile piece—one might more accurately say meagre—but the cast as a whole plays it nicely and gives its faint faded-lavender fragrance (sustained by the typical Coward sentimental song, "I'll Follow My Secret Heart") a certain miniature attractiveness.

ON BROADWAY, Morton Wishengrad, the author of *The Rope Dancers* (Cort), is indebted to his producers for having done so much to make his first play a thing some people will enjoy seeing. One is made to watch and listen to the play with respectful attention though it always promises more than it fulfills.

It is about poor estranged parents in New York at the turn of the century who have begotten a child with six fingers on one of her hands. This is a symbol of the physical or moral lesions, the guilts and disabilities which haunt us all. The child dies in the end from an operation which has removed the offending member. This means that we cannot erase the wounds of our bodies and souls in one stroke. Other points are made along the way: about the limitations of a rigid moralism (the wife), the value of imaginative freedom even when it is not crowned with other virtues (the husband), the effect on a child of hostility between parents, the imperfection of all human existence.

The play never gets much beyond intense earnestness, the will-to-create profound truthfulness. What is lacking is language, character portrayal, situations which are sufficient in themselves to embody rather than to symbolize the meaning with which the dramatist hopes to stir us.

The young English director Peter Hall should be accounted the hero of the evening. His cast is good—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, Theodore Bikel—and he has chosen the right scene designer in Boris Aronson, who knows how to give interest, variety and mystery to what would ordinarily be nothing but a drab background. The lighting (by Hall himself) is superb. But what I would praise above everything is the delicate simplicity—amounting to a subtle stylization—the quiet sensibility bespeaking fineness of spirit with which the director has invested the whole production.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

WHEN William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra arrived for their annual Carnegie Hall concert, they carried in their brief cases the score and parts for an unusually fascinating work—Anton Webern's *Six Pieces* for orchestra—which had never been played in New York. A few months ago, when these pieces were recorded by Columbia, I remarked that they belonged in the standard orchestral repertory. They have now taken one step in that direction, and in January they will be played again by Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Having penetrated thus far into the repertory, let us hope they stick.

The *Six Pieces* sound even better in the concert hall than they do on the recordings, for in a hall they can occupy real, as opposed to illusory, space. And, because of Webern's concepts of orchestral texture, coloration and proportion, the pieces occupy space in a special manner. They do not fill it with sheer bulk, but demarcate its boundaries with delicate, carefully placed points of reference, sketching in the middle ground with smudges of piquant color or phraseology. The pieces evoke these visual analogies because of Webern's uncanny ability to evoke feelings of towering height against sinking depth and of causing events to remain with fragile sharpness in the foreground, even as the eye is drawn into dark, receding distance. A poignant fragment of melody on the piccolo, the persistent ringing of a far-away bell, an attenuated, dry crescendo on the snare-drum—each of these carries an emotional surcharge and, at the same time, a line of rational sense. Webern seldom uses more than a few instruments simultaneously; he creates most textures out of solo, pointillist materials. Yet his effect is orchestral, and the scale of the work is remarkably large, considering its brevity in time.

As Steinberg conducted the *Six Pieces*, they had an aura of comfortable warmth which made them seem more expansive than I would have thought possible—completely relaxed and normal. The edge of hysteria which so many contemporary works approach—because of performer discomfort and not because of anything in the music—was not to be heard in a single note. With tiny, precisely-controlled gestures, his right hand described a lacework of rhythmic patterns almost too complex to follow with the eye, and yet his orchestra followed as a man, calling up the wispy sonorities and minutely-poised sentiments with unanimity of impulse. The Pittsburgh Orchestra, under Steinberg, has become one of the country's finest instruments. No test of its mettle could have been more revealing than these lovely, fiendishly fragile pieces.

ANOTHER visiting orchestra, the Philadelphia, brought with it to Carnegie Hall on two occasions some other interesting new works. The first of these, Virgil Thomson's recent transcriptions of the Brahms Op. 122 *Chorale Preludes*, turned out to be beautiful. I say without hesitation that they are the most adroit and cultivated orchestral transcriptions I have ever heard. Perhaps their success is due to the fact that Thomson is himself an organist, and was thus able to approach the organ originals with a particular sensitivity. In several of them, especially in No. 5 *(Deck thyself, my soul)* and No. 11 *(O World, I now must leave thee)*, he created a sound which quite exactly duplicates that of a Baroque organ, and in the latter, placed in the upper strings a blanket of dissonant harmonies which are both piquant and reminiscent of an organ's high, "mixture" stops. This Prelude has a specially sad significance, for it was the last piece of music Brahms wrote, and was composed in full, despairing knowledge of his impending death. In another setting of the Chorale No. 11 (Brahms made two) Thomson has limited his resources to flowing, muted strings. As Ormandy played the work, it was heartrending in its expression of Protestant honesty and simple, understated pathos.

In the *Passacaglia*, Op. 24, by Armin Schibler, Ormandy made a poorer choice of a work for premiere performance. The composer, according to program notes, is "a significant" figure in European musical life, but I cannot imagine what his significance is. His work sounded academic, contrived, embarrassingly old-fashioned and awkward. Schibler, a young Swiss, has an ornate story to tell of how the work was inspired by a holiday in Capri where he "spent some weeks with a fisherman's family near the Faraglioni, those famous rocks which emerge from the sea." Etc., etc. What he has done, however, is simply to take the "ground bass" from Bach's *C Minor Passacaglia,* twist it painfully in its middle, and surround it with a series of second-hand, romantic, massed textures. The bass, with its wry, unconvincing distortion, comes back and back and back. And that's that.

HENRY COWELL's *Symphonie No. 11 (Seven Rituals of Music),* which was played on the same program, is an entirely different proposition. I don't thinks it's really a symphony. As many people have observed, its seven separate, though interrelated, sections place it more in the category of a suite. But regardless of classification, the *Symphony* is an extremely amiable work, fun to listen to, and nicely put together. As a matter of fact, it could be well described as a manifestation of the "play instinct" in music. Cowell loves to lay on great layers of his sweetly ingenuous string harmonies and let them wander into every nook and cranny, over rounded hill and dale. He loves straightforward melodies, almost, but not quite, "popular." And when he launches into a percussion passage, it is always playfully saucy and undangerous, sparked with the metallic tinkle of little Balinese cymbals, the resonant clatter of marimba or xylophone and, in this instance, the added, bell-like punctuation of three glass kitchen bowls, tuned by adding water. They sounded very pretty, very pure and not at all far-fetched. Cowell's *Rituals,* though they cover such areas of human experience as work, love, premonition, prophecy and death, are essentially an ebullient manifestation—more related in spirit to Margaret Meade's *Samoa* than to Stravinsky's *Le Sacre.*

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Metropolitan Museum has opened its new south wing galleries with an exhibit of paintings, furniture and objects from its permanent collection, grouped under their original donors' names. The pieces themselves are well known; they are some of the finest in the museum. Their present rearrangement, introduced by some contemporary photographs of the donors' mansions, offers a lively picture of tastes and personalities.

The taste of Henry G. Marquand, in 1881 second president of the museum, must have been sober, rich, accurate and firmly conservative. His pictures, principally Dutch or Flemish, are of the very first quality. There is a Vermeer, a Hals, a Rembrandt, a Van Dyck of an English lord. Mr. Marquand's solid, advanced-conservative position can be divined from a set of extraordinary Greek-Victorian furniture, of ebony inlaid with ivory and moonstones, designed by Alma Tadema and Sir Frederick Leighton. A room in his house where this furniture was used contained among other things three classical busts, an inscription from Aeschylus, a tiger-skin rug, a Grecian grand piano mounted on sphinxes and Alma Tadema's *Reading from Homer.* If one can judge from the photograph, it was all very sumptuous as well as appropriate to the home of a rich and cultivated gentleman brought up on the classics.

The selection from the Morgan collection has quite a different character. J. Pierpont Morgan, I have been given to understand, did not collect pieces; he collected collections. His acquisitions were so numerous that he could never see them together; they were scattered in his various houses, in storage, and on loan to museums. To judge from the works on display, his attitude toward art was that of an owner. The character common to all these pieces is their fabulous value. They are more imposing for their craftsmanship, materials or rarity than for their human communication. Everything is rich. There are gold-plate and ivory statuettes, tapestries and carvings, and great public monuments like the Colonna altar piece by Raphael or the parade helmet of Francis the First of France—all easier to esteem as artistic rarities than to love as works of art. In the field of collecting, Mr. Morgan was more a conquistador than an aficionado.

The Vanderbilt and Blumenthal rooms have characters equally revealing. The Vanderbilt collection, with its Rembrandt, Gainsborough and Reynolds, and its black lacquer *chinoiserie* cabinets made for Marie Antoinette, seems less like an art collection than like the dismantled furnishings of a great English house—precisely that great house, as I have been told, the Vanderbilts considered themselves to be. And the Blumenthal collection brings to mind the stage. George Blumenthal was a banker and financier. His house at Park and 70th Street was built in the

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style of a Florentine palazzo. Almost everything it contained in the way of decoration was what a Renaissance prince might have inherited or acquired. His collection, with its Gothic furniture and mille-fleurs tapestries, seems more like the materials for a lavish stage set than like a collection of art. Even the Joos van Gent *Adoration of the Magi,* the most pretentious picture here, has a curious air of being a conscientious copy of some tempera original run up in oil on canvas for a stage occasion. And one receives the not unsympathetic impression of Mr. Blumenthal playing against this grandiose background the role of Medici banker-prince.

The Havemayer rooms give a different impression altogether. Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Havemayer left Philadelphia for Paris in the seventies. They had an eye. Also, the painter, Mary Cassatt, was their intimate friend. It was perhaps through her that they became so promptly aware of the great Impressionists and of the art of Japan that had then begun to delight advanced French taste. They bought extensively and well, each purchase a gem—the best of Greco, Degas, Goya, Corot—some of the finest pictures in the world. The best, and the most, of the Japanese screens in the museum's extensive collection (two are shown here) as well as some 1400 other oriental objects come from this source.

But here is a curious thing. The Havemayer collection tells us nothing at all about the Havemayers' social ambitions or how they regarded themselves. The objects they acquired are all too good for this. One learns only that they had advanced taste, independence of mind, a passion for painting and a talent for discovery. Their pictures have human size. They were made to communicate, not to overwhelm. They were bought to be lived with. They tell their own story, not their collectors'.

SOMETHING of collectors' taste can also be seen at the small new Museum of Contemporary Crafts on 53rd Street in a display— called *The Patron Church* —of modern ecclesiastical architecture and decorative arts. The architecture exhibit—models and photographs, of both buildings and projects—forms the most interesting part of the show. Modern architecture has seldom made quite satisfactory churches. They are too frequently conceived in a manner more appropriate to exhibition booths in a world's fair—as was the famous Church of Pampulha by the Brazilian architect Niemeyer, which the Bishop of Bello Horizonte refused to consecrate. But here for the most part the buildings seem endowed with space, quiet and dignity; to mention only the Kneses Tifereth Israel Synagogue at Port Chester, New York, by Philip Johnson with its ingeniously-hung vaulted ceiling and rows of vertical slits which constitute its colored windows; the Kresge Chapel at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with its pendant acoustical dampers; the Congregation Beth El Synagogue at South Orange, New Jersey, with its elaborately decorative detail; and the Chapel of the Holy Cross at Sedona, Arizona, poised on a barren cliff-side, opening to the desert sky.

The art objects displayed—hangings, vestments, windows, decorative plaques, devotional sculpture and liturgical implements—are handsome and severely modern. The greater part are done in the contemporary non-objective manner—safe and careful arrangements of colors, shapes and textures. These are the best, handsome, decorative and undisturbed. Those in which some representation of the human face or figure appears seem either malicious and caricature or sentimental and mawkish. Whether this is the fault of artist or patron is hard to say. Perhaps our art training deals more easily with the complexities of texture than with the mysteries of spirit. Perhaps the contemporary church can no longer accept from artists that curious mixture of tenderness and irony which gave the works it formerly patronized their touching reality and human scale. At any rate, to judge from this exhibition, the injunction "thou shalt make no graven image" seems for the churches today a very salutary measure.

NEARBY, on 54th Street, another small and new institution—The Museum of Primitive Art—is showing some sixty objects chosen from its permanent collection, which consists principally of a splendid group of primitive art objects assembled and donated by Nelson A. Rockefeller. The pieces now displayed come from cultures all over the world. About half are nineteenth and twentieth century Australian, African and Melanesian; half are pre-Columbian from the two Americas; one is from Japan. The objects are extremely handsome—to mention only a ghost mask from French Equatorial Africa in carved wood painted white; two ominous Grade Society figures from the New Hebrides; and a vessel in the form of a badger from a mound in Arkansas. Their lighting and presentation could not be better. Some slight ethnological background is furnished along with the catalogue, but ethnology is not the theme of this show. The presentation of so many diverse objects in one collection, as though they were part of a common tradition, removes this original meaning. Their religious and magic implications can be ignored, and we are invited to admire them solely as works of art, as if they were by contemporary artists working in the primitive style.

The slightly disturbing thing in such a presentation is the tacit assumption that there is a primitive style. Actually, a neo-primitive style does exist, as distinct a style as Byzantine or modern. It consists of the contemporary work done with stylistic references to some primitive art. But there is no such thing as a style common to all primitive arts. They are much too diverse for this, containing as they do the whole prehistory of mankind. What Mr. Rockefeller, long associated with modern art, has assembled is a most valuable collection of indigenous objects which have resemblances to modern art or might possibly inspire it.

The Devil Of My Dreams

(*from the Spanish of Antonio Machado*)

And he was the devil of my dreams,
the most handsome angel. His eyes
of victory shone like steel,
and bloody flames from his torch
lit the deep crypt of my soul.

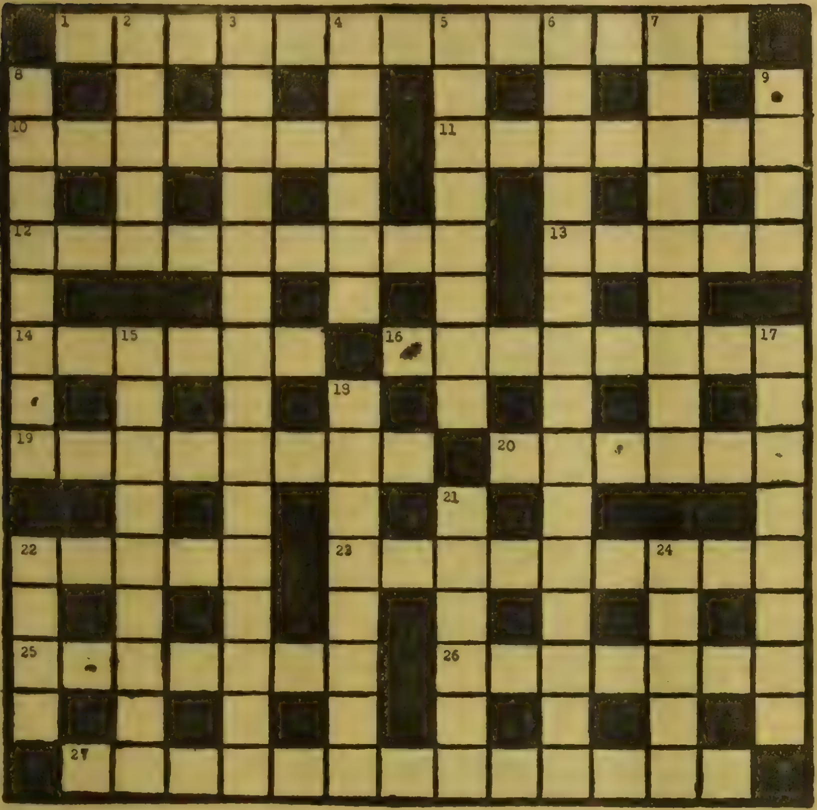
"Will you come with me?" "Never.
Tombs and the dead terrify me."
Yet the ferrous fingers
seized my right arm.

"Will you come with me?" And in my dream
I went forward, blinded by his red lantern.
And in the crypt I heard the ringing chains
and the stirring of imprisoned beasts.

WILLIS BARNSTONE

Crossword Puzzle No. 749

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Implying a plurality of uniqueness. (13)
10 What is rather sharp about a cutter? (7)
11 The way to spoil an early dinner hour when it came back and dined afterwards. (7)
12 Ursus maritimus. (5, 4)
13 An attractive combination, but crucial. (5)
14 Use my pole for a change! (6)
16 She certainly gives her support to the entablature. (8)
19 Their introduction is likely to make one smart. (8)
20 Uncle Richard certainly has the characteristic of a D.D. (6)
22 On the surface of it, such a tract has few inequalities, but may be outspoken. (5)
23 Irritated at the rate with which the first five letters are confused? (9)
25 Mounting assistance, no doubt! (7)
26 To what are the heads of Davy Crockett fan clubs indebted? (7)
27 Can't be disposed to take a flier! (8, 5)

DOWN:

2 Conceptual form of personal business announcement. (5)
3 One might find the range longer over this, and especially over Canada. (8, 7)
4 The cupboard of Dr. Lear? (6)
5 Are, by the sound of it, more than several a change of judgment? (8)
6 16 and 23 are both such words. (15)
7 The Louvre, at a state for one to ascertain the worth of it. (9)
8 Openings where the wash returns. (8)
9 All of us exist briefly, or at least existed. (4)
15 The absence of positive character. (9)
17 Modest? It's about time! (When they call us this in the West, smile!) (8)
18 Bar in which a sort of chaplain should hold the dough. (5, 3)
21 Dried up — just the reverse of a body of water. (6)
22 Where a famous landmark is the first of 27. (4)
24 What's the point of either South or North? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 748

ACROSS: 1 DIDACTIC; 5 TAPPED; 9 LAWSUIT; 10 BURMESE; 11 ERRATUM; 12 ANNUALS; 13 PERPENDICULAR; 15 LACKADAISICAL; 21 ACONITE; 22 MELANGE; 23 HISTORY; 24 NEEDING; 25 REDEEM; 26 ASSESSOR. DOWN: I DULLES; 2 DEWDROP; 4 INTEMPERATELY; 6 AARONIC; 7 PREVAIL; 8 DRESSERS; 10 BLANDISHMENTS; 14 BLEACHER; 16 CROSSED; 17 ADIPOSE; 18 COLLEGE; 19 LENTILS; 20 and 3 GEIGER COUNTER.

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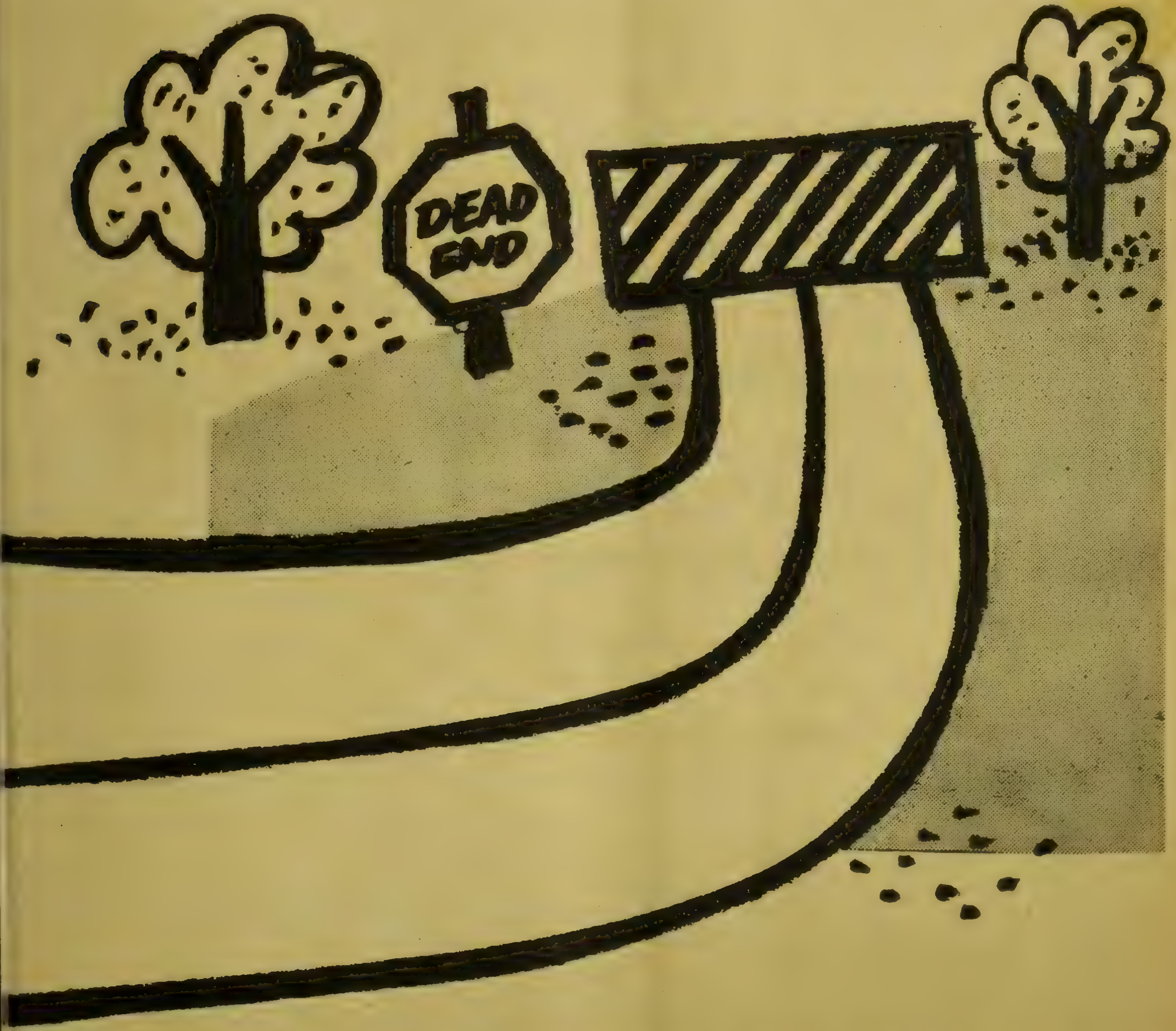

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by Walter Millis

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Fred J. Cook, whose story of the Hiss case in *The Nation* of Sept. 21 aroused nation-wide attention, now does a similar report on the case of William Remington. It will, we predict, arouse the same intense interest.

Watch for the Dec. 28 issue.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Road To Peace

Throughout a long and distinguished editorial career—Baltimore *News*, New York *Sun* and *Globe*, and New York *Herald Tribune* (1924-1954)—Walter Millis has been preoccupied with wars, warriors and the waging of war. His books, for example, include *The Martial Spirit* (1931), *The Road to War* (1935), *Why Europe Fights* (1940), *The Last Phase* (1946), *This Is Pearl!* (1947), and, as editor, *The Forrestal Diaries* (1951). In this issue (p. 447) the author of *The Road to War* explores, with clarity and candor, The Road to Nowhere—that is, the bankruptcy of American policy. Coming in the wake of C. Wright Mills's Program for Peace (*The Nation*, December 7), Mr. Millis carries forward an examination into the roots and record of American policy in the cold-war years which *The Nation* will continue to pursue in subsequent issues.

During these years, the advocacy of peace, of co-existence, of opposition to war, has not been a notably popular position. But beneath today's bluster and braggadocio, a strong current of peace sentiment has begun to flow. The remarkable reception given Lester Pearson's address at the University of Minnesota, to General Omar N. Bradley's address at St. Alban's School, to Cyrus S. Eaton's pronouncements on peace (see: *The Nation*, November 30, p. 399), as well as the sizable audiences that have been turning out in California to hear Dr. Linus Pauling urge a suspension of nuclear-bomb tests, indicate that more and more Americans are beginning to turn a receptive ear to the messages and promptings of those who speak for peace.

Recently Mr. Eaton had some plain, harsh words on American policy-makers for a Toronto audience. "There is more spirit of war in the United States," he said, "than in any other country in the world—and it's dangerous. Our Mr. Dulles is talking just as the Kaiser did in 1914, and when one gets swollen with pride one becomes arrogant and truculent and someone will take up the challenge." It is time, he said, that we began to think more about peaceful co-existence and less about war. Of the hundreds of letters which Mr. Eaton received, the ratio of favorable to unfavorable responses was 20 to 1. American politicians will, of course, be the very last to learn that a renewal of cold war policies is no longer the "soft" sell in politics; but in time even the politicians will tumble to the fact that the road to war is no longer crowded or popular.

No Qualms Whatever

From numerous columns, news stories and editorials, all appearing as though by concert, one learns that Vice President Richard Nixon is not anxious to assume the Presidency at this time; in fact he has told his "spokesmen" to tell his "friends" to soft-pedal the suggestion. The reason offered in support of this improbable theme is, of course, that the Twenty-second Amendment might limit him to one elected term if he takes office now. It is hard to reconcile these inspired reports with the extraordinary build-up for the Vice President which has taken place in the last two weeks. While Mr. Nixon may not have encouraged the campaign, two articles by Earl Mazo in the New York *Herald Tribune*, which quote him at some length, make it clear that he is perfectly willing to assume the Presidency at any time. He assures us that he works hard; that he writes his own speeches; that he has learned from a study of the careers of Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon, Gladstone and Disraeli not to make important decisions when he is angry or fatigued. In deference to "the new Nixon" ballyhoo, he concedes that he has changed and for the better ("My work on the Un-American Activities Committee is hardly all I've done in Washington"); he admits that, at times, he has been "a very controversial political figure," but says that he has since matured and mellowed; he outlines some of his "operational ideas" about the Presidency; he suggests how he would function as titular head of the Republican Party; he dubs in a few comments on major policies. He has even managed, he assures us, to overcome "a depressing feeling of uncertainty" that he had two years ago that he was not, perhaps, the person to succeed the President. Concludes Mr. Mazo: "Mr. Nixon has no qualms whatever—on any score." We don't doubt it.

The Case Against Mr. Dulles

In recent weeks the case for the retirement of Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State has been perfected. In essence it is that Mr. Dulles does not believe in diplomacy. The evidence is clear. On December 3, Mr. Dulles told the British people, in a recorded interview for the BBC, that he saw little purpose in having conferences with the Russians. "You can't rely upon agreements unless you can enforce them," he remarked. This may be true of the kind of agreements that Mr. Dulles used to negotiate for the corporate clients of Sullivan and Cromwell, but the usual agreement between nations is enforced by mutual consent because it is in the interests of both parties to abide by it. No one knows this better than Mr. Dulles. He simply does not want to negotiate a settlement—any settlement, ever—with the USSR. That this is his real attitude is now so well established as to invite public comment from other foreign secretaries. "I must say," Sidney E. Smith, Canada's new Secretary of State for External Affairs, observed on December 3, "that I am greatly disturbed when we read of a proposal for a high-level conference and the next morning we read press reports from Washington quoting these spokesmen [official sources] to the effect that it is to be turned down." Mr. Dulles will not negotiate with the Russians because it is his policy not to negotiate with them. For much the same reason he cannot so much as consider Mr. George Kennan's recent proposal for the neutralization of Germany. For the Dulles policy in Europe is based on the assumption that West Germany must remain part of the NATO alliance. "Thus," as Neal Stanford writes in the *Christian Science Monitor*, "the Secretary unhappily is caught with a policy that leads nowhere but cannot be dropped without violent and possibly disastrous repercussions." As a minimum requirement the American people are entitled to expect that the office of Secretary of State shall be held by a man who believes in diplomacy. The office should no more be held by a man who, on principle, will not practice diplomacy than the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service should be headed by a man who does not believe in mediation or conciliation. Mr. Dulles should concede that his position is untenable and—resign. But he won't.

From Secrecy to Full Disclosure

Washington is now in a mood to let the Russians in on some of our best kept military secrets. The Air Force, for example, has been briefing the press on the extent to which the Strategic Air Command has major Soviet targets "zeroed in from every direction." The SAC insists that it knows exactly—"or almost exactly"—what every potential target in the Soviet Union would look like. Crew members have been encouraged to talk freely about radar studies of possible targets. The technique of "target prediction plates" has been explained in detail. The SAC has disclosed that it does most of its bombing by offset, that is, by aiming at a point a known distance from the target. And it has revealed that all of its bombing nowadays is done by radar; so-called "visual bombing" is a thing of the past.

Why this sudden flow of vital information? Because the Air Force wants to be *sure* that the Russians, now that they have the ICBM, *know* that we have their targets zeroed in for obliteration. It is not enough, for this purpose, that announcement be made of the fact; this might sound like idle cold-war boasting. Enough technical information must be revealed so that General Thomas D. White, Air Force Chief of Staff, and his colleagues can be quite certain that the Russians know what we know about their targets. This suggests that we may be rapidly approaching a point in "the showcase war" *(The Nation,* November 16) at which it will be deemed advisable to invite Soviet staff officers to visit this country, inspect our most horrid weapons, witness demonstrations of these weapons' effectiveness and destructive power, and convince themselves of our ability to deliver nuclear bombs to selected targets. This would seem to mean—although the message is difficult to assimilate after a decade of cold-war secrecy—that secrecy is now more dangerous than full disclosure—indeed, that disclosure is vital to national defense.

Rivera and the Bricklayers

It is doubtful whether Diego Rivera ever worked harder at painting his murals than some of his clients did to hide them. In Rockefeller Center, a work which he had started but was not permitted to finish was covered with wallpaper; another—all 1,679 feet of it—was lugged out of the 1940 San Francisco World Fair grounds into a shed on a city college campus, where it has been gathering dust for fifteen years; a third, painted for the main gallery of the California School of Fine Arts, has been hidden for more than ten years by a false wall and ceiling. Now that Rivera is dead, however, the paperhangers and bricklayers are having second thoughts about the contagion of his Marxism. San Francisco's Board of Education, which owns the mural in the shed, is considering that it might, perhaps, be safe now to put the work back on public view. And the brick and plaster which now hide the mural in the California School of Fine Arts are to be torn down.

Odd that the creations of this great Mexican artist should have given so many San Franciscans such conniption fits. After all, another Rivera mural has been hanging for years in the San Francisco Stock Exchange, with no complaint from the capitalists whose sensibilities the city's politicos and schoolmasters have been so anxious to protect.

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE . . *by Walter Millis*

The special significance of the following article is pointed up in an editorial appearing on page 445.

INHERENT IN nearly all the controversies which have raged through the past dozen years over national security policies (both external and internal) has lain the problem of what Carl J. Friedrich has called "constitutional reason of state." Put in its barest form, it is the problem of how far constitutionally limited government may go in violating its constitution in order to preserve it.

The problem arises again today, when the nation appears to stand at a new and genuine crisis in its security policy. It is a crisis precipitated by the Russian launching of the first man-made satellite; but it has in fact arisen not from without but from within. Its source does not lie in any direct or immediate military threat presented by the Soviet success in rocketry and weapons development; for on a strictly military calculation, the post-Sputnik situation seems not markedly different from what it was before. Rather, it proceeds from the discovery that so many of our assumptions have been erroneous, that our concepts of the international problem have been faulty and that our reasons of state have not been conducing, in the degree we had supposed, to the end of the common defense and the national security. We have been pursuing the great end of "national security" irrationally.

FOR THE past dozen years, virtually the whole of our external and much of our domestic policy has been absorbed in waging a war with the Soviet Union. It has of course (except for Korea) been a cold or non-shooting war; but our alliance policy, disarmament policy, foreign-aid policies, military and budget policies have been subsumed in this war; and it has supplied the imperatives for our reasons of state. Policy in almost all areas has been founded on a series of propositions so endlessly repeated by Presidents, Congressmen, influential editors and publicists, and so rarely challenged by any countervailing voice, that it may be accepted as generally expressing the American appreciation of the external situation in which our free society finds itself. This appreciation may be summarized:

The international world is divided between only two really significant power centers, ourselves and the Soviet Union. The men who control the Soviet Union are consciously and deliberately resolved to achieve world conquest. In this aim, the greatest obstacle they face is the American free society; therefore, the destruction of the American society is their one overriding long-range goal. They are ruthless enough to use any means lying within their "capabilities" to achieve our destruction, and therefore we must be prepared for any form of attack which may be within their power—a sudden, "sneak" nuclear mass-destruction assault upon our cities, an overrunning of Western Europe with the destruction of our last firm allies, a political infiltration and capture of the "uncommitted" states around the Soviet periphery, thus neutralizing our advance bases and eroding our position as the head of the "free" world.

THE aims of the United States, on the other hand, are purely conservative, purely pacific and therefore, vis-a-vis the Communist world, purely defensive. Peace is our only goal; "containment" of the aggressive Communist power our only policy. In this enterprise, those who are not with us are against us. The concept allows no real latitude for negotiation or diplomacy, as regards either the "uncommitted" world, the Soviet satellite world or the Soviet Union itself. It permits only an essentially military defense of the national security. It requires the maintenance of an actual military force adequate to contain, by threat of reprisal, Soviet military attack; it requires a military diplomacy primarily interested in maintaining "centers of strength," in defeating "peace offensives," in waging propaganda and "psychological" warfare; it requires the ruthless suppression of internal seditions and treasons, such as is appropriate to a free society only (if ever) in times of war.

THUS baldly summarized, this concept of the international world seems obviously at variance with the objective facts, almost to the point of parody. Yet it has provided us with our currently ruling "reasons of state." Since 1945, our response to this concept of the international problem has followed a consistent pattern. We have, to a degree unusual in our history, militarized our society, bringing military officers and, even more important, military considerations into nearly all levels of governmental policy-making and administration. We have developed large armaments industries, wholly dependent upon government orders and forming a significant part of our total economy. We have imposed an eight-year "military obligation" on all young men and have at least tried to insure (though not too successfully) that all shall go through extensive military training.

This reflects our conviction that the supreme peril is that of Soviet *military* attack upon the United States, delivered either directly or against those vital "positions of strength," such as Western Europe, which we have established through our alliance systems. But with the possible exception of the two or three years after the outbreak of war in Korea, our massive military establishment has never really been designed to *repel* a Russian military attack, but rather to *prevent* such an attack through maintaining a superior "capacity for massive retaliation."

This policy, though announced by Secretary Dulles in January, 1954, was not invented by him; it had been implicit in our military planning since the days of the atomic monopoly. Indeed, it can even be detected behind the Truman-Attlee-King statement of 1945 calling for the abolition of nuclear weapons. It was very plain in the Finletter Air Policy report in early 1948, which contained the first really forceful warning that the monopoly was about to end. The report assumed that peace then rested only on our power of atomic reprisal; and against the day when the Soviet Union should also acquire an atomic capability, it could recommend only that our own retaliatory power should be kept superior to whatever the Russians might attain. "We must keep ahead." When, three or four years earlier than even the Finletter Commission had guessed, the Soviet Union did achieve an atomic capability, the major American response followed this pattern. It proceeded to a crash program to develop a thermonuclear weapon, which would carry a thousand times the destructive power of the earlier atomic bombs. If the deterrent atomic threat was to be neutralized by equivalent power in Russian hands, our recourse must be to raise our own threat to super-powerful levels.

THIS WAS IN the accepted tradition of the old pre-nuclear armament races, and under the war psychology which had become established and the essentially military concept of international affairs which we, like the Communists, had adopted, no other response was politically or psychologically possible. But to men like Oppenheimer, Fermi, Rabi and their scientific colleagues on the AEC's General Advisory Committee (which recommended unanimously against the crash program), it was apparent that it was no solution for the real problem which had been raised. The policy of a "capacity" for massive retaliation (which was always distinguished, at least in the minds of its more sophisticated authors, from a policy of massive retaliation in fact) could be of operative effect in the regulation of international affairs only so long as one side held a monopoly over the capacity. When the other side could also threaten massive retaliation, the result was bound to be a stalemate. The difficulty arose from the fact that the retaliatory power, once both sides were equipped with it, was already too great. To double it on one side, or for that matter on the other, or (as was virtually certain to happen) on both, really could not greatly affect the true dilemma.

But those who felt that a thermonuclear bomb was no solution could not, in the war context which had been established, offer any other. The crash program was adopted. In adopting it, we committed our national security not simply to a military concept of the world, but to a military policy which fundamentally rested on the assumption of our own superiority in military technology. We had the "know-how" (a phrase which has, happily, been vastly deflated in recent months and which one may hope will pass unhonored from the language). We could always "keep ahead." Our free, capitalistic institutions provided us not only with a moral power, but also with a morale and with a scientific, technological and industrial power with which Soviet totalitarianism could not compete. We stood determinedly for peace, the reduction of armaments, the abolition of the nuclear weapons, but always rigidly on our own terms. We tried to appeal to the "uncommitted" world with the superior moral values of our free society; but the effective appeal was that of our technological and industrial strength. Confiding our national security essentially to a military mobilization of our industrial technology, we felt reasonably confident of "winning" what we always thought of in terms of a war through maintaining a "capacity" always to exert the more terrible threat.

This concept at least promoted, if it did not produce, several consequences. Its emphasis on weapons technology, and the belief which this implied in the advanced state of our own technology, exaggerated the importance of keeping our military and technical secrets secure against penetration by the supposedly more backward enemy. This in turn not only reinforced the internal war on "traitors" and "seditionists," but imposed often crippling restrictions on our own scientific and technical development. The war psychology hobbled our foreign policy. It tended to blind us to the fact that the world was not entirely defined by Washington and Moscow, and made us over-rigid and inept in dealing with the hundreds of millions of people living in the "uncommitted" and "neutralist" areas. It made it doubly difficult for us to deal constructively with the problem of the non-Soviet communisms (China, Indo-China, Yugoslavia); and at least added to the embarrassments we suffered from the skill with which Arab and other Asian leaders played off Russia and ourselves against each other in the interests of revolutionary Asian nationalism.

It may be said that the cold war was not of our choosing; that it was forced upon us by a Soviet policy more warlike, truculent and uncompromising than our own. The fact remains that it takes two to make a war; and that in accepting the Soviet challenge so completely on its own terms, we have in many ways placed ourselves at a disadvantage. As a recent writer in *The Nation* puts it: "The assumption that the United States has the power to force the Soviet Union to capitulate to American terms is the fundamental weakness in America's conception of itself and the world." It is that weakness which the Soviet's dramatic success with the Sputniks has revealed; and it is the shock of the revelation, much more than the fact of Soviet rocketry, which has caused the present crisis.

THE launching of the first satellite shattered a number of the reasons of state built up over the past dozen years in the name of the common defense of the free society. Among them was the myth of American superiority in applied science and in weapons technology. American "know-how" had been sitting uneasily on its throne since the sudden appearance of the MIG jet-fighter planes in quantity over Korea in 1950; the throne itself was now toppled to the ground. What was probably our major appeal to the statesmen of the "uncommitted" nations had lost much of its force, while even our allies could not fail to feel a certain weakening in the strength which bound them to us.

One can hardly doubt that our own technology will soon close the gap, and that we shall have missiles quite as frightful as anything in the Soviet arsenal. What cannot be recovered is the former confidence that the answer to the Soviet threat of attack (or of reprisals) upon ourselves can be found in a bigger threat of more deadly reprisals against the Soviet Union. The two great powers are now even: the policy of "a capacity for massive retaliation at times and places of our own choosing" is now equally open to both.

Communist diplomacy has always been a skillful mimic of Western diplomacy, and Khrushchev is showing himself an apt imitator of John Foster Dulles. His threat to use missile weapons against Britain and France at the time of the Suez crisis, his more recent linkage of the Soviet ICBM and the high-altitude thermonuclear burst and the launching of the first satellite to the manufactured "crisis" over Syria, are simply the Dulles "capacity for massive retaliation" in reverse. As such, this eviscerates the policy in our own hands. It is true that as an instrument of *military* offense or defense, the policy is of no more value to Khrushchev than to Dulles; and Khrushchev presumably has no more intention than Dulles of actually initiating thermonuclear warfare. It does, however, provide him with a useful cover for political and propagandist forays like that in Syria, to which our warlike posture and our essentially defensive policy permit no good reply.

OUR "REASONS of state" have failed of their purpose. The nation feels, and probably is, much less secure than ever in our history. The hydrogen arsenal has not made our power effective in the uncommitted world; it has rather, as Henry A. Kissinger has pointed out, disconnected our military power from practical policy altogether. This, in turn, has facilitated Soviet successes in the peripheral areas, while our war psychology has made it difficult for us to understand either the nature or cause of those successes or to counter them effectively. Just as we have viewed the global problem in terms of a military war for "world domination," so we have viewed individual local problems in terms of psychological war, a "war of ideas," a conflict between the democratic and Communist moral values for the "uncommitted" mind. This is a completely unrealistic approach to that large section of the world in which the significant force is not *popular* but *nationalist* revolution. This part of the world is in considerable degree controlled by absolute monarchs, dictators or relatively small bureaucratic cliques for which the free values of capitalistic democracy have no appeal, who are not responsive to popular pressures and whose peoples, moreover, find little meaning in democratic theories. We have simply laid ourselves open to exploitation by revolutionary nationalisms skilled in playing us against the Soviet Union and the Soviet Union against us.

OUR SECURITY policies have failed to bring any promise of security. Rather, they seem to have established trends which appear to lead either to a series of retreats, with progressive loss of freedom in the world, or else to inevitable and utterly suicidal nuclear war. In the last few years we have made increasingly desperate efforts to escape the terror of our own weapons through "disarmament" conferences. Admittedly, it is unlikely that such conferences could under any circumstances have led to useful results, but our effort to wage disarmament as a campaign in a war has made it obviously impossible.

It is now abundantly evident that our intense preoccupation with sedition, secrecy and espionage—often trespassing on what had been considered the constitutional limitations of a free society—has had little or no effect in retarding Soviet scientific and technical advance; instead, it has been a material factor in retarding our own. On the one hand, it has impeded the free flow of scientific and technical ideas and has added materially to the costs and confusions of our own weapons-engineering. On the other hand, it has deprived the public of the information it needed to check on the progress of the weapons programs, to detect the failures, to expose the wastes and confusions which have existed in it. Thus, in still another way, our "reasons of state," advanced in the name of national security, have done more to impair than to promote the security of the nation.

YET WHEN THE President on November 7 addressed the nation on Science and Security, no recognition of this situation appeared in what he said. In declaring that the "overall military strength of the free world is distinctly greater than of the Communist countries," he gave no indication that this is irrelevant to a problem created by the fact that comparative military strengths, even comparative capacities to release nuclear firepower, have become meaningless. He offered to enlarge the areas in which military secrets will be shared with allies, but gave no hint of the crippling effects of the secrecy itself and of the attitudes behind it. In saying that our development of "clean" bombs would be important for "use over our own country," he seemed not to appreciate the fact that the "cleanness" of the bombs we use "over our own country" cannot affect the "dirtiness" of those used against us; he seemed unaware that radioactive fall-out knows no national boundaries, and blind to the problem presented by a form of warfare which could not be actively waged at all without a colossal radioactive pollution of the world.

Most official and unofficial suggestions for meeting the sudden crisis have similarly fallen into the pattern of intensifying the Soviet-American war. The Russians have won a "battle"; we must rally to "win" a bigger one. It is true that some of the dangers of our military secrecy have now been realized. There has been a sudden spate of information about missile progress—though rather notably of a kind calculated to exculpate the authorities, improve the propaganda position and soothe public dissatisfaction, rather than of the kind requisite to bring effective public knowledge and criticism to bear upon the whole policy problem. There has been some recognition of the desirability of releasing engineers and scientists from the more rigid of the security restrictions in which they have been confined. But generally the first impulse seems to have been to draw the secrecy, the seclusiveness, the military attitudes of the garrison state, more closely still. We must "mobilize" more young men for engineering and scientific careers, rather than free them to pursue such careers unhampered by the anti-intellectual prejudices generated by the dozen years of the cold war. There is no suggestion that our secret police, intelligence and anti-espionage agencies slacken their efforts. At whatever costs, we must now "catch up."

But all of this still fails to provide an answer to what General Omar N. Bradley has called the awful "irony" of mankind's attempt "to stave off this ultimate threat of disaster by devising arms which would be ultimate and disastrous."

Thus the initial reaction has been to cling more fiercely than before to most of the old reasons of state, not realizing that they have offered no solution, or worse than no solution, for either the military problem or the diplomatic, the political and even the moral problem presented by the Soviet Union's dazzling exploits. Is this not an attempt to cure the disease by aggravating it? If the broad policy trends and popular attitudes established over the past dozen years point only more and more ineluctably toward utter disaster, is it not necessary in some way to alter these trends? May it even be possible in some measure to do so by placing more emphasis upon the constitutionally guaranteed freedoms of the free society, and less upon the military reasons of state?

THERE IS obviously no ready answer to the question of how this might be done. But it is suggested here that a first step might be the abandonment of those reasons of state which have proved to be irrational. A fresh national appraisal of the real world with which we must deal might, for example, free our policy from the war framework in which it has been imprisoned. It has already been said that the concept of an inappeasable Soviet-American war rests upon what appears to be a fundamentally erroneous appreciation of the external situation. It is impossible that the men who control the Kremlin should be single-mindedly dedicated to the destruction of the United States, if only because, like other politicians and statesmen, especially those exercising vast powers, they are swayed by varying motives, are the victims of many pressures and must be inherently opportunists. It is at the same time equally unrealistic to see the United States as always devoted purely to peace. We are also devoted to the maintenance of positions and interests—naturally, without war if possible—which unavoidably threatens others, affect their interests and positions and render largely meaningless the conventional concept of "aggression," on which we have sought to found not only our policy but our popular thought about international affairs.

If "peace at any price" is not only impracticable but self-contradictory, "peace on our own terms" is even more so; and the second might well be laid aside along with the first. If the Russians appear to mount a war upon us we must, obviously, take whatever reasonable precautions we can in our own defense. But that does not mean that we must mount a war in return upon them. The actual world is far more fluid, more open to negotiation, more subject to influence in many ways than this rigid concept of total polarization permits us to realize. A better grasp of this real world with which we must deal should expose the irrationality of our past reasons of state; it should help to free us from our self-imprisonment in the cold war and provide us with more genuine reasons of state likely to be more in consonance with the constitution of the free society.

VIVISECTION of a POET . .

by Kenneth Rexroth

It was at the insistence of The Nation's *editors that Kenneth Rexroth, poet and critic by profession, volunteered for the traumatic experience hereinafter described. We felt that, whether or not his report would contribute to pure science, it would most certainly contribute to the reader's edification—and amusement.*—The Editors.

San Francisco

LAWRENCE LIPTON has a very funny poem called *I Was A Poet for the FBI*. I have never precisely been a poet for them, though I doubt not but what I have caused them sufficient annoyance. However, I now feel fame has arrived. I have been a poet for the IPAR, formerly the OS of the OSS.

Things have been dull here beside Frisco Bay. There was a UNESCO conference. No story there, or rather, exactly the same story as the Industrial Development thing I just finished for *The Nation* [see The Boys Who Rule the World, November 2 issue]: the American System of world alliances is falling apart and the only answer the lads in power have is, "If getting tough hasn't worked, get tougher." Things are tough all over this winter. We must tighten our belts and get our own dog up. The best thing was the show of Asian and Western art at the San Francisco Museum, which really showed a lot of fruitful cross-fertilization. It is in the world of concrete things, objects, not profits and power blocs, that the slow and painful but absolutely essential marriage of the East and West is taking place.

So much for UNESCO. And then I got the loveliest invitation. What a pity it can't be quoted in full, but the gist of it was that an outfit calling itself the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research, which had started out in life as the Office of Selection of the OSS, with the job of insuring that everybody in the Army brightened the corner where he were, had got a bucketful of gold from the Carnegie people and had transferred from the Army to that River Rouge of the intellect, the University of California, and had cut loose on the creative personality, which they were very busy assessing and researching, and now they had got to writers and would I please come and be assessed. "Our way of conducting research is to invite selected subjects to come to the Institute house for a period of two or three days, and there talk with members of our staff, participate in a series of experiments and psychological tests, and meet and interact with a number of other persons selected on a similar basis." Lady Ottoline Morrel used to do the same thing, but she had to use her own money, and to judge from Aldous Huxley's novel the interacting was more fun. Anyway—the novel made him famous. The IPAR *née* OS of OSS didn't sound like quite such profitable literary material, but it promised to be fun enough.

SO I drove over to the remodeled fraternity house that sheltered this American politisolator of dreadfully civilized vivisection, across the bridge in the sunset under the dog and the cone and the still beeping balls, wondering if I was ever really going to escape from the lot of this hilariously sarcastic Russian movie I have been lost in for the past ten years. Everybody was so nice. I met people I knew, looking sheepish, and Jungians looking like seance addicts about to get a message from the Beyond, and clinical psychologists looking like Buick dealers, and psychiatrists fresh from the loony wards looking tired and worried, and professors looking like professors, and specialists in the creative personality (believe me, it is possible to make a living at this specialty) with the shy, happy, chummy look of specialists in the creative personality, and a couple of rugged sharpies who looked like they were in it for kicks, and several earnest and not very happy young women. Cocktails. How I hate them. This social obligation to stick your tongue on a third rail before dinner—the only universally accepted Rite of Passage of modern civilization. They had cocktails at Yalta, cocktails at the coming out party of *The Memoirs of an Escaped Nun*, cocktails at weddings, at births, at gallery openings, maybe at hangings, and here we were being bucked up for our mental delousing with the things again. I had a little whiskey. It didn't make the dinner taste any worse. I began to realize I was back in America, a place I try to keep away from. The conversation was all about children and television. It sounded awfully cooked and loaded, but I put that down to everybody's being self-conscious—"a little paranoid," as they say. For what it was worth, they learned that I have never seen a complete TV program, my children don't watch it, we don't own a set or have any friends who do. I wasn't aggressive about it, in fact it all came out politely and reluctantly.

After dinner, everybody paired off for Rorschachs. I have become down the years a little fatigued with Rorschachs and my normal powers of fantasy always desert me, but I strung along—you can't win. And then those terribly corny thematic pictures with which I have never been able to do anything whatever. And then some questionnaires and I guess then the Terman test, that *tour de force* of conformity. By this time everybody was weary and we called it a night.

The night, at their expense, was to be spent in the Hotel Claremont. This is a curious place. It is an immense, flamboyant, wooden structure, built in Stanford White's own "California Style" either by him or by a close disciple, and worthy of the wildest moments of Barcelona's wonderful lunatic. It is just across the bridge from San Francisco, that notoriously cosmopolitan city, but it is, weekends, the hangout of Berkeley's leading small merchants and their wives or stenographers, a more provincial lot than ever existed in Brooklyn's innermost recesses in its most recessive days. I felt like Edmund Wilson that time his plane was grounded in Miami and he was trapped for twenty-four hours in the Great American Mass Culture about which he had written often and learnedly and in innocent and utter ignorance. This was it. What country was I in? Where was my passport?

Suddenly I ran into the daughter of a leading libertarian intellectual, working like a dog at one of the institution's better-dressed menialities. We were both plenty startled. What was I doing here? When she asked, I realized the answer. I was making a fast buck allowing my head to be tooken apart by skilled representatives of precisely this world which was here tonight disporting itself in ill-fitting lamé creations and Sears Roebuck tuxedos. Tonight they might buy me drinks or even dance with me. But tomorrow, off in the tortuous couloirs of a remodeled fraternity house, the billions of Mr. Carnegie and the penetrating insights of Drs. Jung and Terman were going to concentrate on my poor central nervous system, and find out why I couldn't mix in with a dinner dance in Fargo, North Dakota, and what it would mean to the OS of the OSS of the onrushing ICBM War III. O, but I could! Only Mr. Luce thinks I'm like Rimbaud. I'm a great mixer . . . But I missed my wife and kids, so I went to bed.

ALL DAY NEXT day it went on. I made up a picture out of little bits of color. I had a long, chummy, deep-speaking-to-deep sort of talk with the expert on the creative personality. I indicated my preferences in Scotch tartans. I chased the elusive *Gestalts* through lines of bric-a-brac. I sought the still more elusive after-images of melodies like *Humoresque* and noises like something falling down. I sorted things and interpreted symbols. A rather frightened, puzzled, but very determined looking young woman took me in the attic, blindfolded me, led me into a dark room and spent twenty minutes finding out if I could tell vertical from horizontal. I could, pretty good.

Cocktails in the gloaming again and then some more of that exquisite *cuisine institutionale Americain,* and then lots of questionnaires. One was by two Jungian ladies—and was it something! It was probably the best auto-analysis of two Jungian ladies ever done. I wouldn't like to know them. They were mortifyingly shy in mixed company. They said the wrong things when out socially and then regretted them bitterly in the wee hours. They didn't like their complexions. They didn't like men. Not even Carl Jung. They were real foul-ups. You could tell from the questionnaire. Fortunately they didn't appear in the flesh. It was a most distressing questionnaire. And then the long pink questionnaires they give the kids at California U. Very appropriate for middle-aged, successful authors: "Would you like to be a fireman?" "Do you ever doze off in class?" "Does your family object when you stay out late?" as well as a number of subtly loaded questions which add up to "Are you bothered much by the sin of impure touch?" By the time I got through I had a darn good notion to just up and bite my nails. The next day dragged on with more of the same until afternoon, when we got more cocktails and had a chummy little summing up and were all very polite to each other. I think the term in these cats' jive is "shared each other's thinking." Oh, yeah?

WHAT DID it all mean? Nothing. The sensory tests measured responses and faculties in ways open to subjective distortion both by the subject and the examiner. The very mild psychoanalytic probings were utterly superficial and, as far as I could judge, inspired entirely by the dubious occultism of the Swiss mahatma. Serious psychoanalysts are far too busy in clinics and hospitals trying to help the really mentally ill to bother with nonsense like this. The vertical and horizontal girl was all right. You felt she had something there and was grimly resolved to find out if it meant anything. She was testing a measurable, physical response; it was a poor thing, but science and her own. I would have felt much better all around if my reflexes had been hammered and they'd have found out if I was dermographic, if my irises responded properly to stimuli, if my feet sweat, if I swallowed air or was subject to fits of unmotivated itching. "Do your family object if you stay out late?" "Do you think your poems up, or do they just come to you?" Indeed.

A PUBLISHER has just issued a book wherein a similar bunch of clinical psychologists have tested in similar ways three groups: the normal (?), the neurotic (?), the psychotic (?). What did they discover after spending a lot of foundation money? That the normal were normal, the psychotics weren't and the neurotics were nervous. Really they did, I'm telling the truth. This unvarnished hokum with which our society intimidates itself is far less effective, far less scientific, than the varnished hokum of other days and peoples. Any Sioux medicine man, any kind and attentive priest, any properly aged grandmother, any Chinese herbalist could have found out more in a half-hour than these people did in three days.

It used to be done so much more cheaply, too. That is the point, the whole point. These capers have been going on for years. The OS of the OSS and the IPAR are only doing poets now because they are scraping the bottom of their social barrel. They've already done just about every other category of human. This has cost many large pots of money. A foundation, no more than the government, is not really a money-bush. Once that money was somebody's labor. As the old Socialist teachers used to say in the Rand School when I was a child, "Who are the eaters of surplus value?" All this foundation jive is just a very fancy way of exploiting the working class. It has replaced the Radical Movement as the great source of interesting careers for the unemployable children of the middle and upper classes, just as India or the Church were for nineteenth-century England. America is full of Phi Beta Kappas in well-shined shoes who toil not, neither do they spin. They have projects. And the profits of the oil wells in Arabia, and the automobile factories in Detroit, and the steel mills in Pittsburgh feed them and clothe them and shelter them like the lilies of the field and the foxes of the earth. They are just another way of circumventing the falling rate of profit and about as socially useful as an intercontinental ballistic missile. All this sort of nonsense—production for social waste—has taken the place of colonialism in mid-twentieth-century economy. A clinical psychologist living on a steel worker's unpaid wages is fulfilling exactly the same social function as one of Masefield's famous "cheap tin trays" outward bound down the greasy Channel to the reluctant Fuzzy Wuzzys. No more, no less.

As for clinical psychology itself, and/or psychoanalysis, does experience substantiate any of their vast claims? The sick and troubled in this sick and troubled society need help desperately and wise and loving people can help them. If their medicine bundles, full of rats' teeth and oddly shaped pebbles and bats' dung, give them the necessary confidence to inspire reciprocal confidence in their patients, well and good. But when Ernest Jones says that if he could have gotten Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin and Churchill and Roosevelt on his couch he could have changed history, we are dealing with a badly self-deluded thaumaturgist. As for an operation like the OS of the OSS, now called IPAR, it is posited on the assumption of the relative benignity of the society that will make use of its findings, granting that it will turn up bona fide findings. Theoretically, this happy-go-lucky invasion of the sanctity of the person, this analysis of the sources of creativity and nonconformity, could be put to the most vicious uses. Not after some dictator had seized power—but simply in the due course of our obviously accelerating decay of liberty and respect for the person. As I pointed out to a well-known Irish novelist who was a fellow hamster, neither Thomas Paine nor Robert Emmett would have submitted to such indignities for an instant. We take them as a normal part of our society. This is all true, but one assumption is false. There is no evidence that all this stuff works. It doesn't. There isn't the slightest evidence that the puddler in Pittsburgh, the man on the line in River Rouge, is one iota happier for all the millions of his wages spent on industrial psychologists.

And as for the other side of the coin, Stalin presumably had at his disposal the talents of some of the world's finest clinical psychologists, trained in the most rigorous of schools, and yet, according to Khrushchev, when it came to a show-down in the cork-lined cellars, all the drugs and brain-washing and psychology proved ineffective and the confessions of the Moscow trials were produced by techniques older by far than those of medicine men or the Neanderthal witch doctors of the caves. Courage and common sense are the first of virtues, as Johnson said. A brave man can take a lot of punishment, a sensible man can see through a lot of fraud. I don't really think we have much to fear from a dictatorship serviced by psychologists; and it is nice that our psychologists don't believe in hurting you, even to the extent of a back scratch or a tap on the knee.

LET'S CALL A CONFERENCE . .

by Dan Wakefield

IT CAN SAFELY be assumed that if the news of an atomic attack on New York is flashed in advance to the city government, a committee will promptly be appointed to deal with the problem, and, if there is time, a conference will be held. When the fallout clears, a social worker will rise from the radioactive dust and ask that the survivors "define their terms."

A somewhat less drastic but more immediate crisis was dealt with in such a manner last week at a conference of the New York Commission on Intergroup Relations. The conference dealt not only with intergroup relations, but even more basically with the rapid decline and decay of New York City.

Dr. Dan W. Dodson, director of the Center for Human Relations and Community Studies of New York University, outlined the crisis in lucid terms. Dr. Dodson reported, among other facts, that if it had not been for the influx of the non-white and Puerto Rican population, New York City would have lost 750,000 people since 1950. While all our larger cities are suffering from the exodus to surrounding suburbs, Dr. Dodson pointed out, some of them are reacting to the challenge with imagination. New York is not among these. Dr. Dodson explained it this way:

> When I look at Pittsburgh and see how political power and social-status power got together and rebuilt the Golden Triangle and compare it with New York City, I see no such comparison. Social-status power has been on a sit-down strike on any redevelopment since racial factors became involved in residential occupancy. . . .
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> During the twenty years in which I have had intimate knowledge of such matters in New York, except for the Rockefeller brothers and their leadership in getting the United Nations into our city, I have seen little evidence of interest in this city, on the part of the social-power structure. I believe the reason for it is, these interests withdrew when the minority ethnic elements became strong enough to use political leverage to regulate the actions of the social-power groups. Stripped of its leadership, the only way the city can be redeveloped is through socialization. Soon the city will be landlord to more than one-half million people. This is a population larger than any except seventeen of our largest cities, according to the most recent national census.

As for the kind of shelter provided by the city as "landlord," Dr. Dodson observed:

> Present architecture resembles barracks or dormitories more than homes. I was impressed with this at the Al Smith houses the other day when I was told about the mother who lived in a cold-water flat trying to keep track of her children who were on the grounds while she was on the sixteenth floor. The size, the conspicuousness, and the architecture contrive to remind us that we do not have community in these neighborhoods, we have racial and social concentrations of population with built-in reminders to each other that we are different.

With Dr. Dodson's Sunday night sketch of Armageddon behind them, the 200 conferees of neighborhood leaders, ministers, policemen, social workers, city-agency representatives and school teachers gathered in eight separate panels to spend the next day discussing the problems and making recommendations to the Commission on Intergroup Relations (COIR). COIR was established in 1955, and is still in the process of formulating its policies. So far it acts as a "referral agency" on problems of housing and discrimination, sends "community-relations experts" to investigate reports of racial tensions and "help fight the fire." It was asking at the conference for further recommendations for its work, and for suggestions on how it might help halt the disentegration of New York City and its neighborhoods.

A remark of Dr. Dodson's in the opening night speech forecast what seemed to be the essential tragedy of the Monday panel discussions. "It is difficult," he said, "to develop a sense of community when city agencies themselves fragment it. Sometimes one wonders if the bureaucrats do not do it on purpose in order to keep the people from organizing to demand more creative services from them."

There was at least one bureaucrat on every panel, armed with enough sociological jargon to forestall any prolonged attempt at discussion of specific plans or problems. The pattern was set quite early, when one panel opened with the presentation of a problem by a lady from a housing project. She reported that 99 per cent of the applications for a recently-built New York City housing

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

project turned out to be from nonwhites. In an attempt to retain the dwindling white population of the area, and keep it in some sense an integrated community, the lady and her friends had recruited 450 applicants from white people for entry into the project. The city only accepted twelve of these applications, and explained that "our hands are tied by rules and regulations." The lady wanted to know why this sort of thing happened when the city was crying publicly for integrated neighborhoods, and what could be done about it.

At this moment a representative of the New York City Youth Board spoke up to say that the discussion should first be held on "generalities."

"We first need definitions, general methods, and agreement on methodology before we get to problems like this," he said.

Another lady who was interested in the housing-project story asked more about it, but the Youth Board man spoke again to say that if we were going to build a chair we first had to know our tool chest. He proposed that the panel adopt first a definition of the word "neighborhood," developed by sociologists in 1936 as "a geographical area clearly defined with natural and sociological boundaries."

MUCH of the morning on the panel was taken up with similar exercises. One forlorn girl reported at lunch that her group had finally agreed on the definition of a neighborhood as an area with certain geographical boundaries. A young man from East Harlem laughed and gave his own definition, which would well have saved countless man-hours for the panelists: "A neighborhood," he said, "is a place where if you leave it you get beat up."

On one of the panels a woman was saying that the advent of frozen foods was one of the main causes of neighborhood disintegration, since no one spent much time in the grocery store with neighbors any more but merely went in and bought a TV dinner. A lady on the panel from the City Planning Commission (the title is almost a contradiction) pointed out that frozen foods actually liberated the women from the kitchen and gave them more time to "communicate." Instead of having to stay at the stove, she explained, the housewife could use that time to "sit outside and communicate with the children." One imagines a mother with semaphore flags and the kids taking notes.

That particular panel grappled for about fifteen minutes with "the Puerto Rican problem" which is now under the aegis of the Committee on Intergroup Relations. COIR has absorbed the now defunct Mayor's Committee on Puerto Rican Affairs, which was not too difficult a body to absorb, since it had never done anything except hold conferences. The COIR has a Puerto Rican Affairs Committee, whose work with the Spanish-speaking peoples of the city is officially explained as follows: "The Committee gives special attention to these matters to the degree necessary to assure that these problems are comprehended by and integrated into the total program of the Commission." This no doubt comes as considerable solace to the 550,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City.

In another room, a citizen from Jackson Heights was taking up the cudgels for "the disenfranchised white middle class." She said that Jackson Heights was getting so crowded that if she had any children she wouldn't know where they would have room to play, and that many middle-class whites like herself were looking for more spacious pastures. The Negro chairman of the panel asked if anyone had any suggestions on how to keep the middle-class whites in New York City. A Negro minister answered that there were many Negroes who wanted to move out of the city, too, and had enough money to move to the suburbs, but couldn't get there because of housing discrimination. "The Negroes don't have access to the suburbs," he said, "but that doesn't mean they wouldn't like to go. They have values, too. They would like more room, too."

That afternoon the panels had to get to the specific recommendations, particularly on whether or not the COIR should set up neighborhood "co-ordinating committees." A policeman from Brooklyn who presumably had taken no courses in social work and was thereby able to express himself in English, spoke up to say that "Nobody wants to be co-ordinated — eventually you wipe out the original organizations of the neighborhood. You get them all co-ordinated doing nothing."

BACK AT THE PANEL where the Youth Board man had dominated the morning with his talk of methodological tool chests, a member was suggesting in the waning moments that the COIR set up at least one pilot project to study a specific community and see how it changed and what its specific problems were. The Youth Board man rose against this heresy to say that "COIR should first sponsor more of these discussions. Action at this point would be previous and premature."

There was no more danger of suggestions for specific action — it was time for the panelists to assemble in a body for the last rites of the conference.

Alfred J. Marrow, chairman of the conference, read the assembled conclusions and suggestions of the panels. They were that neighborhood co-ordinating committees could be valuable; that where neighborhood committees already existed COIR should act in a "consultative and supportive role"; that COIR should "help intercommunication on intergroup matters in a neighborhood"; that it should "foster an in-service human-relations training program"; that it should "collect research data regarding possible neighborhood change" and try to "insure upward mobility in housing projects."

"I think this in brief summarizes the recommendations," Mr. Marrow said. "I have three pages of notes but they are somewhat unfinished and I think they would be of greater use to you if we study them more thoroughly and send you a report on them."

The audience dispersed rather quickly. We have no research data available on where they went, but we can guess that those among them who still live inside the city went home to pack their families and head for Connecticut.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

AS IN previous years before Christmas, *The Nation* has asked a group of its contributors to list several books which they have read during the past year with pleasure and profit. We print their selections as a highly-selective but widely-varied shopping list.

To supplement these lists (and in some cases overlapping them, as they overlap one another), the literary editor has gone back through the issues of the last twelve months and listed the books reviewed in that period which seem to him the best candidates for Christmas, either because of their permanent interest or for their special attractiveness as gifts. These appear immediately below. A list of recent books by *Nation* writers will be found on Page 461.

The Legacy of Holmes and Brandeis. By Samuel L. Konefsky. Macmillan. $6.
Three Penny Novel. By Bertolt Brecht. Evergreen. $1.75.
The Organization Man. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon & Schuster. $5.
The Letters of William Blake. Geoffrey Keynes, ed. Macmillan. $10.
Mirror in My House. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. Two volumes, $20.
The Fall. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3.
The Crossing. By Jean Reverzy. Pantheon. $3.50.
The Assistant. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar. $3.50.
The Spirit of Tragedy. By Herbert J. Muller. Knopf. $5.
The Talking Turtle and Other Ozark Tales. By Vance Randolph. Columbia. $4.
The Complete Works of Nathanael West. Farrar. $5.
Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Shaping Years: 1841-1870. By Mark de Wolfe Howe. Harvard. $5.
A Dictionary of American-English Usage. By Margaret Nicholson. Oxford. $5.
The Tao of Painting. By Mai-Mai Sze. Pantheon. Two volumes, $25.
Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymous Bosch. By Henry Miller. New Directions. $6.50.
In Deep. By Bernard Wolfe. Knopf. $3.95.
The Political Economy of Growth. By Paul A. Baran. Monthly Review Press. $5.
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ART BOOKS for CHRISTMAS

Maurice Grosser

OF THE various art books which have come to hand for the Christmas trade the most sumptuous are three printed in Italy for the New York Graphic Society; they contain the finest color reproductions I have yet seen. One is on the Ravenna mosaics (45 plates; $20). The two others, on Spanish Romanesque painting and on the Masaccio frescoes in Florence (each with 32 plates at $16.50), are published by arrangement with UNESCO as part of its world art series. Since one has been led to think of Byzantine art as formal and decorative, the psychological realism of the portraits shown here in detail is a great surprise. The volume on Romanesque Spain shows a series of wall paintings from churches and museums, rich and sombre, calligraphic and severe. The volume on Masaccio brings those extraordinary Florentine frescoes close up and exhibits their grave and convincing humanity in a way otherwise impossible to see, even on the spot.

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than 500 illustrations in color and in black and white is *The Picture History of Painting from Cave Painting to Modern Times,* by H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson (Harry N. Abrams. 520 pp. $15). The text is in the simple style appropriate for the young. The color plates are inaccurate but the black and white cuts are admirable.

Two important surveys are *Three Hundred Years of American Painting* by Alexander Eliot (*Time, Inc.* 316 pages of text and 250 color illustrations. $13.50) and *New Art in America* by John I. H. Bauer, Lloyd Goodrich, Dorothy C. Miller, James Thrall Soby and Frederick S. Wight (Frederick A. Praeger. 280 pp. $22.50). The first of these is a history of American painting from Colonial times. Its many color illustrations are well-selected but of poor quality. They are presumably printed from plates used in *Time* or *Life* and, as in those magazines, give no idea of color or paint surface. The text by the art editor of *Time* is well written and the book is reasonably complete, with a chronological chart of painters and a useful list of collections where American painting can be seen. *New Art in America* presents the work of fifty American painters since 1900. The five authors are directors or curators of the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art of New York and the Art Gallery of the University of California; the fifty names can be taken as the list of painters officially admired. It is nevertheless surprising that the editors excluded a painter as celebrated as Reginald Marsh and at the same time included three relatively unimportant primitive painters, and the photographer, Man Ray. The black and white illustrations, printed by offset, are excellent; the color plates are not too good.

The color illustrations in *The German Expressionists* by Bernard S. Myers (Praeger. 401 pp. $15) are much better, perhaps because the book was printed in Germany. Mr. Myers was also the author of the catalogue to the exhibition of the German Expressionists held recently at the Museum of Modern Art. The present volume contains a much more varied selection than the museum was able to assemble.

TWO other specialized histories are new this season. One by Werner Hoffman, *Caricature from Leonardo to Picasso* (Crown Publishing Co. 150 pp. $5.95), is rather a discussion of caricature in its relation to art than a history of caricature itself. Many among its ninety to one hundred illustrations — as those by Puvis de Chavannes and James Ensor — seem chosen more as names than for wit. One would also have preferred more examples and less explanation. On the other hand, *The Indian Art of Mexico and Central America,* by the late Miguel Covarrubias (Knopf. 360 pp. $17.50) is probably the most valuable book for the general public yet to appear on that subject. It is authoritative, complete and clear, with innumerable drawings by the author and an extensive album of photographs.

The World of Abstract Art, edited by the American Abstract Artists (George Wittenborn, Inc. 167 pp. $8.50) and the *Dictionary of Abstract Painting* by Michel Seuphor (Tudor Publishing Co. 305 pp. $6.95) deal with the same painters and in somewhat the same way. The *Dictionary* is the handsomer of the two and the more complete.

The most presentable of the books on particular painters is one on Klee, translated from the Italian of G. di San Lazzaro (Praeger. 304 pp. $5.75). It is beautifully made and profusely illustrated in black and white and in color, perfect for anyone interested in this painter's work. *Marc Chagall* by Walter Erben (Praeger. 158 pages of text and 64 of plates. $7.50), is an elaborate appreciation of the artist's work. The black and white reproductions are good, as usual, and the color plates, also as usual traduce the originals.

Among the books on artistic generalities are *The Functional Line in Painting* by Aaron Berkman (Thomas Yoseloff. 100 pp. $6.) and *Native Genius in Anonymous Architecture,* by Sybil Moholy-Nagy (Horizon Press. 223 pp. $7.50). The first consists of handsome black and white illustrations imbedded in a somewhat inept text, over-insistent on the truism of the importance of line in art. The second is a lively exposition, illustrated with photographs from many lands and cultures, of the influence of

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local conditions on native architecture.

There are also two books on aesthetics of a more serious nature. *The Collective Dream in Art* by Walter Abell (Harvard University Press. 378 pages of text; 39 of plates. $7.50) presents under the name of psycho-history a theory of art criticism based on the idea of art as an expression of the collective tensions of a civilization. The theme is interesting but it is couched in a loose, wordy, Ph.D. style. On the other hand, *Painting and Reality* by Etienne Gilson, a distinguished authority on Thomism (Pantheon Books. 367 pp. $7.50) is both a sensible and a readable approach to a philosophy of art, based not on a theory of history, but on pictures themselves and on what painters say about their art.

There are also four new books in which painters present their side. *Conversations with Artists*, by Selden Rodman (Devin Adair. 256 pp. $4); *The Yes and No of Contemporary Art*, by George Biddle (Harvard University Press. 188 pp. $5); *The Shape of Content*, by Ben Shahn (Harvard University Press. 131 pp. $4); and *Dali on Modern Art* (The Dial Press. 91 pages of English text followed by the French original. $5). Rodman's readable *Conversations* consists of a series of interviews with American artists ranging from Steinberg and Wyeth to Rothko and Klein, with descriptions of their personalities and their opinions. George Biddle's book presents the reflections on painting of a prominent and cultivated American painter. Ben Shahn's book, from his Charles Eliot Norton lectures delivered at Harvard and illustrated with some of the artist's drawings, is well organized and well written. It defends with clarity, wit and conviction a painter's view on painting—one with which very few painters would disagree. As for *Dali on Modern Art*, he is against it: "Painters, do not concern yourselves with being modern. It is the only thing, unfortunately, no matter what you do, that you cannot avoid being"; and "The least one can ask of a piece of sculpture is that it does not move."

THE best art magazine in the world today is *L'oeil*, a French monthly published in Switzerland. A Swiss publication, also a monthly, which carries a great deal of excellent art, is *Du*. Both can be subscribed to through the usual magazine agencies.

IF one thinks of giving drawings as Christmas presents, there is a considerable choice in the galleries. Jacques Seligmann is having a show of 15th to

a holiday check list of

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Tender Anguish

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY. By James Agee. McDowell, Obolensky. 339 pp. $3.95.

David L. Stevenson

JAMES AGEE was a journalist, a motion picture critic, a writer of screen plays and television scripts. But he also had a special talent as a purely creative writer which he had exhibited, only sparingly, in an early volume of poetry, *Permit Me Voyage* (Yale, 1934), and in two later short stories, "The Morning Watch" *(Partisan Review*, 1951), and "A Mother's Tale" *(Harper's Bazaar*, 1952). The posthumously published *A Death in the Family* is Agee's final item of his career in letters, a novel on which he had been at work for eight years. It does not give him any new importance as an American writer, but it does bring to a delicate and satisfying flowering his very great ability to create the qualities and the nuances of private feeling.

A Death in the Family is not a major book, but a haunting one. It presents human anguish in language of surface accuracy and of great evocative power. Phrase after phrase sets all the tentacles of the reader's private sea of the subconscious alert and waving. It is also a curiously intractable book because it constantly raises the question of what a novel exists to do. Like his earlier "The Morning Watch," it is an episode of personal grief, well remembered and told as if it were a novel.

The book opens with a generalized prelude: the Follet family on any warm summer night in Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1915, sitting in family contentment on the back lawn after a six o'clock supper, with the remaining daylight "shining softly and with a tarnish, like the lining of a shell." Then a specific night in the Follet family is presented. The father and his six-year-old son, Rufus, go to a Chaplin movie. Rufus goes to bed, aware of his father's comfortable presence against the darkness. Just before dawn the father is called by telephone to his own father's bedside. Before he drives off, his wife fixes him a warm breakfast, with endless gestures of tenderness and anxiety. Rufus never sees him again; he is killed in an accident. The rest of the book relates the state of shock of the mother, the varied reactions of her relatives and those of Rufus. *A Death in the Family* comes to an end with Rufus listening to his uncle, after the funeral, exploding in anger at grief and death.

These events have an intense emotional effect on the reader because of Agee's skill in presenting them with an almost intolerable immediacy. Rufus, standing at the curb, watches a horse "draw a buggy crisply but sedately past," and notes that "in the washed black spokes, sunlight twittered."

And Agee can hold the reader's emotions in much tighter rein. The accuracy of his description of Rufus' first view of his father's coffin forces the reader to hold on desperately to his own composure:

> It was very long and dark; smooth like a boat; with bright handles. Half the top was open. There was a strange sweet smell, so faint that it could scarcely be realized.
>
> Rufus had never known such stillness. Their little sounds as they approached his father, vanished upon it like the infinitesimal whisperings of snow, falling on open water.
>
> There was his head, his arms; suit; there he was.

But it is the very intensity of feeling, beautifully poised in words, which puts severe limitations on *A Death in the Family*. Serious prose fiction characteristically demonstrates the possibilities and the results of its given events, and of its given characters' acts and decisions. Agee was unwilling or unable to endow either the events or the characters of his novel with this fictional vitality and coherence. He exploits only the emotional content of his material, not its meaning. *A Death in the Family*, therefore, has little of fiction's cus-

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DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

tomary impact on our view of things. It lacks narrative thrust and intellectual excitement.

There are moments of grief and loss in everyone's life which one cannot live with, but can only recover from. And they are, oddly, the moments when one recognizes one's feelings to have been most alive. The success of *A Death in the Family* is that it brings to the surface of the reader's consciousness these forgotten, rejected moments—his own tender, unusable anguish.

Recent Books by NATION Writers

THE following books, by recent *Nation* contributors, were published in 1957. It is obvious that these books will have a special interest for *Nation* readers and their friends.

Irving Adler. *What We Want of Our Schools.* John Day. $3.75.

Paul Bowles. *Yallah.* McDowell, Obolensky. $10.

Kay Boyle. *Thirty Stories.* New Directions. $1.45.

J. Bronowski. *Science and Human Values.* Julian Messner. $3.

Carl Dreher. *Automation.* Norton. $2.95.

Wilma Dykeman and James Stokeley. *Neither Black Nor White.* Rinehart. $5.

Richard Eberhart. *Great Praises.* Oxford University Press. $4.

Harvey Goldberg, ed. *American Radicals.* Monthly Review Press. $5.

Walter Goodman. *The Clowns of Commerce.* Sagamore. $4.95.

Richard Hoggart. *The Uses of Literacy.* Essential Books. $5.

Mark deWolfe Howe. *Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.* The Shaping Years: 1841-1870. Harvard University Press. $5.

James Avery Joyce. *Revolution on the East River*: The UN. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

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James Morris. *Islam Inflamed.* Pantheon. $5. *Sultan in Oman.* Pantheon. $3.50.

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Muriel Rukeyser. *One Life.* Simon & Schuster. $5.

May Sarton. *The Birth of a Grandfather.* Rinehart. $3.75. *In Time Like Air.* Poems. Rinehart. $2.75.

Frederick L. Schuman. *Russia Since 1917.* Knopf. $6.50.

Harlow Shapley. *Inner Metagalaxy.* Yale University Press. $6.75.

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Harvey Swados. *On the Line.* Little, Brown. $3.75.

David Thomson. *Europe Since Napoleon.* Knopf. $8.95.

RECORDS of the YEAR

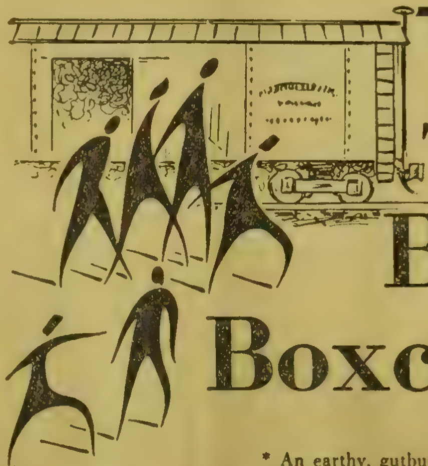
Lester Trimble

THE FOLLOWING records are those which have been of special interest among the year's new issues. In the case of works from the standard repertory, my criteria have been authenticity of performance and superiority of recording techniques. With contemporary works, the quality of the music itself has been considered, in addition to performance and recording.

Bach: Concerti for Violin and Orchestra Nos. 1 in A minor and 2 in E; Arthur Grumiaux and the Guller Chamber Orchestra. Epic. English Suites; Ralph Kirpatrick, harsichordist. Archive (3 disks). Partitas and Sonatas for unaccompanied violin, complete; Nathan Milstein. Capitol (3 discs). Suites Nos. 3 and 4 in D Major, for orchestra; Van Beinum and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Epic.

Bartok: Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion; Wilfrid Parry and Iris Loveridge, pianists (with *Contrasts* for Piano, Violin and Clarinet; Parry, Grinke, Brymer). Westminster.

Beethoven: Concerti for Piano and Orchestra, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Artur Rubinstein and Symphony of the Air under Josef Krips. RCA (available individually). Sonatas for Piano No. 14 *(Moonlight)*, No. 8 *(Pathétique)*, No. 23 *(Appassionata)*; Rudolf Serkin. Columbia. Sonatas for Piano Nos. 14 and 21 *(Waldstein)*; Vladimir Horowitz. RCA. Sonatas for Violin and Pi-



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a novel by
ALFRED
MAUND

who, as a staff member, covered the Montgomery boycott for *The Nation*

* An earthy, gutbucket performance which was inspired by Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.' And yet, despite the parallel — six men and a woman are brought together in a boxcar traveling North—there is no hint here of contrivance . . . by all odds the best first novel I have read this year—*David Dempsey, Saturday Review* * This is an exceptional little book . . . Mr. Maund, though treating of such things as murder, rape and arson, writes in an easy, unvarying dialect that is often funny and that tends to reduce the most sombre episodes to straight, unemotional fact—*The New Yorker* * It may remind us of the early period of Richard Wright—*Maxwell Geismar* * Streaked with brutal beauty (it) has a coarse and colorful intensity about its portrayal of certain segments of Negro life and Negro-white relationships in the South—*Langston Hughes* * 'The Big Boxcar' introduces a writer who is sharp-eyed, courageous and gifted—*Charles Lee, New York Times* *

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ano Op. 30 No. 2, and Op. 96; Arthur Grumiaux and Clara Haskil. Epic.

Brahms: Symphony No. 1; Markevitch and Symphony of the Air. Decca. *Klavierstücke* (6) Op. 118; *Capriccio* Op. 76 No. 2; *Intermezzi* Op. 116 No. 6, Op. 117 No. 1, Op. 119 Nos. 2 and 3; *Rhapsody,* Op. 79 No. 1; Wilhelm Backhaus. London.

Bruckner: Symphony No. 4 *(Romantic);* William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol.

Buxtehude: Chorale Preludes, Canzona in C, Prelude and Fugue in A minor (with Georg Böhm: Chorale Preludes and Chorale Partita) Luther Noss playing Yale's Holtkamp Organ. Overtone.

Cowell: *Persian Set* (with Lou Harrison: Suite for Violin, Piano and Small Orchestra); Maro and Anahid Ajemian, soloists; Leopold Stokowski and orchestra. Composers Recordings.

Debussy: La Mer (with Ravel: *Daphnis et Chloe* Suite No. 2) Erich Leinsdorf and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Capitol.

Dvorak: Concerto for Cello and Orchestra (with Fauré: *Elégié,* Op. 24) Janos Starker, cello, Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel. String Quartets No. 3, Op. 51, and No. 6 *(American)* Op. 96; Budapest String Quartet. Columbia.

Elgar: *Enigma Variations* (with Vaughan Williams: *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis);* William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol.

Frescobaldi: Keyboard Works; Paul Wolfe, harpsichordist. Expériences Anonymes.

Glanville-Hicks: *Concerto Romantico* for Viola and Orchestra (with Ben Weber: *Rhapsody Concertante* for Viola and Orchestra and Marga Richter: *Aria and Toccata* for Viola and Strings); Walter Trampler, viola, MGM Orchestra. MGM.

Haydn: *The Creation;* Seefried, Holm, Borg, St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir, Markevitch and Berlin Philharmonic. Decca (2 discs).

Hindemith: Sonatas for Piano Nos. 1 and 3; Paul Badura-Skoda. Westminster.

Hovhaness: *Anahid,* Op. 57, *Alleluia and Fugue.* Op. 40b, *Tower Music,* Op. 129; Carlos Surinach and MGM Orchestra. MGM.

Leoninus and Perotinus Magister: *Notre Dame Organa;* Russell Oberlin, counter-tenor, Charles Bressler and Donald Perry, tenors, Seymour Barab, viol. Expériences Anonymes.

Luening-Ussachevsky: *Poem in Cycles and Bells, Piece for Tape Recorder, King Lear Suite;* tape recorder, members of Royal Danish Radio Orchestra under Otto Luening (with Bergsma: *The Fortunate Islands;* Alfredo Antonini and Orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma). Composers Recordings. Another recording of experimental music, the *Panorama of "Musique Concrete."* London.

Milhaud: *La Création du Monde* (with Copland: *El Salon México,* Bernstein: *Fancy Free);* Bernstein and Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia.

Mozart: Concerti for Piano, K. 467, K. 595, K. 453, K. 503; Rudolf Serkin and Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted, alternately, by Alexander Schneider and George Szell. Columbia (2 discs). *Die Entführing aus dem Serail;* Marshall, Hollweg, Simoneau, Unger, Frick; Beecham and Royal Philharmonic. Angel (2 discs). Quartets for Flute and Strings K. 285, 285a, 285b, 298; Birkelund, Karecki, Andersen, Petersen. Vanguard. Quintets for String Quartet and Viola (complete); Budapest String Quartet and Walter Trampler, violist. Columbia (3 discs). Serenade in D, K. 320 *(Posthorn)* (with Symphony in A, K. 201) Eduard Van Beinum, Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Epic.

Mussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition;* Herbert von Karajan and Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel.

Piston: Symphony No. 6 (with Martinu: *Fantaisies Symphoniques);* Charles Munch and Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA.

Prokofieff: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 7; Nicolai Malko and Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA.

Roussell: Symphonies Nos. 3 and 4; Ernest Ansermet and Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London.

Schubert: Symphony No. 8 *(Unfinished)* (with Brahms: *Variations on a theme of Haydn);* Herbert von Karajan and Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel.

Schuman: *Credendum;* Eugene Ormandy and Philadelphia Orchestra (with Kirchner: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra; Dimitri Mitropoulos and New York Philharmonic). Columbia.

Schumann: *Dichterliebe,* Op. 48 (with Brahms Songs); Fischer-Dieskau. Decca.

Stravinsky: *The Rite of Spring;* Pierre Monteux and Paris Conservatoire Orchestra. RCA. *Oedipus Rex;* Stravinsky and Cologne Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus—narration by Jean Cocteau. Columbia. *Perséphone;* Vera Zorina, Richard Robinson, Westminster Choir; Stravinsky and New York Philharmonic. Columbia.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 *(Pathétique);* Ernest Ansermet and Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London.

Villa-Lobos: *Choros* No. 7; Izler Solomon and MGM Chamber Orchestra (with *Choros* No. 5; *Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras, Suite Floral, Poema Singelo;* Lenore Engdahl, pianist, and *Bachianas Brasileiras* No. 9; Carlos Surinach, MGM String Orchestra). MGM.

Webern: Complete Works; Robert Craft, director. Columbia (4 discs).

Weill: *The Seven Deadly Sins;* Lotte Lenya; Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg, conductor. Columbia.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I HAVE very little to offer by way of *critique* in regard to *The Country Wife* (Adelphi). This surprises me as much as it may the reader, since the play is something of a classic. I have read it, and also such perceptive comments on it as are contained in Kronenberger's *The Thread of Laughter.* I have never before seen it, however, and that may account for my dilemma in arriving at a total judgment of the present production. Here then instead of such an estimate are some of my reactions.

I am glad to have seen it, for I am always pleased to see plays from the world's dramatic repertory, and wish that we had more opportunity to do so. *The Country Wife,* moreover, is probably the lewdest play in the language, and that in itself is provocative.

Two performances are notable: Julie Harris, who is adorably pert—any play in which she appears is worth a visit; and Pamela Brown, whose voice, delivery, carriage, mask and make-up have an uncanny fascination—as if, with no relation to the course of time, she had been born a full-fledged eighteenth century English lady in our day.

No one in the cast is less than adequate, though there is some forcing; the physical aspect of the show, with sets made of what looks like wire and glass, is handsome. Why then does the production fail of a fuller impact? It has been claimed that the Adelphi Theatre is too large for what ought to be an intimate performance, and that may be so. There is another possibility. The play is a commentary on its period—a satire. Except for obvious externals, and apart from Miss Brown, I felt very little of the period in the production. The dramatists of the Restoration wrote artificial plays, but these were stylizations of a very gross reality. This production of *The Country Wife* struck me as a stylization of a stylization. The London it portrays has no smell, taste or feel to it. All semblance of the play's social reality seems to have been strained from it. What remains is too much like museum stuff.

THE PRODUCTION of *Look Homeward, Angel,* the play by Ketti Frings based on Thomas Wolfe's novel, will strike most spectators as being full of life. It is an excellent production, meticulously articulated in every department and with a practically perfect cast. The direction by George Roy Hill is instinct with theatrical science. There is little doubt in my mind that the show will deservedly become a leading contender for all the prizes.

Yet it did not deeply affect me. Its virtue is the kind of realism which distinguished the American novel in the twenties. It was the realism—extremely valuable in the creation of a contemporary American consciousness—which contrasted sharply with the image of our country as a perpetually smiling community that most of our literature fostered from the Civil War to the early years of the twentieth century.

To this new realism, with its emphasis on the drab and something like pride in a stark avoidance of lyric palliation or metaphysical justification, Thomas Wolfe brought a powerful eloquence containing strains of Whitman supported by the discovery of a richness in language which an extensive reading in the classics of English literature would give a sensitive, enormously energetic young man. The rhetoric sometimes swamped Wolfe's plots—mostly autobiographical recordings rather than inventions—but also gave his novels a gigantic awkwardness which often managed to be inspiring. It is true, as someone has said, that Wolfe was either a giant baby or a baby giant, but his work was significant as an outcry at the anguish and bewilderment of a people newly come to civilized reflection but not yet arrived at ripe understanding.

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Wolfe's novel before us in an honestly sober and, except for two brief moments, unexceptionably respectable manner. We are left with the foreground of the novel—all of it interesting, truthful, typical—but with little dimension beyond the notation of the facts on a fever chart. *Look Homeward, Angel* as a play harks back to the realism of the twenties which lacked poetic extension or transfiguration. The shock of recognition is present—and no doubt still valuable—but not the shock of surprise (or illumination) within what one recognizes. We are reminded of what we are acquainted with in life; but we are not transported to any area of feeling or knowledge beyond what our observation—alerted by previous experience with this type of realism—has already provided us. No idea or poetic essence emerges.

It may seem churlish of me to insist on this point, since *Look Homeward, Angel,* is clearly superior to most of what we are usually offered in our theatre. Certainly I must urge readers of *The Nation* to see the play, but I must just as surely try to place it not only in the context of Broadway but in the greater one of serious drama and theatre.

The production parallels the text in its qualities and in its limitations. Anthony Perkins gives a shrewd portrayal of Gene Gant: his technique, in comedy especially, is already well-developed and he uses his very sympathetic personality to make good points with fine economy, but he has not yet learned how to make the ability to communicate human traits the means of reaching our souls in vital contact. Jo Van Fleet as Mrs. Gant seems to me to be an admirable representative of American realism in acting; her points are even more incisively and comprehensively made than Perkins'. And Hugh Griffith as the father brings with the Welsh tang of his background a vividness and a largeness which occur only when an actor by long experience of life and the stage has matured to full manhood. The scene in which Mrs. Gant, exasperated by the failure of her life, is provoked to tear down her home and is jubilantly joined by her husband seems to me the most sparkling moment of the evening—just as the moment in which the doctor casually lights his cigar after Ben Gant's death seemed to me the most telling directorial touch.

More should be praised—Arthur Hill, Rosemary Murphy, Elizabeth Lawrence—but space does not permit it, except to add that if a European asked me to point out what the American theatre has achieved in completing one phase of its realistic style I would recommend *Look Homeward, Angel.*

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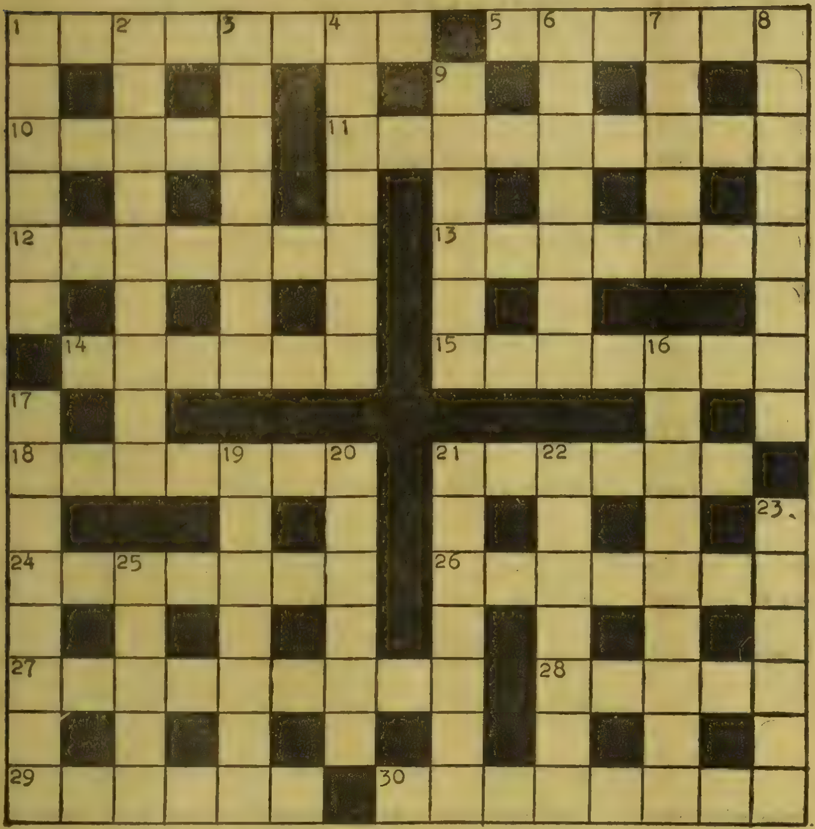

ACROSS:

1 Should one score zero with this gun? (8)
5 Are they eaten by a boy on board? (6)
10 Fry the source when this gets observed. (5)
11 Not a particularly valuable circle of musicians. (5, 4)
12 See 26 across
13 A hot tip? Invest some money in sugar! (7)
14 Certainly not a good time. (3-3)
15 Incomplete with an inclination. (7)
18 It's not healthy here in France, sort of square yet sort of crooked. (7)
21 Call to activity. (6)
24 What is sometimes dropped between a hairy surface and crushed headgear could be cleaner. (7)
26 and 12 Dragonflies might help to cover up for the members! (7, 7)
27 Choler. (3-6)
28 You should find in him a good example of an insect at last. (5)
29 Frank could be the son of this. (6)
30 Relief, for a time at least. (8)

DOWN:

1 Safe places to own at the poles. (6)
2 The bad wolf, under different conditions, could be quite amazing. (9)
3 Struggled to be somewhat less than dustless. (7)
4 Is this made by a mess in the office of the State Department? (7)
6 Does he test things like the speaker? (7)
7 Evidently Khan gets in once more. (5)
8 The way the rash might sometimes act. (8)
9 What might be applied to youth is not necessarily a dunce's hat! (6)
16 One might find it nice art, in a way, but rather involved. (9)
17 Evidently one end in seafood looks like the devil. (8)
19 Not necessarily clipper ships. (7)
20 While these shouldn't work, as their calls are not scheduled. (6)
21 Witch place goes exactly between two points to sanction it? (7)
22 Mary, the infamous dishwasher, or James V. Forrestal, for example. (7)
23 Not to take notice of the sign or express command. (6)
25 Might mark the course of flight. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 749

ACROSS: 1 SINGULARITIES; 10 CLEAVER; 11 VITIATE; 12 POLAR BEAR; 13 ACUTE; 14 EMPLOY; 16 CARYATID; 19 STINGERS; 20 CLERIC; 22 PLAIN; 23 ACERBATED; 25 STIRRUP; 26 RACCOON; 27 INCLINED PLANE. DOWN: 2 IDEAL; 3 GOVERNOR GENERAL; 4 LARDER; 5 REVERSAL; 6 TETRASYLLABICAL; 7 EVALUATOR; 8 SCUPPERS; 9 WERE; 15 PRIVATION; 17 DECADENT; 18 BREAD PAN; 21 SEARED; 22 PISA; 24 THORN.

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With *The Independent,* it's different from what you might suppose. We're liberal in that we're for people where the rights of people and the rights of property conflict. We're for the same rights (the same, not equal) for all people regardless of race, color, politics, etc. And *The Independent* goes where wise men and angels fear to tiptoe.

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Our exposé of Walter Winchell, way back in 1951, began his undoing. (Since then, our editor, *Lyle Stuart,* wrote a book *The Secret Life of Walter Winchell,* and it's available from us for $4.)

Our many articles on the conspiracy against cancer research unmasked the Damon Runyon Fund and the American Cancer Society for what they were. Charles Tobey, Jr., wrote his piece on the subject and we sold more than 120,000 reprints. (You may have one as a gift if you ask for it when you subscribe to *The Independent.)*

Our articles by priests who have left the Catholic Church stir up much excitement. Our occasional pieces on freethought send some blood pressures spurting upwards. (One of our current big-selling books is *The Dollar & The Vatican* by Avro Manhattan. You may have a copy for $3.75 postpaid.)

★

The Independent does not try to sell its readers any point of view except that censorship and suppression may sometimes seem safe but that they are really dangerous . . and unhealthy in our democracy where all points of view should be allowed a hearing in the marketplace of public opinion.

★

Our features are many and popular. *Inside the Nation's Press* is probably the column most widely read by newspapermen and publishers. Jim Peck's "As Jimcrow Flies" is a regular feature. So too are Paul Krassner's "Freedom of Wit" and David M. Kasson's "A Cancer Victim Speaks."

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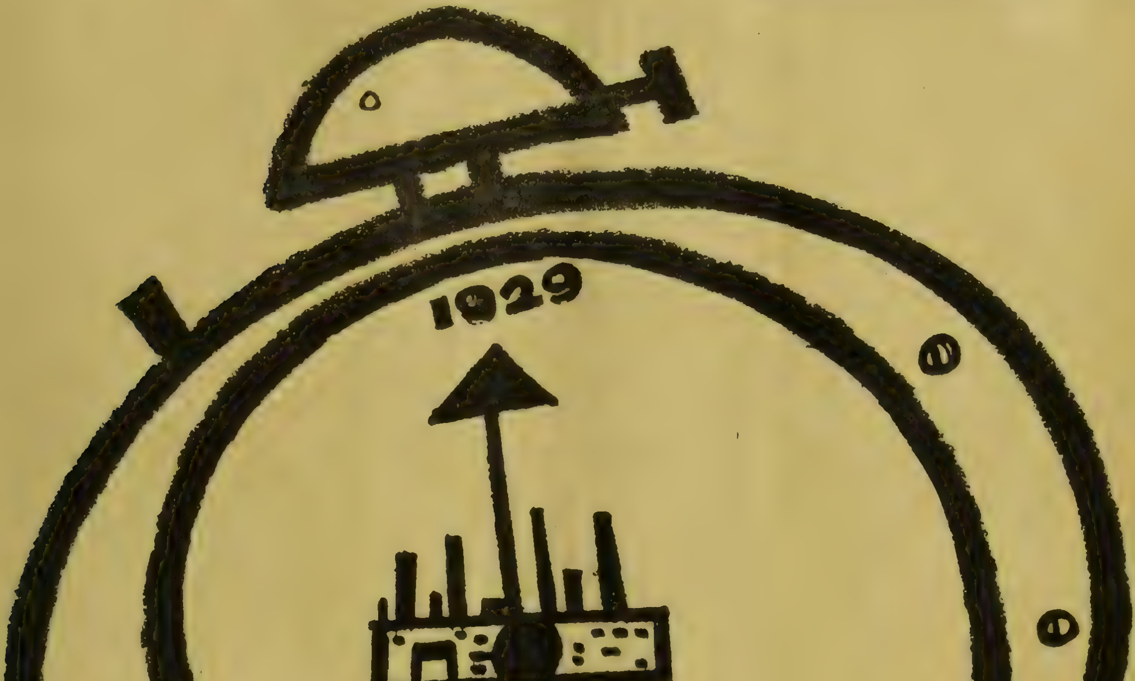
Calif.

THE
NATION

DECEMBER 21, 1957 . . 25c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THE COMING DEPRESSION . . by Paul Baran

LETTERS

Humanists and Issues

Dear Sirs: Dr. Robert McAfee Brown's review of the books on religion by Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley (*The Nation*, November 30), was needlessly condescending and irrelevant. Dr. Brown chides the distinguished humanists for fighting nineteenth-century battles without naming the real issues of contemporary Christianity he accuses them of side-stepping. As a Union Seminary alumnus who has read both Huxley and Russell, may I say that these two writers deal very ably and at times brilliantly with the twentieth-century issues of religion. Dr. Brown, for all his urbanity and good will, should have named some of the real grounds (as he sees them) for "not being a Christian." Frankly, Russell and Huxley are probably well aware of these grounds, and know that "man, intelligence and science" are indeed the issues and that no theological sophistry from the seminaries alters that fact. The burden of proof is still on Dr. Brown to name the issues he feels these two authors so obtusely circumvent.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
Minister, First Unitarian Church

Los Angeles, California

Sewanee's New Writers

Dear Sirs: Mr. Webster Schott, in his article, Fiction in the Magazines (*The Nation*, October 5,), says "The *Sewanee Review*, *Kenyon Review* and *Partisan Review* seldom publish new writers; they adhere to a stylistic and philosophic orthodoxy confirmed by the New Criticism which tends to keep nonbelievers out." He then lists some of the new writers he has in mind. Among them are M. M. Liberman, whose first story was published in the *Sewanee Review* in 1955; Alfred Chester, whose story, As He Was Going Up The Stair, *Sewanee Riview*, spring 1957, is his first American publication; and Eugene Walter, who has been a *Sewanee Review* Fellow in Poetry for 1956-57. A casual glance over *Sewanee Review* for the last few years shows the following stories which were their author's first publication: Betty Sunwall, Things Changed, spring 1956; Smith Kirkpatrick, The Wheel, spring 1955; M. M. Liberman, The Gibbon and the Maple Tree, winter 1955; Danforth Ross, The Cloud, spring 1953; Richard Gray, Isham Street, autumn 1952. If the reader bears in mind that we usually publish only four to six stories a year, this casual sampling is enough to indicate that we do publish new writers.

MONROE K. SPEARS
Editor, *The Sewanee Review*

Sewanee, Tennessee

Egghead Buying Power

Dear Sirs: Patrick D. Hazard's article, A Fast Buck on Sputnik, in your issue of November 23, is a corker. But what does the author mean when he proposes to "take up the slack of factories" by a long-range effort to raise the tastes and intellectual aspirations of the American people"? It would appear to me that "tastes and intellectual aspirations" have precious little purchasing power. Offhand, I would say that this end could better be attained through the perhaps more Utopian expedient of putting more greenbacks into pay envelopes.

Be that as it may, my criticism is not meant to detract one jot from the over-all impact of Mr. Hazard's fine contribution.

SAUL S. SANDS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Not Parasite . . .

Dear Sirs: Maxwell Griffith's analysis (October 18 issue) of the "Tech" graduate engineer as a glorified mechanic, narrow-minded, excluded from the study of history, art, economics, philosophy and languages, and also socially inept, amazes those who study here at Caltech. Caltech's undergraduates spend a minimum of one-fourth of their time studying the humanities.

We have no quarrel with those who demand that the engineer be given a basic education in cultural traditions and human values. But we will strenuously disagree when it is said that the institute of technology is the parasite of the corporation. Tech is not parasitic in the sense that it harms industry. And we will always cry out against those who suggest that industry ought to "change the slant of our curriculum."

JOEL YELLIN
California Institute of Technology

Pasadena, California

. . . But Sycophant

Dear Sirs: I still maintain that industry favors too-specialized job training rather than scientific education, and that "Tech's" graduates are warped by an enforced vocational "slant." The corporation's attitude in regard to the technological school might, I think, be deduced from former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson's remark that scientific research is the finding out of "what makes grass green and fried potatoes brown."

In crying out in defense of his best of all possible worlds, Mr. Yellin has pounced upon the biological (technical) definition of the word "parasite." I submit these broader definitions: hanger-on, sycophant, toady.

MAXWELL GRIFFITH

Charleston, S. C.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Contrasts

In plush Atlantic City, resort town and convention center, the leaders of the AFL-CIO began the process of drumming the corrupt from their ranks. Only a dozen or so unions, still to be investigated, remain to sully the cadres of organized labor. These too, in their turn, will be McClellanized. Labor will then stand forth shining and pure—a somewhat shrunken *corpus*, to be sure, but bearing on its head the unaccustomed crown of public approval. Yet this somewhat costly acclaim will not be quite sufficient to halt an inevitable tide of anti-labor legislation designed to guarantee labor's purity forever and a day.

And while the AFL-CIO was meeting in Atlantic City, a few hundred subway motormen in New York City, their leaders jailed, struck against what appeared to them to be the unpleasant prospect of being absorbed by the AFL-CIO's Transport Workers Union. With no treasury, no hotel suites, no fat cigars, no protestations of incorruptibility, these men fought with the only weapon at their command against what they believed to be evil. An inconvenienced public waited sullenly in the rain and cold for subway trains that didn't come. *The New York Times* thundered editorially. Public officials outbid themselves castigating this different breed of outlaws.

But as the issues became more clearly seen, there were some observers, perhaps a growing number, who felt that the motormen, fighting their almost hopeless struggle against impossible odds to retain their craft integrity, had purified the air. Perhaps this feeling—which we share—is only a nostalgia for other days when courageous men, sometimes wrongheadedly and stubbornly, struck for what they believed to be right. Perhaps—and yet somehow the cigar smoke and the pious platitudes of the well-paid and now thoroughly respectable statesmen of labor seemed less oppressive last week because a handful of overalled motormen so valiantly refused to join them.

Tired Blood

Rarely has the West gone into collective conference under more lugubrious circumstances than those which marked the opening of the NATO meeting. As we pointed out last week, the men expected to exert leadership are suffering under debilitating handicaps. President Eisenhower and Chancellor Adenauer must hearken to their doctors; Prime Minister Macmillan has been half-crippled by a series of by-election defeats; and so shaky is the French Government that Gaillard, every time he opens his mouth, must wonder whether he speaks as Premier or ex-Premier. But the malaise goes deeper than lack of leadership. One looks in vain for something in the world skies lofty enough to rival the Sputniks; all we see are the tired vapor trails of misfired Vanguards and Thors.

NATO no longer answers Europe's needs. Even the West Germans, who only a short time ago re-elected Adenauer as a symbol of their faith in the West, are beginning to wonder whether Bonn should not withdraw from the Western alliance and proclaim a military neutrality (Associated Press, December 9). From London comes a report that sentiment for opening negotiations with the Soviet Union has been growing in the British Isles and on the continent *(New York Times*, December 7). Moreover, the whole idea of U.S. missile bases in Europe (one of the major questions on the NATO agenda) is alarming to Europeans; who, they are asking, will have ultimate control of the nuclear warhead trigger, an American or a European? It is a pertinent question, though perhaps less pertinent than ten years ago, when it still seemed possible that a world war could ravage Europe and yet leave America comparatively unscathed.

In the midst of this depressing prologue, the Soviet Union again offered Washington bilateral talks. "Same old stuff," was Washington's reply. Same old answer. And old answers are no good any more. Diplomacy is suffering from tired blood.

Boomerang Bullets

There was no reason to suppose that Spain, any more than France, would be spared the slashing edge of Arab nationalism. But there is a special irony in Franco's difficulties in Ifni, a tiny Spanish enclave in the corner of Northwest Africa. For ten years the Caudillo had been parading as the Great White Father of Islam, encouraging the Moroccans to rebel against the French, supplying the guerrillas with arms, permitting them to train on Spanish territory (see Spain in Africa: Franco Traps Himself, by J. Alvarez del Vayo, *The Nation*, February 11, 1956). This partially Spanish-incited nationalist pressure led France, already in difficulty in Algeria, to recall Sultan Ben Yussef (now Mohammed V, visiting in the United States) to the Moroccan throne; and part of the deal with the French was a tacit understanding that Mohammed's sovereignty extended over Spanish as well as French Morocco. Franco had to accede. Now the Moroccans, having kicked Franco out of Spanish Morocco, are in the process of shooting him out of Ifni with his own rifles. This is not the way Franco would have liked to get his arms back.

The Ifni war will not increase the Caudillo's prestige at home. The tiny enclave is a long way from the empty cupboard and cold hearth of the Spanish peasant, who can think of more useful ways of depleting the Spanish treasury. And even were the Spanish people not so hungry, it is unlikely that Franco could awaken much enthusiasm among them for retaining this foothold in the land of the hated Moor who, in his last wartime appearance on the Spanish landscape, was shooting down Loyalist troops.

By The Light of the Moon

Our moon may only have risen two to four feet off the beach at Florida, but wits of the world from Moscow to Washington have made enough light of it to make it unforgettable. The United States turned the publicity spotlight on the Vanguard rocket weeks before it was ready for firing, and towards the end there were hourly press conferences right on the beach. We managed so successfully to focus the eyes of the world on the effort that, when it exploded, the whole world was watching. In Germany, they called it the *spaetnik* (*spaet* meaning late). In Tokyo they called it the sputternik. In Washington, it earned the title of "Civil Servant" on the grounds that "it won't work and you can't fire it." At the U.N., Russian delegates asked, in the light of the moon, if the U.S. would care to apply for Soviet technical aid to backward countries.

We hope that some of this light will expose again the United States need for a serious re-evaluation of its policy—not just a new publicity handout. In the December 7 *Nation* (before the U.S. rocket had fizzled), C. Wright Mills wrote in his "Program for Peace" that "The need which the Sputniks dramatize is the need to reconsider the terms of the world encounter." The sputternik underlines the need. We have painfully witnessed that publicity and press conferences alone can't make a moon—nor can they substitute for a new, sorely-needed approach to foreign policy.

Footnote to a Statistic

How much are we spending on disarmament?

The Special Disarmament Staff, headed by Harold Stassen, spent $450,000 in fiscal year 1956, $530,000 in fiscal 1957, and has been given $375,000 (note the sharp drop—presumably the crisis is over) for the current fiscal year—a total of $1,355,000 for three years.

To this should be added $87,638 spent by the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament in its first twenty-five months of operations ending August 31, 1957.

This makes a grand total of $1,442,638 spent or pledged on disarmament.*

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*Net earnings for Boeing, making aircraft largely for military purposes, were $24,077,427 for the first nine months of 1957.

Labor's Well-Tanned Hide

On the same day that pay increases were announced for scientists in government service, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson called for the junking of the forty-hour week because "it will not produce the I.C.B.M." Things now in existence which are demonstrably incapable of producing the I.C.B.M. are legion; the forty-hour week is not, demonstrably, one of them. But the business of trying to set up labor as a whipping boy is an old custom, and in this instance could have been foreseen. The same thing happened at the outset of World War II, when right-wing groups swore up and down Pennsylvania Avenue that we had less to fear from Japanese Zeroes and German Stukas than from overtime pay for the American workman.

What concerns us is not Senator Johnson's idea—someone is going to tip him off that if the forty-hour week won't produce the I.C.B.M., strikes won't either—but the fact that the legislative leader of the Democratic Party authored it. President Roosevelt's answer to the labor-baiters was to say that labor would work overtime—*at time-and-a-half*. Here is as good an example as any of what has happened to the Democratic Party since the days of the New Deal.

Perhaps it is timely to remind Senator Johnson that Russia found no reason to abandon communism when it was lagging in the development of atomic weapons. Are we so unsure of our own economic system that we must abandon it at the first sign of competition?

THE COMING DEPRESSION . .

by Paul A. Baran

THAT ALL economic signposts now point toward a considerable decline of output, income and employment in the United States is universally recognized. The stock market has acknowledged the fact in its own unmistakable fashion; all organs of economic opinion have expressed it in more or less explicit terms; even the stubborn Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System is apparently willing to concede that inflation is no longer the foremost threat to the economy and has made a reluctant move toward cheaper money. Yet this remarkable consensus of speculators, economic commentators and government officials is quite deceptive: it refers to no more than the sheer surface of the matter and applies only to the shortest-term economic outlook. Behind the consensus lurks a wide divergence of views on the nature and significance of the impending setback, on its probable extent and duration and, accordingly, on the longer-range prospects for our economy and our society.

The most complacent school of thought, of which President Eisenhower, Federal Reserve Chairman Martin, Secretary of Commerce Weeks and other Administration leaders are the outstanding spokesmen, espouses what might be called the "breather" doctrine. This philosophy reflects the conviction that none of the generally registered storm signals gives cause for serious concern, that the economy is firmly launched on a long-term upward movement, and that what we are currently facing is merely one of those unpredictable random disturbances which go as fast as they come and which represent no more than a short interruption of an indefinitely lasting prosperity. The rationale for this buoyant outlook is by no means readily established. If there is one, it would have to be sought in some vague notion that in 1945 we entered an altogether "new era" to which "old-fashioned" historical and economic reasoning no longer applies. Consequently our future is to be read in a trend line projecting *ad infinitum* the experience of the postwar boom. That is to say, the trend line is to be seen not merely as a description of what occurred under the extraordinary circumstances of a hectic decade, but a compelling principle determining economic development for a long time to come. It goes without saying that there is not much virtue in this kind of extrapolation; a "theory" based upon it simply assumes at the outset the answer that it is supposed to provide, and thus begs the urgent question on the likely course of future events.

No less optimistic, if much more sophisticated, is the position held primarily by a number of prominent economists. While subscribing "in principle" to the traditional view of the inevitability of economic crisis under capitalism, this influential group nevertheless supports the prophets of the "perpetual boom" by contending that the capitalist society of today has mastered at last the art of dealing with depression and unemployment, and therefore no longer needs to fear the recurrence of major slumps. This confidence is based on two distinct lines of reasoning. In the first place, the structural changes in our economy that have taken place in the course of the last twenty-five years are considered to have greatly reduced the "depression-proneness" of our system, and accordingly have enhanced its intrinsic stability and resilience. Secondly, the so-called Keynesian revolution in economics is supposed to have provided the fundamental insights needed for economic stabilization; modern theory of income and employment, having gone a long way towards a clarification of the factors responsible for short-term changes in the level of economic activity, is relied upon to specify the measures necessary to cope with both deflationary and inflationary situations.

It is primarily the former argument — pointing to the presence of so-called "built-in stabilizers" in the economy — that has made a strong impression on public opinion. Yet, whatever truth the argument may contain, the over-all claims made in its behalf would seem to be rather extravagant. Indeed, what are those "built-in stabilizers," and what can be reasonably expected from them in case of need? For convenience's sake, we may group them under three headings and consider each.

FIRST of all, there are the legislative measures introduced during the thirties and developments since World War II which have greatly modified the *financial* framework of business activity. The supervision over the stock exchanges exercised by the Securities and Exchange Commission has greatly limited, if not entirely eliminated, trading in "South Sea bubble" shares in American security markets. The Federal Reserve Board's control over margin requirements has curtailed speculative activities in Wall Street and thus markedly reduced the vulnerability of dealers and investors in stocks and bonds. Neither a flood of forced sales accentuating and accelerating a downward movement of stock prices, nor a wave of suicides by hapless financiers, need now paralyze business and consumer

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PAUL A. BARAN, professor of economics at Stanford University, is the author of the recently published The Political Economy of Growth *(New York, Monthly Review Press, 1957).*

spending. Perhaps even more important, the banking system at the present time is in a very much stronger position than ever before. The succession of bank failures and subsequent bank mergers that had marked the thirties and gained momentum during the last decade disposed of a multitude of rickety banks and substituted for them a relatively small number of strong, competently managed institutions. Also—and this is crucial—the investments held by these institutions bear very little resemblance to what they were, say, in the twenties. Instead of highly dubious foreign debentures, they now include gilt-edged securities issued by the United States Government; F.H.A. and V.A. guaranteed mortgages have replaced farm and real-estate loans that went into default as soon as the drop in farm income and employment deprived debtors of their ability to maintain payments. The consumers' debt held today by the banks can be considered to be a fairly sound portfolio; even in worst times the majority of installment buyers usually continue to meet their obligations. And the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation's guarantee of small and medium-sized bank deposits all but rules out a run on the banks on the part of alarmed bank customers. If one further takes into account that, as a result of seventeen years of nearly uninterrupted prosperity and spectacular growth of big business, most large and important firms have now sufficient reserves to withstand quite a lot of stormy weather, there is all the more reason for discounting the danger of a major wave of bankruptcies sweeping the country and shattering the foundations of our economic system.

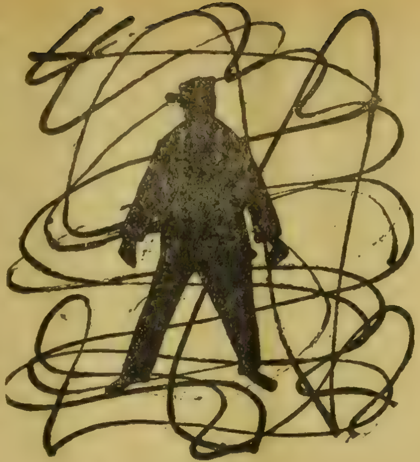
Thus the first category of "built-in stabilizers" — those having to do with the maintenance of *liquidity* under conditions of a business downturn—undoubtedly represents a significant prop to stability. It would be a fallacy to believe, however, that the existence of this prop precludes, or even reduces, the possibility of a major depression. What it probably does safeguard against is the kind of cataclysmic financial panics which marked the nineteenth century and ushered in the Great Depression of the early thirties. To be sure, the avoidance of such panics and of their chain reactions could well change the course of the crisis itself, may even render it less acute, but there is nothing here to *prevent* depression or even to lessen significantly its over-all impact on income and employment.

THE SECOND group of "built-in stabilizers" comprises farm-price supports and public (as well as union-financed) relief payments to unemployed. The social desirability of these arrangements is obvious. By maintaining a rather low floor under the consumption of farmers hit by declining prices, and of workers rendered jobless by spreading lay-offs, they can mitigate the depression-caused contraction in consumers' expenditures. As a result, the over-all drop of income and employment is bound to be smaller than if these provisions did not exist. Yet the difference is unlikely to amount to much. Long before "built-in stabilizers" were discovered, some poor relief was doled out by local authorities and charitable organizations; it never was able to affect markedly the course of a depression, let alone to prevent one altogether. Still, just as there is strong reason for expecting that our first group of "built-in stabilizers" may eliminate the financial-panic-cum-liquidity-crisis aspect of depressions, so it can be hoped that the second group may somewhat reduce the suffering and privations traditionally associated with economic crises and unemployment.

This brings us to the third (and last) variety of "built-in stabilizers," which relates to the volume of government spending and the structure of government revenues. The relevant argument runs approximately as follows: The magnitude of government expenditures is determined not by the conditions prevailing in the economy, but by a set of more or less independent decisions and commitments. Thus outlays for the maintenance of the military establishment, interest payments on the national debt, costs of public administration and the like will remain unaffected by changes in the level of national income, in fact may even increase as national income declines (through increased payments to unemployed). Not so the government's receipts from taxation, which are bound to shrink if business as a whole enters a period of contraction. What is more, if the tax structure is progressive—that is, if higher tax rates are applied to higher incomes than to lower incomes—a decline of total taxable income must lead to a more than proportionate drop in aggregate tax payments. Consequently, a mechanism exists which automatically produces a gap between government expenditures and government revenues, thus creating a deficit in the government budget. This, in turn, means that in a depression the government would necessarily *add* to the income stream more than it would *withdraw* from it, the difference providing a pump-priming effect on the economy. Needless to say, this effect can only be appreciable if the government's tax receipts and expenditures are *large,* that is, if they constitute a significant share of national income. Since such is now the case in this country (it was not in the late twenties), this particular "built-in stabilizer" enjoys a great deal of prestige among those who believe that a major depression is out of the question at the present time.

THERE IS certainly nothing wrong with the underlying reasoning; however, it provides much less ground for optimism than might seem at first blush. It boils down to the proposition that given a large and *stable* volume of government outlays, the decline in private income and expenditure will be offset *to some extent* by the maintained spending on the part of the government. Obviously, the crucial question is the *magnitude* of this offset—and it is self-evident that this could not amount to more than a fraction, and a small fraction at that, of the original drop in effective private demand. In other words, this "built-in stabilizer," like the others, may be counted upon to serve as a brake on the downward movement, to cushion somewhat the fall. None of them, singly or jointly, can be reasonably expected to prevent a depression, significantly affect its scope or markedly shorten its duration.

But what about the other current of thought, the one that relies not upon our "built-in stabilizers," but upon faith in our increased understanding of the economic process and in our better insight into the causes of economic crises and the requirements of counter-cyclical policy? Could not the government make use of the achievements of modern economics, and adopt such measures as may be needed not only to prevent a depression, but to assure a steady expansion of output and income? Considered abstractly, this view appears to be entirely plausible. Indeed, the factors responsible for the current decline, and which are likely to cause further contraction of business activity, are by no means shrouded in mystery. The investment boom of the postwar decade gives every indication of drawing to a close. With productive capacities in nearly all industries exceeding current requirements by a considerable margin, businessmen become increasingly reluctant to expand further their plants and facilities. Similarly, with many prices stabilized and with others (particularly those of raw materials) seriously weakening, there is not only no inclination to enlarge existing inventories, but rather an increasingly pronounced tendency to reduce them. Aggregate investment is thus headed downwards, and in 1958 is likely to be considerably lower than it was this year. At the same time our export surplus, which in the last few years constituted an important offset to domestic savings, has begun to shrink. For this there are many reasons: the expansion of imports has been lagging behind the steady increase of exports; revenues from holdings abroad are catching up with new capital investment in foreign countries; the United States Government's foreign aid has been steadily declining. As a result, foreign countries are less and less in a position to find the dollars needed to pay for our export surpluses and are forced to take recourse to exchange controls and import restrictions of all kinds to maintain their balance-of-payments equilibrium.



Contrary to the opinion frequently encountered under such circumstances, it is immaterial that consumers' expenditures have remained high. Under more or less normal conditions—such as those prevailing at the present time—consumers' spending can be counted on to constitute a fairly stable proportion of disposable income. But for this spending to become a *dynamic* factor, causing upward or downward changes in general business conditions, there must be a *shift* in the proportion; in other words, there must be an increase or a decrease in the *share* of disposable income devoted respectively to spending and saving. Not that such shifts do not occur, both in the long run (slowly), and in the short run (suddenly). Yet there is no indication at the present time that such a change is likely to affect the short-term economic prospects. From such scattered and obviously preliminary information as is available, it would not appear that the 1958 automobile is inducing buyers to borrow heavily (i.e. to reduce their aggregate savings) in order to finance purchases. Nor would it seem that Santa Claus this year is digging his hands deeper than usual into the consumers' pockets.

WHILE AN *upward* shift of consumers' spending (as a proportion of disposable income) appears to be rather unlikely, there is at the present time a serious possibility of a *downward* shift. The fact that a very large share of current consumers' spending is earmarked for *durable* goods undoubtedly represents a dangerous "built-in *de*stabilizer" of the economy. Purchases of such goods —as different from those of food, liquor, tobacco and the like—are by their nature *postponable*, and a feeling of waning job security, of uncertainty about the future, or merely an expectation of significantly lower prices, may easily reduce the aggregate outlays on houses, deep freezers, washing machines and TV sets, correspondingly increasing personal saving (as a proportion of disposable income).

IN THIS SETTING, there are three directions from which a lift may be expected:

1. Residential construction, which has been holding up remarkably well, from now on will be subject to two opposite pressures. As growing unemployment and the expectation of lower prices will tend to curb its expansion, or even to push it below present volume, so cheaper and easier mortgage money may well give it an important shot in the arm. This significant corner of our economic landscape calls for careful observation—although it can hardly be expected to offset by itself the deflationary pressures generated in the investment and export sectors of the economic system.

2. Technological developments giving rise to important new products or forcing wholesale scrapping of existing facilities, may lead to a new burst of private investment. While the possibility of such developments cannot be gainsaid, they would not seem to be very probable at this time. While science is undoubtedly making spectacular progress, most of what may become the commercial technology of tomorrow is still in the blueprint stage today. Neither the exploitation of atomic energy for peaceful uses, nor the application of automation (and electronics) to industrial purposes, is likely to give rise to major capital outlays in the most immediate future. The powerful urge (and ability) of monopolistic business first to amortize its vast investments undertaken since the end of the war will undoubtedly prove a serious deterrent to rapid adoption of new equipment and new techniques for many years.

3. Thus the only sector of the economy that could stimulate the waning energies of the "free enterprise system" and at least temporarily banish the ghost of a serious depression, is the government. The exact shape of the combined government budgets (federal, state and local) for the calendar year 1958 cannot yet be foreseen. Yet no major increase in government spending seems to be in the offing. A considerable number of local bond issues were defeated at the polls last November; municipal authorities complain about difficulties in securing funds they need, and total outlays on roads, schools, hospitals and the like are likely to remain in 1958 about what they were this year. While larger federal spending on the missile program is safely to be assumed, the possibilities of such an increase are narrowly limited by the nature of the program; the increase, moreover, may well be offset by contraction of military spending in other directions. Under the circumstances, a tax reduction would be the only "shot in the arm" to be expected from Washington, yet tax cuts seem still to be anathema to Congress and the Administration alike. And in any case, even if cuts should come they would likely be too late to avert the slump.

One thing is very clear: neither Keynesian economics nor any other imaginative principles are guiding those who are responsible for the conduct of our national affairs. Neither the growing excess capacity of our productive plant nor mounting unemployment suggests to our "leaders" the possibility of massive slum clearance in our cities, of wholesale revamping of our scandalous educational system or the opportunity of effectively aiding (at last!) India and other backward countries in their desperate struggle against disease and starvation. The Republicans stick stoutly and obtusely to their religion of business as usual, worshiping daily at the altar of the balanced budget; the Democrats demagogically and recklessly advocate more spending for military purposes and accelerated preparation for war as the only protection against the gathering storm of depression. All pipe dreams about the welfare state are reserved for election years; when it comes down to practical business, not insights and ideals but interests and expediencies run the show.

GOVERNOR COLLINS of FLORIDA

THE FINE ART of MODERATION . .

by William L. Rivers

Coral Gables, Florida

SEVEN THOUSAND delegates to the Southern Presbyterian Men's Convention were gathered on the night of October 10 in a converted airplane hangar in Miami known as Dinner Key Auditorium. They were to be welcomed by Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins. The delegates expected to hear the usual meaningless "words of welcome," and with Billy Graham scheduled to make the major address the next evening, they were saving their enthusiasm. (In fact, some of the delegates' wives, at least, were saving themselves; Graham drew 10,000.)

For the first few minutes of Collins' speech, it seemed that the prejudgment had been accurate. The Governor began traditionally, relating an anecdote, then paying tribute to his state in that prideful way governors have. But when he began a parable about Pontius Pilate, there was a difference. It was obvious that the newly crowned "leading Southern moderate" would deal with the theme of the convention, "All the Way for Christ," by relating it to segregation.

After describing how Pilate symbolically washed his hands while turning Jesus over to the rabble, Collins said, "Real strength must show and shine even when a strong man is under the pressure of a mob. You and I today are under the pressure of a mob . . . people who are motivated by emotions beyond those of love for God and love for their fellowmen. They are monsters. . . ."

Collins then told of the firing of Dr. Deborah Coggins, a public-health physician who served three North Florida towns. In September, 1956, Dr. Coggins and a Negro nurse who worked under her discussed several cases while they ate sandwiches together in the back room of a restaurant in Madison. "The people heard about it and the mob gathered," Governor Collins recounted. "Citizens went to the county commissioners and cried, 'Fire her! She has violated the traditions and customs of the Southland. Fire her!' " Then, leaning out over the delegates, Collins asked, "Where in that situation were our Presbyterians? Where were our Methodists? Our Episcopalians? Where were all our churchmen? Where were all of our people who are dedicated to this proposition of 'All the Way for Christ'? Did they go before these county commissioners and say, 'Don't! This is wrong!'? No, they called for the bowl, and they washed their hands. . . ." On that caustic note, Governor Collins concluded.

In justice to the Southern Presbyterians, they took this slap and answered it with applause. It was generally conceded, in fact, that Collins' fifteen-minute "welcome" had been the high point of the convention. One layman said, "Billy Graham had the big opportunity, but Governor Collins used it." The Presbyterian *Outlook* reprinted the Governor's speech, and apologized for Graham with, "After this, it seemed

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that any speaker would be largely anti-climactic."

But in their repentant rush to congratulate Collins for reminding them that they had been hard to find when the Lord's work was at hand, the Southern Presbyterians missed the biggest opportunity. They could have answered Collins' question with a better one: Where, during the Dr. Coggins incident, was LeRoy Collins, Episcopalian?

Now it's true that when he learned of the firing of Dr. Coggins, the Governor said, "It cannot be squared with right and justice and conscience. . . ." But he added a loud echo from the segregationist South: "This would never have occurred two years ago. It is a by-product of the passions aroused by efforts to coerce integration of the races against the will of the people." Moreover, when Mrs. Flo Way, a schoolteacher, defended Dr. Coggins and was asked to resign, Governor Collins was silent. And when School Superintendent Desmond Bishop told the teacher, "You just jumped into this and it was none of your business," it was not Collins but Mrs. Way who reminded Bishop that "Justice is everybody's business."

THIS strange contrast between Collins' speech to the Presbyterians and his own actions is only one of many paradoxes. Another came two days later when Collins put his signature on a bill calling for automatic closing of any school to which troops are sent in a racial emergency.

And a whole nest of paradoxes can be seen in a chronological examination of Governor Collins' major speeches. Searching his first inaugural address of January, 1955, for *any* statement on segregation is a vain exercise. In his twenty-six page message to the Legislature delivered in April, 1955, there are two short paragraphs which can be summarized in two sentences:

> Segregation in the public schools is part of Florida's custom and law. I will use all the lawful power of the governor's office to preserve this custom and law.

His position during the rest of 1955 and the first few months of 1956 was little different. Then he was re-elected Governor in the spring of 1956, and was safe for four years.

On January 8, 1957 (four months after the firing of Dr. Coggins), LeRoy Collins delivered his second inaugural address. From a standing start, he began with that speech to describe a steadily rising "liberal" trajectory that in nine months landed him in the foremost place among the Southern moderates.

In that inaugural address, Collins was unequivocal: "The Supreme Court decisions are the law of the land. And this nation's strength and Florida's strength are bottomed upon the basic reverse premise that ours is a land of the law." He went further, reading the voters of Florida a kind of lecture on hate ("We can never find the answer by destroying the human spirit") and obstruction ("And we should admit that our attitude generally in the past has been obstructive all along the line").

THERE were similar utterances in succeeding months, but the pivotal speech was made before the Southern Governors' Conference. The assigned title was "Can a Southerner Be Elected President?" Predictably, Collins answered in the affirmative, and, also predictably, his pattern for a Southern President was cut largely from platitudes. But Governor Collins emphasized the paramount importance of the race question with:

> The greatest danger in the South is that our people will fail to understand the change taking place all around them. They must not forget that the first law of nature is change, and that the second is the survival of those who put themselves in accord with this change. This is what our Southern leadership must recognize if it expects to be listened to on the national scene.
>
> We can learn from the tragic example of Edmund Ruffin, the Virginian who happened to be the one who fired the first shot on Fort Sumter. By no means was this his greatest achievement. Ruffin had remarkable foresight and understanding of what the South could be if it would practice soil conservation, then a scoffed-at innovation.
>
> The Civil War kept him from ever seeing his vision and hopes materialized. He was consumed with his hostility to the Union and his devotion to the cause of the Confederacy. When he got the news that the South had lost the war, Ruffin, asking that his body be wrapped in a Confederate blanket and buried, took his own life in abject despair.
>
> If the South should wrap itself in a Confederate blanket and consume itself in racial fervor, it would surely miss its greatest opportunity for channeling into a wonderful future the products of change now taking place. And we should face up to the fact that it would bury itself politically for decades to come.

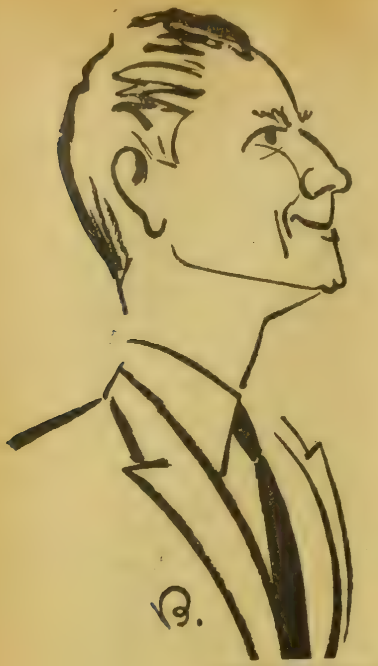
The liberal editorial writers needed no other documentation; Collins became the leading Southern moderate after that speech. And the trajectory continued to rise. Two weeks after the speech at the Southern Governors' Conference, Governor Collins put his question to the Southern Presbyterians. One month later, he told the Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association:

> The South is at one of history's crossroads. We can miss our great opportunity and go blindly down a road of turmoil and frenzy, or we can seize the opportunity to clear the emotional atmosphere and undertake our rightful responsibilities. . . . The greatest roadblock to progress I have yet encountered is the disease of racial intolerance and furor.

The reaction to these speeches is the most remarkable paradox: While the North was applauding "this new, bold leader of the sensible South," Southern audiences responded as though they were hearing the Gospel. Governor Marvin Griffin of Georgia qualified his praise of the Southern Governors' Conference speech with, "We cannot escape reality . . . there are obstacles to overcome," but he also said, "It was a wonderful speech and I agreed with most of it." Governor Orval Faubus of Darkest Arkansas qualified his reaction not at all. "A great speech," he said.

A tempting explanation of Governor Collins' ambivalent appeal offers itself: the Governor doesn't sit on the fence; he *runs* on it. He is always on the attack, always forthright, always aggressively positive—but it is never quite clear what he is positive about *doing*.

The result: in Florida, nothing has



Drawing by Berger

Governor Collins

been done. Not even the most gradual plan for Negro school attendance at any level has been suggested by the Governor. And yet Collins leads the moderates.

Despite all the paradoxes, the Collins phenomenon may be simple. Governor Collins may not even know of Elmer Wheeler, the high panjandrum of salesmanship, but Collins uses Wheeler's motto: "Don't sell the steak; sell the sizzle." The Governor has been selling the sizzle, not the steak, to almost everybody on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Few others are as well equipped as Collins to play the governor as supersalesman, and few have had as much experience. At the risk of putting too fine a point on it, when LeRoy had been graduated, with honors, from Tallahassee's Leon High School, he became a clerk in a grocery store. His employer, Bernard Byrd, recalls: "One day when Roy was sweeping the floor, he broke a $1 glass container of goose liver. He bought a loaf of bread, made five sandwiches and sold them to the people in the store for a quarter apiece—making a profit out of his own misfortune."

As Governor, Collins has functioned so effectively as a salesman that Florida newspapers are likely to headline his frequent trips to the North to lure industry with: FLORIDA'S SUPERSALESMAN IS OFF AGAIN!

When he ran for re-election in 1956 (Florida governors cannot succeed themselves, but Collins was serving out the unexpired term of the late Dan McCarty), Governor Collins demonstrated that he understands the modern psychology of resort-state politics. It is not only unsettling to serious Floridians to do little more than take in the wash of tourists who, when *they* go back home are busy with the world's work, it is well known that an economy geared to tourism can be shaky in hard times.

Until recently, only Mississippi in the entire South had less industry than Florida. The southernmost state was almost a geographical prostitute, serving with a sunny smile but having only an accidental productive function.

THE greatest change in the Florida economy came during LeRoy Collin' first administration, and Collins himself was responsible for a large measure of that change. New industry began to flood the state, and the national magazines that had always been filled with truckloads of the usual Florida puffery also began to run articles suggesting that a serious person might very well live and work under the sun.

During Collins' campaign for reelection, he played up "The New Florida" almost to the exclusion of other issues, coming up with the platform that Floridians can understand and appreciate better than any other: public relations.

The most striking evidence of the hard sell at work during the campaign came during a state-wide telecast from Miami. Governor Collins was late, and for nearly ten minutes his supporters filled the time with talk of the national interest in Florida that had grown during the Collins administration. When Collins spoke, he devoted more than half his time to his state's fortunate position as the new industrial leader of the growing Southeast region.

Then an announcement by Howard Hughes that he would build a big medical research center in South Florida and an aircraft engineering plant somewhere in the state set the stage for re-election. Finally, when a Hughes associate told Floridians how lucky they were to have a governor like LeRoy Collins, there was no longer any question. Collins won in the first primary, the first time in the history of the state that had been accomplished.

THROUGHOUT both his administrations, the Governor has continued to sell Florida with astonishing dexterity. Nearly half of all the new businesses established in the United States from 1950 to 1956 began in Florida. And even Collins' political opponents admit that much of the gain had been due to the lean, graying, carefully pressed figure whose handsomeness would excite comment on a movie lot. Collins' voice carries an intense, emotional sincerity, and when he is tired it takes on a quality of earnest pleading. His description of "this good state, this great Florida that we must keep clean and decent and good" would sound platitudinous coming from another, but Collins is as fervently and honestly sincere about it in conversation with one person as he is while talking to a rally or flushing a covey of industrialists. He pronounces "Florida" as though it were a newly meaningful word, much as Adlai Stevenson says "*po*-litical." When he spoke to the influential Sales Executives Club in New York two months ago (he has become so well-known that the meeting was a sellout, the largest crowd in the club's history), one newspaper reported, "Some 1,300 guests actually gasped. . . . They reacted with a resounding, standing ovation for Collins."

Carrying his ability to sell his state over to purveying his own brand of "moderation" has not only been easy for Governor Collins, it has been necessary. The state that hopes to lure industry can't afford race riots.

The cash value of Governor Collins' posture between the forces of segregation and integration was illustrated recently when a Milwaukee automobile battery manufacturer turned over to the Associated Press a telegram he had sent to Governor Collins. In the telegram, C. O. Wanvig, president and board chairman of Globe-Union, Inc., said his company would build a million-dollar plant in Tampa. The company's decision to establish the plant in Florida, Wanvig told Collins, "was greatly influenced by your courageous and statesmanlike efforts to resolve crucial issues. . . . Your leadership is helping provide a type of industrial climate which will assure continued economic progress and opportunity for the people of your state."

A good "industrial climate" certainly exists. The NAACP has been mollified by Governor Collins' forthright words; the White Citizens Councils can find no evidence that integration is anywhere on the horizon.

Governor Collins, it would seem, has flipped an axiom over on its back. Instead of playing both ends against the middle, he's playing the middle against both ends.

FOREIGN NEWS at WHOLESALE . . *Theodore E. Kruglak*

Rome

SYMPTOMATIC of what has happened to foreign-news coverage are the following bulletins recorded by *Editor and Publisher*:

> London, Oct. 4 (AP)—Moscow Radio said tonight the Soviet Union had launched an earth satellite.
>
> London, Oct. 4 (UP)—Moscow Radio said tonight that Russia has launched an earth satellite.
>
> London Oct. 4 (INS)—Moscow Radio reported the Soviet Union has launched an earth satellite.

The news was picked up by monitors for the news services in London and then flashed to the world. It was in this fashion that the news of the Hungarian revolt and the Israeli invasion of Sinai also came to the outside world. Where were the on-the-spot reporters?

It is true that several weeks before the Sputnik launching, the Moscow UP bureau reported a Soviet broadcast as saying Russian scientists would shortly take the first step into cosmic flight—but this was a report which could just as easily have been picked up in London.

In the Hungarian and Israeli situations, one might point out there were no American reporters permanently stationed in Budapest or Jerusalem. The Budapest offices of the Associated Press and United Press were manned by Hungarian nationals; the only outside correspondent was Canadian-born John MacCormac of *The New York Times* Vienna bureau. As for Israel, no American newspaper, radio network or news-magazine considered it worthwhile to station an American full-time correspondent there.

Does this indicate that we do not have enough foreign correspondents abroad? Or that the correspondents we do have are incompetent? Or that the news agencies are so involved in selling their news services abroad that they haven't the time or desire to dig for information? A professorial lint-picker, culling our press, could easily find enough material to answer all the foregoing questions in the affirmative, but a student of foreign reporting will find it more difficult to draw conclusions.

For example, it is a simple matter to say that there are fewer newspaper correspondents abroad today than there were in the '20s and '30s. But, delving deeper, you quickly see that this is not because newspapers have closed their foreign offices and fired their correspondents. What has happened is that many of the great newspapers of the past have died. I can think offhand of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the Boston *Transcript*, the New York *World*, the New York *Sun*—all with large foreign bureaus—and when they died their bureaus died with them. A cynic might conclude that the surest road to newspaper bankruptcy is to maintain a large and competent foreign staff. With the exception of the Toledo *Blade*, there have been no significant bureau openings abroad to balance these losses.

The losses are purely a newspaper phenomenon, and do not hold for the other mass media. CBS and NBC, which had no foreign correspondents abroad in 1932, now have larger foreign staffs than any American newspaper. Similarly, the news-magazines, which once relied almost exclusively upon the news agencies, have expanded tremendously. And the news agencies have more than doubled the number of foreign bureaus in this same period.

ON balance, there has been an increase in the number of foreign correspondents. If you read the *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the New York *Post*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Baltimore *Sun* or the Toledo *Blade*, you are getting a full foreign service. Add to this the 200 or so newspapers subscribing to one of the news syndicates operated by one or another of these great dailies, and what you have left is the overwhelming mass of 1,500 monopoly newspapers which must rely solely upon the news agencies for foreign news.

Do we have enough foreign correspondents? I think the Israeli, Hungarian and Cairo experiences indicate that we do not have enough in the right places. We concentrate our forces in London, Paris, Rome, Bonn and Tokyo, leaving the rest of the world to the news agencies and local nationals for coverage.

But what about the quality of today's foreign correspondents?

THEODORE E. KRUGLAK, author of The Foreign Correspondents *and a frequent contributor to professional journalism magazines, is currently visiting professor at the University of Rome.*

It is a mistake to think that contemporary correspondents have turned in their trench-coats for gray-flannel suits and that they sit around waiting for official handouts. Barrett McGurn of the *Herald Tribune,* George Weller of the Chicago *Daily News,* Russ Jones of the United Press, Joseph Dynan of the Associated Press, or any of the younger correspondents who have followed the lead of W. H. Stoneman, Harold Callender and Henry Wales in making foreign reporting a career and not a stepping stone to Hollywood or the lecture circuit, compare favorably with the glamorous correspondents of the '30s—the Fishers and Sheehans—when it comes to accuracy, initiative and courage. But to say that there are competent foreign correspondents to be found in all the media is to skirt the main issue. What about the foreign news received by the people in the thousands of Midtowns throughout the United States who rely almost entirely upon their local newspapers, radio and television stations for foreign intelligence. How well are *they* served?

IF THE newspaper reader in Midtown is not satisfied with the diet of foreign news in his local paper—and an International Press Institute survey indicates that 53 per cent are not —he can tune in on a local newscast.* If Midtown is typical, there will be, in addition to the monopoly newspaper, one or more local non-network stations of New York's WNEW type, as well as NBC, CBS or ABC affiliates. Here at least, the listener has a choice of news. Or has he?

At the breakfast hour, regardless of the network facilities with their world-wide array of correspondents available to him, the Midtown listener is likely to be tuned to the *locally*-originated newscasts. The local news editor (if the station is large enough to afford one) has incorporated a certain amount of foreign news in the program. The sources of these foreign items are the same news agencies and the same bulletins which are available to the local newspaper. No local station, whether affiliated with a network or not, has its own foreign staff. True, the network newscasts are serviced by large foreign staffs, and on some programs taped reports in the correspondents' own voices may be heard regularly. *But network newscasts have declined in popularity to the point where their audiences are much smaller than for the local newscasts.*

ALTHOUGH television from abroad cannot compete in speed with radio or cable reports, it is a growing factor. The necessity for scoring a ten-second beat over the competition, the eternal bugaboo of the news agencies, is not important here. Released from this pressure, the TV foreign correspondent is able to plan integrated stories and to cooperate in the production of documentaries which are the modern equivalent of reporting in depth.

The newspaper reader, to some degree, relies upon the news-magazines for his foreign news. But *Time, Newsweek,* and *US News and World Report* together do not reach more than 10 per cent of the population, in contrast with the almost complete saturation of radio and newspaper circulation.

It all boils down to the harsh reality of today's foreign news picture: the hard core of foreign news is still basically agency in origin.

The difference between wire-service coverage and that provided by individual newspaper correspondents is best summed up by quoting from the 1957 report of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association:

> Both in background pieces and in spot news stories, the AP foreign file seems more inhibited and less sure-footed. . . . in telling the reader what it's all about. It is as if there is a lag, with some of the foreign staff still struggling under the restrictions of a decade or so ago when the reporter was not supposed to explain the issue he was writing about, supplement it with corollary material or put it into perspective.
>
> One desk man observed this year: "A list of new cabinet members in France does not mean a thing, but an explanation of the forces they represent would."

The American news agencies are in a difficult spot. Critics judge the services by what appears in the newspapers. An Associated Press report may be a model of clarity, a synthesis of important facts relayed with almost lightning speed to thousands of clients all over the world, but if the telegraph editor in Midtown chops it to pieces, it is AP that is accused of omissions or inaccuracies. That is the cross the news agencies must bear.

TODAY, the American news agencies are directly competing in the sale of news not only with each other, but with three other international news agencies: TASS, the official Russian news agency; AFP, a French subsidized agency, and Reuters, a British agency of the AP type. In addition, there is a national news agency operating in almost every country in which the American services gather news. In most of these countries, the American agencies either have exchange agreements with the local agency or must sell in direct competition.

There is little point in discussing whether the American agencies trim their news sails to fit local winds.

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*The I.P.I. *Flow of the News* study in 1953 indicated the following preferences in source of news: radio, 48 per cent; newspapers, 47 per cent; television, 24 per cent; magazines, 10 per cent. The American survey was confined to those who read at least one newspaper daily and consequently may have a pro-newspaper bias.

What we do know is that a large part of the news-agency staffs abroad is there to service the foreign clients rather than to gather news for American customers. This has a definite effect upon personnel.

The foreign-bureau chief, who rose to his position because he was a good reporter, finds himself bogged down in the mass of detail involved in selling the news service, dealing with translators and local employees, and other affairs which have little relationship to news-gathering. These pressures, in turn, are transmitted to the news-agency correspondents, who must submit or quit. (There is no Newspaper Guild abroad to fight their battles.) When one considers the large proportion of news-agency correspondents who move to other media operating abroad, it is apparent that they are quitting not because they hate foreign reporting but because agencies do not provide them with enough scope.

In this respect, I think that the American news-agency situation in Rome today is typical. In a five-year period, two of the American agencies have had three bureau chiefs; the third has had two. During the same period, there has been an almost 80 per cent turnover in staffs.

I AM NOT attempting to picture the news agencies as monsters feeding upon our communications needs. The agencies filled the gap left by the inability, or unwillingness, of the vast majority of American newspapers and radio stations to send their own reporters abroad. The very nature of this global service requires the news agencies to be all things to all men, in essence an information "common carrier." This service is more than adequate for performing the "bulletin" portion of communications. What it lacks is the reporting in depth which only individual—and independent—correspondents can provide.

There are signs that American foreign reporting is coming of age; news agencies are beginning to "background" the news, to emphasize interpretation. It may be that the new blood which has crept into the top management posts in all three American news agencies is already taking effect.

If this surmise is correct, half the battle is won. The turnover in manpower of correspondents in the other media, which I noted in 1953, has slowed to a normal attrition rate. Foreign reporting is rapidly achieving status as an end and not a means to a different career.

The rest is up to the American public. If the reader is content with bulletins instead of real information, if he is happy with radio flashes, if he is unaware of the difference between a David Lawrence analysis of foreign affairs and an on-the-spot report of a Homer Bigart, then there is little point in having foreign correspondents. Radio Moscow can give the flash and George Sokolsky the interpretation—without wasting any money on cable charges.

CITY of INVISIBLE MEN . .

by Kay Boyle

Newark, Delaware

RECENTLY I came down here in search of the invisible men. I had heard them spoken of all summer by Newark houseowners and real-estate dealers, and from the concern in their voices, it might have been invaders from Mars who were on their way. But everyone knew they weren't going to come on flying saucers, but driving cars, exactly like Americans. The trouble was that they would expect to live in houses, and eat in restaurants, and go to barbershops, and act like ordinary men. The rumor running from mouth to mouth said there would be two thousand of them: two thousand men that the citizens of Newark didn't want descending on this quiet university town.

By last week they had begun to arrive, George Wilson, a local builder and contractor, told me. He knew because his door was open to them, and they could walk in and have a meal, or just sit and talk, or meet with the C.I.O. field representative there. Not more than two hundred had come, George Wilson said, but the people behind store counters, or sitting at soda fountains, or riding in buses, talked of the army of them that was pouring in. That first night at George Wilson's house in the Negro ghetto across the railway tracks, a boy came to the back door and said that two of them had just been picked up by the police, and he gave George Wilson their names. When Wilson, a big man in slate-blue slacks with a blue shirt open on his dark, solid chest, came back into the room, he picked up the telephone and dialed. The hair on his chest and at his temples is going grey, his chin is certain of what he wants to do, and he has a clear, undaunted eye. "Bill, this is George," he said, his voice courteous, low. "I hear you just picked up two Michigan men. Now, listen, I know them. I've had them up here at the house. I'll answer for them." So I knew the invisible men were really there. "Some of them are sleeping in their cars," George Wilson said when he'd hung up. "They haven't any place to go at night, so they step into some hole-in-the-wall and have a couple of glasses of beer. And if they walk a little unsteady, or drive two miles over the speed limit, they get locked up. Nobody wants them here; they're set on running them out of town."

These invisible men — the men that nobody wants to see and whose presence the town wants to wipe away — have been transferred from Detroit to the Plymouth plant here. Chrysler's contract with the union requires, in the event any plant closes down, that the employees of that plant be offered work in an-

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KAY BOYLE'S most recent novel is The Seagull on the Step.

other area before new men are hired for the jobs that are open there. The wild-cat strike at the Newark plant took place the day after I arrived, and cars blocked the highway for a mile, and no one could say exactly what it was about. They would tell you that, until now, Negroes had held only menial jobs at the Chrysler plant, janitors shifting furniture or leaning on their brooms, and getting half of a skilled worker's pay. And now Negroes from the North were on the assembly line, and the rumor was spreading that they were taking white men's jobs away. No objection, apparently, has been voiced against the white workers Chrysler is bringing in from Detroit, perhaps 1,500 with their families.

"These boys I've got on my mind could walk into any bank in town and ask for a $5,000 loan to buy a car, and get it," George Wilson said, "but they can't get a nickel to make a down payment on a piece of property." They are sleeping in ten-dollar a week beds in dilapidated rooming-houses, the story goes, Negro exploited by Negro, American by American; or they are in jail, or they are drinking beer somewhere at night. But in the beer parlor, people are hostile, believing the Negroes are taking their jobs away and overcrowding an already overcrowded community. The real-estate agents each have an identical little book in which the housing areas of Wilmington and Newark are covered street by street. The integrated neighborhoods of Wilmington are shown, and the block-houses that are available to Negroes now, and the sections that may open up, say, in 1960 or 1965.

"I'VE BEEN a Negro all my life, and I thought I'd seen everything," George Wilson said on that first night, "but I've never seen anything like these little books all fixed up pretty telling us where and when we're allowed to breathe fresh air."

Some years ago, George Wilson put up a Negro housing project here, and the ranch-type houses with their well-kept sloping lawns might be the beginning of better things if he could expand his building plans. Last summer, Wilson's son, Dick, an instructor in physical education, drove me out beyond the Negro ghetto and above the town of Newark to show me a piece of land they hoped to get for a second housing project, but now this land has become unavailable to Negro purchasers. A member of the Newark Housing Planning Committee told me that any move to build Negro housing in the neighborhood of the Negro quarter would be blocked because of the run-down condition of the old houses there. "We want to put up integrated houses along the new federal highway that will pass to the north and west of the town," he told me. "White housing on one side of the highway, Negro housing on the other." So the highway will stand between white and black, he did not add, nor did he add that the highway will not be finished for three years, or even four.

But there is another side to the story of why the land that George Wilson made a bid for, and other land, is not available to Negro buyers. The Negro community must not be permitted to expand and prosper. George Wilson's housing project demonstrated only too well what new and attractive homes can do to Negro self-esteem. The Negro ghetto must be contained in all its ancient misery and hopelessness, and, from a safe distance, new white housing will encircle and isolate the festering sore of the Newark Negro community. Nobody says very much about the evening in July when a Negro family moved into a decent all-white neighborhood on the outskirts of Wilmington. The windows of the house were broken that night, and in the morning the family moved away. But the local League of Women Voters' Housing Committee says that the community is alive with wild rumors about Negroes moving into white communities. In one residential district, a vigilante committee has been formed, and democratic-minded householders have organized a "counter citizens' committee," and have sent to the Council of Christians and Jews for literature and advice on how to hold neighborhood meetings and talk over the problem rationally.

FOR several days I didn't see the invisible men whom the townspeople didn't want walking their streets and breathing their air. And then, on Saturday night, two of them came into the restaurant where the diners sit along a counter, and they waited near the door for two places to be free. They had no way of knowing that the owner of the restaurant had said he was letting Negroes in on a trial basis. If anyone objected, or if he saw he was losing trade, he'd change his policy. But they'd been briefed by the U.A.W.-C.I.O. Fair Practices' representative, and they knew they couldn't go to the diner up the street, or the lunchroom beyond the postoffice, or to either of the two hotels. They'd come from Detroit that week, they told us when we talked at the door, and they weren't finding things too easy, but maybe it would work out, they said, when they knew their way around. Back in Detroit, they had their own houses, and wives and children, and they hadn't found any place yet for their families to live here.

"But we've only been five days in Newark," they said, "so maybe we don't know enough to talk about the situation. You don't get to know about things right off," they said. They were smiling as they shook my hand, and I knew then they were not invisible. They were flesh and blood like any man, and not to be willed away.

PART-TIME JAIL . . *by Gene Marine*

"WHEN YOU sit in jail all day long," the plumber said, "it's easy to stop thinking. But I've done an awful lot of real thinking. One thing, I'll never allow myself again to get in the position of being sent to jail."

The plumber had been convicted of drunken driving, and sentenced to four months in jail and a fine of $750. With no money—at least nowhere near $750—to spare, he would normally have found himself facing release, after losing a third of a year, with the $750 fine hanging over him. As it turned out, the plumber got out of jail with money not only to pay the fine but to hold him over until his income could resume its usual level. The difference came about because his arrest was in California's Santa Clara County, where for eight months the county parole board has been permitting selected prisoners to leave jail to work during the day, returning each night.

The Santa Clara County plan is based on Wisconsin's "Huber Plan," which has been in effect for sixteen years and has reached the point where as many as half the prisoners in a Wisconsin county jail may be out working during the day. In Santa Clara County, though, the program still moves forward with caution. The three-man parole board—the police chief of the city of San Jose, plus the county's sheriff and district attorney—started the program with four prisoners.

"We've had to squeeze the parole system a little bit," Sheriff Mel Hawley says carefully. Then, with a grin, he adds, "In fact, we've twisted it out of shape. But the plan seems to offer more than anything we've ever heard of in the way of real rehabilitation."

The program, simple in concept, is carried out with great care and attention to detail. Narcotics or sex offenders are automatically excluded; the beneficiaries so far have been misdemeanor offenders—traffic violators, mostly, or men who failed to provide for families. Their civilian work and credit records are exactingly checked. In addition, each prospective "part-timer" is given a California "personality-inventory test" and an "MMPI"—Minnesota multiphasic - personality inventory. Any evidence of a disturbed "personality profile" means a full twenty-four-hour day in jail until time is up.

Even those who, having passed the tests, enjoy the benefits of the plan, are still under certain rigid strictures during their hours out of jail. Sheriff Hawley makes this clear: "The man knows he's still a prisoner —especially at the end of the day when the other fellows on the job go off for a beer before going home. He's got to go back directly to his cell."

The men—building tradesmen, accountants, grocery clerks—are allowed to earn their regular incomes, but they don't keep all the money they earn. It goes first to the sheriff's office, and before it's banked in the prisoner's account, the sheriff deducts $2.50 a day for room and board, plus bus fare, lunch money, union dues and payments to the inmate's family.

During his out-of-jail working hours, the inmate can't use a phone, nor meet with anyone socially. They don't, either. "If we let the plan down," the plumber said, "we're letting down all the other men who would like to get a chance like this." The "other men" know it, and they keep a steady pressure on the part-timers. Nor does the sheriff relax. "They are still serving time," he says crisply. "They can have visitors over the weekends, during regular visiting hours."

So far, the plan reports one failure. On his way back to work, a prisoner stopped for a beer; he felt bad enough about it to report himself immediately when he got back to jail. "Of course," Hawley says simply, "he was returned to twenty-four-hour custody in jail."

The plan has advantages for the jail and the community as well as for the prisoner. At $2.50 a day for room and board, the plan, extended to 100 prisoners, would save the county's taxpayers $250 a day on the cost of operating the jail; in addition, it would probably save another $500 daily in welfare costs for the families of prisoners.

"I have a wife and boy," said one prisoner who, at the beginning of the program, was about to lose his home for taxes. "You do hard time when you sit in jail and get letters that they're going in debt for food and that the taxes aren't paid. I can't tell you what this opportunity has meant for me. I wouldn't do anything to louse it up."

This, of course, has long been one of the open sores of our penal system: imprisonment punishes not only the offender, but the offender's wife and children as well. Welfare payments from the county rarely, if ever, match the income level of the prisoner's normal earnings; at times, even this meager cushion is lacking.

One construction worker, for instance, stone broke at the time of his drunken-driving conviction, found himself with a "choice" between a $500 fine or 100 days in jail. Four hundred miles away, in Los Angeles County, lived his ex-wife and their child, counting on his monthly support payments — payments he couldn't make from jail. Thanks to the Santa Clara plan, he got out of jail not only up-to-date in his payments to his ex-wife, but with a stake for himself. He left the jail certain that he wouldn't be back—a certainty he couldn't have had if he had been three months behind on support payments.

At this writing, the plan is about to be tried in several other places, in and outside California. It isn't, of course, an answer to all the criticisms of modern penology; nor is it any guarantee of diminishing jail populations in the future. But to the ordinary worker, convicted of a relatively minor offense, it's one thing he badly needs, one thing that can make the difference between starting clean and a permanent position behind the eight ball. It's a break, and that's all most men ask for.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The One-Year Renaissance

NOT BY BREAD ALONE. By Vladimir Dudintsev. Translated by Dr. Edith Bone. E. P. Dutton. 512 pp. $4.95.

Mark Gayn

UNTIL the early fall of 1956, Vladimir Dudintsev was—in the words of a Soviet critic — an "ordinary" writer. He worked for a Communist youth newspaper, wrote children's tales, in 1952 published a collection of short stories. Four years later, he burst upon the Soviet scene as the most noteworthy and controversial novelist of the post-war era. *Not By Bread Alone,* published in three installments in the Moscow monthly, *Novy Mir,* provoked fierce nationwide debate and eventually became a part of the profound political crisis faced by Soviet leadership.

The initial reaction to *Not By Bread Alone* was kind. The critics saw in it the end of the "age of varnishing," and a demonstration of the honesty and candor for which Nikita Khrushchev had pleaded in his attack on Stalin six or seven months earlier. The friendly critics were quickly joined by students, and the discussions in Moscow and Leningrad, according to one leading writer-bureaucrat, had a "thermonuclear reaction" throughout the country.

What hostile voices were heard, came at first faintly from the provinces. But as the implications of the novel became clearer, the voices gathered strength, until the party itself joined the chorus. The Central Committee had already been alarmed by ferment within the Soviet orbit. It affected the workers of Poznan, the intellectuals of Budapest and the writers and youth of Moscow alike. Obviously, the process had to be halted before it imperiled the very bases of party controls. It was no coincidence, thus, that the decision to crush the revolt in Hungary was reached at about the same time as the decision to "stop" Dudintsev. Soon the party's most authoritative voices were assailing the novel as a libel on Soviet reality, a manifestation of the petty bourgeois poison seeping into Soviet literature, and the work of an enemy.

Yet, Khrushchev was no Stalin, and 1956 was not 1949. It was no longer possible to deal with Dudintsev in the summary manner in which, for instance, Stalin had dealt with the Jewish authors. Dudintsev, aware of this, refused to recant. Instead, he turned on the "panic-mongers" at a writers' meeting:

> I remember in the early days of the Great Patriotic War, I lay in a trench. A dogfight was going on overhead. Messerschmitts were shooting down our planes, although ours were superior in numbers. Something snapped in me, because I had always heard that our planes were the fastest and the best. It's said that I express "blackening" tendencies. This is untrue. I simply do not want to see a repetition of what I saw then. I have a right to such a wish.

After this, the campaign to "get" Dudintsev and his supporters became one of the most savage yet seen in the Soviet Union. Writers' unions in every republic — Ukrainian, Georgian, Uzbek, Tadzik and the rest — called meetings to denounce him and, incidentally, the local Dudintsevs. Army leaders and bricklayers were brought out to castigate him. The daily press and the magazines turned on him with a vehemence normally reserved for American imperialists. The climax was provided by a confrontation between the commissars and the men of letters at the Kremlin. Khrushchev himself delivered the key speech and, not unexpectedly, he broadened his range to include not only Dudintsev but the whole dangerous new cultural current.

Khrushchev's anxiety was justified. *Not By Bread Alone* is melodramatic and awkwardly constructed. Its heroes are dazzling white, its villains black. But if its literary virtues are minor, its impact as a political document is immense.

Not By Bread Alone is the story of a self-made inventor, Dmitri Lopatkin, in conflict with bureaucracy. Lopatkin has developed a centrifugal machine for casting pipes, but no one will listen to him because a clique of scientists in Moscow, with the aid of subservient officials, is pushing an inferior project of its own. Lopatkin's antagonist is Leonid Drozdov, at first manager of a great industrial combine, later a high Moscow official. In contrast to Lopatkin, who is an idealist, a humanist and an individualist, Drozdov is the New Soviet Man. He believes in swimming with the tide, knifing a luckless colleague when necessary, "working with the collective," which might make costly errors, but always wins in the end. The essential triangle — for this is also a love story—is completed by Drozdov's beautiful wife Nadezhda. After years of hunger, suffering and even imprisonment on trumped up charges, Lopatkin triumphs. But what helps to make this book so extraordinary an indictment of the Soviet system is that, if virtue and genius are rewarded, villainy is not punished. Drozdov himself is on his way to becoming a deputy minister. Perhaps nothing could be a more striking tribute to the novel than the fact that the names of both Lopatkin and Drozdov have already become nouns in the Soviet Union.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE was not the only controversial book to appear in 1956-57 — a period described by one Soviet author as "the past dangerous year" and by another as "a remarkable year in which our literature entered a new stage in its development." In some ways, it was a year of cultural renaissance, for, all at once and without pre-arrangement, Soviet literature displayed unaccustomed vigor and freshness,

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turned to new themes, found new heroes and villains. New magazines and anthologies sprang up, and whether they appeared in Moscow or in the provinces, they all exhibited the happy symptoms of the new current.

In its attempt to scotch the renaissance before it got out of hand, the party chose the popular and successful Dudintsev as the whipping boy. But his fellow-heretics were many, and highly respected. Recently, I tried to list the novelists, poets, critics, playwrights and editors who contributed to the new trend, and were therefore assailed by the party. I stopped when I began nearing one hundred. Among them were the poets Boris Pasternak (whose autobiographical novel, *Doctor Zhivago*, condemned in Moscow, is about to be published in Italy), the two outstanding women, M. Shaginyan and Margarita Aliger, and A. Yashin (attacked for his novelette, "Levers"). Among them were the novelists Boris Polevoi, Ilya Ehrenburg, D. Granin (whose short story, "Personal Opinion," created almost as much furore as *Not By Bread Alone*); V. Kaverin (author of the trilogy, *An Open Letter*, and an editor of the savagely criticized magazine, *Literaturnaya Moskva*) and the well-known writer, V. Tendryakov (condemned for his story, "A Tight Knot"). Also on the list were the playwright A. Shtein, author of a war drama, *Hotel Astoria*, and the editors N. Atarov (accused by a colleague of having refused to print in *Moskva* "a number of ardent, life-affirming, party-spirited works merely because the 'critical principle' did not predominate in them") and Konstantin Simonov, under whom *Novy Mir* became the leading organ of the renaissance. To Russian readers these names are the equivalents of the Hemingways, the Arthur Millers, the Trillings and the Edward Weekses.

One of the facets of the rebellion against party controls was the feeling that there was an ever-broadening gap between the writer and reality. "The prime function of our literature," a speaker cried at a recent writers' congress, "is to teach our people that this is a heroic era, and that the new Soviet man is a heroic figure." But it had long become obvious that the heroic era was accompanied by a great deal of dishonesty and that the new Soviet man was not always admirable.

"Socialist Realism" — the all-inclusive name of the party formula for the arts—was something noble and specific to Maxim Gorky. But long since it had become encrusted with clichés, and its shades of meaning now changed with each transfer of political power. Khrushchev himself, for instance, told this instructive little tale at his encounter with the writers at the Kremlin:

> Only with great difficulty did I succeed in saving so deserving a writer as Maxim Rylsky from sharp criticism for his poem, "Mother," which is imbued with deep patriotic feeling. The principal reason for the unfounded accusations . . . was the fact that Stalin's name was not mentioned in the poem. . . .

Obviously what is socialist Realism for Khrushchev was bourgeois nationalism for Stalin. How could a writer follow such mutations of meaning, and retain his integrity as a writer and man?

Song After Seven Glasses of Picasso

A woman made of wire
and double mirrors
and distances.
I make a sonata
for the idea
of the woman.

A man made of boxes
and bulls and
passages.
I make a cantata
for the idea
of the man.

A peace made of tanks
after a battle
of doves.
I make a canon
for the idea
of peace.
BUT

the wire woman
and the cubic man
can marry in an orbit
of virginals
and have a child
in green sharp minor.

I ring a gong
for the probability
of the impossible.

DILYS LAING

The renaissance of 1956-57, thus, was a revolt of Russia's own "angry young men" against party dictation of both subject and style; against the varnishing of reality, the mandatory optimism, and the glorification of the party and its leaders on all levels. And, thus, the tremendous shock produced by Dudintsev's canvas, with its mean and so dreadfully familiar images — the scheming and dishonest party and state officials, their mink-coated wives, the servile underlings, children fighting in the streets for the peel of oranges they had never seen before, the common people living on a diet of potatoes, the political frame-ups and, of course, prison. The favorite theme of the renaissance became what had always been the dominant feature of the daily life—the ordinary man's conflict with the heavy-handed and often corrupt bureaucrat. It was this ordinary man who became the hero of the new day—Dudintsev's half-starved inventor Lopatkin, who would not be bribed or intimidated, or the poet Kirsavin's nameless genius (in "Seven Days of the Week") who invented a new heart — to replace the old one which surrendered so easily to evil forces.

IN THE literature of the brief renaissance, party leaders alone remain sacrosanct. Dudintsev's villains are a deputy minister and a flock of bemedaled scientists; Kirsavin's are "*the functionaries/Who are happy to cut/The human hearts/From the Country.*" Tendryakov, in "A Tight Knot," tells of rottenness in a district party committee, where three successive first secretaries are bunglers, the second secretary is "a stupid and vapid woman," and the lower party officials are "noticeably obtuse." P. Zagrebelny's story, "Kundia," is dominated by a scoundrel who graduated from an engineering school without having taken any examinations, acquired five medals without having fought in a battle, became senior engineer at a major plant despite his ignorance, and lands in the party apparatus, where he easily "makes his way."

"Idiots and cowards holding various army posts" are the subjects of stories and plays by Simonov, Shtein, S. Schipachev ("A Letter Without Stamps") and Anna Valtseva. The villain of Valtseva's famous "Apartment 13" is a retired colonel, a coward and anti-Semite, who lives comfortably in a three-room apartment while his neighbors are jam-packed into single rooms, and who had apparently something to do with framing an innocent man sent to prison for seventeen years. Valtseva has been accused of trying to "distract attention from the heroic life bubbling in our country."

FOR THE moment, the repression has succeeded. Simonov, Ehrenburg and a legion of others have recanted. The "liberal" magazine editors have been fired, and their successors have learned their lesson so well that future Dudintsevs are unlikely to see their heresies in print for some time to come.* Margarita Aliger, one of the most thoughtful and courageous figures of the renaissance, crumbled under the pressure. Khrushchev denounced her by name at the famous Kremlin meeting and, according to The London *Times,* she fainted and had to be carried out. Then in October she went before a writers' meeting to deliver this memorable and pathetic plea — a document for our days:

> I have had to live through several months of bitter thoughts, deep reflections and direct and merciless debates with myself. It has long become clear to me that I made a number of mistakes in my public work and, fully recognizing this, I have been in a state of inner depression and passivity. . . . I, as a Communist, accepting every Party document as something wholly and boundlessly my own, unquestionable, am now able, without mincing words or making reservations, without any false fear of injuring a sense of my own dignity, to say to my comrades that I actually did make the mistakes about which Camrade Khrushchev spoke. . . . I think I have succeeded in understanding the causes of these mistakes and even the fact that some of them are simply bound up with *my human nature, which, perhaps, somehow hinders me in my public work. I am sometimes inclined to replace political categories by moral and ethical ones. . . . Apparently I must now be much more exacting of myself.* [Italics mine.]

Who can cast a stone at an overwrought woman, who for a year now has been the target of a merciless attack and who is seeking to survive by going through the prescribed ritual of self-vilification? Will she be able to write in the future the magnificent poetry of which she was occasionally capable in the past? Will she go down in history as the most notable casualty of the suppressed Russian renaissance of 1956-1957?

For the moment, the Party has reasserted its absolute rule over culture. Yet it is deluding itself if it believes that literature can be permanently housebroken. The Soviet Union has become a mighty industrial nation, a world power, the home of 15,500,000 intellectuals by the latest count. Thus, enormous pressures, both internal and external, are being exerted on literature, as they are on Soviet society, thought and political institutions. The rebellion of the past year was a reflection of those pressures. And unless the Communist Party adapts its policies and methods to the new age, Vladimir Dudintsev will not be the last angry young man to rise against the task-masters of Soviet culture.

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*Dudintsev himself has begun to make his peace. At a Moscow writers' meeting earlier this month he promised that his new novel, now in work, would portray "positive" heroes in "warm and attractive terms." *The Editors.*

Leaper Into Vision

GREAT PRAISES. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. 72 pp. $4.

M. L. Rosenthal

WHATEVER it is that makes a "true" poet, in the old Platonic or the new subliminal sense, Richard Eberhart has it. When the god's hand is on him, the language pours forth, powerfully channeled, alive without bombast, rhythmically true:

> My golden and my fierce assays,
> My bold and sudden thunderbolts,
> My costly lights, have led
> me all astray. . . .

or

> It was a music of the altar deeps,
> Impersonality of the proving
> waters. . . .

If the poems these lines introduce do not sustain their initial force and rightness, that fact does not make Eberhart any less a "true" poet. Too many of his poems do begin in brilliant fashion, then fade into some forced paradoxical turn, or into the thick, guttered-out language of a conventional and semi-mystical piety, or even into tautology. Characteristically he is intellectual and abstract, but his driving conceptions are emotionally ignited by a visionary intensity. When the god simply sets him off and turns away, Eberhart—like Wordsworth in his more vacantly pensive moods, or like Shakespeare throwing away the closing portions of otherwise magnificent sonnets—loses not only the fusing fury but the original energy. Many a lesser poet, more accustomed to conserving whatever he has to work with, could tighten up a number of the endings in *Great Praises* so that the passion would be contained instead of dissipated. But though we should not quite forgive him his failures of self-criticism, it is quite likely that Eberhart needs to work as he does; that if he allowed himself certain kinds of "doubts," the greater successes, those poems in which we sense the god's presence at every moment, would be impossible.

Such a success is "The Roc." The fabled bird of prey that is the protagonist of this poem seeks to transcend its own mythical history and symbolism—

> The perfervid Roc, sitting
> on candle light,
> The moon's, inaccessible to night,
> Thrusting invention, as if he
> were human,
> Thought he could do anything
> in the world.

The Roc decides to teach mankind how to be free of fear and of feeling, and therefore of the suffering that comes with

> The inability to look at anything
> Explicitly, or straight enough
> to see it straight.

But as he starts to bring the cold intellectual light of his own being down to the world (or at least, contemplates starting to do so), he sets catastrophe in motion. The earth's bedrock buckles, and

His new dimension
Affronted the clear light of
the old moon.
The Roc then lifted up his
ancient wings
And flew, instinctively,
toward the dawn.

It is the old war in Eberhart's verse between the ecstatic, instinct-ridden subjective man and his other, intellectual-scientific self. But in "The Roc," with its ironic twist at the close which is yet perfectly probable and natural, we have a blazing dominant symbol that encompasses the whole problem more richly than any other this poet has used before; and he plays on it to the limit of his ability, as Yeats does with his Sphinx image in "The Second Coming."

If we read the weaker poems of the volume in the light of the strongest ones, we have the curious sense of watching an athlete trying again and again to clear the bar at a virtually impossible height. The form, and the potentiality, seem always superbly the same at the start, but only when the movement is most concentrated and unbroken can he make it at the end. Thus, "What the Senses Tell" breaks stride in the third stanza, falters into sentimental didacticism; "Seeing Is Deceiving," on the other hand, counterposes two kinds of mystical vision with absolute accuracy, and conveys the opposition to us in all its depth and confusing beauty. "Independence and Resolution," related in theme to these two poems, soars even above "Seeing Is Deceiving" in a vision of man's aspirations and their destructiveness, as well as their most creative forms. It strikes me as a precise, affirmative counterpart to the satirical "Society of Friends," which so deliberately echoes Wallace Stevens in its witty projection of the dependence on one another of man's ardent animality and his need for intellectual authority. Again, Eberhart includes as usual a number of poems on the theme of death. In the past, this theme has produced many of his most notable successes. Here, only the first part of "The Day-Bed" and "To Evan" go where they should go after the opening lines, and represent something new in the poet's work. In each, the central figure of the dying person forces a control comparable in its way to that of "The Roc." Abstract blather, of the kind uninformed by sufficient emotional grounding, is forbidden by the nature of these central figures, and two beautiful, tender statements result.

Other rare displays of virtuosity can be seen in "Theme from Haydn," remarkable for its modulations of mood and line; in the literally realistic "Sea-Hawk," which parallels in its final effect some of the work of Jeffers and of Yeats; in the Baudelairian "The Giantess"; in the morally subtle and disturbing metaphysical poem "Vast Intellect"; and in the two short crackling memos —"Fables of the Moon" and "Idols of Imagination"—by the poet to himself concerning the state in which to maintain his consciousness. "It is needed," he says in "Fables"—

It is needed to be quick
And deal the world out with a will.

Eberhart funks this task in his more ponderously didactic forays and in his occasional dear little poems on squirrels and the weather. But there are pieces in this book which approach pure realization. They deal the world out gloriously, then deal it back in again but keep it in its proper place; and they do so with the dream-laden attentiveness to truth, the quick interpenetration of spirit and knowledge—sometimes called genius—which is the hallmark of Richard Eberhart's finest work.

Free at Last

THE NAKED GOD. The Writer and the Communist Party. By Howard Fast. Frederick A. Praeger. 198 pp. $3.50.

Robert Hatch

IT IS difficult to work up much appetite for the political history of a man who, though a self-styled intellectual, joined the Communist Party at the absurdly late date of 1943 and remained in its ranks for fourteen years. The reason for mentioning this book at all is that Howard Fast, today a thoroughly purified man, recalls his experiences in terms that only add to the aura of diabolism that surrounds the party. He is likely to be read by such moths as still hover around that flame and they should not be allowed to think that the attraction is necessarily irresistible.

Mr. Fast writes from the premise that only those who have themselves been Communists can possibly understand what the experience meant to him. This lends his book the air of a true confession: it was a decade and a half of waking nightmare; the writer knew that he was being destroyed; he yearned to free himself from this degrading servitude, but he could not break his chains. One gets the uncomfortable feeling that communism is habit-forming or that Eugene Dennis is endowed with a hypnotic eye.

A large part of the book consists of a tour through the author's hell. Notable sinners are shown at their labors, we learn that the party does not operate on democratic principles, that the "line" is more important than reason or decency, that individuals are expendable. Above all, we discover that the party holds artists in contempt and will insist that a novelist change his story to conform to policy, on threat of being unfavorably reviewed by the party press if he refuses. It is as bizarre an excursion as being led again through the intricacies of long division.

Mr. Fast's dilemma is clear. He would like to explain these fourteen years without admitting that the comrades played him for a sucker and that he hesitated for an awkwardly long time before finding the courage to admit it. So he creates a picture of himself as a man deprived of his faculties, a somnambulist who walked with eyes glazed until Khrushchev's secret speech supplied the magic word of deliverance.

That is all much too fascinating: Howard Fast's self-pride was at stake; he discovered, rather promptly, I suspect, that he had made a mistake of monumental idiocy and he was moved to rationalize hysterically in an effort to save his dignity. It is something at least that he now admits the error, and he does so in decent terms. He names no names, he accuses no one of having enlisted him, he asks for no cheers (well, only a few cheers) for his courage and will power in breaking free. It would be pleasant to welcome him home and not cast doubt on his lurid traveler's tale. But to accept his interpretation of those fourteen years makes the Communist Party too glamorous a foe. Howard Fast was trapped by his own ego—like a man who has staked his reputation on the assertion that the earth is flat, he required an abnormal amount of counter-evidence.

What Does Your Father Do?

He cries pretzels in traffic jams,
hot corn on 30th,
ices on Mulberry
and chestnuts in the Park.
My pop is the ol' clo' man,
the organ-grinder-monkey-man.
He sells pencils on the corner
and bangles in the subway.
The birdwhistle man.
Awning-fixer, walking tinker, simonizer.
My daddy—
he sings a blind song on a deaf banjo.
I love him so!

GEORGE BOGIN

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

SINCE the announcement was made that Leonard Bernstein will be Musical Director of the New York Philharmonic beginning next season, I have been pondering some of the strange problems that seem to go along with that particular post. I am glad Bernstein was appointed. In a purely subjective way, I am sorry that Mitropoulos had to step down, for, though I have never extolled him beyond the skies, neither have I felt he deserved the critical drubbing he has often received. But the straw of his resignation has been in the wind, and it seems to me that now, before the new conductor takes over full responsibilities, it is useful to ask just why the Philharmonic, among all major American orchestras, should lead such an uncomfortable existence.

One clue, it seems to me, can be found in the nature of the press response to the Philharmonic announcement itself. Nobody seems really glad that Bernstein has been appointed; no one seems sad that Mitropoulos is leaving. One might almost imagine that a brand of cynicism was involved in this unwillingness, on the one hand, to extend a modicum of sincere trust to Bernstein, and on the other, to say even a gracious *au revoir* to Mitropoulos. I think cynicism *is* involved, but of the most addle-pated and ingenuous kind, stemming from dissillusionment with a series of conductors who, under the brutal focus of nationally circulated New York critical opinion, and quite unsustained by the smallest amount of community, coterie, or general esthetic support, have failed to fulfill a false image of the conductor as the PRIME-MOVER of music, the REVEALER OF ALL MYSTERIES.

No conductor is any such thing. Toscanini was not; Monteux is not; Mitropoulos is not; Bernstein is not. These men are interpretive musicians, like any other. They differ from their professional colleagues only in that, within special areas, their abilities are more highly developed, their sensitivities and insights occasionally more profound. To attribute unfailing, heroic, transcendental qualities to them is to invite disillusionment, and to lambaste them afterward out of pique is silly. Mitropoulos, when he led the Minneapolis Symphony, produced with it a dynamic, hard-driven and unyielding sound—the same sound he produced later with the Philharmonic. He also played a great deal of contemporary music—if I am not mistaken, more than any conductor in the United States. These two facts about his musical personality and his product were well known before he came to New York. And yet, with regard to programming contemporary music, he was hamstrung here; and with regard to his particular orchestral sound, an abysmal reaction set in. Why? It would seem that some of the very qualities for which he must have been hired were the ones for which he was later attacked.

Now Bernstein is coming. What can we expect from him as a musician and as a policy maker? For one thing, we can predict that he, too, will want to program a more telling proportion of contemporary and contemporary-American music. We can assume that in his own stints on the podium (which will account for about half the total season) there will be in evidence, at the minimum, a great deal of vitality. We can expect that, in his policy-making, there will be an element of community consciousness, a feeling of responsibility for the public's education and for honest, grass-roots hoeing which has been lacking from previous Philharmonic plans. We cannot predict that he will commit no musical gaucherie out of undisciplined high-spirits, or that he will outdistance on their own ground some middle-aged or old conductors, specialists in the standard repertory, who have had opportunities for contemplation and for practice in their art which Bernstein has not. But I think these latter considerations are less important than is the general healthiness of the orchestra's position in the community, its functioning as a socio-cultural institution.

IN MY opinion, the trouble with the Philharmonic, the source of dissatisfaction with its various conductors and with its very sound, does not have its roots in the orchestra at all, but in its unique predicament of being stationed in New York. In Boston, whose orchestra is constantly eyed with envy by New York musicians and critics, a concert is an event of accepted importance. The conductor and his musicians are esteemed as members of the social organism, and are supported both by the ranks and by their peers. In New York, a different situation prevails. The orchestra, not being a self-sufficient economic institution, has to fight against even its union to get the salaries it deserves. The conductor, whether he be outgoing or incoming (unless he was Toscanini, in which case everyone bowed in blind adulation) is offered no moral or community support; on the contrary, he is stuck up on a drafty pedestal and made a target for every passing stone. The city, although well able to do so, gives no support. Management, naturally, gauges the leeway it will allow the conductor's taste by the dollar sign and the box office: no consideration can thus be given to the minority audiences who make up the progressive element in a musical community. And, decade after decade, the orchestra gets no farther toward Parnassus than does the dollar-bound Broadway theatre.

Then, too, because the orchestra is located in New York and broadcasts transcontinentally, its concerts are subjected to cruelly exaggerated scrutiny. New York newspaper and magazine reports of its performances are circulated as far as the Pacific, and the immensity of this dissemination throws abnormal focus upon every note it plays and upon any faults of its conductor. Critical standards, as we are all fond of saying, are high here. Too often it is the attitude of "Show me; I dare you."

I AM glad that Bernstein has been appointed, not because I think he is going to out-Beethoven Bruno Walter or out-Verdi the memory of Toscanini. I am glad because, so far in his career, he has consistently demonstrated that he has a sense of music's place in the American community, and of the composer's place at the top of the pyramid. I expect him to give us performances of American music which have the ring of authenticity, as readings by all but a few European conductors do not. I expect him to use his unconservative imagination to wrest from his board of directors, from the media of mass-communication, and even from the municipality of New York, the means to underpin some decently progressive and continuous projects. I expect the young in mind to be able, for a change, to find sustenance in Philharmonic programs.

It is possible, I realize, that Bernstein was selected by the board of directors as a "personality boy" who could glamorize the Philharmonic and its box office. That would have been a wrong reason and an insulting one. But it would not necessarily be a handicap. For popular prestige could easily be made a lever with which to pry loose conservative wrong-headed attitudes that previous conductors have been unable to budge.

Above all, and involved in my entire attitude, is the expectation that Bernstein will comprehend the dimensions of his opportunity and the kind of duty it lays upon him. American musical culture does not need glamorizers, sugar-coated pill-makers, or *enfants terribles.* It does badly need sober, cultivated musicians with serious esthetic missions and hard, practical heads. It needs native-born and trained conductors in important positions, and I should like, in another column, to discuss some of the reasons why they are not already there.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONE MIGHT call Karel Capek's *The Makropoulos Secret* (Phoenix) a thriller with a thesis because it purports to dramatize the undesirability of perpetually prolonged life. If that were all there was to it, one would have to find it a pretty silly play. Actually it is quite entertaining.

The reason for this is that the script is cleverly contrived as melodrama up to the moment when its "secret" is disclosed, but more especially because it has been amusingly and artfully directed by Tyrone Guthrie.

The play, written in 1926, takes place in 1911, when most of Central Europe was part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. Guthrie has a penchant for the period—he set his production of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* in it—a feeling particularly for the theatre conventions of that day. He seems to feel some nostalgia for the innocent and corrupt time before the old continent exploded into its long winter of chaos—a nostalgia mixed with quizzical humor. "How charming," Guthrie seems to be saying, "how foolish, how colorful, absurd and gay it all was. Anyhow the play-acting, all the gimcrack 'theatre' of it, was better than the gadgetry we are faced with now." So *The Makropoulos Secret* takes on a kind of greasepaint poetry which is a compound of caricature and tenderness.

The settings by Norris Houghton and the other elements of scenic investiture are most helpful, but best of all is the cast headed by Eileen Herlie as an opera singer with a very much "placed" voice, a persistent voluptuousness and the grand manner of boisterous behavior and ineradicable soulsickness. Very good too are Karel Stepanek as a Baron—impeccably disciplined in his decadence—Eric House, touchingly gaga, Conrad Bain and William Hutt.

IF William Inge's *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* (Music Box) should prove on reading to be less substantial than it seems on the stage, the difference will be attributed to the top-notch production it has received. But that would be unfair to the author, who in his own way is not only a consummate craftsman but a valuable artist.

The mark of Inge's method is its modesty. He never goes beyond his depth, he never promises more than he can fulfill, he ventures only into what he can master. He writes sparsely, almost laconically, but his choice of words and of situations is so shrewd that he makes them go a long way in creating a stage life far more potent than the written page may indicate. His work is very telling for us, too, because it is peculiarly American—in its setting and characters, in its sadness and humor, in its folksiness and in its Freudianism which is never pressed to the point of declamatory "revelation," but is tempered by a certain cautious optimism.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs is at once the slightest and the most complete of Inge's plays: slight insofar as no single character is more than a thumbnail sketch, complete in that the play covers a sufficient variety of people to give us a sense of Inge's origins.

The father, Rubin Flood, is a gruff, hearty Oklahoman of pioneer antecedents and memory. He is simple, ignorant, honest. His wife is a pure woman, a little too puritanical (from Pennsylvania) for reality. She tends to indulge her children and push her husband overmuch. Their little son clings to his mother's warmth, "hates people," avoids his crude papa and shows artistic tenderness—reciting "pieces" and adoring the movies. The seventeen-year-old daughter is afraid of the world, plays the piano, idolizes her father. The small townsfolk are getting rich and carrying their rickety prejudices over to their prosperity—strongly anti-Catholic and slightly anti-Semitic. The wife's sister is lower middle-class, a little coarse-grained, unconsciously bossy and frigid. Her dentist husband is decent, dessicated, squelched, hopelessly bewildered—he is one of the best-drawn characters of the play, well acted, wonderfully directed.

The play's main incident is simple: an eighteen-year-old boy, whose mother, a small-part movie actress, has abandoned him to the solitude of many military schools, takes the Flood girl out on a blind date. The girl, inordinately shy, tries to avoid going, but is pressed to it by her mother: the boy, half-Jewish, turns out to be well-mannered and thoroughly nice. He is trying to be brave about his loneliness and the anti-Semitism he encounters: he stutters and in other ways betrays an unconscious hostility, but he is fundamentally sweet. At the dance the Flood girl leaves him for a while because she is hurt by the notion that no one but the Jewish boy cares to dance with her. He is then grossly insulted for his Jewishness by a *nouveau riche* idiot, and commits suicide. The shock makes most of the family realize some of their own responsibility in the misfortune, and even more the need everyone feels to find support in the love and respect of another person in the dark that is always before us.

At the end of the play there is forgiveness and reconciliation all around. The father humbly begs his wife's pardon for having slapped her, the wife realizes that she has provoked her husband, the

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children who have been at loggerheads become tender with each other, etc.

I have oversimplified, but so does Inge—who solves difficult character problems in an almost moving-picture fashion by combining moral good will with gentle doses of psychoanalysis. He has too much taste however to do this crudely, but avails himself of the poetic or showman's license to foreshorten his benign therapeutics by the sympathetic reticence of his nonetheless pointed statements. So we have almost all around happy endings without cheapness or too obvious sentimentality. Yet the play is certainly sentimental in a way that prevents it from taking a more significant place in the realm of that creative realism in which Chechov was supreme and into which a few other American playwrights have stepped more courageously though often less surefootedly. Inge, I suspect, is intimidated by the inhibitions of our commercial theatre; if he were to dare more—even to fail (the morbid fear of failure is the spectre that haunts our stage)—he might rise to the greater stature of which I believe him capable.

His play has the enormous advantage of an excellent cast—Pat Hingle, Eileen Heckart and particularly Timmie Everett merit special mention—and the theatrically astute, admirably observant character direction of Elia Kazan. This production is one of Kazan's finest feats.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

WARNER'S *Sayonara* ("Goodbye," that is) is *Madame Butterfly* for the jet age, with two Cio-cio-sans and two endings, one tragic, one happy. Who says there is no progress in the arts?

In this adaptation of James Michener's Japanese baloney, Major Marlon Brando loves Miiko Taka, playing the "number one girl" of an all-girl vaudeville company; and Sergeant Red Buttons falls under the gentle spell of Miyoshi Umeki. The plot is provided by a stupidly savage colonel who will not have his men consorting with "indigenous female personnel," and whose harassments drive the sergeant and his wife to suicide. At the end, however, Brando and his girl are on their happy way home to Dixie—I would dearly love to see her pushing a basket down the aisles of a super-market.

The story, which also includes a general's daughter, who had come out to marry the heroic major, but who herself falls under the spell of a kabuki actor, is as coarse as a collander, and director Joshua Logan has tried to smother it in exotica. Scenes within various Japanese theatres—kabuki, traditional marionettes and the Matsubayashi Girl Revue, which looks rather like Oriental week at the Music Hall—and lovely shots of Japanese interiors and the Japanese countryside do give the picture visual warmth; they also stretch it out to two and a half hours. The true and only wonder of the film is the heart-stopping beauty of the two Japanese actresses. I have a suspicion that the army is right in thinking that this quiet, passive, adoring perfection is not the best thing in the world for boys from Altoona or Charleston, but these girls make the love of the story irresistible.

Red Buttons in his way is plausibly lovable, but Brando's major is an odd object for a great Japanese dancer to take to her bosom. He plays corn pone with West Point trimmings, and his speech has slumped to the point of pure novocaine. I understand that he is supposed to represent an anomaly—a Southern military character capable of thinking out his own problems—but what comes across is a soft self-indulgence that would scarcely attract Blanche Du Bois. Also the weight he has put on gives him an occasional disconcerting resemblance to Alfred Hitchcock.

CARL DREYER's new picture, *Ordet* (The Word), arrives here adorned with The Golden Lion, Grand Prize of the Venice Film Festival. It is the work of Denmark's famous director *(St. Joan, Day of Wrath)*, was written by Kaj Munk, a revered pastor-playwright and hero of the resistance, and concerns itself with Christian faith. The background is so impressive that it takes the viewer some time (maybe ten minutes) to realize that *Ordet* is a turkey. It is pretentious, humorless, obscure and the nearest thing to immobility that the screen has thus far achieved. It is photographed on Jutland, reportedly a land of rugged beauty, but the cameras are so leaden that you not only get no sense of the landscape, you are never even oriented in the small community of the story. Most of the scenes take place in a large, clean Danish farmhouse, whose bare white walls appear to fascinate the cameraman; the principal activity is coffee drinking.

The plot concerns the hostility between two Protestant sects, whose doctrinal differences are ever so subtle, but who so detest each other that great dismay is felt when the callow Romeo of one group aspires to the hand of a mousey Juliet from the other. The consumption of coffee rises sharply. One prominant character has been crazed by over-study of Kierkegaard (that's what the script says) and, imagining himself to be Christ, walks with a very measured tread, carrying small sticks and quoting from the New Testament with an effect of eery blasphemy. Toward the end of the picture, this fellow gets a knock on the head and his wits are restored to him. He thereupon looks in on his sister-in-law's funeral and calls her forth from her coffin just as the lid is to be screwed down. This puts an end to the sectarian backbiting, but it so confused and startled me that I left the place muttering and was escorted to the subway by anxious friends.

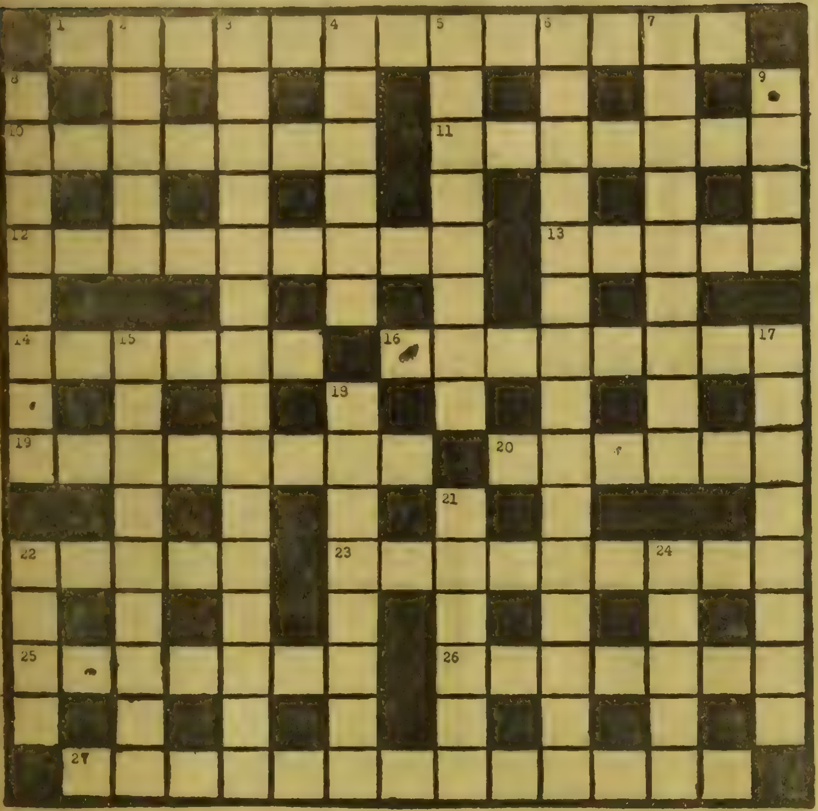
IT IS always a pleasure to watch Jean Gabin easing his way through a melodrama like a sleepy, aging but still predatory cat. *Razzia* provides a good deal of that sort of fun, for M. Gabin is at the focus of almost every scene. In addition, it allegedly gives an unblinking view into the cistern of the French narcotics traffic, but about that I can't say. Gabin plays a gangland production engineer, borrowed from the American syndicate to improve the distribution of dope in the Paris area. This assignment opens the way for an exhaustive tour of dreadful dives and an exposé of ingenious dodges that look a bit tricked out for the tourist trade.

Razzia is from the hand of Henri Decoin, who also made *Rififi,* but it lacks the style and satiric bite of the earlier film. Still, it is exciting in a seamy way, though I would give a poor mark to any American movie-goer who did not guess the super-surprise ending after the first half-dozen scenes.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, a canny outfit that can be counted on to produce a plum for the Christmas trade, comes up this year with *The Movies* ($15) by Richard Griffith and Arthur Mayer. It is huge—9 inches by 12 inches, more than 400 pages, countless hundreds of brilliantly selected pictures from 1896 to 1954; if there is a dull shot in the book I didn't spot it. The text in this type of mammoth picture history is usually a mild paste of words intended to hold the photographs together. In this case it is sharp comment, intelligently organized and often witty. Mr. Griffith is Curator of Films at the Museum of Modern Art. Mr. Mayer has been in the movies most of his life as a theatre manager, film importer, documentary producer and publicity man. He always claims to be a simple businessman and has been for years one of the industry's most observant and graceful critics.

Crossword Puzzle No. 751

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One of these might be called aside, as the G. I. press was. (5, 8)
10 Having a strong liking for a disorderly room in what could be the country? (7)
11 Not the headgear worn by riot squads! (7)
12 A rather fishy clue. (9)
13, 8 down and 3 down Pigmy, except for the evening, would be rather short for it. (13, 11, 4)
14 Knotty, with obvious lack of medication. (6)
16 Those who have grabbed power in a pure form within the uncertain boundaries of the Soviet Union. (8)
19 Rose Marie's was Indian. (4, 4)
20 Cracks aren't right in the Civil Service. (6)
22 M or n, for example. (5)
23 Die between the hard part and a class for hard-shells? (9)
25 Care for the Nautilus, or be in opposition? (7)
26 When you enter the office, you might be. (5, 2)
27 The path of back-sliders. (13)

DOWN:

2 See 4 down
3 See 13 across
4 and 2 down Does the cut of this suggest smartness? (6, 5)
5 A rather unpretentious statement for the bold! (8)
6 Generally known family, perhaps, important in modern business. (6,9)
7 Reputedly rarely found in England. (5, 4)
8 See 13 across
9 Rye's evidently a continental flower. (4)
15 Lincoln implied one nation could be in this. (9)
17 What a station program does at times. (8)
18 Scotty might have a 50-50 chance of being a Stevenson character. (5, 3)
21 Follow the head of 16, in a way. (6)
22 The outstanding feature of one of Rostand's works. (4)
24 There's no poison around with the bacon gone — only the water is left. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 750

ACROSS: 1 HOWITZER; 5 SALADS; 10 VENUS; 11 BRASS BAND; 13 CAYENNE; 14 OFF-DAY; 15 PARTIAL; 18 ILLICIT; 21 EXCITE; 24 NAPHTHA; 26 and 12 DARNING NEEDLES; 27 ILL-TEMPER; 28 IMAGO; 29 HONEST; 30 REPRIEVE. DOWN: 1 HAVENS; 2 WONDERFUL; 3 TUSSLED; 4 EMBASSY; 6 ASSAYER; 7 AGAIN; 8 SUDDENLY; 9 MADCAP; 16 INTRICATE; 17 FIENDISH; 19 CUTTERS; 20 TRAMPS; 21 ENDORSE; 22 CARRIER; 23 IGNORE; 25 PYLON.

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THE REMINGTON TRAGEDY

A Study of Injustice

BY FRED J. COOK

LETTERS

Foreign News Coverage

Dear Sirs: I read with interest Mr. Kruglak's article in your December 21 issue on the decline in foreign-news coverage. Between the competition of bulletin-style radio and TV news and journalism of the kind the magazines are successfully doing, U.S. newspapers have been driven into the citadel of local news. It is a good place to be because here they are impregnable. But it does give short shrift to foreign news. Nowadays newspaper readers have little appetite for foreign news. That may be the fault of the daily press, which allowed the desire for world information to become atrophied. The pity of it is that America has world leadership and her citizens should have a better understanding of the nature and motivation of peoples in other countries.

I don't think, however, that our newspapers are doing a bad job in the foreign areas, and certainly the wire services are providing better reports than ever before. American newspapers are serving their own communities; they must do so to survive.

In addition most of them are printing about as much foreign news as the readers seem to want. They are certainly printing more news of government, local and national, than there is any demand for, but that doesn't appear to dissipate the general ignorance of the function of government and what makes it go.

CARL E. LINDSTROM
Executive Editor,
The Hartford Times
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Sirs: Newspapers today are more and more having to fight increased costs as paper firms continue to ask high prices and unions are asking increases at the termination of every contract.

We here are dealing with eight different unions through The Capital Times Company and the Badger Broadcasting Company (owner of radio station WIBA). At the moment we are faced with a demand from the announcers on the radio station for an increase of $20 a week; this at a time when radio stations are having their difficulties in meeting the competition of TV.

The amount of space reserved for news also has been gradually cut as costs went up. Several years ago we were running 175 columns of news daily; today we average about ninety columns. I think too that the American press feels that there is a reaction setting in against the sending of millions of dollars to foreign countries for relief at a time when unemployment is setting in here. The farmers, of course, are bitter too. It seems to me, however, that today's news, the blow-up of the Vanguard rocket, is going to have a terrific influence on public sentiment.

WILLIAM EVJUE
Editor and Publisher,
The Capital Times
Madison, Wisconsin

From an Emperor's Descendant

Dear Sirs: My friend, Gerald Bregman (Dartmouth '54) had told me about the article by David Rattray (Dartmouth '57) in your issue of November 16. I looked up the article and was greatly amused by Rattray's attack on the Pound "clique." I can assure you that either Rattray was lying outrageously or he has simply lost his sanity. I had never composed such a letter as the one reprinted in your magazine. I never declared that I would form White Citizen Councils on Ivy college campuses. It is simply impossible for me to do so, since I am not a member or officer of any such council. As for the charge that I am working for the cause of white supremacy, I must say that the *Daily Dartmouth* was totally misinformed. You may be interested to know that I am a direct descendant of Emperor Lin of the Chou Dynasty (sixth century B.C.). Wang Wei, the great T'ang poet and painter, was one of my famous ancestors.

Having lived under the French in Shanghai, I detest all Kipling-followers and imperialists. My main purpose in life is to fight against bigotry and racial prejudice, while upholding the separate but equal station to which the laws of nature have entitled us. I am strongly against forced integration. I am strongly against miscegenation. I am against those mulattoes who have lost their racial integrity and desire to be assimilated with the white race.

Judging from the article, I can say that Rattray not only dislikes me, but actually hates me. I know, for a fact, that his hatred stems from jealousy. When I was an editor of the *Dartmouth Quarterly*, I used to reject his manuscripts consistently. I have a very low opinion of him as a poet, though I respect him for his knowledge of Greek and Latin.

Secretary of States Dulles is one of the few fine Americans left in the Republican Administration. He is not and will never be a "wishy-washy Socialist." If he has any fault, it is, perhaps, that he is a bit too conservative. We should support rather than attack him.

DAVID R. WANG
Executive Secretary, North American
Citizens for the Constitution
(an affiliation of the Whib Party)
New York City

On Morris Cohen

Dear Sirs: With a view to editing the correspondence of the late philosopher, Morris Raphael Cohen, I am collecting letters by or concerning him, and other memorabilia. I should deeply appreciate hearing from anyone possessing materials or information pertaining thereto.

LEONORA COHEN ROSENFIELD
3749 Chesapeake Street, N.W.
Washington 16, D.C.

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THE NATION

Remington — and Hiss

This issue is devoted almost entirely to The Remington Tragedy: a Study of Injustice. The author is Fred J. Cook, the veteran New York crime reporter whose story on Alger Hiss in our September 21 issue aroused nation-wide interest.

There are some issues, some cases, that never die until society makes amends for the injustice done. So thoroughly do these cases embody the tensions of the day that they stand as memorials to the times which produced them. The Hiss case was one such; the case of William Remington is another.

But the two cases have much more in common than that both, in a moral sense, are still very much alive. Historically speaking, Alger Hiss and William Remington were close cousins. Hiss was born in 1904, Remington in 1917. Both were products of "old-line" American background: Hiss of a distinguished Maryland family, Remington of a respectable, upper-middle-class New Jersey Republican clan. Both were personable, attractive men; and both were idealists, perhaps because both were mild dissidents from the white-Protestant-middle-class order. Hiss was a Quaker; Remington, at one time, had been influenced by the so-called Oxford movement. Both were graduates of foremost American educational institutions: Hiss of Johns Hopkins and Harvard Law School, Remington of Dartmouth. Both had distinguished careers in government which ended in the courtroom. Both, indicted for perjury, were really tried as traitors. Both were tried twice, and in the same court: the Southern District of the United States District Court for New York. The cases against both were turned up about the same time—1948—as a result of Congressional investigations. Both men were represented by distinguished legal counsel, and both were convicted at their second trials. And, in quite different ways, the wives of both played significant roles in their convictions.

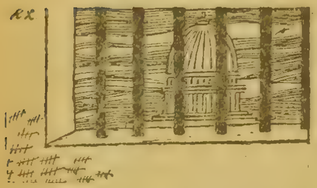
But what Hiss and Remington had more in common than anything else was their special relation to the New Deal. Both were symbols of the New Deal intellectuals, brain trusters, idea-men with social vision who swarmed to Washington in the thirties and who, little more than a decade later, became the hated objects of an anti-liberal, anti-intellectual crusade. There was, too, a similar element of entrapment in both cases; and similar controversial techniques were used by the Department of Justice to obtain their convictions.

In the end, both men served their sentences in Lewisburg prison. But there is this great difference: Hiss still lives; Remington is dead.

The Remington story is a tragedy of our time. We pity the American who can read Fred J. Cook's account in the following pages with untroubled conscience. Hiss may yet be vindicated, but Remington, whose tragic and violent death in prison was the end result of the malice, prejudice and ambitions of cheap political opportunists, is beyond any meaningful vindication. Remington remains as a permanent, an irremovable burden on the American conscience. It was seven years ago this Christmas season that Remington went on trial the first time; it is only appropriate that this Christmas an issue of this magazine should be devoted to the proposition that he was cruelly, unjustly and foully done to death—for his indiscretions, his youthful political enthusiasms, his idealism, his eagerness to testify (neither Hiss nor Remington invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment), his love for a woman who was once his wife. *—The Editors.*

The REMINGTON Tragedy

a study of injustice . . by FRED J. COOK



Part 1

COURTING TROUBLE

THE SLIM BRUNETTE with the heart-shaped face looked more like a schoolgirl than a thirty-four-year-old mother of two children, but she drew the eyes of a nation as she sat quietly in the witness chair in New York Federal Court on the day after Christmas, 1950. Ann Moos Remington was testifying against her former husband, William W. Remington, a high-ranking government economist, in a trial that pivoted about the basic theme of the day—treason. The treason of an individual and, inferentially at least, the treason of a government.

Her tightly-clasped hands the only sign of her inner tension, Mrs. Remington testified in low, soft tones. Her eyes, large and bright under sharply-etched brows, were downcast. Only once did she glance directly across the courtroom at the defense table where the handsome defendant sat—6 feet 2, blond, boyish-looking. Only this look did Mrs. Remington permit herself, and for the first time, her voice shook.

"I want to state that I am a very reluctant witness here," she said. "I find it hard to testify against the father of my two children, and I want to make it clear that I have no malice against him. I am under subpoena by the government, and I am trying to tell the truth as I remember it."

Remington seemed to be studying notations on a yellow pad in front of him. He did not look at her.

Only the previous January, Alger Hiss had been convicted of perjury in this same court, and now Remington, thirty-three, like Hiss a brainy product of the best American colleges, faced a jury on an identical charge. The two cases had burst upon the American consciousness almost simultaneously in hearings before Congressional committees in Washington in the heat of the 1948 Presidential campaign. And now, with Hiss convicted after two bitter trials, it was Remington's turn.

U.S. ATTORNEY Irving Saypol, in his opening address to the jury, had charged bluntly that Remington was a traitor to his country. This charge Remington's ex-wife had attempted to substantiate by testifying that he was once "very excited" because he wanted to give a Soviet spy a "top-secret" formula. Mrs. Remington understood it had been a formula to make explosives—but perhaps it was gasoline, or perhaps synthetic rubber—out of garbage. The details were vague, but the pert divorcée swore to the only thing that mattered—Remington's eagerness to pass along the information.

Mrs. Remington was, by her own admission, a former Communist. And by her own admission, too, she had been a reluctant bride. When Remington proposed to her, in a parked car, under a campus moon, she had known she didn't love him, she testified. But "it was flattering to be pursued and I thought he amounted to something."

Next came a question-and-answer sequence that gives an insight into this weird courtship and its two participants:

> *Q. (By Saypol)* He told you he was a Communist, didn't he?
>
> *A.* Yes, I knew he was a Communist from my earliest acquaintance with him.
>
> *Q.* But you were worried about him?
>
> *A.* I was.
>
> *Q.* Did you discuss this with him before your marriage?
>
> *A.* Yes. I was reluctant to marry him. I told him one of the requirements for marriage with me would be for him to continue being a Communist. I looked upon communism as a sort of religion. I thought we both must believe in it to make our marriage a success.
>
> *Q.* What did he say?
>
> *A.* He reassured me. He said not to worry on that score, that he would always be a Communist.

This testimony, it would seem, leads to two inescapable conclusions. First of all, Mrs. Remington, by her own account, must have been fanatically dedicated to the Communist cause. Secondly, it would appear that she had been more than a little skeptical of her swain's complete devotion to the party. One is led to wonder about Remington, the supposed Communist, and Remington, the man. What kind of man was he—if his former wife's version was true—to substitute the solemn pledge of ideological loyalty for the conventional vows of love?

Even now, after numerous hearings, two trials and a final senseless tragedy, William Remington, the man, remains a complex human enigma. Jurors could not agree on some of the most vital charges against him; judges who reviewed the evidence disagreed on where lay right and justice. To millions, Remington remains a symbol of the devious Communist conspiracy that menaced the security of America; to others, he represents a more tragic figure—puny man caught between inexorable forces and predestined to be crushed.

WILLIAM W. REMINGTON was born on October 25, 1917, the only son of well-to-do, talented parents. His father, Frederick C. Remington, was an insurance-company executive, and his mother was an art teacher in New York City. The Remingtons lived in Ridgewood, New Jersey, a suburb of New York City.

The Remington family, living in the heartland of New Jersey Republicanism, were themselves all ardent followers of the GOP. On the witness stand, William Remington testified that originally he, himself, was "a strong supporter" of the Republican Party. In 1948, he recalled wryly, an uncle was eager to stump for Thomas E. Dewey, but was deterred because his nephew had brought such disgrace to the family name.

From earliest childhood, Remington regularly attended St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal Church, a small stucco house of worship only three blocks from the family home at 560 Upper Boulevard. He said later on the witness stand that his religious upbringing had a strong effect upon his future outlook and mental development.

His mother introduced him to the Oxford Group, the "moral rearmament" movement of Frank N. D. Buchman, who in 1921 had called for an international renaissance looking to the dictatorship of the spirit of God.

"Through the Oxford Group," Remington testified, "I developed a concept of complete dedication to a personal God. I tried to place all my thoughts and acts in God's service. As a result, I became more than usually concerned with helping the underdog as a part of my religious philosophy."

Remington's classmates at Ridgewood High School described him in their 1934 *Yearbook* as a future "Union Square soapboxer" and an active orator whose aspiration was "to die a genius of the first water—unrecognized." Remington was only sixteen when he entered Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire, long noted as one of the nation's foremost scholastic institutions. The events of these college years were to prove potent in eventually sending him to prison.

Remington later testified that as a freshman at Dartmouth his political philosophy "moved Left quite rapidly." He came to believe in extensive government ownership and control of industry, but he insisted he had "no well-defined concept of what that meant." He was anti-Fascist; he was devoted to concepts of racial equality; he believed in the split-up of big business and "highly progressive income taxes"; and he saw in labor unions the answer to what was "unchristian" in society.

He advocated these doctrines "extensively and loudly," and the result was that many people were convinced he was a Communist. Actually, Remington insisted, he was not. He stressed that he "emphatically did not agree" with the Marxist theories of dictatorship of the proletariat, revolution and the suppression of religion.

During his sophomore year, Remington continued to develop his economic and political philosophy. He joined the news board of the *Daily Dartmouth*, undergraduate newspaper; he became a member of the American Students Union; he served on committees organized to aid Spain and to promote peace.

One of New York's best newspapermen, who had been a classmate of Remington's and worked with him on the *Daily Dartmouth*, says of him:

> He was exceptionally brilliant. . . . Some of the letters that he and his mother used to write to each other were marvels of English composition; they read like something out of Bertrand Russell.
>
> Remington, although he was younger than the rest of us, was tall, strong and handsome. He had the build of an athlete, but he wasn't interested in trying to make the football team. He was completely wrapped up in intellectual causes. He felt that the mentally brilliant had a moral obligation to devote themselves to the cause of the underdog, the underprivileged.
>
> My roommate, who was a Catholic and very conservative, looked askance at Remington and the intellectual crowd he ran with. To him, they were a bunch of radicals and lefties, if not outright Communists. To me, Remington seemed more like an intellectual snob.
>
> He was active in the American Students Union, which had a number of Commies in it, but that didn't necessarily prove that Remington, himself, was a Communist. In fact, I remember very vividly one incident that convinced me he wasn't.
>
> In the middle of the late thirties, the Communists were energetically wooing the more intellectual students in our colleges. Once, up at Dartmouth, I was with a group that included Remington, when a couple of these Commie organizers approached us and gave us their spiel. Remington tore them apart in the most ruthless fashion and made perfect asses out of them.

During the 1936-37 school year, Remington dropped out of Dartmouth. He was financing the major portion of his college costs himself, and he decided to work for a year and save money. He got a job as a laborer and farmhand in the Midwest, then he went to work as a messenger for the Tennessee Valley Authority in Knoxville, Tennessee.

ONE OF THE witnesses at Remington's trial gave a vivid description of him during this period. Remington, he said, was a wild-looking young man who flitted about the countryside on a motorcycle. His clothing hung in rags, and his shoes were so dilapidated that he had to tie the flapping soles to the tops with pieces of string.

There was later to be a violent courtroom argument over whether Remington was an active Communist at this time. He was certainly active in the Workers Alliance, an organization of WPA workers and the jobless whose activities the Communists were trying to infiltrate and direct. On one occasion, when Remington and another organizer tried to persuade workers in a hosiery factory at Cookville, Tennessee, to join the Alliance, they were badly beaten up. Whether this experience drove Remington farther to the Left, no one can say with certainty. He always insisted that his activities for the Alliance had been inspired by an interest in the labor movement and that he had not known some of his associates were Communists.

When Remington resumed his interrupted scholastic career, he was, to all appearances, the same flamboyant, voluble intellectual. Actually, he insisted, he came back from his year of hard knocks in the practical world "a lot less sure of the notions I'd had when I left college." He said he had "more respect for the opinions of the college administration and faculty" because some of his ideas had been "exploded by exposure in the South."

Whatever the exact truth about his private convictions, there can be no question about his brilliance as a scholar. He was one of seven seniors who were allowed to scrap the curriculum and choose their own courses of study. He was one of two seniors on the student organization's governing body. He was not only Phi Beta Kappa but top man in his graduating class.

IT WAS during his junior year at Dartmouth that Remington met the *femme fatale* of his life. The date was February 26, 1938; the occasion, an intercollegiate conference on foreign policy. Remington was a delegate from Dartmouth; Ann Moos came from Bennington College in Vermont. Smitten by the slender, pretty brunette, Remington forgot foreign policy long enough to make a date with her.

Ann was the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Moos, a teacher and school principal, who had a large home at Croton-on-Hudson in Westchester County just north of New York. Mrs. Moos was an avowed Communist—her home for years was a rendezvous for fellow travelers—and her daughter was already an ideological spitfire.

Remington recognized this, but he was in love. To further his suit, he told the court, he painted himself to Ann as being far more radical than he actually was. He recalled especially an auto ride to an American Students Union meeting at Harvard, during which he and a Dartmouth friend, Charles Livermore, a C.I.O. worker in New Hampshire, both made a pitch for the affections of the girl.

"We both bragged that we were real radicals, not just pinkos," Remington testified. "We were radicals who had engaged in labor organization."

"You exaggerated?" his counsel asked.

"Yes," Remington said with a wry grin. "I made the fight at Cookville a pretty good story, full of gory details. We were both trying to win her attention."

"You were courting Miss Moos at the time?"

"Yes. Livermore left us in the car a bit later, and I don't remember that we did much more serious talking."

Remington denied that he had ever told Ann he was a Communist Party member; he repudiated completely her story that he had taken a solemn vow to remain a forever-faithful Communist before she consented to marry him.

"We were talking about getting married," he testified. "She was worried about my ambition. She wanted me to promise not to become a businessman. She was worried about the Republicanism of my family. I told her she needn't worry, that I would never be so concerned over my personal ambitions that I would forget about human welfare."

THE COUPLE were married in a civil ceremony in New York on November 28, 1938. They spent long idyllic weekends at the bride's home in Croton, and the following June, they were wed again in a religious ceremony.

Remington graduated from Dartmouth that same spring, and was undecided for a time whether to follow law or economics as a career. He decided upon the latter and studied for a year at Columbia University.

The Murder of William Remington

It is true, that even in the best-run state
Such things will happen; it is true,
What's done is done. The law, whereby we hate
Our hatred, sees no fire in the flue,
But by the smoke, and not for thought alone
It punishes, but for the thing that's done.

And yet there is the horror of the fact,
Though we knew not the man. To die in jail,
To be beaten to death, to know the act
Of personal fury before the eyes can fail
And the man die against the cold last wall
Of the lonely world—and neither is that all:

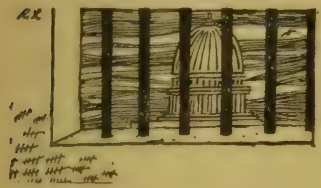
There is the terror too of each man's thought,
That knows not, but must quietly suspect
His neighbor, friend, or self of being taught
To take an attitude merely correct;
Being frightened of his own cold image in
The glass of government, and his own sin,

Frightened lest senate house and prison wall
Be quarried of one stone, lest righteous and high
Look faintly smiling down and seem to call
A crime the welcome chance of liberty,
And any man an outlaw who aggrieves
The patriotism of a pair of thieves.

HOWARD NEMEROV

Again he was an outstanding student.

Receiving his Master's degree in 1940, he went at once into government service. His first job was with the National Resources Planning Board. In 1941, he joined the Office of Price Administration and in 1942 and 1943 he was with the War Production Board. From 1944 to 1946, he was an ensign in Naval Intelligence, trained in Russian affairs. He was stationed first with the Navy in London and later loaned to the Minister of Economic Affairs in the London Embassy. Brought back to Washington to serve with the Office of War Mobilization, he later worked with the Harriman Committee on the European Recovery Program and was a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Then, early in 1948, he was transferred to the Department of Commerce and became director of the export program's staff of the Office of International Trade, a sensitive post in determining the allocation of shipments to Russia. In all of these positions, Remington's rise in pay and influence had been rapid. His first job in 1940 netted him only $2,000 a year; in mid-1948, when the storm broke, he was earning $10,305.



Part II

THE LOYALTY HEARINGS

REMINGTON'S rapid advancement came in an era of cataclysmic world change, a fact that is sometimes overlooked in our preoccupation with the problems of the present. The most destructive war in history, raging in every corner of the world, had been accompanied by lightning-fast shifts of allegiance. The callous camaraderie of the Nazis and Soviets in partitioning Poland shocked a still isolationist-minded America. Shock gave place to outrage when Russia turned on little Finland, and cartoons of the hideous Russian Bear dripping blood from its claws filled the newspapers. Only months later, Hitler attacked Russia, the United States was attacked by Japan, and suddenly Communist Russia was our ally. The blood disappeared from the claws and fangs of the Russian Bear in our editorial cartoons—almost overnight, it became a noble animal, defending itself against the Nazi hordes.

By 1948, however, the double-crosses of international diplomacy had created new tensions at home and abroad. Hysteria swept the country, and the words "left-winger" and "Communist" could brand one a pariah.

Such was the public climate when, late in July, 1948, the government broke the story of a far-flung Russian spy ring which had operated throughout the World War II years of the Russian-American alliance. The sensation was touched off by the New York *World-Telegram and Sun,* which disclosed that "a beautiful blonde spy queen" had operated in Washington as courier and collection agent for the master Soviet spy, Joseph Golos. The spy queen had had contacts in all the major government agencies—one on the White House staff itself. Some of her wartime contacts were still in government service, and one was even in a key Department of Commerce post.

That alleged contact, unnamed at first, was William W. Remington.

Senator Homer Ferguson, Michigan Republican and chairman of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, and William P. Rogers, committee counsel, hopped on the trail and scheduled public hearings in Washington. (Here is another odd link to the Hiss case, in which then Senator Nixon, as a member of the Un-American Activities Committee, played a key role. Nixon and William P. Rogers are old friends; and for both men the role of "avenging angels" smiting down the Communist foe yielded rich political reward. Mr. Rogers is now U. S. Attorney General.)

The spy queen was identified as Elizabeth T. Bentley, thirty-six-year-old Connecticut-born Vassar graduate. She admittedly had been the mistress of Golos, as well as his agent in gathering information from Washington contacts. When he was stricken with a heart ailment, she herself had handled the espionage work for a time. But after Golos' death, at odds with others in the party and disillusioned, she had gone to the FBI in Connecticut and there, in 1945, had lifted the veil on the network of Red espionage.

Miss Bentley testified before a federal grand jury which had indicted twelve national leaders of the Communist Party for conspiracy to overthrow the government. The details she had given the FBI about her dealings with Remington also had been investigated, but no action had been taken. Federal agents had questioned Remington in April, 1947, and he had testified before a federal grand jury in September, 1947. There the matter had rested.

THIS WAS the state of affairs when, on July 30, 1948, Miss Bentley took the witness stand before the Senate Investigating Committee and emerged into the public spotlight for the first time. Her debut was a national sensation. Flashbulbs popped, a forest of microphones was clustered around her; the magic eye of television gave millions of Americans a ringside seat at the dramatic proceedings.

Calmly and impressively, Miss Bentley told her story. She described her contacts with between thirty and fifty wartime informers in Washington—among them William W. Remington.

She testified that she had been introduced to Remington by Golos at a New York dinner. Golos told her that Remington was a Communist, and subsequently, when she went to Washington, she collected Communist Party dues from Remington for both himself and his wife.

She said that her meetings with Remington were "furtive" ones, on street corners, park benches and in secluded restaurants. There were nearly a dozen of these meetings during 1942 and 1943, while Remington was with the War Production Board. Remington gave her, Miss Bentley testified, confidential information which he had written out on slips of paper; never did she see original government documents. Some of this information related to American airplane production, and once he gave her a secret formula for making synthetic rubber out of garbage.

Remington appeared before the committee the next day. In his testimony then, in subsequent newspaper interviews and later in his testimony at two trials, he told the same, unvarying story. It was a story that confirmed Miss Bentley's testimony, basically, but with some vital qualifications.

When he first met Ann Moos in 1938, Remington said, her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Moos, was not yet a Communist, a fact her school board could vouch for. But an old friend of the family and constant visitor at the Moos home, Joseph North, was the editor of *New Masses*. Apparently under North's influence, Mrs. Moos, in either 1939 or 1940, became a Communist and began to distribute Communist literature to her school children. Because of her activities, she was finally dismissed by her school board.

By this time Remington and Ann were married, and he was in government service in Washington, but when they returned to Croton for weekend visits, they frequently saw North. A running argument developed between the two men because, Remington said, they disagreed violently on many important public issues.

"North felt that big business was sabotaging the [mobilization] program," Remington explained. "I tried to convince him that war mobilization was sincere. North seemed somewhat shaken in his official conviction. He asked me to lunch with him in New York to talk it over further."

It was at this luncheon in Schrafft's Restaurant on Fourth Avenue, near 31st Street, that Remington was introduced to Golos, who was then using the first name of John. Golos was about fifty, short, stocky and "acid in his remarks and outlook on life," Remington said. Golos represented himself as a writer preparing a book on war mobilization and said he would like to talk to Remington again the next time the young government career man came to New York.

ON HIS next visit, in March, 1942, Remington and his wife dined with Golos in Schrafft's. This time Golos had a woman with him whom he introduced as Helen Johnson, a researcher who was helping him gather facts for his book. Golos explained that she also did research for other writers, including a couple of columnists on the late Marshall Field's experimental New York newspaper, *PM*. It was not until years later, Remington maintained, that he learned that spy queen Elizabeth Bentley was the same woman he had known as Helen Johnson.

"I wanted to sell Golos the idea, as I wanted to sell it to North, that the government was doing a good job," Remington said. "I blushingly admit that I was very young—at the time—and I was flattered that a writer of books should need my help."

Just as the dinner broke up, Golos remarked casually that he hoped Remington would see Miss Johnson if she contacted him when she was in Washington researching.

"I told him, 'Oh, sure,' and I forgot all about it," Remington testified.

He said he was unprepared and completely surprised when, sometime afterward, she called him at his office and asked him to have lunch with her. This was in the spring of 1942. It was the first of several fateful meetings.

Five more times in 1942 and five or six times in 1943, the woman he knew as Helen Johnson telephoned and asked to meet him—always outside the office. Remington insisted that he suggested a couple of times that she come to the office, but she always had an excuse.

Remington said she sometimes brought him copies of the Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, and of *PM* and other periodicals. She would give him the papers, saying, "I wish you'd read this and let me know if the facts are straight." He always paid her for the papers, Remington claimed. "When you're dealing with reporters and you accept newspapers," he explained, "the next thing you know you're accepting drinks and other things. I disapprove of that."

Except for the papers, he said, he had made only one other payment to Miss Bentley: $30 which she had described as "Communist dues," but which Remington insisted had been a donation for the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. This was before the organization had been labeled a Communist front.

As for the information which he gave Miss Bentley, Remington protested that none of it was secret. The production figures he gave her were available to any writer willing to research government releases closely enough, he said.

"Sometimes before I went out to meet her, I would scan a few issues of Kiplinger's *News Letter* to refresh my memory," Remington said. "It was all printed data, or information released by the government in bulletins and other ways."

He testified that he became "a little suspicious" of "Helen Johnson" and terminated his association with her in 1943, after he learned that she had no connection with any writers on *PM*, as she had claimed.

The Senators who heard this testimony were struck by Remington's confirmation of Miss Bentley on so many important details. There were no discernible discrepancies in the testimony of the two principals regarding the tête-à-têtes that had marked their association.

"You admit everything she says, except you say she misunderstood your motives?" one member of the committee asked.

"That is one way of putting it," Remington replied. "Only I would put it much stronger."

The committee was exercised because Remington had advanced in government service despite the doubts about his loyalty raised by Miss Bentley's 1945 disclosure to the FBI, in Connecticut. Remington conceded the Navy had asked him to resign his reserve commission. He had not known why the Navy wanted his resignation—he did not think it was because his loyalty was suspected—but he had resigned anyway. Even though he had testified before a federal grand jury in New York in September, 1947, he had not felt that his loyalty was seriously in question.

"I drew the reasonable inference," he testified, "that there was some investigation of charges—charges by some unnamed individual. The simple, straight fact is that I did not think I was testifying in my own defense. I thought I was just giving facts. And I thought I answered all their questions to their satisfaction."

DURING this Senate hearing, Remington revealed that he and his wife, Ann, were in the process of getting divorced. His offhand remarks, sprinkled throughout the testimony, reveal an especially bitter animosity toward his Communist mother-in-law. At one point, he noted that Mrs. Moos's conduct changed after she turned Communist. "She became, God forbid, even more arbitrary," he commented. When he was asked whether he had realized Miss Bentley was "a dangerous woman," he reflected for a moment and finally came out with an answer that made the hearing-room rock with laughter. "Sir," he said, "at that time, I didn't even consider my mother-in-law extremely dangerous."

In a more serious, almost prophetic vein, he remarked on the temper of the times in an exchange with Senator Ferguson. "When we are threatened by an external enemy and one from within," Remington said, "I realize we cannot stand by our democratic processes in full relation to the individual."

"We can stand by them," Senator Ferguson assured him.

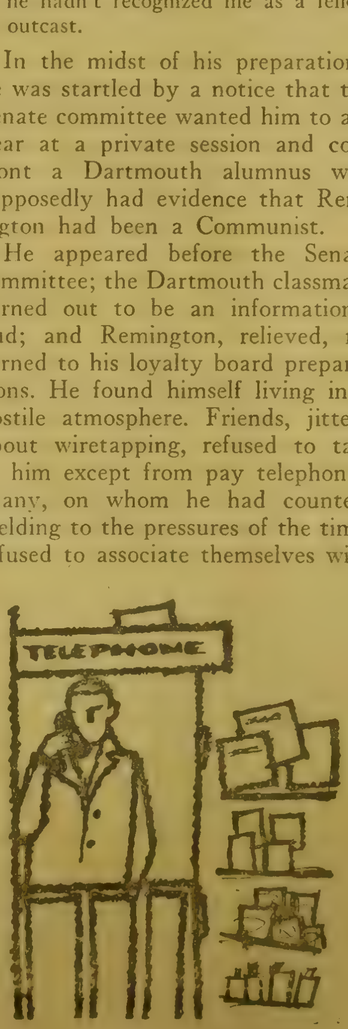
"Not in the same way . . ." Remington demurred.

Hardly had he finished his testimony before the Senate when he began preparing for a second witness-stand appearance before a loyalty board, which would determine whether he could still hold a government job. Under suspension until his status was settled, and separated from his wife and family, Remington holed up in a small, rented room in Alexandria, Virginia, and devoted himself to preparing his defense. Already he was a marked man. In a *New Yorker* magazine interview, he told a significant incident:

> One afternoon when I was waiting for a bus, a Negro who'd been a messenger at the War Production Board pulled up in front of me in a beat-up jalopy and said, "How about a lift, Mr. Remington?" Washington, you know, is a Southern town for Negroes. They don't often issue invitations to whites here. I got into his car, and was confused all the way home. I was warmed by his kindness, because it meant that I must have been decent to him when I'd been one of his thousand bosses, and I was depressed by it, too, because he wouldn't be doing this if he hadn't recognized me as a fellow outcast.

In the midst of his preparations, he was startled by a notice that the Senate committee wanted him to appear at a private session and confront a Dartmouth alumnus who supposedly had evidence that Remington had been a Communist.

He appeared before the Senate committee; the Dartmouth classmate turned out to be an informational dud; and Remington, relieved, returned to his loyalty board preparations. He found himself living in a hostile atmosphere. Friends, jittery about wiretapping, refused to talk to him except from pay telephones. Many, on whom he had counted, yielding to the pressures of the time, refused to associate themselves with his risky and unpopular cause. But others stood steadfast.



Mrs. George W. Martin, his high school English teacher, a woman who had known him since he was five, wrote in an affidavit:

> I remarked to my family that anyone who knew him would begin to question the authenticity of Miss Bentley's statements as soon as she used the word "furtive" in connection with him. I am positive he couldn't even be coached to *be,* or even to *appear,* furtive.

Dean Lloyd K. Neidlinger, of Dartmouth, made the same point. "If he believed in communism," he stated, "he might go out and preach it from a soapbox and risk being stoned by an unfriendly audience."

EQUALLY outspoken was Dr. Ernest M. Hopkins, who had been president of Dartmouth when Remington was a student and who had become president of the National Life Insurance Co.:

> Mr. Remington is mentally and morally incapable of the machinations and hypocrisies ascribed to him. . . . I do not believe he ever divulged confidential information about his government's affairs to anyone, or ever gave support to his country's enemies.

David K. Bruce, former Assistant Secretary of Commerce and then Ambassador to France, declared in an affidavit that Remington was sometimes so anti-Russian in the policies he advocated that he had to be restrained. "He was in favor of a tougher policy regarding the shutting off of exports from the United States to Russia and the satellite countries than were some of his colleagues," Bruce said. "In fact, my recollection is that at times his bias was so strongly against shipments to these destinations that I questioned the reasonableness of his judgments in this regard on more than one occasion."

Richard M. Bissell, Jr., Remington's boss on the Harriman committee, testified that Remington had been so enthusiastic about giving economic aid to Western Europe to counter communism that some of his suggestions had to be toned down. A State Department official supported this view. A high military spokesman agreed that, from the military viewpoint, Remington's thinking had been right on the beam all along.

Through affidavits and personal testimony, Remington showed that he had opposed the Communist Party line on at least ten major issues. These included the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the Russian invasion of Finland, American aid to Britain, the Morgenthau Plan, the Greek-Turkish aid program, the curtailment of exports to Russia and her satellites, and the Marshall Plan, which he had helped to draft and which was designed to thwart the aims of Russia in Europe by extending economic aid to countries not yet within her orbit.

DESPITE THIS favorable presentation, Remington didn't have much chance of clearance by the loyalty board. The atmosphere of the hearing room—an impalpable but almost overwhelming force, a thing he was to encounter again and again—clearly forecast the verdict. Remington described his reactions to his *New Yorker* interviewer:

> The whole atmosphere at the hearing made you kick yourself for everything you'd ever done. Why had I ever lectured to C.I.O. workers in Tennessee? Why had I ever made donations to help the Loyalists in Spain? Why had I ever been on peace committees at Dartmouth in 1937? Whatever made me attend an American Youth Congress meeting, where I clumsily tripped over the feet of Mrs. Roosevelt? What a pity that I couldn't point to a model marriage! What made me blurt out to these strangers that I believed in God, that I'd been a choirboy and an acolyte in the Episcopal Church? The board seemed to be comparing me with their idea of a loyal American—a composite character, a perfect mediocrity who never existed. If such a man did exist, I wouldn't care to meet him, because he wouldn't have a thought in his head or a beat in his heart. I don't think any of the board members could have filled the bill themselves.

On September 20, 1948, the loyalty board handed down its decision. "Reasonable grounds exist for the belief that you are disloyal to the Government of the United States," it notified Remington.

Remington was crushed. "I had an impulse to throw in the towel," he said later, describing his feelings. Unfortunately for him, he did not. Instead, having acquired an attorney for the first time, he decided to fight. His counsel was Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., chairman of the executive committee of the Americans for Democratic Action.

Remington's case was an especially ticklish one for a lawyer, representing such an organization, to handle. Rauh realized how damaging the imputations would be if he should pick up the cudgels for Remington and Remington should turn out to be a Communist. So, the first time the two men met, Rauh cross-examined his client in his toughest courtroom style from six o'clock in the evening until two the next morning. Remington's answers were convincing, but Rauh wanted to be certain. He spent another week investigating every aspect of Remington's life. Then, convinced, he took the case.

His first move was to ask the Loyalty Review Board to summon Miss Bentley for examination. The board had no power to subpoena, but it asked Miss Bentley to appear for a hearing on November 22, 1948. In the meantime, another complication had arisen. Remington's accuser had appeared on September 12 on the *Meet the Press* television show and had repeated her charges, this time without the immunity she had had in her Senate testimony. Remington demanded that she retract or face a suit for libel.

Miss Bentley was adamant. So was Remington. And the result was a $100,000 libel suit filed by Remington's attorneys against the former spy queen, the National Broadcasting Company and General Foods, the sponsor of the television program.

The continuing turmoil, with his name forever in glaring headlines, suspicion forever outstripping his protestations of innocence, was having its effect upon Remington. He became more and more morose. He refused the invitations of friends and lived the life of a virtual outcast, locked for long evenings in his solitary room. His landlady, Mrs. William Calfee, a native of Rome and the wife of the chairman of the Art Department of American University, tried to arouse him from his somber isolation.

"Why don't you go out and get drunk?" she asked him once.

"Don't care to," Remington growled with a brevity that would have done credit to his Scotch-New England ancestors.

Another time, as he headed upstairs for more hours of solitary brooding, Mrs. Calfee confronted him again.

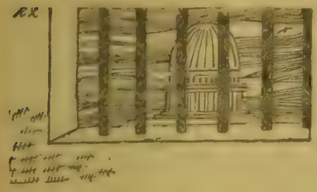
"All right," she said, "don't get drunk. But would you mind punching this door for me?"

Remington looked at the door without a flicker of expression, punched it stolidly and stalked on upstairs.

THE NOVEMBER 22 hearing date came, but Miss Bentley did not appear. She had had a speaking date in Rochester the previous evening, and she cited this, in a letter read into the record, as the reason for her absence. The review board still wanted to hear Miss Bentley and set December 15 for her appearance. Rauh, who had not been able to serve her with papers in the libel suit, promised not to harass her with service if she would appear, but again Miss Bentley failed to show. This time, she was lecturing in New Orleans. The review board still kept the case open, hoping to hear the reluctant accuser, but it finally lost patience when the New York *Post* on January 10, 1949, quoted Miss Bentley as saying she had never been asked to testify. The review board publicly contradicted her and announced it would make its decision soon.

The membership of the board was so conservative that it seemed unlikely, even to Remington, that he could win its approval. The chairman was Seth W. Richardson, who had served as counsel to the Senate committee that investigated the Pearl Harbor disaster; another member was Harry W. Colmery, former national commander of the American Legion. The board was the highest loyalty tribunal in the nation, and its decision, announced on February 10, 1949, was final. It cleared Remington and ordered him reinstated.

A second triumph followed. Remington's $100,000 libel suit was settled by the National Broadcasting Company over Miss Bentley's protests for a reported $10,000. The settlement was accompanied by a statement from General Foods which said that although the company felt no libel had been committed, it was paying because, on "the basis of the legal expenses involved" in a trial, it was expedient to do so.



Part III

ONE TRIAL, TWO VERDICTS

VINDICATION would seem to have been won by Remington at this point, but actually his temporary victory was little more than a signal for a new struggle. He had by now become a *cause célèbre*. There was tremendous political capital to be made from the Communists-in-government issue, which had been hung about the neck of the Truman Administration like a dead and smelly albatross. Remington was Exhibit B, second only to Alger Hiss, in the catalogue of betrayal; and when he was cleared and returned to government service, even in a non-sensitive post, the cries of political outrage made new and glaring newspaper headlines.

Behind the scenes, little heeded at the time, a significant event took place—the divorce of Remington and his wife. This was to alter the entire complexion of the case. Under our laws, a wife cannot be compelled to testify against her husband, but ironically enough, a divorced wife, whose testimony it would seem might run far more risk of bias, can be required to testify to events that were not strictly private during her marriage—in other words, to occurrences at which outsiders were present.

THIS WAS the situation when, early in 1950, two former Communists testified before a Senate investigating committee that Remington had been a member of the party. It was a development that touched off a new inquiry, one that was fanned to white heat by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, who was then building himself into a national figure by riding hard on the Communist issue.

A federal grand jury sitting in New York called Remington's new accusers before it, and for five successive days questioned Remington himself. Remington did not take the way out that had been adopted so often before; he did not plead the Fifth Amendment, did not seek refuge in his constitutional privilege against possible self-incrimination. Instead, he testified to what he had always insisted—that he had never been a Communist.

The result was that on June 8, 1950, he was indicted for perjury. The indictment was based on Remington's appearance before the grand jury on May 25, and on this question-and-answer sequence:

> Q. At any time have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?
> A. I never have been.

The day the indictment was voted, Remington resigned his government post. The battle lines for the trial were quickly drawn. Taking over the chief burden of Remington's defense was a veteran New York lawyer, William C. Chanler, an independent Democrat who had served as city Corporation Counsel in the Fusion Administration of Fiorello H. LaGuardia. He was also a corporation lawyer with a practice at 40 Wall Street.

For the government, U.S. Attorney Irving S. Saypol headed a prosecution battery that included two names prominent in the anti-Communist campaign. One was Saypol's brilliant young assistant, Roy M. Cohn, whose specialty was collecting evidence with electronic and recording gadgets. He was to come to national prominence later as Senator McCarthy's legal aide. The other was Thomas J. Donegan, a Special Assistant to the Attorney General on the Communist issue and the man who had presented the evidence against Remington to the grand jury.

The trial was scheduled before Federal Judge Gregory F. Noonan. It had been billed as "a second Hiss case," and it was held in the same huge courtroom in the U.S. courthouse on Foley Square, New York, where twelve national leaders of the Communist Party had been convicted under the Smith Act. The trial got under way just before Christmas, and the courtroom was packed with spectators.

THE jury of seven women and five men was selected quickly on December 20. Then Chanler made the first of many motions that were to lead to heated conflict with the prosecution and the court. He urged that the indictment be dismissed, contending that it did not spell out the crime of which Remington stood accused. He argued that a trial would be impossible unless the government defined, as it had refused to do, what constituted Communist Party membership. In a brisk exchange with Judge Noonan, Chanler charged that the government was accusing his client of lying in denying the existence of a certain status—and at the same time was either unable or unwilling to define "what constitutes that status."

Judge Noonan set the tone for much that was to follow when he snapped back: "Your argument is ingenious but without merit." He added that it was "not incumbent on the government in a perjury trial to define terms relating to communism." Let the defendant do it: the defendant could say whether he was a Communist or not "and what that means," Judge Noonan ruled, adding that "the double-talk that goes on in communism defies definition."

The case was then adjourned until the day after Christmas. When court reconvened, the prosecution fired its strongest secret weapon—Ann Moos Remington. She, not Elizabeth Bentley, became the leadoff witness against the man she had married without love. Instantly, with her testimony, the trial plunged into its most critical phase, and what had been considered established fact was fact no longer.

THE FORMER Mrs. Remington was the key to the prosecution's case, for without her testimony, the Bentley evidence was virtually worthless. Miss Bentley, to be believed under law, had to have the corroboration of another witness. Prior to this, there had been no such corroboration. Indeed, it had been generally assumed that no such corroboration was possible, because the physical circumstances of Miss Bentley's and Remington's meetings precluded its existence.

Miss Bentley's testimony before the Senate committee, and Remington's own testimony there, had seemed to jibe perfectly in physical details; so much so that most of the Senators had seemed convinced of his guilt. The accepted and uncontroverted story all this time had been that Remington and Miss Bentley met alone. Now, suddenly, a third person announced that she had been present at these meetings. Long before, Remington had remarked to his *New Yorker* interviewer: "I didn't know whether my case could absorb a second Bentley. She never did have a corroborating witness, of course. . . ." Now, abruptly, Remington had to stand the shock both of "a second Bentley" and a corroborating witness—his former wife.

Almost from her opening words, the ex-Mrs. Remington made the man on trial an integral part of the Communist spy-ring. She declared he had been such an ardent Communist that he complained of feeling "out of touch" with the party after they moved to Washington in 1941. So, she said, Joseph North arranged the restaurant meeting in New York with Golos and "Helen Johnson" for the specific purpose of putting them "in touch." Arrangements were made at that meeting, Mrs. Remington declared, for Miss Bentley to visit them in Washington every two weeks to collect party dues and bring them party literature.

Instead of the phone call from "Helen Johnson" and the casual luncheon for two, Mrs. Remington claimed the meeting took place in the Remington family car, with herself an interested spectator. Remington, she swore, gave Miss Bentley "some pieces of paper."

It was at the second meeting, she testified, that her former husband gave Miss Bentley the "top secret" formula for making "explosives" out of garbage. Mrs. Remington said her husband had been "very excited" about this and wanted the formula "sent to Russia as soon as possible." (For the record, Miss Bentley herself was to testify on a later occasion that Remington never knew the information he gave her was being sent to Russia; all she told him, she said, was that she was gathering information for Earl Browder, then Communist Party head in the United States.)

This information inspired such gratitude in the Communist Party, according to Mrs. Remington, that it even recognized the existence of Christmas in 1942, passing along presents for herself and Remington with the greeting, "Merry Christmas from the Party."

There was an almost fey quality at times to some of Mrs. Remington's testimony. Occasionally, when asked a question, she would stare off into space. At other times, she seemed weary, almost listless. Regardless of this, her testimony was damning. Under Saypol's guidance, she insisted Remington had told her shortly after they met in 1938 that he was a Communist. And she added: "He swore me to secrecy about that."

"Did he tell you he was a member of the Communist Party in Knoxville, Tennessee?" Saypol asked. "He didn't tell me anything else I didn't already know," the witness replied. "I knew he was a radical."

These were the major points of her testimony and she stood by them, relatively unshaken in cross-examination. In her days on the witness stand, she developed several other points, all of which Chanler knocked down with considerable success. For example:

Mrs. Remington introduced a copy of a letter sent by her husband along with a $100 contribution to Joseph North for the *New Masses*. The defense showed that the contribution had been made in 1940, when the *New Masses* was threatened with loss of its mailing privileges, a form of censorship; other public figures, unquestionably not Communists, had made similar contributions. And it stressed that Remington had specifically written that the money was being donated because the magazine was "hard-pressed to defend its civil liberties" and that he had also made the specific qualification that "we do not always agree with your editorial policies."

Mrs. Remington testified she had joined the Communist Party with the full knowledge of her husband and had attended party meetings at Columbia. But she couldn't name anyone else who had attended those meetings.

WHEN SHE was questioned about the one payment which Remington acknowledged he had made to Miss Bentley with the understanding that the money was to be used to help refugees, Mrs. Remington told a conflicting story. Miss Bentley, she said, had collected dues for both of them from her regularly. But Chanler got her to admit that the dues had never been requested by the party; that neither she nor Remington had a dues book or a party card; that she knew nothing about the formula for computation of party dues; that Remington, during the entire time she knew him, never attended regular party meetings.

Mrs. Remington also testified that she and her husband once attended a Marxist class in economics in New York, leaving with the jury a definite implication. But Chanler got her to admit that Remington rose in class and tried to challenge the doctrine of the speaker, that he was refused the platform, and that they both walked out of the session, a pair of unpopular dissidents.

When Chanler tried to pin her down to specifics, she would mumble, "I don't remember."

In the midst of her cross-examination, defense counsel became embroiled with the prosecution and the court in two explosive and vitally important arguments.

First, Chanler demanded permission to inspect the grand jury minutes, especially those dealing with the five-hour grilling of the former Mrs. Remington on the day she had agreed to testify against her husband. Judge Noonan turned him down. It was a ruling that makes Chanler seethe to this day.

"I had a right to those minutes, and I still say he had absolutely no right to refuse me—but he did," Chanler fumes. "If I had had access to them at the time, if I had had them when it was vital to the defense to have them, when I should have had them, the whole outcome would have been different. I would have blown this case right out of court."

A TRACE of this righteous ire on the attorney's part shows on the record. After being denied the right to inspect the minutes, Chanler moved that the grand jury transcript be impounded. The imputation was unmistakable, and Saypol, his face flushing with anger, leaped to his feet.

"I never heard of anything so preposterous," he stormed. "Perhaps counsel would like to take the grand jury and impound that, too."

Rauh, Chanler's associate in the trial, indicated that this might not be a bad idea. For he rose and made the sensational charge that the government was using the grand jury "for the sole purpose of intimidating" potential defense witnesses. He declared that fifteen witnesses needed by the defense had been grilled before the grand jury subsequent to Remington's indictment, and he charged that, on that very morning, two of his witnesses had been subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury. One, a woman, was so badly frightened, he said, that she planned to plead her constitutional privilege not only before the jury "but as a witness for us."

Saypol countered angrily. The intimidation charge he said, "was baseless and made up of whole cloth." Judge Noonan upheld the prosecution, refused to curb the questioning of defense witnesses before the grand jury and refused to vacate the subpoena that had been served upon the woman whom Rauh said was so terrified.

The recriminations had hardly quieted down when Mrs. Remington, on her re-direct examination, touched off a new furor. She declared that Remington, when he heard she had been summoned to testify before the grand jury, was so concerned that he tried to keep her off the stand by suggesting to her she have herself declared mentally incompetent. The former wife conceded she had been seeing a psychiatrist twice a week since 1945, but she said she had undertaken the treatments only in the hope of salvaging her marriage. Remington, she added, was seeing a psychiatrist himself at the same time and for the same purpose.

WITH THIS parting blast, Remington's ex-wife left the stand, and the feeling in the courtroom was that she had virtually sealed his doom. Miss Bentley appeared as a witness on January 8 and, as *The New York Times* noted, she "in the main corroborated the testimony of Remington's divorced wife." One is compelled to marvel at this feat of legal legerdemain. Here was Remington's chief—and, indeed, for years his only—accuser appearing in a lesser corroborating role for the ex-wife who, in actuality, was her own corroborator!

Miss Bentley testified now that the former Mrs. Remington had, indeed, been present at "three or four" of the meetings between herself and Remington. She declared she had collected dues regularly from the Remingtons. She told of receiving "the secret formula" from Remington and some secret aircraft production data.

A court battle developed over the aircraft testimony. Remington always insisted that the figures he passed to Miss Bentley were only those that had been properly released by the government. The prosecution, to counter this, brought into court a large blowup of a special airplane design and production figures. It had been on file with the War Production Board when Remington served with the agency. The introduction of this exhibit is another thing that still rankles with Chanler.

"They brought this document into court—it had been classified top secret, no question about that—and they put it up on an easel in front of the jury blown up almost as big as the side of a house," the attorney says. "Then they asked Miss Bentley whether some of the figures Remington gave her came from this document. How could she know, for Heaven's sake? She had testified she never saw any original documents, but she says, yes, some of the details Remington gave her came from that very piece of paper. I asked Remington about it, and he was astounded. 'I never saw it in my life,' he told me, and they never introduced one iota of evidence to show that he ever had—that he had ever had access to it, even. This was another thing that, from my viewpoint, should never have been allowed in the trial, but Judge Noonan admitted it, and the exhibit stayed up there on the easel in front of the jury for days, staring the jurors in the face the instant they came into court."

Chanler's cross-examination of Miss Bentley was protracted and vigorous. He got her to admit that the story she had told on the witness stand did not precisely agree with the story she had told before Senate and House committees. She admitted Remington had never complied with many phases of Communist Party ritual. Hammering at this, Chanler drew from her the concession that she had told a House committee only the previous May that a party member was required to file certain information every six months. "I put it badly," Miss Bentley said, referring to this previous testimony. She conceded that her story about the Remington dues collections embraced much more than she had indicated in her testimony before Senate investigators. But she explained: "It was the first time I ever testified in public, and I can assure you it was nerve-wracking."

"More nerve-wracking than stealing government secrets?" Chanler snapped, bringing a roar of objection from Saypol.

PRESSED still harder, Miss Bentley said she had not testified to *all* that she knew about Remington when she appeared before the Senate committee in 1948, because she thought then that he had renounced communism. Asked by Chanler whether she thought now that he had not, she replied calmly: "I don't know one way or the other."

The cross-examination rose to its climax when Chanler exploded a new issue—the charge that two men who in their official capacities had played key roles in the indictment of Remington, had had private business dealings with the prosecution's witness, Miss Bentley.

The lesser charge involved Thomas Donegan, the special assistant who had been so active in presenting the testimony against Remington to the grand jury. Miss Bentley acknowledged that Donegan had been her lawyer. Donegan himself rose from the prosecution table and explained that he had represented Miss Bentley in 1946-47, when he was in private law practice, but that, when he returned to government service, he had notified her that she would have to get another lawyer.

COMMUNISM
BY
MISS BENTLEY

The second and far more serious charge involved Miss Bentley's dealings with John Gilland Brunini, poet and former newspaperman, who had been the foreman of the indicting grand jury. Miss Bentley conceded Brunini did "editorial work" and gave her "moral encouragement" in the preparation of a book that she was writing on communism in which she repeated her charges against Remington — charges that could hardly be safely published unless he was indicted and convicted.

CHANLER showed Miss Bentley a contract with the Devin Adair Company, her prospective book publishers. The contract was dated June 2, just six days before the indictment of Remington. Chanler demanded to know when it had been signed, and Miss Bentley replied that she had signed it "a few days or no more than a week after June 2."

The defense attorney then demanded whether there had been another contract prior to the one dated June 2. Miss Bentley denied that there had been such a contract. For two hours, Chanler harangued her on this point, but Miss Bentley kept insisting that there had been only one contract and that Brunini had given her little more than his "moral encouragement."

Judge Noonan finally called a halt and sent the jury out of earshot. What, he demanded, was the purpose of all this?

"I want to show that Miss Bentley had an interest in the prosecution of this defendant," Chanler declared.

"There is an old saying," commented the judge tartly, "that if you have no defense, try the prosecution, and if that doesn't work, try the witness."

Chanler showed that this judicial remark might have been just a bit premature.

Opening for the defense on January 12, he startled the courtroom by putting on the stand two witnesses who testified there *had* been a contract dealing with Miss Bentley's book prior to the document of June 2; that this contract had guaranteed Brunini part of the profits of the book; and that this contract had been destroyed.

The first witness, Miss Leyla Sefa, a former employee of the Devin Adair publishing house, testified that she had typed both contracts and that the first contract mentioned Brunini by name and guaranteed him a percentage on the sales of the book. Miss Sefa said that she didn't know whether this contract had ever been actually signed; she had been told merely that it had been "burned." She added that, in a conversation a week or so before the second contract was prepared, the head of the publishing house had remarked in her hearing that Brunini would receive "a recompense for his work in helping Miss Bentley with the book."

A SECOND Witness, Mrs. Eileen H. Collins, who had been publicity director for the publishing house in 1950, also testified that she knew there had been two book contracts. She said she had even asked Miss Bentley why the first contract "had to be destroyed," and that Miss Bentley had replied: "There was really no reason why we did it. We just thought it would be best all around."

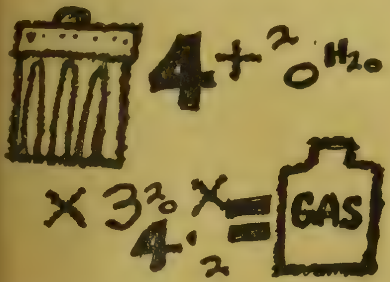
Mrs. Collins said this knowledge had weighed upon her conscience. She added that she had mentioned it to a young family friend who was studying law, and that this man had telephoned Judge Noonan's chambers and given the judge's clerk the information. When the telephone caller refused to give his name, the judge's clerk said he was "not interested," the witness testified.

Obviously startled, Judge Noonan interjected: "This is the first time I ever heard of it."

This particular court scene ended with Mrs. Collins, who was pregnant at the time, breaking into tears under Saypol's cross-examination and with Chanler trying to interrupt with an explanation. Judge Noonan admonished him not to "tip" the witness, and Chanler angrily moved for a mistrial on the grounds of the court's hostility—another motion that was promptly denied by Judge Noonan.

Another major battle developed over the secret so-called garbage-rubber formula. Charles J. Hitch, Remington's superior in the WPB in 1942, testified that the formula had been a favorite lunch-table topic and was regarded generally as a "crackpot" scheme. Roy Cohn, "the ever-active genie" of the case, as Chanler calls him, produced an expert who declared that, in tests, the formula actually had turned out some gasoline from garbage and had been considered for a time of great importance. However, in final analysis, the formula never had amounted to anything.

STILL a third major fight developed around Remington's affiliations at Dartmouth. His former wife and some other government witnesses placed him at meetings of the Young Communist League. The defense countered by testimony that Remington had been in the forefront of two anti-Communist movements. Witnesses testified that he had been a leader, in 1939, in forming a liberal club to oppose extreme left-wingers and that he had helped lead the fight that severed the Dartmouth chapter of the American Students Union from the national organization, on the grounds that the national group was much too pro-Communist.



Remington himself took the stand, denying the truth of his ex-wife's testimony and Miss Bentley's testimony on vital particulars. On cross-examination, Saypol was able to show only minor discrepancies in the various accounts he had given under oath, and most of these dealt with the exact time certain events had taken place years previously. Then Saypol slipped in a question whose significance was lost on the defense at the time, as well as on most courtroom reporters. But it was to prove more important than any other detail in this fifty-day courtroom battle.

WHEN FIRST questioned in 1947, Remington had given a six-page statement to the FBI. One of the more inconsequential items in it had been a disclaimer that he knew anything about the Young Communist League operating on the Dartmouth campus while he was there. He had heard of the league afterwards, but not at that time, he said. Now, in cross-examination, Saypol picked up Remington's old FBI statement.

"Now do you deny that you had any knowledge of the Young Communist League at Dartmouth?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Remington. "With emphasis on the knowledge."

Chanler shakes his head ruefully at the memory. "It slipped by me," he acknowledges. "I didn't attach any importance to it at the time."

Saypol dropped the point and went on with his days-long cross-examination that was like a rolling barrage. He ended up with a savage attack on the details of Remington's love life.

Q. In the spring of 1945, didn't you carry on an illicit affair with a woman named Jane, with another woman who was the wife of a neighbor, and with still another woman of your acquaintance?

A. No.

Q. You were divorced in 1949, weren't you?

A. Yes.

Q. Well, I have here the record of that divorce. It shows you committed adultery with a woman. Now, will you say whether it is true or not that you committed adultery with a woman named Jane?

A. Yes.

Q. You now admit that you committed adultery?

A. Yes, I do. But I could not answer your question before. The date was not 1945 but 1947. And you named three women. There was only one involved. It was after my wife and I were estranged.

Relentless, Saypol pounded on. "In 1949," he accused, "didn't you strike your wife?"

"Yes, I struck her in a disagreement over our son," Remington said. "I knocked her down."

He denied knowing that his estranged wife had been cared for by neighbors for several days afterwards.

The trial closed with one final, bitter flareup between the defense and Judge Noonan. Rauh, in making a series of motions, called upon the government to "concede" that reports "of undercover agents and informers of the FBI inside the Communist Party" contained no mention that Remington ever had been a member.

Saypol objected angrily, and Judge Noonan declared that "these things are entirely inappropriate at this time."

"I think if Your Honor is going to make a statement, we should be heard," Rauh declared. "There is a basic principle that when the prosecution has evidence which will help the defendant, it is up to the prosecution to produce it, and that principle has not been properly preserved in this case."

"Are you accusing me, Mr. Rauh?" the judge demanded.

"I am not accusing anybody. I am stating—"

"From this point on, Mr. Rauh, any motions will be made by counsel in chief. You may sit down."

Red-faced, Rauh started to protest, "Your Honor, I wish to say—"

"We will take a recess," the judge snapped, rising and turning his back upon the lawyer whose lips he had sealed.

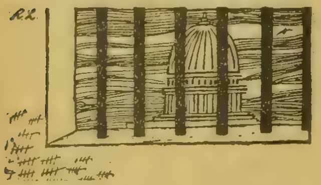
The jury was out 4 hours and 25 minutes. It returned at 10:12 p.m., February 7, 1951.

Its verdict: guilty.

The next morning, Judge Noonan denied all pleas for leniency or bail pending appeal. He fined Remington $2,000 and sentenced him to the maximum term of five years. And he remanded Remington to jail at once to begin serving his sentence.

A protest to the Federal Court of Appeals secured Remington's release on bail twenty-four hours later. He remained free until August 23, 1951, when the three-man appeals court, in a unanimous twelve-page opinion, threw out Remington's conviction. The court ruled that Judge Noonan had been much "too vague and indefinite" in spelling out to the jury what constituted proof of Communist Party membership. The way the trial was conducted, the court held, Remington "did not even know at the end of the government's case what he had to meet" properly to defend himself.

The Court of Appeals was critical of Judge Noonan for a passage in his charge that, it said, could have led the jury to infer it had the right to convict on circumstantial evidence alone. It was critical of him for permitting Saypol to refer constantly to the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations—an act which, it said, "could have no conceivable tendency to prove the defendant's alleged perjury even if it were shown that he belonged to some or all of the organizations listed."



Part IV

SECOND TRIAL — AND AFTERMATH

THE RULING of the Court of Appeals upset the adverse jury verdict, but did not free Remington. The court refused to quash the indictment against him. And so a new trial became imperative.

The government, however, chose not to do battle on the same ground. In a move that seems tantamount to a confession of past irregularity, it indicted Remington for a second time on October 25, 1951. It charged that he had committed perjury at his first trial, and blandly moved to dismiss and get rid of the first indictment which, it said, had elicited this new act of perjury. The government's reasoning was that, even if that first indictment was not all it should have been, this did not justify Remington in not being all he should have been.

The new indictment accused Remington of committing perjury on five counts: (1) denying that he gave secret information to Elizabeth Bentley; (2) denying that he knowingly attended Communist Party meetings in Knoxville; (3) denying that he paid Communist Party dues; (4) denying that he had ever asked anyone to join the Communist Party; (5) denying that he had knowledge of the existence of the Young Communist League at Dartmouth while he was there—a charge based on that little-regarded question by Saypol in cross-examination.

This second indictment brought a cry of protest from the American Civil Liberties Union, one of the few voices raised in the night. The ACLU said it was "gravely disturbed" by the new indictment and added: "It may not be a matter of double jeopardy technically, but it is morally." And *The Nation* of November 3, 1951, said editorially: "William Remington's new indictment on five counts of perjury is a mean, vengeful and subversive act. . . . It was also an act calculated to undermine basic concepts of Anglo-American criminal justice." But nothing could now stop the juggernaut of prosecution.

Remington was brought to trial a second time in mid-January, 1953. He had a new chief counsel, John McKim Minton, one of New York's leading criminal lawyers. There was a new U.S. Attorney, Myles J. Lane; a new judge, Vincent L. Leibell; and a new courtroom, small, tucked-away, almost unpopulated.

In contrast to the first trial, the second was swift, almost perfunctory. Many witnesses were eliminated on both sides. Basically, the issue involved was whether the jury chose to believe Remington — or his ex-wife and Elizabeth Bentley. Most spectators had little doubt of the outcome, yet the jury was out thirteen hours. It brought in its verdict at 3:30 a.m., January 27, 1953, convicting Remington on two counts — lying when he denied passing secret documents to Miss Bentley and lying about the Young Communist League.

The jury disagreed, however, on the two counts that would have established, officially, that Remington had ever been a Communist — the original issue. The jury reported it could not decide whether he had ever attended Communist meetings in Knoxville or paid Communist Party dues. And it acquitted him of the fifth charge, ruling that he never had induced anyone to join the Communist Party.

The conviction came just as Remington's second wife, Jane, whom he had married between his first and second trials, was awaiting the arrival of a baby. Sentencing was postponed until after the birth. Then Remington, tall, pale and a little gaunt, stood impassively in court and heard himself condemned to spend three years in prison. Before he began serving his sentence on April 15, 1953, he made one final statement:

> I have tried to tell the truth during six long years of questioning. I repeat that I was never a member of the Communist Party; I never gave secret information to anyone; and I never knowingly made a false statement.

Those who heard him—most of them—shrugged and refused to believe.

His attorneys began a desperate battle to free him on appeal, but this time the appeals court reversed its previous stand. On November 24, 1953, by a 2-1 decision, it upheld the second conviction. Judge Augustus N. Hand, who wrote the prevailing opinion, rejected the defense plea that Remington had been entrapped by devious government maneuvers and held:

> Remington has been entrapped, not by devious means and methods employed by the government, but

by his own acts. He is caught in a web of his own duplicity and zealous prosecution by the government.

The dissent was written by Judge Learned Hand (who is a cousin of August Hand). This document was almost Brandeis-like in tone and was startling not just because it disagreed with the majority, but because of the lengths to which it went. For Judge Hand, who had participated in the reversal of the first conviction, now went much further. He argued that the entire case against Remington was invalid. The judge declared that Remington had, indeed, been entrapped by the government, and he added that this second prosecution of Remington seemed "within the implied gambit of the doctrine of 'entrapment' as well as it is within that of the doctrine against using evidence unlawfully obtained." He said that the most vulnerable feature of the grand jury proceedings that had brought the first and basic indictment of Remington was the treatment of Ann Moos Remington. He pointed out that she had been grilled continuously by the grand jury for four hours before she agreed to testify against her husband.

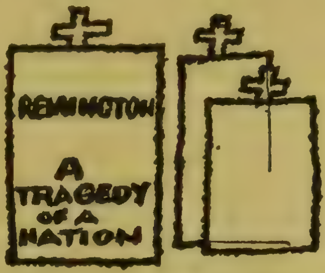
This dissent, which seemed to hint at new information, stirred no curiosity in the New York press. It was buried under headlines that proclaimed Remington again had been adjudged guilty and condemned to remain in prison.

THE U.S. Supreme Court, on February 9, 1954, refused even to consider Remington's appeal. A little less than a month later, John McKim Minton, Remington's counsel in the second trial—moved by the plight of Remington's second wife and the infant son who had never had a chance to know his father—asked Judge Leibell to listen to the wife's plea for a reduction of sentence. The judge consented to this unusual move.

"I believe now, as I did when I married him, that Bill is innocent and never did anything to harm his country," Mrs. Remington told the judge, with deep fervor.

These, of course, were the prejudiced words of a loving wife, and justice, which had not hesitated to give full credence to the words of a divorced wife, could not be expected to heed them. Judge Leibell ruled, as under the circumstances it was expected he would rule, that Remington must stay in the federal prison at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, for his full term. The federal parole board upheld his decision.

The final act in the life of William Remington had the brutal, bloody inevitability of a Greek tragedy. On the morning of November 22, 1954, Remington was found lying face down on the landing near his third-floor prison dormitory. His skull was shattered and his head and face were covered with blood. He was rushed to a hospital and a two-hour emergency operation was performed. His skull had been fractured in several places, his brain so badly damaged that he could not talk. On the operating table, just before he was given the anesthetic, he struggled for words. Whether he was trying to name his killers, or make a final protestation of innocence, or say a last word about his wife and son, no one will ever know.



This was virtually Remington's last struggle. On the morning of November 24, he died. He was only thirty-seven.

In New York, the grief-stricken Mrs. Remington told of her last meeting with her husband, only two weeks before. They had talked for several hours, she said, making plans for their life together after his scheduled release the following August. "Bill was so fond and proud of our little son," she sobbed, "and he pledged that he would somehow clear his name for the boy's sake."

In Lewisburg, the FBI rounded up Remington's prison killers. They were identified as three vicious thugs who probably didn't even know who Remington was. In the reconstruction of the murder, evidence was uncovered that gangsterism had been running rampant in the prison. Remington had informed one of his attorneys that his dormitory section had been raided four times while he was there, and in his last letter to his wife, he had mentioned another looting.

On the morning of the murder, according to the FBI, the three thugs were rifling Remington's cell, and when he surprised them, they beat him over the head with a brick wrapped in a stocking. All pleaded guilty to second-degree murder. Two were sentenced to life terms and the third man was given an additional twenty years.

Retribution was all that was left to the law at this point, of course, but that could not help Remington or those he left behind. At last reports, his first wife and her two children were living in Alexandria, Virginia, and she was working as a clerk in a law office. His second wife, striving for anonymity, is working under another name, trying to rear and protect her young son. And Remington's aged father has died, still protesting his son's innocence.

ALL THAT remains is the big question: Was William W. Remington ever actually a Communist? Was he a sinner, or was he sinned against?

Only a rare man can hide his true inner self from such astute lawyers as John McKim Minton and William C. Chanler. Recently the question was put to Minton: "Now that it is all over and Remington is dead, do you have any firm convictions about his guilt or innocence?"

Minton replied instantly and firmly: "That man was *never* a Communist. I know that. He was, intellectually, too arrogant and independent. He would never have submitted to iron-bound Communist Party discipline. He believed at one time in government ownership of key industries—certainly in some government controls over industry—but these are things that a lot of liberals and New Dealers have believed in before and since. That doesn't make him a Communist. The whole thing was a tragedy. There was a man who should never have gone to jail. And the end! What a tragic faste of fine talent!"

Chanler, Remington's first trial counsel, was even more explicit when he was queried: "Yes, I certainly do have firm convictions," he said. "Remington was never a Communist, and I'll tell you how I know. When I was preparing the first case, I went to Washington, and while I was there, I saw his first wife's lawyers—the two who had represented her at various times in the divorce.

"They didn't like Remington, because he had given them a hard time. They said that after the marriage broke up, there was a great deal of bitterness, and Remington hadn't wanted to give his wife a penny; they felt he had been a penny-pincher and had behaved very badly. Nevertheless, they both assured me that it was perfectly clear to them that he had never been a Communist.

"I asked them how they knew, and they told me that when Ann Remington was called to testify before the grand jury, she had consulted them. They asked her, of course, to tell them her story, and she did. It was a perfectly innocent story, and they told her to go ahead and testify to it. When she came back to Washington, she refused to tell them what had happened before the grand jury.

"Knowing this, I was certain that something must have happened in that jury room to make her give the story she did on the witness stand. That was why I fought so desperately for access to the grand jury minutes of her questioning.

"Judge Noonan refused us, but on appeal, the appeals court expressly ruled that we had a right to see those minutes. Judge Leibell ordered the government to produce them for the second trial, but by that time it was too late to do us much good, because the basis of the case had changed.

"The minutes showed, however, that for three hours, Ann Remington's story was the same, generally, as her ex-husband's. In essence, it was this: She and Bill, at one time, had been very close to the party and had friends who were Communists, but they had never been members themselves. She supported Remington's contention that he and Joe North had disagreed on many points of philosophy. Bill, she said, hadn't been nearly as left-wing as she had wanted him to be, and gradually they had drifted further and further away from any contact with the party. Elizabeth Bentley, she said, had never figured much in their lives.

"This was the gist of her testimony before the grand jury. Then Brunini, the foreman—the man who helped Miss Bentley with her book—really took over. He accused Ann of lying and trying to protect her husband.

"She protested that it was late, and that she would like to go out and have some lunch and consult her attorney. Brunini told her she could get something to eat when she told the truth; that everyone knew that her husband had been a Communist. Hinting at the perils that could befall witnesses who lied to the grand jury, he said, 'We have teeth, but we don't like to use them.'

"At about this point, Ann exclaimed, 'What is this, the third degree?'

"Brunini replied, 'We don't like that kind of talk. Of course this is not the third degree. All we want is for you to tell the truth.'

"He asked her why she should lie to protect her husband, when he had thrown her over for another woman. Time and again, this other woman was thrown in her face, obviously for the purpose of steaming her up.

"Finally, after a whole hour of this, she came around and gave out the version she told from the witness stand.

"We weren't allowed to keep those grand jury minutes, but I made an affidavit to what was in them, and this went up to the appeals court with the motion papers on the second appeal. It was this that formed the basis for Judge Learned Hand's strong dissent."

JUST ONE more source remains to be heard from. On January 5, 1955, Attorney General Louis G. Wyman, of New Hampshire, filed with the New Hampshire legislature a 289-page report detailing the results of an eighteen-month investigation of Communist activities at Dartmouth. In this report, he cited testimony that indicated Remington, in his college days, never had been a Communist. One witness testified, the report states, that the Communists in the Dartmouth undergraduate circle wanted no part of Remington "because he was considered too erratic."

THIS belated testimony from New Hampshire was news to the public, but not to Chanler. It was, he says, the very evidence he had hoped to introduce at the first trial to establish Remington's innocence—and had been kept from introducing by the government's action in haling his witnesses before a grand jury.

"This is the background of the bitter dispute we had with Judge Noonan in court over the intimidation of our witnesses," Chanler says. "We had gone up to New Hampshire, and we had located two witnesses, both Communists, who knew the makeup and membership of the Communist Party and the Young Communist League in the state. One, a woman, was a party official with access to all the membership records. She had checked them and told us that Remington's name definitely did not appear anywhere.

"We told them we would call them when we needed them. Then, I suppose, I made a mistake. I telephoned them from my office, using my regular phone, and told them to come to New York. The next morning when they arrived, two FBI agents were waiting on the station platform with subpoenas for them to appear before the grand jury. They were so frightened that they notified us they would claim their constitutional privilege and refuse to testify. And so we had to let them go back to New Hampshire, unheard."

There is one final epitaph to the Remington story. In the hours immediately after Remington's death, his grief-stricken widow made a simple and eloquent statement that America, in its confused striving to meet the dangers of the Communist menace, might still heed.

"A person can be accused wrongly of being a Communist, and it is a dreadful thing," the second Mrs. Remington said. "This is not a tragedy of mine alone, but a tragedy for the entire country."

BOOKS and the ARTS

The True Face of Poe

POE: A CRITICAL STUDY. By Edward H. Davidson. Harvard University Press. 296 pp. $4.75.

William Bittner

IT HAS BEEN the fate of Edgar Allan Poe to be known for his failures and failings, and all the scholarship of the century has not altered this sad condition. Arthur Hobson Quinn's biography proved much of the Poe legend to be clear fabrication and the rest to be distortion promulgated by Rufus Griswold, Poe's literary executor and first biographer, but the popular image is still of a gloomy man producing jingles and gory tales while saturated with alcohol and opium. Say "Poe" and people think of "The Raven."

Hardly any of our writers have been so diligently studied, yet no body of fact has been so little applied as our knowledge of the real Poe. The few critics who comment on him do so with slight regard for the diversity in his work or the split between his rational and his intuitive powers; thus they produce only confusion. But now Edward Davidson has written a critical study of Poe which attempts to treat him as a writer rather than an object of emotion. Although it is not the last word, it very easily might be considered the first sensible one.

Edgar Poe was a man of great rational powers who, impressed by his superior intelligence, and lacking sufficient confidence in his creative imagination, stifled what must have been one of the great poetic talents of all time. He was well-educated, but not as learned as he pretended to be; thus his originality was often crushed under diligent rule-following. Nevertheless, sometimes by accident, often under the pressure of needing money, he pioneered in and defined the short story, was America's first great literary journalist, created the detective story, anticipated by sheer imaginative projection the modern attitude toward science, and turned out, by the way, a respectable number of masterpieces.

Very wisely, Davidson has chosen to treat Poe's poetry first, his fiction as a second stage of the same impulse, and to conclude with the strange philosophical prose poem, *Eureka*. Poe's initial poetic impulse and the mass of his verse emerged in his early youth. By the time he was twenty-two he had begun to shift his interest from verse as such to poetic theory. Thus "To Helen," dating from 1831 (although not in its best version until a dozen years later), is remarkable for its concentrated images, while "The Raven" and "Ulalume," although much more profound in conception, are simply prose tales set to rhyme. With these he met (or tried to meet) a market. Poe said—sincerely I believe—that he "wrote it for the express purpose of running—just as I did the 'Gold-Bug,' you know. The bird beat the bug, though, all hollow."

Poe's early abandonment of poetry, brought on by both personal and artistic causes (and Poe's main personal problem was not drink, drugs, or despair—it was poverty), led to his greatest creative act: the formulation of the symbolic, psychological short story. It was, on the conscious level, an accident. Poe, squeezed into his aunt's tiny house in Baltimore, living with five others on his grandmother's $240-a-year pension, planned a book of literary criticism, and wrote parodies of the popular fiction of the day as illustrations.

Humorless (although often very witty), and an able poet, he infused these stories with a unified atmosphere through his poetic use of words and symbols; and, when these were hailed as superior examples of the very thing he made fun of, he suppressed the exaggeration in them, seeking the quick buck. The outcome was the modern short story.

The ambitions that cursed Poe's development and led him down many blind alleys were first, to be what he was brought up to be, a Southern gentleman; and second, to found a magazine where, free of the restraint imposed on him by more "practical" men, he could sponsor literary excellence. Realizing that he could not develop his own art while he was pandering to what businessmen thought people would buy, he worked out a method of freeing himself from those restrictions, and frittered away his career trying to achieve the means to accomplish it. Poe pursued many mirages, and occasionally ran amuck chasing them, but his clear intuition led him from the parochial, aristocratic, pessimistic viewpoint of the Southern "gentleman" to the brink of Whitmanism.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON traces this development accurately and perceptively; yet his occasional pedantry with the jargon of Romanticism slightly mars what is the best book on Poe up to the present moment. Since Poe was influenced by the English Romantics, he is classified as a Romantic, even though Romanticism is simply something he started with. Byronism is a phase he passed through before his first poem was published. He apparently always despised Wordsworth. He admired Coleridge, but critically; so that Davidson's consideration of Poe's work through an exclusively Coleridgean use of the words "will" and "reality" is suspect from the beginning. By so limiting his scope, Davidson is able to say: "Poe never changed; he never grew; he remained to the end of his life an exponent of the hypostatized self-as-subject with which Romantic artists necessarily begin." They may begin there, but may take a new departure from the beginning, following a different but much more productive path than did the figures who were old (or dead) before Poe began his literary career.

Davidson strains his excellent ob-

WILLIAM BITTNER is lecturer in literature at The New School for Social Research.

(A special message to readers of The Nation)

PREFERRED STOCKS of *Ideas*

It was no surprise to learn from our first survey of *Monthly Review* readers that many of them also take *The Nation.* If you read both magazines, you know how they complement each other in factual reports and in appraisals of domestic and international affairs.

Monthly Review, edited by Leo Huberman and Paul M. Sweezy, is now in its ninth year of steady growth. Few magazines have such warmly devoted readers. A New Mexico businessman writes us: "The best, most objective and constructive thinking I've seen in years." A labor unionist in Ireland comments: "Anything written by the editors can stand stern examination after a lapse of time."

Monthly Review also publishes books (several by *Nation* contributors). A year ago Monthly Review Press issued *The Great Road: The Life and Times of Chu Teh* by Agnes Smedley, a long book selling at $6.75. *The Nation* review by O. Edmund Chubb called the book "of first-rank importance for a fuller understanding of the process that brought the Chinese Communists to power."

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servations to develop a thesis that Poe, like many Romantics, was seeking the nature of reality. It seems to me, and it seems to me that my feeling is supported by Davidson's own analysis, that Poe was concerned rather with man's perceptions than with what he perceived. Davidson points out that Poe's symbols "were not themselves necessarily horrible; they were what they were because a mind saw them and was even destroyed by them." Therein lies Poe's theme, and not only his, but the theme of those who followed him, from Melville to Mailer: the important thing is not the nature of reality, which we cannot perceive, but what men make of the fragment they see. We are all on the verge of madness; Poe explores with a sane mind what lies beyond that verge.

Davidson knows that, but misuses his understanding:

> In one way [psychological symbolism] was Poe's contribution to the dark subliminal literature of a later time: he demonstrated that states of consciousness are not simply isolated conditions of madness but are somehow intimately and intricately related to the physical world around it. Poe's fault . . . was that, once he had found a vivid externalization for a condition of inner consciousness—a crack in the wall, a black cat, a portrait, an insistent heartbeat—the physical exemplification assumed command, and in the succeeding narrative, whether in poem or in short story, the objectification was out of all proportion to the inner condition. One might say that the symbol ran away with the idea; Poe was content to let the convulsive dance of objectified forms enact the drama. Thus rhetoric and landscape conveyed the agony.

I would say that letting his symbols run away with him was Poe's virtue. When he tried to control them consciously, they fell flat and became an allegory of platitudes. Rhetoric obscured the agony that landscape was to convey.

When we view Poe's art as a unit, we can sense a great power at work; but each time we try to grasp his point of view, it eludes us through contradiction. This is because his career was a constant change and development—not the classic progress of the Romantic, but a shift all of his own from the Southern equivalent of Hawthorne's guilt-ridden pessimism to one step short of transcendentalism. We can, as Davidson does, find the theme of *Eureka*—that all of creation was diffused from unity to its present confusion, and will become unified again—recurring through most of Poe's writings. Rather than feeling that the stories which parallel this cycle in the individual hero simply reflect the idea in the mind of the writer, I believe that the stories emerged from Poe's own mental conflict and that the idea came from the stories, later to be supported by his nibbling inquiry into science and philosophy. A true artist, Poe found his philosophy in his art and later rationalized it. His awareness that the treatise *Eureka* was based on esthetic rather than scientific or philosophic thought is surely demonstrated by the sentence with which he concluded his preliminary note to the work: "Nevertheless, it is as a Poem only that I wish this work to be judged after I am dead."

I have no quibble at all with Davidson's treatment of the individual works of Poe. He brings every pertinent fact into play, and fits in the lesser known of Poe's works, *Arthur Gordon Pym* (his one novel) and *Eureka* with skill that approaches genius. Every great artist requires a great critic, and every original work an original critical method. Davidson has the power to appreciate Poe, and he is far on the way to creating the criticism appropriate to Poe; but like his subject, he is unwilling to break entirely with standardized procedure.

Proletarian Pastorales

(DRAYMEN'S AND CARTERS' DIVISION)

Aubade

The rising sun,
                    with dawning glance,
                    pulls on his pants,
gets up, and goes to work.

Nocturne

The setting sun,
                    with parting glance,
                    pulls off his pants,
lies down, and goes to sleep.

M. RIDDLE

BOOKS on THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MOST histories of the theatre suffer a text-book dryness and a sedulous lack of imagination. That is not the case with W. Bridges-Adams' *The Irresistible Theatre* (World Publishing Co. $6.), a "popular" history of the English stage from the earliest time through to the Elizabethans. It is lucidly written, witty, sensible, imbued with a genuine feeling for the theatre. The author was for years the head of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

Since the book is largely based on Edmund Chambers' classic studies, *The Medieval Stage* (2 volumes) and *The Elizabethan Stage* (4 volumes), much of the material in *The Irresistible Theatre* is familiar. One reads the book to refresh one's memory; and "refresh" is the right word since Bridges-Adams is almost breezy. But one reads it also to find one's own point of view reaffirmed by a man intimately acquainted with his subject.

For example, I note the following with satisfaction: "Henslowe's diary is one source from which we learn of several [playwrights] who might have ranked higher [than Shakespeare] if their plays had survived." This confirms my belief that a great dramatic genius rarely appears alone, but is usually part of a prolific cultural impetus in a particular society, and that Shakespeare's plays are unthinkable without the prior nourishment of a host of lesser ones. I have often tried to express this idea by asserting the deliberate paradox that we can expect no great American drama until we produce many more "bad" plays.

More significant still is Bridges-Adams' statement that "the comfortable fortune that he [Shakespeare] eventually enjoyed was rather the product of his share [as a member of the acting company] than of his earnings as a playwright. For this was an actor's theatre; one explanation of its extraordinary vitality is that it was the actor who inspired the dramatist until the dramatist in turn became the inspiration of the actor. It is clear that Shakespeare quickly made himself an adept at tailoring a part to fit the man who was to play it. A play . . . was a vehicle for acting."

Last fall a reader of *The Nation* spiritedly and intelligently took me to task for suggesting that the Elizabethan theatre (and times) was much rougher than ours—for I ordinarily find our Shakespeare production far too sissy to be representative of Shakespeare's artistic character. I cannot quote all that Bridges-Adams says on this point; but here are some scattered lines: "Emphatically he [the Elizabethan] had hair on his chest. . . . As he made his way about the agglomeration of mansions, gardens, warehouses, and congested hovels that was his city he flaunted his masculine plumage as proudly as a peacock. . . . His appetite for life was Rabelaisian. Brain and brawn throve together. He could pass without any sense of incongruity from a consort of viols to an exchange of arms; from the bookstalls in St. Paul's churchyard to the harlot-infested aisle of the cathedral or to the bear pits across the river; from sublime mimic passion at the Swan or Globe to a real disembowelling at Tyburn. Or at London Bridge there might be a new

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head to see. . . ." For more of this I urge you to get the book and read a contemporary's account of a masque given at court in 1606 in honor of the King of Denmark—an expurgated account because our author says "it is too racy to be treated here."

TWO recent books deal with different aspects of the French theatre. *Louis Jouvet: Man of the Theatre*, by Bettina Liebowitz Knapp (Columbia University Press. $6.) is a thoroughgoing recital of that actor-producer-director's crowded career. The book is not particularly critical and even suggests by its omission of criticism that its subject was beyond it. That is far from the case, though there can be no doubt that Jouvet's theatre marks an epoch in French stage history—if for no other reason (and there are many others) than the encouragement and assistance he offered the somewhat precious novelist, Jean Giraudoux, whose plays became the outstanding dramatic work between the two wars. Mrs. Knapp's book demonstrates that, compared to Jouvet, all our successful producers, directors and actors are triflers and idlers.

Neal Oxenhardler's *Scandal and Parade* (Rutgers University Press. $5.) is an extended study of Jean Cocteau's writing for the stage. I have never been won over to this writing—perhaps because of some temperamental incompatibility, or to put it more bluntly, a blind spot. This does not prevent me from acknowledging Cocteau as a highly endowed and distinguished poet, critic, man about the arts—whose contribution to the French cultural scene is not easily dismissed.

Oxenhardler's book has two concrete values for me. In the first place, he is a genuine critic and his book has substantial literary and intellectual merit entirely apart from its subject—always a sure sign that a critic really is one. Second, Oxenhardler, who recognizes the defects of the artist he admires, has made me understand more fully why Cocteau's plays are in the main unassimilable by me and many others—and I regard this as a positive contribution.

SPACE does not permit be to undertake an adequate discussion of Nikolai Gorchakov's *The Theatre in Soviet Russia* (Columbia University Press. $10.). One is thrown off at first by a sense that this book might be called "Another Reason for Hating the Soviet Union" and by an often laughably crude translation. Nevertheless, it is a valuable work on several counts.

To begin with, it is a detailed study of how the marvelously abundant theatrical life of Russia, with roots in the work of the great innovators from 1890 to 1917, developed in the early years of the Soviet regime into the most exciting theatre in the Western world—only to be strangled by the barbarous (and incidentally un-Marxist) effort to shape artistic life by total control of all its manifestations along politically determined lines.

That is a fascinating story. What seems to me of more permanent value, however, is the sense Gorchakov gives, by his careful descriptions of a multitude of actual performances, that the theatre can have unimaginable variety and richness. We Americans still harbor only vague notions of the possibilities.

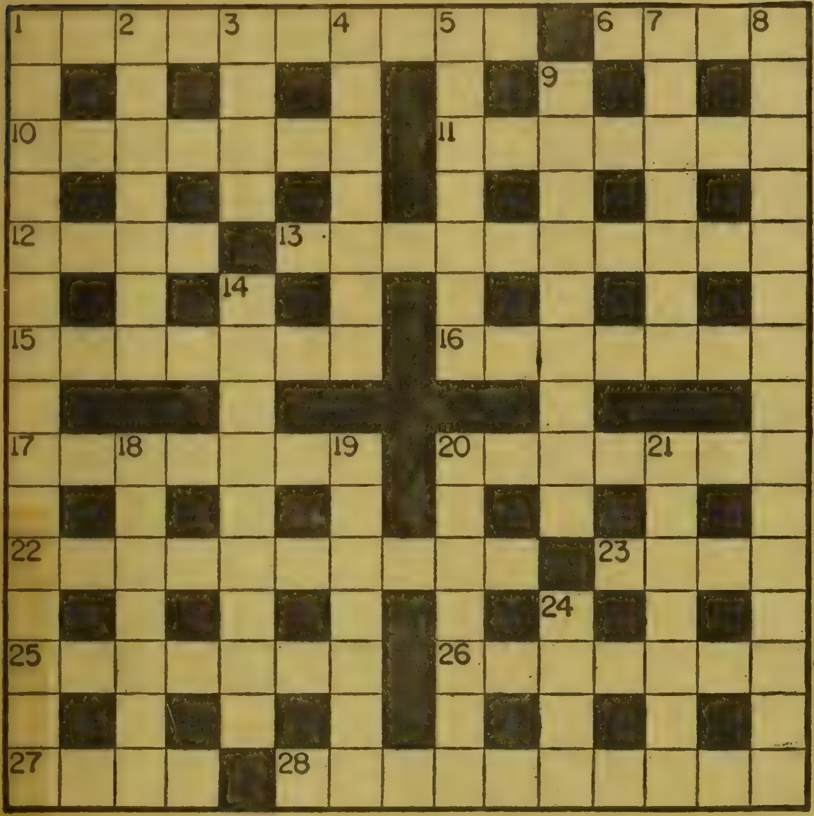
Temples in the Dark

When in the hour of last night-thoughts
I pause, given over to the widening wave,
The absolute swell of meditation, and,
Very still, observe the smoke streamers,
Building up from the banked back-log,
Curling and weaving with decorous thrusts,
Shaping and spiralling an aerial arabesque,
Offering up past the forest overstory,
Hovering above the silent pines,
Incense cedars, lonely delicate firs,
The last soaring owls and then
Trailing off into the womb of clouds;
There glow and fade half-felt promises,
Streaming cones and columns of fragrant smoke,
Relays from behind the undiscovered ranges,
Whites and grays swirling away from kindred fires,
Stations in a spiritual signal-world:
A mountain-misted message code that says,
"The morning comes, and also the night;
If you will enquire, enquire you."

JOHN MONTGOMERY

Crossword Puzzle No. 752

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Pull forward before getting pulled back up. (10)

6 More than reputedly disturbed by the price of things! (4)

10 A horse-doctor should be extremely experienced. (7)

11 Might be given by the sound of a duck. (7)

12 A sort of 3 should be at hand. (4)

13 The rest might be comfortable here, but the flap is wool. (4, 6)

15 Longfellow's type of inn. (7)

16 One way of getting a Tatar's drink, which is not quite all right to you and the young lady. (7)

17 One's old ribbons can easily be refurbished. (7)

20 To shed tears about a broken instrument is something we wouldn't want to watch. (7)

22 Presumptuousness. (10)

23 What's the color of the crust. (4)

25 Hold back because of Smokey? (7)

26 Scalene form, free from impurities. (7)

27 The original deposit sounds heavy! (4)

28 Move up in time. (10)

DOWN:

1, 8, and 24 down The dispatcher of this is probably not headed for office. (6, 9, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4)

2 He's used to calculating the risks (7)

3 To deserve the bad end of 10? (4)

4 Fair gain, more or less. (7)

5 Hurried to first base, perhaps. (It's one way to spoil things!) (7)

7 Heart sick, in a way, like a musician. (7)

8 See 1 down

9 Persistent, at any rate. (9)

14 They might hold 11 in, or the enemy off. (9)

18 Advanced. (7)

19 Is Tracy only half human? (7)

20 The kind of boat Jim Hawkins had trouble with. (7)

21 Where Sparta was capital. (7)

24 See 1 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 751

ACROSS: 1 STAGE WHISPER; 10 AMOROUS; 11 MOBCAPS; 12 ICHTHYOID; 13, 8 and 3 INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR; 14 NODOSE; 16 USURPERS; 19 LOVE CALL; 20 CLEFTS; 22 NASAL; 23 CRUSTACEA; 25 SUBTEND; 26 SWORN IN; 27 RETROGRESSION. DOWN: 4 and 2 down WISDOM TOOTH; 5 IMMODEST; 6 PUBLIC RELATIONS; 7 ROAST BEEF; 9 YSER; 15 DIVISIBLE; 17 SUSTAINS; 18 BLACK DOG; 21 PURSUE; 22 NOSE; 24 CONGO.

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